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AND

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

BY THE REV. F. A. WEST.

New-Year's Day! What a merry sound! What a note of joy and hope! Who does not hail its arrival? The young, with thoughts of holidays, and presents, and happy meetings; and the aged, with the sedate joy of gratitude, and with unextinguished hopes!

But who appoints such days? Whence come they? The times and the seasons are ordained of Him, who is Lord of heaven and earth, of time and eternity. This happy festival is regulated by the great time-piece of creation,—nature's chronometer. These are the "ordinances of heaven." Every year is chronicled by the longest and shortest day; every month is told off by the silvery moon; every day has its climax and its record in light and darkness; every moment has its register. The artificial divisions of time are the pencil-marks of man for his own uses. The great clock of nature,—created, not made,—is read in the sublime and silent movements of the heavenly bodies; and it cannot be put back, or altered, or stopped for one moment, but by the miracle-finger of the Divine Artificer. "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of the Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season? or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?"

Another New-Year's Day! Then so much of time has passed—fled—gone! The great pendulum of the universe has completed and marked the lapse of another year,—so much of the measure of our days,—that is, of our duration upon earth. There was an ante-eternity; with that we have nothing to do. But the eternity to come is everything to us. That begins the moment we have done with this world. From thence it is one continuous line, one perpetual progression, one never-ending harvest. Eternity is the storehouse of the ever-accumulating fruits of time, its narrow seed-plot. *In ourselves* will centre all those results,—in our happiness or misery. We shall always *be: what* we shall be is left to our own choice, with every needful help; but we *shall* BE. Time,—*our* time,—determines *our* eternity. "Be not deceived; God is not mocked: for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to his flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the Spirit shall of the Spirit reap life everlasting."

New-Year's Day is a period from whence the past and the future may be surveyed. It divides time; it may divide eternity. The past of our lives may have been without system or plan,—a heap of accidental actions, without any designed impress of character, without definite

purpose. Or, it may have been vicious; full of wilful error, and guilt, and evil consequences. The past is *fact*, and cannot be obliterated. It has become a history in heaven; a minute and true record of every moment, with its partial good, or pervading evil, or mixed good and evil: every action, although only mental or emotional, with its principle, and motive, and end scrutinized by the Searcher of hearts,—all is history with Him who is never deceived, who can never mistake, and who never forgets. What a thought! I live in His sight! My thoughts are spoken into that Ear! My heart-throbs are heard in heaven. Every varying change—all of light and shadow, every form and tint and expression, however momentary—is printed in heaven, never to fade; and all will be brought forth at the last day. That which has passed away from my memory—perhaps too willingly forgotten—shall be revived and recollected then, "when God shall judge the secrets of men according to the Gospel."

How much of life is gone,—irrecoverably gone! No repentance can recover it; no remorse amend its work. As one NEW-YEAR'S DAY recedes to make way for another, the work silently and unalterably advances. Life is a progressive web, without seam, woven throughout, with all its patterns and its multifarious dies fresh and unfading,—the tapestry of the heart,—the work of the day of life, never to be undone or to perish. What is the work of my life? the work of the past year? The ill-woven portions, the negligent portions, yet all actual work, all are passed through the loom; now wrapped up in seeming oblivion, but all to be unfolded hereafter, when "every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labour." Every man is furnished with the warp of time, and opportunity, and light, and proffered grace; every man finds his own weft, and weaves according to his own will, without any irresistible influences. But he knows not for how long. The shuttle may stop half-way. To-day, to-morrow, may end his probation. The Master may require the labourer to give in his work, and an account of his stewardship. "Let every man prove his own work. For every man shall bear his own burden."

But "My people do not consider," saith the Lord. Life is made a hurry. If we would but consider, we should reach conviction, and form a purpose. Let the thoughts of a NEW-YEAR'S DAY be retrospective. One hour's pause and seclusion, one hour's rational consideration of facts and known truths, would alter—or might—our whole futurity of being. But, too often, to be rational would unman us; we dare not look *ourselves* in the face. We fear no man as we fear ourselves. We dread to be obliged to forego our self-esteem. We less fear the vague uncertainty of ungrounded hopes than the certainties of self-knowledge. The knowledge of our disease would be half our cure. We suspect, we believe, we know, we tremble, we hesitate, we delay, we refuse. This is at the bottom of our supineness. We become a riddle—a mystery—to ourselves. Only God knows us. We live uncertain amidst awful certainties. The real is treated as an illusion, and illusions are deemed realities. Overt sin slays its thousands; spiritual sloth ruins its myriads. We sleep amidst gathering, impending storms; yet dream of paradises and pleasures. Natural

sleep is reviving, but sleep from cold is fatal. Here it benumbs the whole soul, and men lie down and prefer to die rather than rouse themselves to salvation. Woe to thee, my soul, if thou shalt yield to the creeping lethargy until spiritual sloth ends in spiritual death, and thou sleepest to wake no more!

A NEW-YEAR'S DAY may give a fresh start in life,—may be the commencement of new work, of a new sowing, redeeming the time. The future may be redeemed from the dreadful results of the past. Not by merit, atonement, satisfaction of claims. We cannot cancel our debts by extra payments. The Divine Government knows no such moral composition and acquittal. All future obedience is already required, and due to the Great Lawgiver, and all our virtues. But although we cannot atone, we may be forgiven. Instead of worthiness, there is grace. The merit of Another is available, although not our own. Divine Love provides for the unloving. An infinite price secures a priceless gift. The death of a Divine Substitute redeems the life of a rebel. He dies that man may live. Return to God is blessedly possible. O the infinite love! "Justice," in the threatenings and curses of the law, "and truth," in the promises of the Gospel, "have met together;" "righteousness," in the great Judge, "and peace," to condemned culprits, "have kissed each other." Here is the most powerful motive for a new life to be begun this day,—the hope of forgiveness, restored favour and love. This would *make* a new life. "We love Him because He first loved us." She that had much forgiven, loved much. The tears through which we survey the irretrievable past, shall sparkle with the hope and joy of new purposes, and a new life. "The guiltless shame, the pleasing smart, the mystic joys of penitence," shall bring also further grace, in the inward revelation of Christ. The wretched prodigal's return has gladdened the father's heart. The lost sheep is restored to the fold; the leper is cleansed; the tongue of the dumb sings. Forgiven now and healed, all nature rejoices. "Behold, I create all things new." "The voice of rejoicing is in the tabernacles of the righteous." "Earthly care becomes a heavenly discipline." Grace is the pledge and earnest of glory; time is permeated with the joys of eternity; and our desert world blossoms abundantly, and rejoices even with joy and singing.

Then may the dark, deep, dreary chasm of the past close upon our wilful forsaking of God; and the going forth of the future be "prepared as the morning," by the consecration of our living sacrifice on NEW-YEAR'S DAY.

MRS. SUSANNAH WESLEY.

WITH the heartiest gratification, we begin the year by introducing to our readers an old and much-revered friend,—MRS. SUSANNAH WESLEY.

An authentic portrait of this eminent woman has been long sought for, but in vain, until the Rev. Dr. Jobson discovered the oil-painting from which our engraving is taken. The painting formerly belonged to a

collection of portraits possessed by the late Mr. Sergeant Thomas, and has now become the property of the Rev. Dr. Jobson. It is authenticated by writing, on the back of the painting, almost as old as the picture itself. The painting bears sufficient evidence of the hand of a master, although the name of the artist is unknown. If there had been no attestation of its authenticity, the strongly-marked features known to belong to Mrs. Wesley's family would bespeak the fidelity of its representation; so that, if those of our readers familiar with the portraits of the Wesleys will look at our frontispiece as we have done,—long, and reverently, and lovingly,—we risk little in saying that there will awake up within the soul a strong consciousness that a faithful portrait of Mrs. Wesley is before them. How far our readers have already formed an idea of what Mrs. Wesley should look like, we are unable to guess; but, as we gaze on this picture, we cannot help declaring that it is just what we imagine it ought to be. Its entire naturalness greatly pleases. The features, viewed separately, with the exception of a slight want of prominence in the chin, are thoroughly Wesleyan. Taken as a whole, there is no mistaking the family-likeness.*

To Wesleyan-Methodist readers, Mrs. Susannah Wesley will ever be an object of deepest interest. On her own account, indeed, she worthily ranks with the bright galaxy of the celebrated women of which this country can justly boast; and, therefore, whether she be remembered as the mother of John and Charles Wesley, the wife of the Epworth Rector, or the daughter of the Nonconformist Dr. Annesley, a deserved celebrity will always be her due. The recorded incidents of her eventful life may be

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* The writer has just looked over a collection of some seventy or eighty different portraits of John Wesley, and finds striking similarity between the portrait accompanying this Number of the "Christian Miscellany," and several of the most authentic prints before him. At first sight, the family-likeness may not seem so apparent to persons who are familiar only with the rather modern and now standard portrait of John Wesley, from a painting by Jackson. But Jackson's portrait, and many that have been copied, in part, from his, give an undue prominence to some of Wesley's features. The face is frequently represented as too square; too much flesh being given to the cheeks; and the nose is commonly exaggerated into a prominent Wellingtonian one. The fact, however, is, that John Wesley's head was a small one; the face oval, and every feature in it was beautifully and most accurately balanced. The nose is *slightly* Roman. The portions about the eyes are finely developed, and the elevation of the forehead is much more graceful and intellectual than many modern pictures suggest. These remarks are based upon a comparison of portraits with a life-size bust of John Wesley in the possession of the writer, executed by the elder Manning, from a cast taken immediately after John Wesley's death. Comparing, then, the portrait of Mrs. Wesley, now for the first time published, with the bust, and with some of the more characteristic prints of John Wesley which are at hand, we have no doubt that it carries upon its own face its authenticity. The only slight difference appears about the lips; but we *like* this difference, and are quite pleased to exchange the firmer lips of the son for the more motherly ones of the portrait before us, where such unmistakable and womanly goodness plays. . . . . Then the *dress*,—*that* is so natural and becoming; and, whilst it faithfully notes the age of the painting, it very admirably declares the good taste of the woman.

comparatively few, and be well known; but they are remarkable ones, and deserve to be remembered: and in the present instance they will be recalled to attention, not merely as characteristic of Mrs. Wesley herself, but as strikingly suggestive of the means by which a wise and foreseeing Providence prepared the Founder of Methodism for his great work.

Mrs. Wesley was born about the year 1670. The religious advantages enjoyed by the daughter of so eminent a Minister as Dr. Annesley, may be readily assumed; though it is not very easy to imagine by what means she was early led to form opinions on ecclesiastical affairs so opposed to those maintained by the matured judgment of her father. By the time she was thirteen years of age, she had studied, it is said, the "Church and State" controversy, and had arrived at the conclusion that the *dissenting* view of the question was a wrong one. Thereupon she withdrew from religious fellowship with Nonconformists, and attached herself to the forms and services of the Established Church.

Who Susannah Annesley's *mother* was, we are unable to say; but we are curious to know if from that quarter any balancing influence counter to the father's was exerted, whereby to explain, and partly to excuse, what otherwise might appear a remarkable, but not very pleasing, precocity on the part of a child of twelve years old. The early and strong development, however, of religious opinion in the family of Dr. Annesley, and the formation of an apparently independent judgment on ecclesiastical affairs by a child, may perhaps be partly accounted for by the fact that, at the time in question, religious life in this country was fostered chiefly —almost exclusively—in the *homes* of a few eminent persons. The preaching of the Gospel, as an evangelizing power, was very nearly extinct; and the little godliness that lingered in the land had retreated within some favoured circles, as at Chester and Northampton; or had nestled in the bosom of some *homes*, where men, like Dr. Watts at Sir Thomas Abney's, diffused a welcome and peaceful, but not very active or powerful, influence. The contrast, therefore, between these bright spots and the dark waste around must have been most emphatic, and would naturally make the *home*-religion, where it did exist, the more decided. Dr. Annesley's home was one of this class. Often there were gathered beneath his roof the leading Nonconformists of that day. Discussions respecting church-government, no doubt, were frequent; and, perhaps, lamentations were heard concerning the feeble and faithless condition of their churches. To the mind of an intelligent and inquisitive child, all this, in a house where religion prevailed, must have been suggestive of serious inquiry as to the cause of the evil complained of. The rights, too, of "*independency*" may have been a favourite topic with some of Dr. Annesley's visiters. Thus stimulated, the child thought for herself; and, right or wrong, she differed from her father. We admit we do not very well like this fact; but the fact is a stubborn one, and must be recognised; not for its own merit, but as indicating the mental activity that marked, and the peculiar religious circumstances that attended, the early dawn of Mrs. Wesley's intellectual and church life.

Susannah Annesley received what is called a liberal education. She acquired a knowledge of the classics,—at least, of French, Latin, and Greek; she was also instructed in logic and metaphysics; and by these means, as well as by extensive reading in theology and church-history, she became qualified for the important sphere she was called to fill, when, at the age of nineteen, she became a clergyman's wife.

Her introduction to Mr. Wesley was, probably, through her brother-in-law, Dunton, the extensive publisher, who had intimate and considerable literary dealings with Mr. Wesley. The attachment of the Nonconformist's accomplished daughter to the poor but clever Curate was most natural. And if religious tastes and convictions, with a strong and sympathetic preference for certain church ideas that had brought Samuel Wesley into trouble with Dissenters, together with a graceful figure and a beautiful countenance,—if these are attractive points in a young bride,—then Samuel Wesley might have been most heartily congratulated on his prudent and happy choice.

Mrs. Wesley had a large family; she was the instructer of her children, and became their subsequent counsellor and guide. In these days, when the philosophy of education is so severely tested by practice, it is more than probable that some of Mrs. Wesley's domestic plans will not be reviewed with entire approval. She did not commence any system of *book*-instruction for her children till they were five years old; and then the task—the really severe task—of acquiring the knowledge of the alphabet *in one day*, had to be undertaken, and mastered too. Modern notions of a more gradual and gentle process, and the facilities of recent times found in attractive picture-books for preparatory lessons, may, no doubt, suggest some improvement on Mrs. Wesley's plan. Nevertheless, who can fail to admire the tact and cleverness, as well as the moral courage and indomitable perseverance of a woman who, amidst the ordinary maternal cares of a numerous progeny, and the troubles and sorrows of the Epworth Parsonage, devoted six hours a day to the painstaking and effective school-education of her children? Mrs. Wesley also steadily and faithfully enforced her domestic discipline, and superintended her household affairs. The mother of nineteen children, ten of whom outlived their childhood, her providence and forethought were often severely taxed to provide her family with food and raiment. Under circumstances, too, of peculiar trial and provocation; with the necessary suspension of her systematic labours, when fire twice rendered her homeless; with a husband often involved in parochial disputes, and at one time actually imprisoned,—the result of misfortune and spite,—Mrs. Wesley, uncomplaining, adhered to her purposes and plans, and even now and then found time to write elaborate and really able treatises on important religious topics and doctrines. And when the Rector was busy in London, taking part in Convocation affairs, Mrs. Wesley made provision by her own "discourses," and the reading of "awakening sermons," for the spiritual wants of the parishioners; becoming, if not his *official* assistant, yet his effective substitute; nobly rising above great

natural and conventional difficulties that she might fulfil a trust she conscientiously believed God had committed to her.

Upon the death of Mr. Samuel Wesley, in 1735, the widow retired from the Epworth Rectory. After a short sojourn with some of the other members of the scattered family, Mrs. Wesley settled in London, with her sons John and Charles, and obtained the advantage of their religious advice and pecuniary aid.

Prior to her removal from Epworth, she heard rumours unfavourable to her sons, and expressed her *fear*, rather than her disapproval, of the irregularities complained of. But subsequently, and when opportunity had been afforded her to converse with her sons, and to attend their ministry in London, her views were corrected; and she expressed her cordial approval of their peculiar theological teachings, and of their evangelical labours.

Mrs. Wesley's closing scene on earth was grateful and calm. She had finished the work God had given her to do. The associations of her childhood, and the responsibilities of matured life, had passed away; but the reward of her earliest toil was already enriching her heart; and the service she had rendered the church, by the training given to her children, was now repaid, in part, by blessings which some of those children enjoyed the luxury of securing her. In July, 1742, John Wesley arrived in London, and found his mother "on the borders of eternity." On the 23d, "About three in the afternoon, I went," he says, "to see my mother, and found her change was near. I sat down on the bed-side. She was in her last conflict; unable to speak, but I believe quite sensible. Her look was calm and serene, and her eyes fixed upward, while we commended her soul to God. From three to four the silver cord was loosing, and the wheel breaking at the cistern; and then, without any struggle, or sigh, or groan, the soul was set at liberty. We stood round the bed, and fulfilled her last request, uttered a little before she lost her speech:—'Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God.'" On a plain stone, at the head of the grave, was placed the following inscription:—"Here lies the body of Mrs. Susannah Wesley, the youngest and last-surviving daughter of Dr. Samuel Annesley;" to which was added a brief poetical record of the Christian hope of the departed; as also of her lengthened sorrows and cares, and of her experimental gladness and peace.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MANHOOD OF "ALBERT THE GOOD."

Towards the close of last century, there dwelt in the Castles of Ehrenbergh and Rosenau, Francis Frederick, reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Saalfeld, with an interesting family of six children. The monarchy represented by this ducal house was unimportant, both in political influence and territorial possessions, when compared with surrounding Powers; and yet these six young Princes and Princesses have, since then, either in their

The Castle of Rosenau.

own persons, or through their children, taken a distinguished place amongst the royal families of Europe. Juliana Henrietta married the Grand-Duke Constantine of Russia. Leopold was united with the lamented Princess Charlotte of England. He was called to occupy the throne of Belgium without hereditary claim, having previously refused that of Greece; and allied himself, in his second marriage, with the Princess Maria of Orleans, daughter of Louis-Philippe, King of the French. Ferdinand, another of these remarkable children, had a son in 1816, who became King Consort of Portugal; whilst Victoria Maria Louisa, by her union with the Duke of Kent, became the mother of her present Majesty, our own beloved Queen. Ernest, the eldest son, succeeded his father upon the ducal throne in 1806. Two sons were born to him some years afterwards. The eldest of these, Ernest Augustus, is the present reigning Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha; the youngest, Albert Francis Augustus Charles Emanuel, contracted the most brilliant, as well as the happiest, alliance of the Coburgs, by marrying his cousin, Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland.

It was in the year 1836 that Prince Albert, then in his seventeenth year, visited, for the first time, the court of St. James. He and his brother and father were the guests, during this visit of their illustrious relation,

of the Duchess of Kent, who was residing with her daughter, the Princess Victoria, at Kensington Palace. There was thus an opportunity given to the royal cousins for laying the foundation of that mutual esteem which eventually resulted in their union. In October 1839 Prince Albert paid a second visit to this country. A few days after his return to Germany, the young Queen, at a meeting of her Privy Council, made the important and pleasing announcement of her intention to ally herself in marriage with Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg and Gotha.

Official proclamation was also made in Coburg to the subjects of the reigning Duke, which produced great rejoicings throughout his dominions. Banquets were given in the old gothic castle of Ehrenbergh, and the greatest enthusiasm prevailed. On the opening of Parliament, the Queen announced to both Houses her approaching marriage, in the speech from the throne. No mention having been made in the Congratulatory Address to Her Majesty, introduced into the Upper House, of the Prince's religion, the Duke of Wellington moved and carried an amendment to have the word "Protestant" inserted before the Prince's name. Some apprehensions had been felt by the nation on this matter which needed allaying. Alarming concessions had been then recently made to the Roman Catholics, and the Ministry in office were notoriously desirous of conciliating them, if possible, still further. Only eleven years before, most of those barriers which the wisdom and patriotism of our ancestors had erected around the British constitution against the encroachments of a power which, in every land, has proved dangerous to liberty, were removed by Parliament. In the perilous legislation of 1829, the Duke of Wellington had taken a prominent and influential part; and, in his amendment on the Address, he felt, perhaps, that something was due from him to the Protestantism of England. The Emancipation Act, whatever were its demerits, left unremoved those barriers which kept Popery at a distance from the throne, and it was only right to assure the nation, that in the royal marriage the laws and constitution of the country were respected.

London has seen many a joyous day, but few, perhaps, to exceed the memorable 10th of February, 1840. Then it was, in the Chapel Royal, St. James's, in the midst of a blaze of rank, wealth, and beauty, that the Primate of all England uttered the words: "Forasmuch as Albert and Victoria have consented together in holy wedlock, and have witnessed the same before God and this company, and thereto have given and pledged their troth either to other, and have declared the same by giving and receiving of a ring, and by joining of hands; I pronounce that they be man and wife together, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost." To name in the order of precedence the starred and jewelled spectators of the magnificent ceremonial, would tax the editorial staff of the Court Gazette; and to describe in full their titles and distinctions, could only be done by some member of the College of Arms; perhaps, it might require the knowledge of "Garter," "Clarenceux," and "Norroy" themselves. To see the imposing procession pass through St. James's Park, a larger concourse of people were assembled than had been seen since the visit of the

Allied Sovereigns in 1814. And never, perhaps, were the booming of cannon from Park and Tower, the clangour of bells from a thousand steeples, and the streaming of banners over the whole extent of the rejoicing metropolis, the exponents of an interest more genuine than was felt on that memorable day!

As the consort of Her Majesty, "Albert the Good" contrasts favourably with the husbands of former Queens regnant. It is almost an insult to his memory to name him in connexion with the execrable persecutor, Philip of Spain, the consort of Queen Mary. In an intense hatred of Protestantism, and in a terrible relish for "heretic" blood, Philip was an appropriate match for the narrow-minded and gloomy woman that occupied the English throne. Notwithstanding their horrible congeniality of tastes, the marriage of these two impersonations of persecution and superstition was not a happy one. Mary, who was eleven years older than her husband, loved him, it is true, with a remarkable fondness, lavishing upon him all that was not ferocious in her nature; but the unhappy Queen was not loved in return. Philip was a bad husband, cold-hearted toward his wife, causing her much agony of mind by his indifference, and frequent absence from England. In marrying her, it is well known, that his principal design was that of making England an appanage of the Spanish crown. After her death he made proposals of marriage, with the same object in view, to her sister Elizabeth. Upon his first journey out of Spain to his other Continental dominions, he produced an impression which is thus described by Envoy Susiano: "He was disagreeable to the Italians, detestable to the Flemings, odious to the Germans." Upon his return to Spain he celebrated his escape from shipwreck by presiding at an *auto-da-fé*, at which thirteen persons of distinction were burned alive, for their religion, before his eyes. "How can you thus look on, and permit me to be burned?" said Carlos de Sessa, a young nobleman, as he passed the throne on his way to the stake. "I would carry the wood to burn my own son withal," said the cruel Monarch, "were he as wicked as you." For this precious consort of Queen Mary, England has erected no monument to commemorate his good deeds. The principal services which he rendered to this country were, a conspiracy with the Pope and the Duke of Alva to assassinate Queen Elizabeth; and, afterwards, an open attack upon the religion and the liberties of England, by the Spanish Armada.

Prince George of Denmark, the consort of Queen Anne, was not a monster of cruelty and superstition, like King Philip II., of Spain; nor was he unfaithful to England. At the same time, he contrasts unfavourably with Prince Albert, of Saxe Coburg; at least, so far as intellect is concerned. He was amiable, unpretending, and humane, and lived in harmony with his wife; but he was remarkably dull as a companion; and although the Queen appointed him Generalissimo of all her forces, and Lord High Admiral, yet he was wholly destitute of talent. His father-in-law, James II., not much of a genius himself, had a great contempt for his abilities, and once nick-named him "*Est-il-possible.*" Prince George generally

received any startling news with the ejaculation in French, "*Est-il possible?*" ("Is it possible?") While statesmen and courtiers were deserting his father-in-law, as the news of each successive defection reached the palace, Prince George had nothing to utter but his standing ejaculation, "*Est-il possible?*" At last he fled himself from Whitehall, to join William's standard. When his son-in-law's treachery became known to the unfortunate James,—"What!" said the forsaken King, "is *Est-il-possible* gone too? After all, a good trooper would have been a greater loss." William took little or no notice of him in the Irish campaign; an affront which it was said the Prince was too stupid to feel, but which was resented by his wife, the Princess Anne. Some years previously Charles II. said, "I have tried Prince George sober, and I have tried him drunk; but, drunk or sober, there is nothing in him!"

Prince Albert used his great powers in promoting the best interests of his adopted country. He was the patron of the education of the highest classes by his association, as Chancellor, with the University of Cambridge; and of the lowest, by his connexion with the Golden-Lane, and other, Ragged schools. He was the promoter of the Fine Arts, as may be witnessed at the Kensington Museum; and of (what is more important) Industrial Arts, as might be seen in the Great Exhibitions of 1851 and 1862. He encouraged agriculture, and practised it on his model farm at Windsor. By promoting the erection of model lodging-houses, cottages, baths and wash-houses, and by other practical measures of social and sanatory reform, he laboured for the moral and physical improvement of the working-classes and the poor.

For training the royal children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," England is especially indebted to "Albert the Good." It is said that he spent several hours a day in personal supervision of their education; that he examined every book put into their hands; and that, while they had many teachers, he himself was their chief instructer; and that in all this he was ably supported by the Queen. The Prince was reported to be a searcher of the Scriptures. If he did not suggest, he approved of, the motto,—"The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof," which was placed on the front of the Royal Exchange. On a staircase in Windsor Castle stands a marble monument of Edward VI., executed by a French artist under the direction of the Prince Consort. The young and pious Monarch is represented pointing with his sceptre to this text on the page of an open Bible: "Josiah was eight years old when he began to reign, and he did that which was right in the sight of the Lord." This was intended as a lesson to the Prince of Wales and the other royal children. May it not be lost upon them!

Little has been reported of the last illness of the lamented Prince. Probably there was but little to tell. The fever by which he was attacked, soon prostrated him, and did its work in a few short days. When assured by one of the physicians that he was likely to get better shortly, he replied, "No, I shall not recover: but I am not taken by surprise; I am not afraid; I trust I am prepared." The same reliable authority reports

that he frequently repeated upon his death-bed the beautiful Gospel hymn,—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee."

If he took refuge there, then we may be sure that he is safe.

The year that has passed away since the great bell of St. Paul's startled the metropolis with the dismal tidings that "a Prince and a great man" had fallen, has not lessened the impression that the death of the Prince Consort involved a great national loss. These rolling months, moreover, have taken nothing from the people's solicitude for the royal children, nor from their sympathy with the Chief Mourner in this huge sorrow, but have rather added greater fervency and importunity to the nation's prayer: "GOD SAVE THE QUEEN." T. M'C.

"ONE BY ONE."

EVERY Christian is in the habit of praying for a revival of religion, but it is not every Christian who tries to make his prayers come true. Between the number of prayers offered on this subject and the number of prayers answered, there is a wide discrepancy. And this is as true of prayers leaving Methodist lips as of any others. It might be granted that revivals are more common amongst Wesleyans than amongst other Christian people; but it is equally true that in no church is the prayer for a revival offered so frequently as in our own. In the class-meeting, the pulpit, and the prayer-meeting the petition, "O LORD, revive Thy work," is sure to find a place; and, even amongst moderately earnest Methodists, few prayers call forth so hearty a response as one for a revival. The fact is, that, on the one hand, few things are so plentiful as prayers for a revival; and, on the other, few things are so scarce as a genuine and lasting revival of religion.

The increase of 5,476 during the last year is not forgotten or undervalued. It is just fifteen for each day in the year. But this fifteen is shared by four hundred and eighty-four Circuits; so that thirty-two Circuits amongst them managed upon the whole to contribute a daily increase of one member. Or, supposing the Circuits of British Methodism to take their turn in yielding an increase, it would come to each Circuit once a month to report an increase of one member. The increase of 5,476 is not quite a dozen in the twelve months for each Circuit.

I do not forget the several thousands who have died during the year, and whose places must be filled up before any increase can be counted; neither do I forget the losses that arise from backsliding and removal. The aggregate loss from these three causes is heavy; but surely the reproductive power of the Gospel is not limited to this,—the barely covering of losses sustained, and a net increase in the number of members of $1\frac{3}{4}$ per cent per annum.

It seems to me that the comparatively small results of labour in the past ought to set us thinking as we stand upon the threshold of a new year. I do not profess to point out every source of weakness, or to lay my finger upon everything that compromises consistency, or bars success. I give just three reasons why, with so many servants of Christ, the work of Christ advances so slowly.

1. *Many Methodists do nothing at all.*

They hear the word, and meet in class; they give a penny a week, and

a shilling a quarter; but they do nothing. According to them, the church exists simply for their edification. It is a pool of Bethesda which they visit at certain seasons; they refresh themselves and pay their fee, and that is the end. They never bring with them a neighbour who is blind, halt, or withered. It is true that they themselves were, in the first instance, invited to the porch from which they stepped down into the healing pool; but they forget that, and leave ungodly men and women to find their own way, unasked, to the house of mercy, or to perish.

These members have health and opportunity; and yet from month to month they do nothing to win souls, nothing to enlarge the church, nothing for which Christ will have to thank them another day. Others labour for them; Preachers and Leaders devote to them both time and toil; but they do not labour for others: they take in all, and give out nothing. You do not expect such professors to help the annual increase. They are a dead weight, fruitless branches, loiterers in the vineyard. If, in the present struggle, the world and the devil go to the wall, no thanks to them. I wonder if they have read or heard that sentence in the Address of the last Conference: "If you who are in health are not at work for Christ, you are not in Christ." In these few words there is quite enough to make tens of thousands of Methodists very uncomfortable.

2. *Others do something, but do not go far enough.*

On a Sunday evening they pray that "this house may be filled with attentive worshippers;" but they do not take steps to fill it with worshippers of any kind. Their prayers and their practice are out of joint. They desire that good may be done, but they do not set about doing it. They do not comprehend the relation between cause and effect. They really wish that such a thing may come to pass, but it does not occur to them to ask *how* it is to be brought about. They would like to see many more people come to hear the word; but they do not put the question to themselves, How is this chapel to be filled? *They don't think.* If they did, they would know that people who have led careless and heathen lives, do not instinctively turn over a new leaf, and on some Sabbath set off to church or chapel with their families. If they were to think, they would conclude that if a hundred additional hearers are to be got to a place of worship, somebody must invite them.

As a rule, they do not come without asking. Persons who are afflicted with "itching ears" may ramble from one sanctuary to another unasked. They go hither and thither, not to worship God, not to do good, not because they are needed or wanted at that particular chapel just then; but they go to the house of prayer on the same principle as to a lecture or concert,—to please themselves. This or that chapel is attractive to them, not as "the place where Thine honour dwelleth," but as the place where their Apollos preacheth. Circumstances may crowd a chapel with strange faces, independent of the efforts of God's people who worship there; but these will be runagates from some other congregation, strolling hearers, and are no gain to anybody. I speak, however, of men and women who have been living in utter neglect of public worship; and if these are ever to worship with us, they must be asked. And if those who publicly pray that such families may be turned from their evil ways, do not invite them to chapel, who will? We have no right to expect others to do what we ourselves can do, and won't. It is easy to pray that "sinners may be seen flocking to the Lord's house as the doves to their windows;" that does not cost much: and, if those who pray do not do their

best to make their prayers come true, such praying is not worth much. If all who, during the last year, prayed for a revival had done what they could to work out their prayers, our increase would have been tenfold what it was. Where a man can do something, prayer without corresponding labour is solemn trifling and wasted breath. Let all the prayers which are not followed by suitable effort be struck out of the book of remembrance, and how many would be left? And yet the praying power of a church is represented by the prayers that we follow up by appropriate action.

It was said to Cornelius, "Thy prayers and thine alms are come up for a memorial before God." It is equally true that our prayers and our works come up daily before God for a memorial. The two records, side by side, show our honesty, or prove our inconsistency. Our works should be brought up at once to the level of our prayers; that is the best course: failing this, the next best is to bring down our prayers to the level of our works. Even that will be of service by making manifest to ourselves the little or the nothing that we are doing to save souls from death.

(*To be continued.*)

THE MINIMUM CHRISTIAN.

THE MINIMUM CHRISTIAN! And who is he? The Christian who is going to heaven at the cheapest rate possible. The Christian who intends to get all of the world he can, and not meet the worldling's doom. The Christian who aims to have as little religion as he can without lacking it altogether.

The minimum Christian goes to chapel in the morning; and in the evening also, unless it rains, or is too warm, or too cold, or he is sleepy, or has headache from eating too much dinner. He listens most respectfully to the preacher, and joins in prayer and praise. He applies the truth very sensibly; sometimes to himself, oftener to his neighbours. He goes to the weekly preaching occasionally; more rarely to the prayer-meeting, as the latter is very apt to be uninteresting. He is always, however, at the yearly watch-night, and at the renewal of the Covenant; and he may generally be found at all the Communion services throughout the year; he is also frequently quite regular for a time in his attention to family-prayers.

The minimum Christian is very friendly to all good works. He wishes them well, but it is not in his power to do much for them. The Sabbath-school he looks upon as an admirable institution, especially for the neglected and ignorant. It is not convenient, however, for him to take a class. His business engagements are so pressing during the week, that he needs Sunday as a day of rest; nor does he think himself qualified to act as a teacher. There are so many persons better prepared for this important duty, that he must beg to be excused; still he will do it, if he must. He is in favour of tract-distribution, and of visiting the poor; but he has no time to take part in these labours of love. He thinks it a good thing for laymen to assist at prayer-meetings and in social religious circles; but he has no gift for public prayer, or for making addresses, and he must leave it to others. He is very friendly to home and foreign Missions, and gives his "mite." He thinks there are "too many appeals;" but he gives, if not enough to save his reputation, pretty near it; at all events, he aims at it.

The minimum Christian is not clear on a number of points. The subject of dancing; perhaps, the theatre, card-playing, and large fashionable parties, give him a good deal of trouble. He can't see the harm in this, or that, or

the other popular amusement. There is nothing in the Bible against innocent recreation. He does not see but that a man may be a Christian, and dance or go night after night to concerts of operatic music or to the theatre. He knows several excellent people who do. Why should not he?

In short, the minimum Christian knows that he cannot serve God and mammon,—he would if he could,—but he will come just as near doing so as he can. He will give to himself and the world all that he may, and to God as little as he can, and yet not lose his soul. He stands so close to the dividing-line between the people of God and the people of the world, that it is hard to say on which side of it he actually is.

Ah! my brother, are you making this attempt? Beware lest you find at last that in trying to get to heaven with as little religion as possible, you have missed it altogether; lest, without gaining the whole world, you lose your own soul. The true child of God does not say, "How little," but, "How much may I do for God?" They "thus judge, that if One died for all," He died "that they which live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him which died for them." Leaving the things that are behind, they reach forth toward those that are before; ever exclaiming, "What shall I render unto the Lord for all His benefits?"

Reader, are you a minimum Christian? There is reason to fear that such are no Christians at all. "Not every one that saith, Lord, Lord, shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of My Father which is in heaven."

FAITH NOT OPPOSED TO REASON.

We should be careful, in stating the doctrine of faith, not to place it in opposition to reason. On the contrary, we only say what is sustained both by St. Paul and St. Augustine, when we assert, that it is a very *reasonable thing to believe*. Faith is a different thing from mere physical and emotive impulse; and it would be no small mistake, to confound those who walk by faith in the true sense of the term, with thoughtless and impulsive persons.

Faith is necessarily based upon antecedent acts of intelligence. By the use of those powers of perception and reasoning which God has given us, we have the knowledge of the existence of God. It is by their use, also, that we know that God has spoken to us in His revealed Word.

I illustrate the subject in this way: I suppose myself to be in a strange country. There is a wide forest before me, with which I am totally unacquainted, although I must pass through it. I accordingly select a guide, whom I suppose to be able to conduct me through these ways never before trodden by me. In following this guide, I obviously go by *faith;* but as I know the character of my guide, and as my intelligence or reason tells me that I ought to exercise such faith, it is clear that my faith in him is not in opposition to reason, but in accordance with it.

THE TWO PILLOWS.

Mention having been made of some one who had received a considerable inheritance, one of the company remarked that it would be a comfortable pillow for him; meaning that, with such affluent means, he would now have no occasion to vex his mind, or disturb his rest with cares. Said Gotthold: And so you fancy that the softest kind of pillow on which to recline the head, is a bag of money. What if I could prove that they who have most money have least sleep, and that, with great riches, there is often little rest? We all know the story of the Emperor Sigismund, who, having on one occasion received forty thousand ducats, and lain awake the whole of the following night, thinking how to spend them, made it his first business in the morning to distribute them among the most deserving of his courtiers. Experience shows us that wealth is often accompanied by avarice, than which there is no greater foe to sleep. Granting, however, that a large fortune is a comfortable pillow to a

man while he lives, what will it do for him when he comes to die? Let me also remind you that there is another kind of pillow,—I mean a false trust in the Divine grace and mercy, or in the sincerity of our faith, or in the pardon of our sins, or in a death-bed repentance, or in our right to eternal life,—of which many a wicked man, though continuing in presumptuous sins, ventures to boast. This pillow is prepared by Satan, who can transform himself not only into an angel of light, but also into a comforter. He suckles his children with false hope, sings to them a sweet song, and rocks them into the sleep of security. May God, in His mercy, preserve us from such a pillow as this!

Gotthold proceeded: Believers and good men have the best of all pillows; and that is, the bosom of Jesus, in which they find the grace of God, rest for their souls, and peace to their consciences. They are like children who, after having walked all day in filial obedience, when evening comes, kiss their parents' hand, receive their blessing, go to bed with them in the same chamber, and calmly and securely fall asleep under their eye. He who, in faith, has reclined his head upon the breast and heart of Jesus, resigned himself wholly to God, and learned to trust in His fatherly goodness and care, and to keep a conscience pure and void of offence, cannot but sleep in peace; for, though his body wake, his soul reposes upon this pillow, and is undisturbed.

THE SEASON'S SALUTATIONS.

A happy, happy Christmas! and
  A merry, bright New Year!
How sweet the kind old greetings sound
  To every heart and ear!
No matter how care-burden'd, and
  No matter how depress,
A something in their welcome makes
  Them dear to every breast.

We heard them in our childhood, when,
  With spirits light and gay,
We dreamt not that life's joyfulness
  Could ever pass away;
And though long years of carefulness
  Have sober'd many a heart,
A joy still lingers round them, which
  Can never quite depart:—

Nor ever shall—if Christian-like
  We count the rolling years,
Not as removing joys from us,
  But sins, and cares, and tears:
And upward, onward bearing us,
  To that bright land, and blest,
Where "the wicked cease from troubling, and
  The weary are at rest."

No year can open gloomily
  For him whose heart doth yearn,
Above all hopes and cares on earth,
  To see his Lord's return:
As stars their light, and mists their shade,
  Lay down before the day,
So joys and griefs of earth, in Heaven's
  Calm sunshine, fade away.

Scripture Scenes.

RUINS OF EDOM.

The name *Edom* was originally given to Esau when his twin, but younger, brother Jacob got from him his birthright for a mess of pottage. The colour of that pottage was red, the meaning of the word *Edom*. This will explain the passage in Genesis xxv., where we read that "Esau said to Jacob, Feed me, I pray thee, with that same red pottage; for I am faint: therefore was his name called Edom." Afterwards the country which the Lord gave to Esau was called "the field," and "the land," "of Edom." It may have been that the ruddy hue which travellers have noted as characteristic of the mountain-range thus called, suggested its name, and led to its being preferred to that of Esau. The latter, however, was occasionally used, as by Obadiah.

Edom was previously called *Mount Seir*, meaning "rugged," from Seir the progenitor of the Horites. (Gen. xiv. 6; xxxvi. 20—22.) The name Seir was, perhaps, adopted on account of its being descriptive of the "rugged" character of the territory. The original inhabitants of the country got their name, "Horites," from *Hori*, the grandson of Seir, (Gen. xxxvi. 20—22,) because that name was descriptive of their habits as "dwellers in caves."

The boundaries of Edom, though not

directly, are yet incidentally defined with tolerable distinctness in the Bible. The country lay along the route pursued by the Israelites from the peninsula of Sinai to Kadesh-barnea, and thence back again to Elath; that is, along the east side of the great valley of Arabah. It reached southward as far as Elath, which stood at the

northern end of the Gulf of Elath, and was the sea-port of the Edomites; but it does not seem to have extended farther, as the Israelites on passing Elath struck out eastward into the desert so as to pass round the land of Edom. On the north of Edom lay the territory of Moab, through which the Israelites were also prevented from going, and were therefore compelled to go from Kadesh by the southern extremity of Edom. The boundary between Moab and Edom appears to have been the "brook Zered," probably the modern *Wady-el-Ahsy*, which still divides the provinces of *Kerak* (Moab) and *Jebâl* (Gebalene). But Edom was wholly a mountainous country. "Mount Seir" and "the Mount of Esau" are names often given to it in the Bible. This shows that it only embraced the narrow mountainous tract (about one hundred miles long by twenty broad) extending along the eastern side of the Arabah, from the northern end of the gulf of Elath to near the southern end of the Dead Sea. A glance at the more modern divisions and names corroborates this view. Josephus divides Edom, or Idumæa, into two provinces; the one he calls *Gobolitis*, and the other *Amalekitis*. The former is Edom Proper, or Mount Seir; the latter is the region south of Palestine, now called the desert of *et-Tîh*, or "wandering," originally occupied by the Amalekites.

The mountain-range of Edom is at present divided into two districts. The northern is called *Jebâl*. It begins at *Wady-el-Ahsy*, (the ancient brook *Zered*,) which separates it from *Kerak*, (the ancient Moab,) and it terminates at or near Petra. The southern district is called *esh-Shêrah*. The ancient capital of Edom was Bozrah, the site of which is most probably marked by the village of *Buseireh*, near the northern border, about twenty-five miles south of Kerak. But Sela, better known by its Greek name Petra, appears to have been the principal stronghold in the days of Amaziah. Elath, and its neighbour Ezion-geber, were the sea-ports; they were captured by King David, and here Solomon equipped his merchant-fleet.

When the kingdom of Israel began to decline, the Edomites not only reconquered their lost cities, but made frequent inroads upon southern Palestine. It was probably on account of these attacks, and of their uniting with the Chaldeans against the Jews, that the Edomites were so fearfully denounced by the later Prophets. (See Jer. xlix.; Ezek. xxv.; xxxv.) During the Captivity they advanced westward, occupied the whole territory of their brethren the Amalekites, and even took possession of many towns in southern Palestine, including Hebron. The name Edom, or rather its Greek form, Idumæa, was now given to the country lying between the valley of Arabah and the shores of the Mediterranean. Thus Josephus writes: "the lot of Simeon included that part of Idumæa which bordered upon Egypt and Arabia;" and though this is true, it does not contradict the language of Scripture: "I will not give you of their land, no, not so much as a foothreadth, because I have given Mount Seir unto Esau for a possession." For not "a foothreadth" of Edom Proper, or Mount Seir, was ever given to the Jews. Jerome also says that the Edomites possessed the whole country from Eleutheropolis to Petra and Elath; and Roman authors sometimes give the name Idumæa to all Palestine, and even call the Jews Idumæans.

While Idumæa thus extended westward, Edom Proper was taken possession of by the Nabatheans; an Arabian tribe descended from Nebaioth, Ishmael's eldest son, and Esau's brother-in-law. The Nabatheans were a powerful people, and held a great part of southern Arabia. They took Petra, and established themselves there at least three centuries before Christ; for Antigonus, one of the successors of Alexander the Great, after conquering Palestine, sent two expeditions against the Nabatheans in Petra. This people leaving off their nomad habits, settled down amid the mountains of Edom, engaged in commerce, and founded the little kingdom called by Roman writers *Arabia Petræa*, which embraced nearly the same territory as the ancient Edom. Some of its monarchs took the name of Aretas, and some Obodas. Aretas, King of Arabia, was father-in-law of Herod Antipas, (Matt. xiv. 3, 4,) and it was the same who captured the city of Damascus, and held it at the time of Paul's conversion. (2 Cor. xi. 32; Acts ix. 25.) The king-

dom of Arabia was finally subdued by the Romans, in A.D. 105. Under the Romans, the transport trade of the Nabatheans increased. Roads were constructed through the mountain-defiles from Elath on the coast to Petra, and thence northward and westward. Traces of them still remain, with ruinous military-stations at intervals, and fallen milestones of the times of Trajan and Marcus Aurelius. To the Nabatheans Petra owes those great monuments which are still the wonder of the world.

Early in the Christian era Edom Proper was included by geographers in Palestine, but in the fifth century a new division was made of the whole country into *Palæstina Prima*, *Secunda*, and *Tertia*. The last embraced Edom and some neighbouring provinces, and when it became an ecclesiastical division, its metropolis was Petra. In the seventh century the Mohammedan conquest gave a death-blow to the commerce and prosperity of Edom. Under the withering influence of Mohammedan rule the great cities fell to ruin, and the country became a desert. The followers of the false prophet were here, as elsewhere, the instruments in God's hands for the execution of His judgments. "Thus saith the Lord God; Behold, O Mount Seir, I am against thee,....and I will make thee most desolate. I will lay thy cities waste,....and when the whole earth rejoiceth, I will make thee desolate....I will make Mount Seir most desolate, and cut off from it him that passeth out and him that returneth.....I will make thee perpetual desolations, and thy cities shall not return: and ye shall know that I am the Lord." (Ezek. xxxv. 3, 4, 7, 9, 14.)

Our Country.

THE CORNISH COAST.

No. I.

"I loved to walk where none had walk'd before,
About the rocks that ran along the shore;
Or far beyond the sight of men to stray,
And take my pleasure when I lost my way."

"AND so, you know Cornwall, Sir," said a fellow-traveller who caught my passing allusion to a point on the Cornish coast: "you have read 'A Londoner's Walk to the Land's End," by Walter White, I suppose?"

"No, Sir."

"Indeed! Not read White! I am surprised that a topographer, such, excuse me, as I judge you to be, has not read White."

"No, Sir, never! The 'Londoner's Walk' is, I presume, the book of the season, in that class of literature; a very interesting volume, no doubt, and, it may be hoped, just and fair enough towards the country which it professes to picture. I confess, however, that I have not seen it, nor, indeed, do I now attempt to keep pace with current literature. And as to books about Cornwall in particular, it may be I have been in danger of satisfying myself with the notion that it is scarcely worth one's while to read the popular pages of London tourists in Cornwall, after having for so many years read Cornwall itself. It is not for me to claim the honour of being called a topographer, although I have enjoyed a little of what every real topographer must have a great deal of, that feeling of loving interest in the places about which he writes, which springs from quietly cultivated, if not long, acquaintance with them."

My companion gave no reply for a few minutes, except by signs; for he seemed to have an ingenious way of putting on a mysterious look when he was not quite ready with an answer. There would be a nod or two after a sort of solemn manner. His lips would be compressed; and his eyes set as if they were looking, not at you, but into some depth beyond, from which his thoughts were to be fished up. At length the rigidity of his mouth gave way a little; and, feeling as if I were about to be privileged with some wise disclosures, I sat expectant; something like an inquisitive boy, who, when he sees an oyster showing a disposition to relax his umbones, watches with growing eagerness

for an insight into the secrets of its inner world. I watched. There was another weighty nod; but my expectations were cut short off with a sharpish kind of, "Ah!" accompanied by a knowing look, as if he felt that his thoughts were too big for utterance, or too profound for my capacity. Whether he felt annoyed at having mistaken me for a topographer, or whether he found it impossible to suppress his contempt for my opinion about a topographer's qualifications, or whether his soul had settled into pity at my ignorance of current literature,—especially of Mr. White's book,—I have never been able to decide to my own satisfaction. But suspecting that most of his power lay in the curious art of putting on an air of deep thought, and keeping his lips tight lest they should betray him, I threw myself into a lounging posture, and silently abandoned myself to pleasant imaginary travels along that coast, the mention of which had, as I at first thought, inspired my neighbour with conversational zeal. Yes, as I said, I have long been a reader of Cornwall itself. My readings have been such, too, as to make it somewhat easy for me to refresh myself at pleasure with the stories which excited my boyhood; with the passages of history, the lessons of science, the social and religious teachings, and the poetry and music which have been so fondly studied in her ancient rocks; her cressy streams, her wild, grand, bright, and lovely seaboard; her mineral treasures, her cromlech-crested hills, and her circles of pure and holy domestic life. It must not be taken for granted that one is entirely ignorant of what books say about this old Keltic peninsula. I am not without my favourite authors. But these are mostly to be classed among the old folks; a few antiquated antiquaries; one or two travellers who travelled when men depended more upon their own legs than upon iron and steam; and a little knot of elect topographers whose Cornish topography is like Cornwall itself,—rich, deeply rich, beneath the rough sod and heath; and fringed and embroidered on the surface with a variety of romantic, artless, fresh, and healthful beauties. Some people may find it convenient to have everything studied, arranged, and settled for them by a modern "guide-book;" but, after all, the old topographers for me: I like the old boys for their honest and manly friendship. They are always ready to help you; but it must be on condition that you help yourself. "Do you want Cornish ore?" say they; "then dig for yourself. See, there is the metallic *lode*, here are your tools; dig for yourself. We will show you how to dig, and set you the example; but you must work. Tramp it. Do your own dialling. Take your own levels. See for yourselves. Eat the fruit of your own toil. We will come in at a pinch, if need be, to give you advice, and to afford you the benefit of our observation and experience." Plain-spoken, somewhat rude, and sparing of words are these ancient Cornish topographers; but they show you things as they are, or rather as they were; and wonderfully help you to form a comparative estimate of people and places as they pass under your own eye. All due honour to the memory of our earliest English topographer, William of Worcester; and the more so from me, just now, because he gave Cornwall rather a large place in his curious note-book. Why he is called William of Worcester, I cannot tell; unless it be because his father was called so before him. His name was not taken from the place of his birth, at all events; nor from the scene of his education, nor from his favourite residence; for he was born in Bristol, educated at Oxford, and was distinguished at Caistor, in Norfolk, as the secretary, friend, and executor of Sir John Fastolf; the same, probably, as Shakespeare caricatured as Falstaff. Our topographer started from Norwich, one Monday morning, in August, 1478, and found his way into Cornwall, by way of Launceston, on the 13th of the following month. It was rather a doubtful time of the year for such a tour; and perhaps the wintry impressions of the journey may account for his sharp, short, shaky memoranda. The entries in his pocket-book are like those of a man who is cold, and more inclined to rub his hands than to scribble; wanting to hurry on in search of a fire, rather than to stay making tremulous observations upon either persons or things. His jottings are queerly jumbled, like the heterogeneous contents of a beggar's

wallet; or like the bits and scraps of knowledge in some men's brains. Indeed, as a topographer, he does not help one so pleasantly as some do who come after him. It would have been worth his while, for our sakes at least, to tell something about Cornish church-building just then; for at that time the rage for new churches was at its height in the county. And one would like to know a little about the old church-fashion of managing "ways and means," plans, specifications, carriage of materials, prices of labour, subscription-lists, indulgences for donors, and consecration solemnities and entertainments. But, alas! he never stayed long enough anywhere to allow his pen to catch inspiration from curiosities, grandeurs, or beauty; no, nor to let his heart get warmly interested in the people, or his soul to kindle into devotion at the shrine of a saint. Nevertheless he is worthy of notice. For he puts many a dear old stream into his list of rivers. Some of my favourite bridges have a place in his catalogue of "brijgges." He does not forget to calendar the saints, or to mark the pleasant havens and creeks, or to note the milestones and keep up his reckonings of mileage; while he always gratefully acknowledges what he picked up in the way of information from blacksmiths, friars, ropers, notaries, ferrymen, parsons, and his own cousin Bracey. Let not his name perish!

Neither let Michael Drayton be forgotten. Michael Drayton did what every man could not do; he took an honourable share in the victory over the Spanish Armada, and then helped to immortalize the victory by a meritorious description of it in verse. Indeed, he was ready to turn out a poem, in his way, at any time, and on any theme; from "the Wars of the Barons" to "the Man in the Moon." He was a Worcestershire poet; and yet he may be claimed as a Cornish topographer. His greatest work, in twenty cantos, is entitled, "the *Poly Olbion*," "the very happy." This "very happy" thing was his native isle; which he describes, in Alexandrine measure, with all the mountains, rivers, forests, "curious stories, antiquities, wonders, pleasures, and commodities of the same." This volume of poetised topography and history is all the more agreeable to me, of course, because its first song contains a sketch of Cornwall, beginning with a dialogue between St. Michael's Mount and the Bar of Hayle. Both mountains and sands become vocal with poesy at the will of Michael Drayton. He feels that to combine the virtues of a topographer with the charms of a poet, involved "Herculean toil;" and he found it necessary to invoke an ancient "Genius," at the same time, cleverly weaving into his invocation the peculiar claims of his variegated theme:—

"Of Albion's glorious isle the wonders whilst I write,
The sundry varying soils, the pleasures infinite,
(Where heat kills not the cold, nor cold expels the heat,
The calms too mildly small, nor winds too roughly great,
Nor night doth hinder day, nor day the night doth wrong,
The summer not too short, the winter not too long,)
What help shall I invoke to aid my muse the while?
Thou Genius of the place (this most renowned isle)
Which lived'st long before the all-earth drowning flood,
Whilst yet the world did swarm with her gigantic brood,
Go thou before me still thy circling shores about,
And, in this wand'ring maze, help to conduct me out."

Drayton succeeded in enriching his native literature with a voluminous piece of measured topography, which, as far as Cornwall at least is concerned, is as remarkable for its topographical minuteness and accuracy as for the lusty life and poetic spirit which breaks out here and there along the line of its quaint numbers. He is even safer as a guide to old Cornwall than he is pleasant as a poet. But I must not lose sight of his contemporary Richard Carew; who, though not a poet by profession, was a real Cornish genius. He was born on the banks of a Cornish river, in 1555. "A little within the mouth of the Lyner," says he, "standeth East Anthony, the poor house of my ancestors." From that "poor house," the seat of his ancient family, he went to Oxford; where, at the age of fourteen, he disputed "with the matchless Sir Philip Sidney," in the presence of the Earls of Leicester and

Warwick. In his manhood he enjoyed the friendship of such kindred spirits as Camden, Stow, Norden, and Cotton. In 1602 he dedicated his "Survey of Cornwall" to Sir Walter Raleigh, and threw open a store of materials for the use of those distinguished topographers who followed him. "This treatise," he tells us, "plotteth down Cornwall as it now standeth, for the particulars, and will continue, for the general. Mine eulogies proceed no less from the sincerity of a witness, than the affection of a friend; and therefore I hope, that when my tongue hath been good, no man's eye will be evil; and that each well-minded reader will wish a merry passage to this my rather fancy-sporting than gain-seeking voyage." Yes, a merry passage to thee, gentle Richard! for who that has ever footed it or sailed with thee on thy "Survey," has ever afterwards found himself without interesting companionship while on Cornish soil, or on Cornish waters.

But who can ramble along the Cornish coast without having grateful thoughts of another old topographical pilgrim? I, for one, shall not cease to twine fresh wreaths around the name of that far-sighted, prying, graphic, jaunty, spring-footed, plodding, never-flagging, itinerant and explorer, John Leland. A great favourite of mine is John Leland. He was the first and the last English "Antiquary Royal." But he toiled hard for his honours and his pleasure. Nothing escaped his notice. He was everywhere, "both by the sea-coasts and the midland parts, sparing neither pains nor cost; insomuch that there was scarcely either cape or bay, haven, creek, or pier, river or confluence of rivers, breaches, washes, lakes, meres, fenny waters, mountains, valleys, moors, heaths, forests, chaces, woods, cities, boroughs, castles, principal manor-places, monasteries and colleges, which he had not seen, and noted a world of things." He travelled, by commission, under Henry VIII.; and found his way down over the back-bone of Cornwall, and then along the Cornish coasts; first on the north and then on the south; making his last notes on the Tamar "by the Sowth Se," where "the grownd is fertile of corn and gresse." It is just three hundred and thirty years ago that he finished his Cornish tour, by rambling "from Loowe Creke to Tamar." Where he finished, I began; on the same spot I mean, not at the same point of time; for it is not quite three centuries ago since I began to look around me on the Cornish coast. Years enough have passed, however, between Leland's time and my own, to allow of many changes both in persons and things. As to the modes of travel, for one thing, I have a notion that the advantage, as to variety, is on my side. It is not for me to say in what fashion Leland moved along his route; but I know that I have gone afloat and aground, by flood and by field, on wheels and afoot, in saddle and on seat, creeping and flying, by night and by day, in all winds and in all weathers, in happy companionship and alone. But now let me begin my story.

Prittlewell. W.

Life-Lessons.

YES—YET.

(Mark vii. 28.)

What a marvel of obstinacy is this Gentile woman! Rebuffs that would have beaten back most beggars, do not dishearten her. The thought of her stricken girl, writhing horribly at home, fans her mother-love into so fierce a flame, that it cannot easily be quenched. This Jesus, and He alone, can set the wretched child free. Hope comes with Him; and with Him hope must depart. If, then, there is help to be had, it must be now or never.

It is to be hoped—on behalf of those who trust them—that the Lord's disciples are better mediators now than they were in the days of their mortal life. I read of many uncalled sinners bringing sick folks and others to Jesus; and I recollect how these disciples, who indeed knew no better, meddled to hinder but never to help those

who came: as those "Mothers of Salem," about whom little voices warble now-a-days, could bear witness. This mother of Canaan owed the disciples small thanks for their intercession, which, at the best, meant that they had more regard for their own quiet than for her sorrow; and that they would have her prayer answered rather to shut her mouth, than to comfort her heart.

Faith is so great a matter, and so many clever counterfeits of it are abroad, that we do wisely to heed this notable example, whereon the great Assayer has set His stamp, attesting that He tried it in the fire, and found it good.

All the completeness and virtue of this woman's faith are revealed just at that crisis of the text, where she answers, "Yes, Lord: *yet*—."

However softened down,* that was a hard word,—"dogs." But mark how the woman meets it with a full *yes* of acknowledgment. True faith blinks nothing. Nay, it is necessary to its very existence that all that goes against its success should be known and confessed. It does not bring partial comfort, by making the sinner so look away from himself as to forget how sinful he is; but sounds the lowest depths of his guilt with the line of repentance. Faith always pleads guilty; though the charge is most heavy, declaring the offender to be all that is bad, yet to the whole charge he answers *yes*. It is not the "yes" of assenting despair; but the acknowledgment of penitence, declaring itself to be among those wicked and hopeless ones for whom mercy is provided. Thus it pleads:—

"I do not come to Thee, Lord, to defend my character, but to seek Thy help. Here, at least, I am not in error. I come, not because I did not know that I was a dog; but because I seek a dog's fare. Dogs get spurned, and beaten, and abused; but they get fed as well. Yes, I am a dog, then feed *me*;† not, at first hand, out of the dish, but with the over-abundance under the table.

This was fine pleading. I wonder less at Manoah's lusty son gathering honey out of a lion, than at this woman fetching such an argument out of such an answer. Luther has a very characteristic remark here. "Was not that a master-stroke? She snares Christ in His own words. Like her, thou must give God right in all He says to thee, and yet must not stand off from praying, till thou overcomest as she overcame, till thou hast turned the very charges made against thee into arguments and proofs of thy need,—till thou too hast taken Christ in His own words."

Between the *yes* and the *yet*, how wide is the distance! But see it bridged over thus: "Yes, LORD: yet." Faith saw Jesus in His own person, linking the supply to the want; and, with such a sight, did not hesitate to utter the "Yes" of humblest confession.

Good Gentile mother, thou hast found a place of greater profit than many have who think they hold the highest seats. Thou seekest to dwell at Jesus' feet; and it is in my heart to sit at thine, joining thee in praise to Him who has put such a plea into the mouths of the helpless, and made our very sinfulness our hope: because He "came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

Strange reasoning this, but blessedly sound,—

"My pardon I claim;
For a sinner I am;
A sinner believing in Jesus's name."

Hull. G. S. R.

* The Lord used a diminutive = *little dogs*; domestic animals, which, though really dogs have *some* place about the household.

† Our English Version hardly brings out this beautiful turn; but makes the woman's answer too much *in opposition* to Christ's reply. She does not dispute what He says; but, out of the full admission of it, brings hope.

Narratives.

PRISON REFORMATION.

We have more than once directed the attention of our readers to the work of the Bible-women in London, who, in the spirit of love, seek out the lowest haunts of sin and misery, and attempt to work a

reformation. We have given instances of their wonderful success. Never have we been so much impressed with a sense of the vast importance of such a work and labour of love as in perusing two volumes on "Female Life in Prison;" so little is effected through the just punishment of crime, even when accompanied by the kindness of matrons, and by the exhortations of Chaplains. There seems to be a point in sin which, once reached, bids defiance to every means made use of for restoration. Cure is far better than prevention. How all-important the Christian house-to-house visitation in the spirit of love, which we find so successful before character is altogether gone, and shamelessness sets in. We give a graphic sketch, of an instance of success under prison-discipline, and a matron's judicious treatment. But what a contrast it presents to the many cases of real conversion so often the result of the simple and loving preaching of the Gospel in cottages, and lanes, and alleys.

A strange half-witted girl was sentenced to a term of four years' penal servitude for larceny. The name she went by amongst the prisoners, and even occasionally amongst the prison-officers, was "Tib." As there was a report that, after her term of imprisonment ended, she was married to a respectable costermonger, the writer, who gives the account, withholds her real name.

Tib was about nineteen years of age. Her personal appearance was that of a lumpish girl of short stature. Still she was a sprightly, high-spirited girl, possessed of considerable strength, and in a paroxysm of passion was capable of running the whole gamut of the Billingsgate vernacular. Her strange fits of temper, and utter defiance of prison rules, rendered her a sore trial to the matrons, and made her sojourn in the dark cells, refractories, and penal wards of Millbank an everyday occurrence.

Tib was always in trouble: she made few friends, for she was as abusive and quarrelsome with her fellow-prisoners as with the officers. When she was in a bad temper, she would tear up sheets, and smash the windows with pints, until the canvas-jacket was put on her. When she was in a good temper, her pranks were more those of a monkey than of a human being at any age.

A favourite amusement of Tib's when proceeding to chapel, was to tread on the heels of the woman preceding her, pull her hair or the back of her bonnet, thrust playfully a pin into any part of her person that might be handy for the purpose, and almost choke herself with suppressed laughter at the indignation aroused. In chapel it was a matter of impossibility to keep her decorous; she would shift uneasily in her seat, fidget with her feet, drop her hymn-book, whisper frequently to her neighbour, stand up at unreasonable periods, or struggle hard with the next woman—who perhaps had sought to bring her back to her seat by jerking at the skirt of her dress.

Her power of grimace was something remarkable. Her facial contortions would convulse a whole ward with laughter.

Her conversation was rational enough at times, but all the preaching at her or praying with her, the moral reflections of Chaplain and Scripture-readers, the earnest efforts of the prison-matrons, Superintendent, and even of the Governor, to keep her steady, proved entirely nugatory. Tib would promise anything with the gravest face and the most vehement protestations, and half-an-hour afterwards forget the circumstance, and be as uproarious and unruly as ever. Sheer wantonness seemed more often the incentive to her various eccentricities than any violent ebullition of temper; she was easily "put out," but even when she was not in the state so described, her behaviour was about the same.

"It's such a jolly breeze, miss!" she would say, exultingly, as she danced about her cell after breaking all her windows, smashing her table, strewing the floor with fragments of sheets, blankets, and rug, and winding up with an onslaught on her own personal apparel; "have the men been sent for yet?"

The men *had* been sent for; and presently they would arrive, and away went Tib to the dark cell, fighting, shrieking, and laughing all the way. On her term of "durance vile" coming to an end, she

would return rather more pale and weak to her cell; and, after a day or two's rest, recommence all her old tricks.

In the airing-yard she was the leading comedian of her division, — dancing, shuffling, hopping; doing anything but walking in that staid manner required of prisoners during the recreation-hour. As she made a feint of passing the matron in a very orderly manner, the more experienced officer who might be on duty chose to ignore her minor escapades. She had long ago been given up as unteachable and unmanageable; and it was only extra misbehaviour that shut her in the dark, or put her canvas-jacket on.

During the winter-time one day, in the airing-yard at Millbank, I remember the heavy snow of some two or three days previous had been swept on each side of the path, forming two banks of snow, between which the women proceeded one by one, Tib prancing along in her turn after the old fashion, giving mischievous pushes behind to the prisoner in advance, and indulging in little suppressed shrieks of laughter whenever the foot of the woman, taken off her guard, went deep into the snow.

"Don't do that again, or I'll send you silly with a back hander," muttered the woman at last.

"Why, Egan, it don't hurt?"

"Don't do it again."

"I would not mind jumping in it, head over heels, I would not!"

"Let's see you."

"Wait till we have passed Miss F——, and see if I don't, if you dare me."

"I dare you, Tib!"

The women passed along the path swept at an earlier hour by the male prisoners, round by the wall, back again past the matron, shivering in her bearskin; the news spreading mysteriously and swiftly to the very end of the line, that Tib was going to jump into the snow-bank.

And when the women were all on the watch, Tib kept her word, and, giving a sudden rush from the ranks, took "a header" into the snow, completely disappearing for a moment, amidst the shrieks and uproarious laughter of her companions.

In such moments of hilarity, which are grave breaches of discipline, the matron calls "All in!" at once, and curtails the hour's promenade. For this pantomimic feat on the part of Tib, the "ward" was sent in-doors, and the key turned on each woman. I believe Tib was reported for this offence, but very lightly punished, as her good tempers had set in, and it was considered advisable not to interfere too much with her.

During the latter days of Tib's stay at Millbank she began to show many signs of improvement, thanks to the care of a thoughtful matron under whose charge she was placed. This matron was a fair judge of character, and adopted a different method with the incorrigible Tib. She conceived the idea of a special treatment applicable to her case, and with considerable gentleness and tact gradually mollified the hitherto ungovernable woman. She reasoned with her, even humoured her out of her most violent intentions, gave her all that kind advice which, without infraction of the rules, a prison-matron can offer to a prisoner, and finally developed in Tib a trait of character for which no one at Millbank gave so unruly a creature credit. Tib began to evince gratitude for the interest shown in her, and gradually yielded to the influence of kindness. She would be concerned at even a temporary absence of her favourite officer; for whom she demonstrated a wild, passionate affection. She would submit to her orders, but refused to obey those of anybody else. This was an improvement, however, and that particular ward wherein she was a prisoner, became quite a different place, now Tib had become a different being.

This is a remarkable instance of what may be effected by a clever matron, who can exercise patience, judgment, and gentleness in her treatment of a prisoner.

The attempt to tame this woman was as doubtful an experiment as the taming of a wild beast, and yet the matron by a little perseverance succeeded in her object. Sir Joshua Jebb has very wisely drawn a distinction between the treatment of male and female prisoners: "Male convicts must be treated in masses rather than according to their individual character. Individuality must be more regarded with female convicts." If this advice were more constantly borne in mind by

the matrons, much good would inevitably follow. It is the treating in masses, the want of judgment in a matron, here and there, to distinguish the true method, to say the right word in the right place, to vary the application of the rules according to the different characters of the prisoners, that brings about much inevitable harm. When a matron shows judgment in these matters—and it is but fair to say that she very often does—she becomes a valuable servant of the State. When the gift of discretion is wanting, she does more harm to true discipline than a refractory woman.

The affection of Tib became rather embarrassing to the matron, it was so demonstrative and exacting. She became jealous if any remarks were made to other prisoners, and was always threatening to break out if Miss —— spoke to that ugly Edmonds, or that brute Pugh. Still she only threatened, and a word or smile from the favourite officer kept her in check.

When the matron fell sick for a few days, Tib's passion burst out again, and brought her to the refractory ; and it was only in consequence of her threat never to be quiet again, if she were not returned to the same ward, that it was thought advisable to transfer her to her old quarters.

Early in the summer, the matron took her leave of absence. Before her departure she had a little talk with Tib ; expressed her hope that she would be a good girl during her absence, and told her how grieved she should be to find her again amongst the refractories on her return.

"Do you mean to say ye'd really be sorry now? Upon your word and honour!"

"Upon my word, I should."

"Then I won't break out till ye come back," she said, with her usual half-idiotic laugh : "I won't have a single report ; I'll be so precious good!"

And she kept her word. On the matron's return, Tib was in the same cell, working diligently, and earning a better name than her antecedents had appeared likely to warrant.

"I told ye I'd keep good, miss. O! I've had such mighty hard work to do it though!" she exclaimed.

At chapel every morning Tib insisted upon carrying the matron's prayer-book, and was grave and decorous all the service if allowed to sit by her side, furtively holding the fringe of her shawl in her hand. Hers was almost the affection of an animal for a kind mistress, and the jealousy with which she resented any approach of another prisoner to her favourite officer partook of the same character.

Tib, finally, behaved so well, that the order for her transmission to Brixton was made out ; her time having expired, and her conduct during the past few months having rendered her eligible for that agreeable change.

She received the news with anything but gratification. The order for Brixton might have been her death-warrant for all the satisfaction she exhibited.

"I won't go, miss," she said, confidentially ; "I'll never go to Brixton, mind!"

"But you'll have so much liberty there ; and association too, Tib."

Tib anathematized the extra liberty and the association with a vehemence that testified still to a deficiency of moral restraint, and took a few oaths on the spot, before the matron could check her, that no earthly force should remove her from Millbank.

That night, or the next day, she smashed every pane of glass in her cell, demolished her table, tore her sheets and blankets, took to singing extempore songs denunciatory of the Governor, Superintendent, and Chaplain ; and, as a matter of course, was removed in the old fashion to the "dark." The reason for her breaking out was reported to the authorities, and after some consideration it was resolved that she should be passed over to Brixton, despite her attempt to evade the change ; and so her *ruse* proved unavailing for the nonce.

"Never mind," were Tib's last words ; "if they won't let me stop with my dear Miss —— now, I'll find my way back. They can take me there," she added, cunningly ; "but the devil's in me if they can make me stop!"

And accordingly she began her old plan of action immediately upon her arrival at the Surrey prison ; breaking windows, tearing blankets, indulging in the most

blasphemous language, even fighting with the woman put in association with her, and winding up by flinging a pewter pint at the matron's head. Tib was pronounced incorrigible, unworthy the company of the better-disposed women, and packed back to Millbank to learn better behaviour for the future.

She was again placed on probation, and by degrees worked her way back to the ward of which her favourite matron held possession. Her first words were,—

"I said I'd come back!" before she burst into tears at the sight of the friendly matron's face.

Tib oscillated between Millbank and Brixton during the remainder of her sentence; obedient at Millbank, and altogether unruly at the latter prison.

Brixton officers attempted the Millbank matron's style of treatment with her, but wholly failed. The Superintendent reasoned with her in vain; Tib would remain constant to her first love, and would have no kindness or favour from anyone else. She worked her time, and went away.

A few months after her departure, an old prisoner made her re-appearance at Millbank to undergo a new sentence.

"I suppose you haven't forgotten Tib?" was her inquiry on first meeting with Tib's old officer.

"O, no! I have not forgotten her."

"She's gone and got married to a costermonger."

"She's doing well, I hope?"

"She's a-going on about the same as usual. You'll have her back before a couple of months."

The prophecy, however, has not come true yet. But old faces do come back, and take their places in our midst; and such weak sisters as Tib are almost certain to appear again; governed by a nature that exults in non-repentance, and swayed by the fierce impulse that drives them on to wrong. Still Tib has *not* appeared yet, and it is fair—it is merciful—to hope ever for the best.

Lessons from History and Biography.

WILLIAM OF WYKEHAM.

Among the munificent patrons to whom the literature of this country is indebted, few have rivalled, and still fewer, if any, have surpassed William of Wykeham. This eminent man, whose name is derived from the place of his birth, in Hampshire, was born in 1324. Like most of the great personages of his time, those at least who attained any elevation in the church, he was raised by his own superior talents from the humble station to which his family belonged, to the very highest dignities of the realm. For his education he was indebted to the liberality of a patron who having recommended him to Edyngton, the Bishop of Winchester, was introduced by him at this early age into the service of King Edward III. From his extensive architectural knowledge and extraordinary skill in that science, he was appointed clerk of the King's works, and was attached to the castle and forest of Windsor as surveyor. The ability he displayed in these situations, induced the King to confer upon him, in 1359, many similar appointments. Being at this time only in the lowest rank in the church, he was received into the priesthood in 1362. From this time his official rise was extremely rapid. In 1363 he was made warder and justiciary of the royal forests, south of Trent; and in the following year he was nominated keeper of the Privy Seal. He then became chief of the Privy Council, and Governor of the Great Council. To his ecclesiastical preferments, which had hitherto been inferior, the See of Winchester was added, upon the death of his former patron Edyngton, in 1366. In the next year he was raised to the dignity of Lord High Chancellor, but of this office he was deprived in 1370. In 1384, he was induced, though with reluctance, to accept the Great Seal a second time; but resigned it in 1391. This was in the reign of Richard II., by whom, upon his recovering his authority, he, with the other Commissioners, was impeached of high treason, and escaped solely by the influence of his wealth. Though present

at the first Parliament under Henry IV., which in 1399 deprived Richard II. of his crown, he did not assist at the Council which pronounced on him the sentence of perpetual imprisonment. His health was at this time fast declining, and being unable to perform his episcopal functions, he nominated two coadjutors to his See, and quietly waited for that inevitable fate which should release him from all worldly care. He expired in September, 1406, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. Having lived in a state of celibacy, and possessing the most ample wealth, he was enabled to gratify the spirit of munificent liberality by which he is pre-eminently distinguished. In addition to the numerous other buildings he created and repaired within his own diocese, in the course of ten years he rebuilt, in the gothic style, the cathedral of Winchester, which had been a Saxon edifice of the eleventh century. His college at Oxford, known by the name of New College, was completed in 1388, in the turbulent reign of Richard II., as was also the school or college at Winchester, from which it was to be supplied with students; this was finished in 1393. Whatever charges the violence of party may have preferred against this prelate in his life, impartial posterity has regarded him with the highest admiration; almost superior to the age in which he lived, he possessed all the noble qualities that distinguished it, and seems to have been exempt from its defects.

Anecdotes.

FESTIVITIES ON THE INSTALMENT OF A FORMER ARCHBISHOP OF YORK.

In the year 1470, says Fuller, in his "Church History," George Nevill, brother to the great Earl of Warwick, at his instalment into the Archbishopric of York, gave a prodigious feast to all the nobility, most of the prime clergy, and many of the great gentry; wherein, by his bill of fare, three hundred quarters of wheat, three hundred and thirty tuns of ale, one hundred and four tuns of wine, one pipe of spiced wine, eighty fat oxen, six wild bulls, one thousand and four wethers, three hundred hogs, three hundred calves, three thousand geese, three thousand capons, three hundred pigs, one hundred peacocks, two hundred cranes, two hundred birds, two thousand chickens, four thousand pigeons, four thousand rabbits, two hundred and four bitterns, four thousand ducks, two hundred pheasants, five hundred partridges, four thousand woodcocks, four hundred plovers, one hundred curlews, one hundred quails, one thousand egrets, two hundred reeves, above four hundred bucks, does, and roebucks, one thousand five hundred and six hot venson-pasties, four thousand cold venson-pasties, one thousand dishes of jelly pasted, four thousand dishes of plain jelly, four thousand cold custards, two thousand hot custards, three hundred pike, three hundred bream, eight seals, four porpoises, and four hundred tarts. At this feast the Earl of Warwick was steward; the Earl of Bedford, treasurer; the Lord of Hastings, comptroller, with many more noble officers; servitors, one thousand; cooks, sixty-two; kitcheners, five hundred and fifteen. But, continues honest Fuller, seven years after, the King seized on all the estate of this Archbishop, and sent him over to Calais, in France, where he was kept bound in extreme poverty. Justice thus punished his former prodigality.

A SMART REPARTEE.

In the debates on the occasional conformity and schism Bills in the House of Lords, in December 1718, they were very warmly opposed by Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, who said, "he had prophesied last winter this bill would be attempted in the present Session, and he was sorry to find he had proved a true prophet." Lord Coningsby, who always spoke in a passion, rose immediately after the Bishop, and remarked, "One of the right reverends had set himself forth as a prophet; but, for his part, he did not know what prophet

to liken him to, unless to that famous prophet Balaam, who was reproved by his own ass." The Bishop, in reply, with great wit and calmness exposed his rude attack, concluding in these words: "Since the noble Lord hath discovered in our manners such a similitude, I am well content to be compared to the prophet Balaam; but, my Lords, I am at a loss how to make out the other part of the parallel. I am sure that I have been reproved by nobody but his Lordship." From that day forth Lord Coningsby was called "Atterbury's pad."

Incidents in Missionary Life.

"IN PERILS OF ROBBERS" IN NEW-ZEALAND.

"ARRIVING at New-Zealand on the 15th of July, 1824," says Mr. George Bennett, "we were presently visited by the natives in their canoes, carrying six or seven persons each,—men, women, and children. All appeared friendly, and they brought potatoes, fowls, and natural curiosities for sale; but their demands were so exorbitant, that few bargains were made."

"The following morning our vessel was surrounded with canoes, containing hundreds of the natives of both sexes, who presently climbed up, and crowded the deck so much, that we were obliged to put a bar across the quarter-deck, to keep it from intrusion. The commerce proceeded pretty well for some time; but presently the natives began to display their pilfering tricks. The cook cried out, 'They have stolen my pan!' And again, 'They have stolen the beef!' Another voice was heard up the forecastle, 'Captain, they have broken open your trunk!'

"Up to this time we had been in friendly intercourse with the Chiefs; but in a moment the scene changed. The Captain had grown angry, and was endeavouring to clear the deck, when one of the Chiefs, pushing by him, fell into the sea. This became a pretext for commencing hostilities."

The women and children suddenly disappeared, leaping into their canoes, and the men, prepared for action, took full possession of the deck, while we became virtually their prisoners. Tremendous were the howlings and screechings of the warriors, while they stamped and brandished their weapons. One Chief with his people surrounded the Captain; another held Mr. Tyerman, while a third brought his huge tattooed visage near to Mr. Bennett's, screaming in their own language, "New-Zealandman, is he bad man? New-Zealandman, is he bad man?"

Happily Mr. Bennett knew enough of the language to be able to answer, "Not bad; New-Zealandman good man!"—adding, "Why all this uproar? Why cannot we buy, and sell, and barter, as before?"

One of the Chief's followers, stepping behind Mr. B., suddenly pinioned his arms. Mr. B. made no attempt to get free, knowing that in a scuffle the savages must be the conquerors. Another ruffian raised a large axe, and waited the signal to strike. Mr. Bennett took no notice, but continued in conversation with the Chief. He perceived a youth stepping on deck with a large fish in his hand, and immediately asked, "What shall I give you for that fish?" "Why! so many fish-hooks." "Well, put your hand in my pocket and take them." The fellow did so. "Now, have you any more fish?"

At once the fish which he had just bought was slipped round from behind, and presented to him again for sale. He took no notice of the trick, but asked, "And what shall I give you for *that* fish?" "So many hooks." "Take them; and have you any more fish?" A third time, and a fourth, the same trick was played, till the rogues could contain their laughter no longer, but cried to one another, "How we are cheating him!"

One of them, standing behind, plucked off Mr. B.'s travelling-cap. He expected every moment the stroke of the axe; so that this circumstance had little effect upon him, except to cause him again to commend his soul to God in silent prayer. Looking towards his friend Mr. Tyerman, he saw him in the hands

of another set of savages, who were feeling his arms, legs, &c., and anticipating their expected feast. The Captain was in like captivity in another part of the ship. The carpenter, who was not a prisoner, but knew the people, crept near to Mr. Bennett, and said, in a low voice, "We shall all be murdered and eaten up in a few minutes!"

Mr. B. replied, "Yes, I believe we shall all be in eternity by that time; but we are in the hands of God."

A little boy, the son of Mr. Threlkeld, who heard what passed, whispered to his father in sobs, "Father, father! when—when they have killed us, will it—will it hurt us when they eat us?"

Presently the carpenter was spied astride on the yard-arm, having resolved that, as soon as he saw a blow struck, he would throw himself into the sea.

This strange and terrible scene had lasted a considerable time, when God sent deliverance as suddenly as the peril had shown itself. In the midst of the rage and uproar of the savages, a voice suddenly exclaimed, "A boat!" The sound was like that of "Life! life!" and it meant nothing less. Soon the ship's boat, bringing the owner, with one of the New-Zealand Missionaries, and George, a powerful Chief, neared the vessel, and in a few minutes they came on board. So soon as this Chief had set foot on deck the Missionaries and ship's officers were at once released, and he immediately ordered all the natives out of the vessel. He even undertook to stay in the ship while it remained in port, as its protector. This kindness was the more remarkable, in that it was this same man George, now so friendly, who, fifteen years before, had taken the ship "Boyd," on the very same spot, and had, with his people, slaughtered and devoured the whole ship's company.

The Portfolio.

TRUST IN THE LORD.

"My God, my God, I put my trust in Thee; my troubles increase, my soul is distressed. I am weary and in distress. All day long I call upon Thee. O, be Thou my Helper in the needful time of trouble!

"Why art Thou so far from me, O my Lord? Why hidest Thou Thy face? I am in poverty and affliction: be Thou with me, O my God! Let me not be wholly forsaken of my Redeemer!"

Thus wrote the Rev. George Crabbe. He had left an unpleasant home and a distasteful vocation, and had come to London as a literary adventurer. Having no one to introduce him to notice, his writings proved a failure, and he was obliged to pawn his watch, and even his clothes, for bread. But, in these trying circumstances, he trusted in God. This was the turning point of his life. His wants were soon relieved by the patronage of an eminent man; and, when at last he left London, there was no nobleman, statesman, or scholar to whom his society was not agreeable.

The incident is encouraging. "Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in Him; and He shall bring it to pass."

Memorials of the Departed.

Eliza Seabrook died at Redbourne, in the St. Alban's Circuit, on the 18th of May, 1857, aged twenty-six, and Maria Seabrook, her sister, died on the 13th of March, 1858, in her nineteenth year. Their parents were members of the Methodist Society; but a fatal consumption seized upon the father while Maria was yet an infant, and thus the whole responsibility of the children's training devolved upon their widowed mother. With unceasing prayers she sought help from above, until one by one all her sons and daughters became members of the church. Eliza was soundly converted to God when about thirteen years of age, and her happy soul found utterance on the occasion, in the words of the new birth song of hundreds,

"My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear," &c.

The witness of the Spirit, which she then received was sacredly cherished by prayer and watchfulness. She possessed a good understanding, which she improved by reading, and habits of thought; her entire deportment was eminently consistent, and some private records which she made of her religious experience, show that she observed the important, but too much neglected, duty of self-examination; that she had a tender conscience; that she loved secret communion with God; and that her earnest aspirations were to grow in grace, and in conformity to the Saviour. One passage we may quote:—"I want all my thoughts to be going out after God. It may be so. I am thankful that at the throne of grace I have obtained a blessing, and that I am permitted afresh to rest my soul on Christ, for pardon, peace, and purity." And as she rested on the "tried stone," for her highest joys during the season of health, so she found Christ a sure Foundation in the days of her affliction. When it became manifest that she must pass rapidly through the stages of consumption, she called the tidings "good news," and heavenly peace and comfort were richly supplied. Her affections were "set on things above, and not on things on the earth." Shortly before her departure, one of her brothers repeated,

> "Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
> Let me hide myself in Thee," &c.

and her last words were, "*I do hide myself in Christ.*"

Maria, when yet a child, was fond of reading the Scriptures and prayer, and often retired into secret to engage in those duties. The sacred truths impressed on her heart by the Holy Spirit, kept her from childish frivolities, and rendered all her deportment unusually thoughtful and serious; yet when about fourteen years of age, she was deeply convinced of sin, and of the necessity of being born again. This was under a sermon by Mr. Benjamin Bennett, of Dunstable. It was preached on one of those wintry days of sleet, and snow, and rain, when the preacher might be strongly tempted not to go to his appointment: but the preacher did go; and that day Maria decided on seeking the Lord. She found peace in a prayer-meeting, held after the lovefeast, in St. Alban's chapel, on the Easter Monday following; and, by the grace of God, she ever after held fast the beginning of her confidence. Her delights were in the means of grace, and the ways of righteousness. Her last walk was to the beloved sanctuary. Her last illness confined her to the house, for about three months, during which time she evidenced entire and beautiful submission to the will of God. The fear of death was fully conquered, and she peacefully fell asleep in Jesus. For several years these sisters were connected with the Wesleyan Methodist Sunday-school; they first received its benefits as scholars, and then gratefully returned them as teachers: and both were diligent collectors for our Missions. Their race was short, but they ran well, and have gained the prize, even an incorruptible crown.

Mr. Richard Simcock, was a resident of Wednesbury, in Staffordshire, for upwards of twenty years. During the last six or seven years of that period, he carried on a respectable business, Divine Providence smiling upon him; but his sun went down at noon-day. His health having for some time been failing, he thought a trip to the Isle of Man would prove beneficial. The voyage, however, happened to have the contrary effect; and, on his return to Liverpool, he felt himself unusually ill. Thinking that a day or two in Cheshire would invigorate him, he availed himself of the opportunity of easily reaching it. He never, however, left the hotel alive to which he went. His dear wife and family were summoned to his dying-bed, and they reached it in time to see him depart this life. This sudden and unexpected stroke cast a gloom over the whole circle of his friends. He was a man to all appearance in full health; of vigorous mind, active, remarkably industrious; diligent in business, "fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." He was highly esteemed by all who knew him, truly honourable, of sound Christian principles; and, in short, "a man of God." As a father and husband, he was kind, affectionate, and careful: he trained his children with the view of their becoming, in time, good members of Christ's church, and of society. As death approached, he was perfectly tranquil, and

sure of an abundant entrance into the kingdom of heaven. Thus triumphing victoriously over death, our dear departed friend ceased to live on earth on the 20th day of September, 1859; in the forty-seventh year of his age.

Occasional Notes for Readers.

A NEW and cheaper edition of the REV. JONATHAN EDMONDSON'S *Short Sermons*, in two handsome volumes, has been issued, with an interesting Introduction by the REV. THOMAS JACKSON, containing biographical notices of the author, and observations on the Christian ministry as a Divine vocation.—We ought earlier to have called attention to the able *Sermons* preached at the last anniversary of the Wesleyan Missionary Society by the REV. DR. JOHN CAIRNS, of Berwick, and the venerable and REV. THOMAS JACKSON, both of which are still on sale at the Book-Room. The sermon by MR. JACKSON, founded on Acts xv. 3, was singularly appropriate to the occasion on which it was delivered.—The REV. THOMAS OSBORN has done good service by giving an interesting record of *Mr. John Price, of Bridgend*, in a small but handsome volume, entitled "*The Disciple whom Jesus loved.*"—A new edition of the REV. JOHN LYTH'S *Biographical Notice of Sarah Bentley, of York*, so appropriately entitled *The Living Sacrifice*, has been called for.—All lovers of our incomparable Hymn-Book will be charmed with the REV. JOSEPH HEATON'S *Two Lectures* on that book: it is accompanied by a *Tabulated Appendix of the Hymns, and their respective Authors.*—The REV. DR. ETHERIDGE has employed his scholarly pen in producing *The Turgums of Onkelos, and of Jonathan Ben Uzziel on the Pentateuch; with the Fragments of the Jerusalem Targum: Genesis and Exodus.* It is to be trusted, for the sake of sacred learning, that Dr. Etheridge will be encouraged to pursue his valuable labours in the rich mine in which he has already so eminently distinguished himself. Those who cannot themselves profit by such labours as his, but to whom have been entrusted pecuniary means, could not do better than expend their money on the purchase of Dr. Etheridge's books, in order to bestow them on poor scholars, who would make good use of them if they were only within their reach.—*The Cotton Crisis* is an eloquent sermon from Gal. vi. 9, 10, by the REV. EDWARD J. ROBINSON, of Bolton, published by request. Its circulation cannot fail to promote the continued flow of those charities which "the Lancashire Distress" has called forth in every part of the land.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"*Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.*"

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Amery, Elizabeth,	Goole,	Snaith,	59	Oct. 9th, 1862.
Amery, Frances,	Goole,	Snaith,	23	Oct. 20th, 1862.
Dawes, Mr. Thomas,	Isleworth,	Hammersmith,	77	Nov. 8th, 1862.
Essam, John,	Whaplode-Drove,	Spalding,	67	Nov. 13th, 1862.
Fawcett, Mr. William,	Tollerton,	Easingwold,	77	Oct. 31st, 1862.
Fydell, William,	Spalding,	Spalding,	71	Nov. 10th, 1862.
Gregory, Ellen,	Belper,	Belper,	72	Oct. 1st, 1862.
Marriott, Mr. Thomas,	Rothwell,	Kettering,	79	June 9th, 1862.
Potts, Thomas,	Timperley,	Chester,	69	Nov. 12th, 1862.
Sheldon, Mary,	Leek,	Leek,	57	Nov. 3d, 1862.
Souster, Mr. Jonathan,	Bow-Brickhill,	Newport-Pagnell,	33	Nov. 12th, 1862.
Webster, Hannah,	Belper,	Belper,	80	Nov. 7th, 1862.

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(*An Incident in the Rectory at Epworth.*)

MRS. SUSANNAH WESLEY.

(*Concluded from page* 7.)

Our readers may recollect that at the close of the preceding article, in the January Number, we gave John Wesley's brief description of the death and burial of his mother. The body was interred in Bunhill-Fields. Many years afterwards the grave-stone was restored; and a more appropriate and enlarged inscription was substituted for the original one, as follows:—

Here lies the body of
MRS. SUSANNAH WESLEY,
Widow of the Rev. Samuel Wesley, M.A.,
(late Rector of Epworth, in Lincolnshire,)
who died, July 23, 1742,
Aged 73 years.

She was the youngest daughter of the
Rev. Samuel Annesley, D.D., ejected by the Act
of Uniformity from the Rectory of St. Giles's,
Cripplegate, August 24, 1662.

She was the mother of nineteen children,
of whom the most eminent were the
Rev. John and Charles Wesley;
the former of whom was, under God, the
Founder of the Societies of the people
called Methodists.

In sure and certain hope to rise,
And claim her mansion in the skies,
A Christian here her flesh laid down,
The cross exchanging for a crown.

This improved epitaph may be accepted as some amends for the very meagre record of former times, and as suggestive of the impression which is gaining depth and force touching the real worth of this remarkable woman. Dr. Adam Clarke, in his day, declared: "I have been acquainted with many pious females; I have read the lives of several others, and composed memoirs of a few; but such a woman, take her for all in all, I have not heard of, I have not read of, nor with her equal have I been acquainted." And a notice which has recently appeared, that a memoir of Mrs. S. Wesley is in course of preparation,* indicates the estimate which is being formed by generous and candid persons of Mrs. Wesley's character and doings. We refer to this expected volume with the greater satisfaction and interest, inasmuch as our present notice of Mrs. Wesley is designedly brief; and we have reason to hope that whatever diligent research and a preference for the task undertaken are likely to produce, will shortly be within the reach of our readers.

We content ourselves, therefore, with a few closing observations whereby to indicate the claim that rests upon us, *as Wesleyans*, to revere the memory of Mrs. S. Wesley; for great as must be the interest felt in everything that appertains to Mrs. Wesley on her own account, yet it is idle to deny but that this interest is in no small degree increased when she is viewed as the mother of the Founder of Methodism. And the reason of this is all the more apparent when the striking peculiarities of the mother are considered as the germ of much that is truly great and highly characteristic in the son. In saying this we are not unmindful of the many excellencies of the father; nevertheless we are constrained to trace, under God, to the *mother* chiefly,—to her love of order, to her decision of character, to her cultivated intellect, and to her reverence for godly things,—very much that distinguished John Wesley as a great man.

No person, we imagine, could have visited the Epworth parsonage, whether the Rector was at home or no, without being impressed with the *religious* power that *ruled* the entire household; and no candid observer of the godly family-training effected by Mrs. Wesley can escape the conclusion, that to the seed then sown in John Wesley's heart we should trace very much of the *religious idea* that originated the first Methodists in Oxford, and was subsequently elaborated in the United Societies. The one grand truth to which John Wesley became early subjected was, that

* By the Rev. John Kirk.

religion ought to pervade *everything*. And yet, strange as it may appear, Mrs. Wesley's own religious state, experimentally viewed, is a matter which some people find it difficult to explain. Exaggerated statements have, we think, been made respecting Mrs. Wesley's change of religious opinions in the decline of life; and the difficulty of determining precisely Mrs. Wesley's Christian state, has originated in a harsh and unreasonable attempt to enforce a uniformity of religious experience and utterance, under all the varying circumstances of life. The *facts* of Mrs. Wesley's Christian experience are sufficiently apparent, and ought to be admitted. That she feared God from her youth, and wrought righteousness to the best of her judgment, there is not the slightest reason to doubt. At about the age of thirty, and when domestic duties and cares were full and strong, she subjected herself to a religious discipline that secured her one hour, morning and evening, for private devotional exercises. In this retirement, (which, be it remembered, was that of an active and busy woman from the concerns of the world,) she realized close converse with God, and intimate communion of the soul with Divine realities. The strength of religious principle which she thereby attained, and the relish for spiritual things which she enjoyed, are clearly indicated by the godly counsels she enforced, and the religious tastes she encouraged when she became the "theological tutor" of John Wesley. "Take this rule," she says, (when making some cautionary remarks on one of her son's favourite authors, Kempis,—"an honest weak man,") "whatever weakens your reason, impairs the tenderness of your conscience, obscures your sense of God, or takes off the relish of spiritual things; in short, whatever increases the strength and authority of your body over your mind; that thing is sin to you, however innocent it may be in itself." This firm and vigorous subjection of all things to the promotion of a high-toned religious habit, is one of the leading characteristics of Mrs. Wesley's godly life. And no less marked is her sympathy with the manifestations of a higher spiritual life. Condemning "masquerades, balls, plays, operas," &c., she declares that "all such light and vain diversions, do strongly confirm and strengthen 'the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life;' all which we must renounce, or renounce our God and hope of eternal salvation. I will not say," she adds, "it is impossible for a person to have any sense of religion who frequents those vile assemblies; but I never, throughout the course of my long life, knew so much as one serious Christian that did; nor can I see how a lover of God can have any relish for such vain amusements." This sounds very much like the experience of a truly devout person. Nevertheless Mrs. Wesley's views of *Christian privilege* were manifestly short-sighted; and continued defective throughout the greater portion of her life; and it was not until she was led, through the instrumentality of her sons, to recognize the duty of a more confiding reliance on Christ, in order to the conscious enjoyment of the direct witness of the Divine Spirit to her acceptance, that she was brought into the joyous and matured Christian experience that marked her peaceful eventide.

Mrs. Wesley's love of order, and her practical devotion to system and rule, will always be noted as one of her most prominent characteristics, and as the most influential peculiarity of her eventful life. Illustrations of this point are too numerous to detail, and, indeed, are so well known as to render particular mention of them unnecessary. But when we read her own account of the management of her family; or consider the opinions of her biographers touching the admirable manner in which she conducted the many and complicated affairs of her household, we discover at once the source, under God, of the power that enabled John Wesley to do so much work, and to do it so easily and so well, and with such astonishing success. If John Wesley was a wise and faithful disciplinarian, we trace his first lessons in this essential element of good government to the maternal instructions and example of the Epworth parsonage.

The reasons for some of the plans adopted by Mrs. Wesley may not always be very apparent; usages that exercised a controlling influence one hundred and fifty years ago, but which are now obsolete or forgotten,—or circumstances that *happened*, and which at the time may have been favourably interpreted,—if now recognized or known, would no doubt go far to explain what otherwise may be considered by us as arbitrary, or fanciful. The "Incident" at the head of this Article will indicate what we mean. No small measure of perplexity has been felt in ascertaining why Mrs. Wesley fixed upon a certain age at which to begin *book*-teaching to her children. *Why* Mrs. Wesley did not commence school-duties with her eldest boy before he was five years old, is accounted for by the fact, that prior to that age, the boy could not, or did not, *speak*. One day, however, when Sam was between four and five years old, he was missed by the whole family: the mother in her alarm sought the child, calling to him loudly by name. Suddenly, and to her great surprise, a voice was heard under the table:—"Here am I, mother!" and Master Sam, who was out of sight, playing with his favourite cat, from that day forward spoke freely and accurately. It is only fair to add, that whatever want of information may render us unable to account for some of the plans executed with so much skill and perseverance by Mrs. Wesley,—the fact remains that, with a commanding will, she regulated her household affairs; accomplishing, by systematic labour, an amount of domestic duty, the statement whereof amazes many mothers of the present day; and, we doubt not, pleasantly preserving herself and those around her from numerous annoyances and wrongs by her steady and faithful enforcement of order.

But, after all, the most remarkably suggestive event, as well as the most interesting, in Mrs. Wesley's life, is the apparent break-down of this very order and reverence for authority and rule, when, during the absence of her husband, she originated meetings for Christian instruction and worship in her own house, and, indeed, formed a kind of *religious society* at Epworth. The facts of the case are soon stated. Mr. Wesley, the parish priest, was away in London, attending to the affairs of the Church in general at Convocation, and a curate of little wit

and less grace held the cure of souls in Epworth. The Rector's wife, however, felt deeply for the famished people, and mourned the deserted condition of the Church. First she applied herself at the close of each day to a more spiritual service for the benefit of her household; then she admitted a few neighbours into privileged fellowship with her family; and, at length, she allowed the place of meeting to be open to all who could gain admittance. At these meetings she "discoursed freely and affectionately" with her neighbours; read to them "the best and most awakening sermons" she could find; and led the people in public prayer. The attendance gradually increased, till upwards of two hundred were found present. The senseless Curate complained to the Rector that his house was being turned into a *conventicle;* and the alarmed Rector remonstrated with his spirited and zealous wife on the apparent impropriety and irregularity of her proceedings: but Mrs. Wesley—convinced that she was serving God, was doing good to the souls of the parishioners, and was helping to fill what had become an almost empty church—stated the case to her husband with the utmost deference and faithfulness; whereupon further opposition ceased. What wonder, then, that John Wesley grew up with a strong preference for religious meetings; and that when the Methodists in Oxford were being first organized, the founder of those societies should be encouraged and strengthened in his arduous work by his mother's commendation and example: "I heartily join," Mrs. Wesley says to her son, "with your small society in all their pious and charitable actions; go on and prosper."

We must not enlarge: the introduction to our readers of a new and life-like portrait of Mrs. Susannah Wesley has furnished an occasion for briefly calling attention to a few of the leading facts of her history; and of suggesting our indebtedness, as Wesleyans, to the mother of our Founder. We must attempt no more; but, for the reason already assigned, wait till the press shall furnish us with a memoir of this most useful and wonderful woman.

During the past year a revived and earnest attention has been paid to the ejected Nonconformists of 1662,—with not a few of whom Susannah Wesley, in her youth, was more or less intimate. The study of the history of the church in this land two hundred years ago is of overwhelming interest. But the vast difference, not to say contrast, between that age—religiously viewed—and the present, is all the more apparent when a character like Susannah Wesley is duly considered. The systematic theology that culminated when the Westminster Divines were in power, produced an abundant harvest of its *own kind*. For such results the church of the present day has to be truly grateful. Nevertheless it is in the *experimental* religion of the last great Revival, introduced chiefly through the instrumentality of the Wesleys and Whitefield, that we find the full, and hallowed, and happy Christianity of the New Testament. What, however, John Wesley might have become under the influence of Peter Böhler, and the "experiences" which the Moravian Brethren supplied him with, without the preparatory indoctrination in

systematic theology given him by his mother, there is no knowing. But one thing we take to be indisputable,—that whilst God was pleased to honour John Wesley by appointing him as the leader in the great Revival of the eighteenth century, He was also pleased to honour Susannah Wesley by appointing her to prepare and strengthen her son for his momentous mission; and, therefore, whilst we value and promote *heartfelt* religion, we are also thankful to God for the security against fanaticism and delusion found in the strict discipline and Scriptural culture wherewith John Wesley was qualified, in part, for his peculiar work by his incomparable mother—SUSANNAH WESLEY.

S. R. H.

MODERN MISSIONARY MARTYRS.*

IT is twelve years since a little band of Missionary-men pledged themselves to an heroic and desperate enterprise, that of planting the standard of their Saviour-King upon the far-distant shores of Patagonia, in the midst of savages, cruel, and treacherous as the stormy seas and hurricanes which sweep along the coast.

Captain Allen Gardiner, Mr. Maidment, Richard Williams, (who was a member of the Methodist Society,) and four sailors, embarked on board the "Ocean Queen" for the scene of their labour, taking with them two low-decked boats, in which to land on the different islands belonging to the Mainland, and six months' store of provisions.

Little did the warm-hearted friends who bade them farewell, and God speed to their Mission, foresee the disastrous fate that was to cut short their bright hopes, their longing expectations, that Fuegia's sons should soon stretch out their hands to God.

A long and pleasant voyage intervened ere the "Ocean Queen" landed these seven brave men upon "Garden Island," and left them in these wild and desolate regions to their perilous task. We cannot follow, as we fain would, the disastrous fortunes of the Fuegian Missionaries. Every attempt made by them to conciliate the Natives—whose greediness, cruelty, and treachery were almost incredible—failed. From island to island, from harbour to shore, they were pursued by their unmerciful foes. In vain did the devoted men strive by gifts and kindness to win their savage hearts: night and day they were in peril from their attacks. Few in number, and unable as servants of the "Prince of Peace" to oppose by violence the violence of their enemies, there remained no safety for them but in seeking refuge in their two small vessels. Even when fairly on board, they were pursued by canoes, filled with spear-armed painted Patagonians, whose cries and threatening gestures showed that they thirsted for the white man's blood. To evade the skill and cunning of this Indian warfare, and to escape the fearful storms of the coming winter, Captain Gardiner decided to seek shelter in "Spaniard's Harbour,"

* *Memoirs of Richard Williams, Surgeon: Catechist to the Patagonian Missionary Society, Terra del Fuego.* By James Hamilton, D.D. London: James Nisbet and Co. 1857. Foolscap 8vo. Pp. 255.

where, for a time, "the wicked" would "cease from troubling, and the weary be at rest."

In the voyage thither, one of their boats, the "Pioneer," was hopelessly wrecked amid the breakers of the terrible shore, and all hands had to crowd into the narrow compass of the other, the "Speedwell," which, laden to the water's edge, was in constant danger of sinking; but the brave little boat bore its freight safely to their desired haven.

To add to their anxieties, the stores of powder and shot brought out had been left on board the "Ocean Queen," and therefore the wild ducks and game of the country were out of their reach. Fishing-lines and tackle had been lost in the wreck of the "Pioneer," and also some of their stores; so that they had to look forward to a long winter with but scanty supplies. Mr. Williams was the first to succumb to the hardships and fatigues to which all the little band were exposed.

Early in February he was laid aside by severe illness. From the time of his leaving England he had kept a most picture-like, and faithful diary; which, from this season of sickness, abounds in pages so tender, holy, and beautiful, that we have nothing to compare with it, when we remember that the writer was suffering from a disease of which prostration and extreme depression are the chief symptoms: lying in a hammock, often soaked with brine; a constant fear of hostile natives finding out his refuge; without, pitiless storms of wind and snow, and the fearful prospect of a lingering death from starvation if supplies from England were long delayed: In the midst of all this suffering the tiny cabin of the "Speedwell" has been well named "The Antarctic Patmos," where we read of such fellowship with the Father, and His Son Jesus Christ, as the following entries reveal:—

"Very weak have I felt myself, and Satan has urged his fierce assaults upon me. I had not strength to read, nor indeed to pray. Joy I could not summon to my heart, and I felt greatly wanting in love, and in thankfulness, and praise. But what could I do? I strove to pray; yea, I told the Lord I loved Him with all my heart; and I blessed His holy name. Yet words came not to my thoughts, and thoughts came not to my desires. I called, and all was silent: no voice responded. I did not discern the meaning of this at the time. I did not see that God had left me to a naked faith, and that it was to pass through a fiery ordeal in contending with my trials and temptations. I saw danger on every side; but I feared it not. Temptation pointed to death from the floods, even as I was cabined up in this small, smoking place; then to death as likely to be the issue of my present disease, sea-scurvy, and no adequate means, no remedy at hand; and then to death as inflicted by the jagged spear of the Fuegian, or his deadly sling. But faith was more than conqueror, through Him that loved me, and gave Himself for me. It could and did answer, that if God willed either to take place, I desired nothing but His will; and, in that case, any death would be a welcome summons to a glorious immortality.

"I am now wholly confined to my bed, not daring to venture up, fearing that the exertion of rising would prostrate me too much. The Lord does make all my bed in my sickness; the angel of His presence

overshadowing my soul, and hanging about me such irradiations of glorious light,—the light of God's love,—that I am happy, very happy, and not a moment sits wearily upon me. Sweet is the presence of Jesus; and, O! I am happy in His love."

Again we read:—"I was, so to speak, talking with the Lord, and His grace supplied me with such rich treasure of wisdom in the discourse, and His unction so made the purport of my thoughts to diffuse a precious odour, and a rich influence around me, that I could very well have thought I was in Paradise.

"Communion, heavenly and blessed! earnest of joys to come, and foretaste of that inheritance undefiled, and that fadeth not away, where I shall see Him face to face; yea, behold Him as He is, not even the transparent veil of a Divine faith being betwixt Him and me! And how transcendently glorious is the further assurance, that when we do see Him as He is, we shall be like Him; partakers of His Divine nature, and sharers of His glorious image. O God, my Lord, for ever be Thy name adored!"

Mr. Williams now speaks of the fast failing provisions; and, on the same page, of the peace and charity which knit all their hearts together, the humble and gentle manner of Captain Gardiner, the meek trustful spirit of Mr. Maidment, and the uncomplaining endurance of their four sailor-companions. He adds, that their mutual trials and dangers had been a bond of inseparable union. And well for the honour of Jesus that it was so! Brave and true-hearted brethren, they clasped hand in hand, to do or to die in the "great fight of afflictions" which was before them.

The following entries are singularly beautiful:—

"In the meantime, not a being on the earth will have any knowledge of the place where we are; but God knows, and how much better to be known, and to know we are seen, of God, than to have the eyes of the whole world resting on us! I have been more than once struck with the thought, that our present separation from the haunts and abodes of all we have ever known, is a striking illustration of that separation which death makes. We are, as it were, dead to our dear friends; yet we are living. But we are living in God, and to God. He is our being and end, and with Him alone we are identified now, through the exceeding riches of the grace abounding unto us in Christ Jesus. Yet we are associated in love with our earthly friends more sweetly, more firmly, more endearingly than ever. May God bless them all, is my fervent prayer!

"As I, day by day, and night by night, lie here, what a world, unknown to the world, do I live in! God is indeed about my bed, and spies out all my ways; and His countenance is over me for good. How blessed is the thought! The Lord is teaching me, and counselling my heart with His hidden wisdom, and making known His secret unto me. Yea, He is revealing unto my soul the deep things of God, and giving me spiritual understanding in the knowledge of that which hath been hidden from the foundation of the world. The glory and everlasting praise be to my God, through Jesus Christ my Lord!"

(*To be continued.*)

THE FOUNTAIN-HEAD.

"You come to the fountain-head, I see."

"Yes, Sir; the water is clearer here."

I admired the wisdom of the woman who gave me this answer. Her lowly cottage stood by the road-side, and, within a few feet of the threshold, ran a tiny stream of water. She was just leaving the door when I approached, carrying in her hand an empty pail. Walking beside the rivulet for some distance, she at length stooped down, and dipped her pail in the water. I came up just then, and saw that the spring was there. At that spot the bright water welled from the earth, and passing away in a little stream, was lost in the fields beyond. The woman to whom I had spoken had come to the fountain for water. A few moments sufficed to make the observation above, and hear her reply. A little was said about the "living water" that Christ imparts, and I walked on meditating. Yes, the woman manifested wisdom in going for water to the fountain-head. She might take the water freely there. Just below, the stream ran into Squire Somebody's meadow, and the gate was locked against trespassers. But at the road-side spring, none could lawfully hinder her; and the water there was to be had *pure*. I noticed that, below, it ran in a ditch, and in passing among the weeds, it became discoloured. It was to be had pure and bright only at the fountain. And the water was there in the greatest *abundance*. It had scooped out for itself a deep cistern, and the overflowing of this formed the little stream below. The woman, therefore, did well to go at once to the fountain for water.

There was something to be learnt from all this. It discovered to me at once the secret of the *power* which some men possess. It is not brilliant gifts or extensive knowledge which render them so successful in the work of God, but an undefinable *something* which attends their efforts, and brings to decision the souls they try to save. Mr. —— is a case in point. I formerly sat under his ministry. I have heard better preachers, but few so powerful. There was a present *power* in his words, which sent them direct to the heart. In Mr. ——, I see another who is possessed of this gift. He is a Class-Leader, and a successful one. The growth of his members in holiness is manifest to all, and his classes continually increase in numbers. There is nothing peculiar in his mental formation to explain this. We can only say, he has *power*. Mr. ——, the Sunday-school Teacher, is a man of the same stamp. He is not peculiarly gifted, nor does he seem specially adapted for teaching. Yet one-half of the children in his class have been brought to God through his instrumentality.

We all know such men, and are ready to envy them. We say, "Give us also this power." But they cannot communicate it. What makes them to differ from their brethren? How have they obtained this priceless blessing,—this gift of power? It must be, that in seeking it, they have gone to the *Fountain-head*. This is their grand secret. "Ye shall receive power, after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." They have waited for, and obtained, the baptism of the Holy Ghost.

I am conscious of a hungering after spiritual knowledge. A vast ocean has seemed to be before me, and around; but all unfathomed and unknown. How circumscribed is my knowledge of myself, of the spirit-world; and, above all, of God! My knowledge is small, my ignorance great. And my prayer has been, "Lord, that I might receive my sight!" I have yearned for a deeper insight into the things of God. "To comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth,

and height:"—what can this mean? "Let him that glorieth glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth Me:"—can this be possible? From whence shall I look for this coveted knowledge? Where shall I find the pearl of true wisdom? "How can I, except some man should guide me?" These have been my thoughts. But while I asked, I received the answer. It was this:—"Go to the Fountain-head. 'God is light.' 'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not.'"

I knew a Christian man who woke up awhile ago to the necessity of living entirely sanctified to God. He saw this to be desirable above all things else; but he knew full well, that against this one principle, a thousand others were in active opposition. It seemed plain, that unless he had powerful aid, separate from the purpose of his own mind, the desire for holiness would die away; his view of its importance would grow dim; and, in a while, he would again be carried away by the stream of worldliness. He wanted a helping influence to sustain his purpose till it became supreme. Such aid was needed only for a time; but, for that time, was absolutely necessary. Like the train on the railway, which needs a power to move it, but afterwards will proceed by the force of its own motion,—so needed he power to continue in pursuit of holiness, till his soul, of its own accord, would run after it. He knew that "as soon as the mind is under the power of a predominant tendency, the difficulty of growing into the maturity of that form of character, which this tendency promotes or creates, is substantially over."* The question then was, "From whence shall I obtain this moving, supporting influence?" The constant companionship of holy men, in whose hearts the principle had become established, would suffice; but such persons were not at hand. A continued perusal of such books as tend to stimulate desire for holiness, might have been effectual; but his attention could not be so exclusively devoted. He sought, therefore, for another stimulus, one near at hand, and suited to his case. But he sought in vain, till he fell into this train of thinking:—"Why may I not go to the Fountain-head? Why not, by constant communion with the Source of all holiness, gain increasing love for it, and an intenser ardour in its pursuit?" Thus the necessities of his case were met. To the question, "How shall I, in the midst of unholy influences, maintain a steady pursuit of it?" the answer was obtained: "Go to the Fountain-head, and by personal fellowship with Him whose Name is holy, secure at once grace to seek, and ability to attain, it."

God's ear is open to the cries of His children. They may, through Jesus, enter at once into His presence. "Let us, therefore, come boldly to the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

Hay. I. E. P.

* Foster.

"ONE BY ONE."

(*Concluded from page* 14.)

3. *Others do work; but it is now and then, by fits and starts.*

They seem to think that the Lord's work is best done in a lump, and that it would not be so well to be always at it. During a week of special services they are at chapel every evening in the week, and work hard until a late hour at the prayer-meeting; and at other times, they do not get to the one week-evening service at all regularly. At the Sabbath evening prayer-meeting they are foremost in zeal and activity; and during the week-days they go their way, one to his farm, and another to his merchandise. When

a stranger is going to preach, they diligently invite their neighbours; when it is an old familiar face in the pulpit, they do not think of asking anyone to go with them to chapel. If we expect the Lord to add to the church daily, the least that we can do is to make daily work of trying to win souls.

Many would much rather deal with sinners in the mass than one by one. The Lord's work in our Tract-districts is done too much on this principle. Distributers visit the districts regularly, and keep the Tracts in circulation; but, as a rule, they do not attempt to deal with the persons in the district, *one by one*, and lead them to the Saviour. If the usual size of Tract-districts be considered, anything like personal appeal is out of the question. In an hour, what can a Distributer do in dealing with thirty, forty, or fifty families? He can "change the Tracts," and that is all. But this is not all his work, any more than giving out the text is the whole of a preacher's work. The chief value of Tract-distribution is, that it furnishes an introduction to families who are living without God and without hope. It is something if they will read the Tracts, but not much. The great end is for the Distributer to lead them to the house of God, and to the cross of Christ; and when one family is thus delivered from the power of darkness, a greater work is done than when we have prevailed upon fifty families to read the Tracts, but get them no farther.

There is, on the part of Tract-Committees, a laudable desire to take as many streets as possible under their care, and they aim at covering, with their organization, as much ground as is practicable; *and in doing this, efficiency is sacrificed.* Our Tract-districts are generally four times too large. It is better to care thoroughly for ten families, and work at them weekly until we make something of them, than merely to supply with Tracts four times the number. It is more profitable to do a little work for God well, than to slur over a great deal; and we should see sevenfold more fruit of the labours of our Tract-Distributers if they undertook one quarter of the work they now attempt, and did it well,—caring for one family, where they now call upon four.

Then it must be confessed, that many are employed as Distributers who are not equal to the work of reasoning with ungodly men "of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come." Let such do their best in districts where the people are more or less evangelised; but, in low and degraded neighbourhoods, we need men and women, with head and heart, who will deal with perishing human beings, face to face, and one by one, and who will reckon it their work to pluck these as brands from the burning. Tract-districts worked in this way, yield fruit that remaineth. Every one saved, becomes a light shining in a dark place. And there are few persons so hardened but they will in time yield to a personal interest in their welfare, shown lovingly and patiently; and to call for some poor man on a Sunday evening, and take him with you to the house of prayer, is a greater work than merely changing the Tracts at every house in a wide district, and then thinking your duty done.

I know that this way of working does not suit the taste of the many who labour in the church. It is easier to deal with people in the mass, and at a distance, than to take them one by one and come to close quarters; and it is pleasant to feel that we have been over a large district, and to imagine that we have therefore done a great work, and are hastening the conversion of the world!

The same delusion prevails, more or less, in building up classes. The power of units is overlooked. When

anything extraordinary is going on, and penitents are counted by the dozen on an evening, everybody works. Quite right; and I would that there was "faith on the earth" to expect good done upon a large scale all the year round. But the fault lies in this fact,—we do not look enough after the *one* lost sheep, the *one* missing piece of silver. There are many who labour hard and long during a revival, and are ever present at the Sunday evening prayer-meeting; busy amongst the crowd, and yet rarely look after or visit individual hearers on the week-days. The reason why, is not so patent as the practice. It may be that the courage to encounter unconverted people otherwhere than in the chapel is wanting; or, it may be, that when they gave their time to God, it was with this understanding,—week-days excepted.

It is a great mistake in any man to limit his labours to an hour or two on the Sabbath evening. "It is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing." On this principle of patient continuance Father Reeves acted. Even on Sunday mornings he used his eyes and his faith. It was his habit to fix upon some *one* in the congregation who appeared to have felt the sermon, to follow him from the chapel, and speak to him about Christ and the class-meeting. For some years, never a day passed but Father Reeves spoke to some *one* sinner about his soul and its salvation. With him, the Lord's work meant a work for every day; and, in order to win the multitude to Methodism, he spoke to them that are without, *one by one*. The results are known. Father Reeves' one class grew into four, and the fourteen members became one hundred and ninety; and in addition to this, four other classes were formed, in twelve years, out of his classes, and of members that he had gathered.

This says a great deal for the power of units, and for the practice of appealing privately to sinners, and dealing with them one by one. There are probably in Great Britain about 15,000 Class-Leaders. If each Leader were to gather only one new member every quarter, it would yield 60,000 new members yearly; and this, after deducting for deaths, and backsliders, and removals, would leave a net increase fourfold that of last year. It cannot be unreasonable to expect that a Leader and twenty members should, in thirteen weeks, succeed in persuading one to travel with them to heaven. They will succeed if they try.

Many classes increase at a more rapid rate than this; let them go on, and do all that is in their hearts. In many a Society, it is certain aggressive and growing classes that keep up the numbers; the increase in these makes up for the regular decrease in other classes. Let such as are doing well walk by the same rule; but let those Leaders and classes who seldom see the face of a new member, set themselves to this work, and try to win from the world one every quarter. Don't say, "We must have a fortnight's special services, and rouse the people, and get them to the penitent form." The penitent form is doubtless a very proper place, especially for those Leaders and members who for weeks together do not speak to anyone about his soul. They need "rousing" as certainly as the people do. What is wanted is, not so much special services, conducted by a few, and lasting for a week or two; but special service undertaken by everyone, and kept up summer and winter.

Whatever the number of new members gathered in, our yearly loss is much about the same. Deaths, backsliders, removals, amount to, say, ten per cent. per annum; that is, we lose by these means this year, 32,500 members. An equal number must be gathered in to make up this deficiency, and up to this point all increase is swallowed up. It is only when we

get beyond this number of new members that we can begin to count a net increase. As we have been working, the deficiency is covered yearly, and a few thousands over. If those who have done little or nothing begin to work, the fruit of their labours will pass on and swell our net increase. Their zeal will yield a clear gain. All the *ones* whom they gather into the church, will be so many added to our annual increase. It is possible that to some minds this view of the case will supply a further incentive to instant and systematic labour.

It seems to me that we must either pray and work, or neither pray nor work. We must do both or neither. It is infinitely best to blend the two, as did those four men who carried their sick friend to Jesus. They had pitied the paralytic; they had prayed for him; they knew that if the palsied man could be got to where Christ was, he would be almost certain to get cured. But they did not stop at this point. They took the man upon their shoulders, and brought him to the place where Jesus was preaching. The room was crowded, and they could not get in at the door; and so they carried him by an outer staircase to the roof of the house, took away some tiling, and then let the paralytic down, with his couch, into the midst before Jesus. In this way we are to act. It is not enough to pity our sin-sick neighbours, and pray for them, and feel that Christ is willing to save them. Our work is to bring them to where He is. Like the four men, we must take pains, and use our wits. If we cannot get them to Christ in one way, we must try another; and the great thing to mind is, we must keep trying until we succeed.

York. J. B.

"CHALK YOUR BOBBINS."

EVERYONE knows that old Sir Robert Peel, father of the late Prime Minister of England, and grandfather of the present baronet, made his money by cotton-spinning. In the early part of his career his business was not remarkably extensive; but suddenly he made a tremendous start, and soon distanced all his rivals. He grew immensely rich, as we all know; but we do not all know the lucky accident, as men call it, to which he was indebted for his enormous wealth.

In the early days of cotton-spinning machinery, a great deal of trouble used to be caused by filaments of cotton adhering to the bobbins or tapes, which then formed portions of looms. These filaments accumulating, soon clogged the wheels and other parts of the machinery, and rendered it necessary that they should be cleared, which involved frequent stoppages, and much loss of time.

The great desideratum was to find out some plan of preventing this clogging by the cotton; and Sir Robert, or Mr. Peel as he was then, spent vast sums in experiments. He employed some of the ablest machinists in the kingdom, among them James Watt, who suggested various corrections; but, spite of all they could do, the inconvenience remained; the cotton would adhere to the bobbins, and the evil appeared to be insurmountable.

Of course, these delays seriously affected the wages of the operatives, who on Saturdays generally came short in proportion to the stoppages during the previous days. It was noticed, however, that one man always drew his full pay, his work was always accomplished; in fact, his loom never had to stop, while every other in the factory was idle. Mr. Peel was informed of this, and knew there must be a secret somewhere. It was important that it should be discovered if possible.

The man was watched, but all to no purpose; his fellow-workmen tried to "pump" him, but they couldn't;

at last Mr. Peel sent for the man into his private office.

He was a rough Lancashire man, unable to read or write; little better, indeed, than a mere animal. He entered the "presence" pulling his forelock, and shuffling on the ground with his great, clumsy, wooden shoes.

"Dick," said Mr. Peel, "Ferguson, the overlooker, tells me that your bobbins are always clean; is that so?"

"Ee's master, 't be."

"Well, Dick, how do you manage it; have you any objection to let me know?"

"Why, Master Pill, 't be a soart 'o sacret loike, ye see; and if oi told, t' others 'd know 's mooh as oi," replied Dick, with a cunning grin.

"Of course, Dick, I'll give you something if you'll tell me, and if you can make all the looms in the factory work as smoothly as yours."

"Ev'ry one 'n them, Master Pill."

"Well, what shall I give you? Name your price, Dick, and let me have your secret."

Dick grinned, scratched, and shook his great head, and shuffled for a few minutes, while Mr. Peel anxiously awaited his reply. The cotton lord thought his servant would probably ask a hundred pounds or so, which he would most willingly have given him. Presently Dick said,—

"Well, Master Pill, I'll tell 'ee all about it if you'll give me—a quart 'o beer a day as long as I'm in the mills; you'll save that ten."

Mr. Peel rather thought he should, and quickly agreed to the terms.

"You shall have it, Dick, and half a gallon every Sunday into the bargain."

"Well, then," said Dick, first looking cautiously round to see that no one was near, "this it be;" and putting his lips close to Mr. Peel's ear, he whispered, "Chalk your bobbins!"

That indeed was the great secret. Dick had been in the habit of furtively chalking his bobbins, which simple contrivance had effectually prevented the adherence of the cotton. As the bobbins were white, the chalking had escaped detection.

Mr. Peel was a sagacious man, and saw through the affair at a glance. He at once patented the invention, had "chalking" machinery contrived, and soon took the lead in the cotton-spinning department. This was the foundation of his princely fortune. It is but right to add, that he pensioned off Dick handsomely.

THE LAW OF COMPENSATION IN VIRTUOUS POVERTY.

It is, under all circumstances, a great affliction to be in circumstances of poverty. The inconveniences and sufferings entailed by such a state of things are so many, that it is hardly possible to state them all, or even to make such a representation of them as will do the subject justice. It is not the mere want of daily food, clothing, and comfort which it supposes. To want these is trying enough. But it is the *pinching* which it necessitates day by day, the position in life which it entails, the frowns of pride to which it subjects us, and the inability to do good in a thousand ways, which it brings with it, which form the real misery of poverty.

Many of these inconveniences are harder to be borne than want itself, because they grind down the spirit into the dust, and make it chafe itself with constant efforts to resist, excite feelings of enmity against our fellow-men, and sometimes even rebellion against Providence. A poor man is not, and cannot be, what he might have been, had he been rich. He is necessarily precluded, in a variety of ways, from doing the good he could have done, had he possessed abundance. Not only his charities, but his influence, are circumscribed and limited by the narrow and contracted bounds

within which he is obliged to move. He is not listened to, even when he counsels and advises wisely, as he would have been had wealth come into his possession, and given him consideration in the eyes of his fellowmen.

We may reprobate these things, and contend that they are not right; we may reprove the world for being selfish, subservient, and truckling in its spirit; and we may labour to have it made wiser and better; and yet it is so, and we fear it will ever be so. Poverty will ever be a sore affliction to those who are called to endure it. As the world is, as the world feels and views things, the want of the world's wealth will always put those who are so circumstanced to sore trials.

But then, while all this is true, it is also true that "God will raise up the poor out of the dust." Indeed here, as elsewhere, there are indications of the working of the Divine law of compensation. This law justifies the Divine procedure, and shows us "a smiling face behind a frowning providence."

The poor are freed from many temptations to which the rich are hourly exposed. Comparatively, it is much less difficult to cultivate heavenly-mindedness in low circumstances than it is in high. There is not so much to be denied; there are not such strong cords to be broken; there is less opportunity to covet, and there is more to induce us to welcome a state where it will no more be said, "Lo! he is poor." What he has not in possession, he has not to give up; and what he enjoys not, he is not called to deny himself the pleasure of. In this way, there is afforded him a compensation for what has been denied, and a benefit springs up out of the evil which is being suffered. In a certain sense, it is thus made true, that "God raiseth up the needy out of the dust, and setteth him on high among the Princes."

It is also true that poverty, like wealth, is not necessarily a perpetual inheritance.

Elizabeth of Bohemia said to her husband, when he hesitated to risk his fortune and comfort in an attempt to put the crown on his head, "I would rather be a Queen, and want a loaf of bread, than an Electress with all this splendour." Poor woman! she saw the day when she did want a loaf of bread, and when she would have been thankful to be suffered to remain in what she had considered an inferior condition. In latter days, many kings and queens have been wanderers in the earth. As God brings the high-born often so low, so likewise there are seen not a few instances in which the poor are literally "raised out of the dust" to occupy places of affluence and power, even to sit on thrones, and wield the sceptre of empire. Among our rich men, there are many who once knew what it was to be in poverty, and experience all its inconveniences. Perhaps no one, moreover, is so sensible as they are themselves, how much Providence has been concerned in the change which they have witnessed and enjoyed. They see a Divine hand in many of the steps by which they rose, and feel that it is much less owing to industry or skill, than it is to favour from above, that they are what they are. If you were to ask them how?—it would be their pleasure to own that God raised them up; and they are much more impressed with the richness of the Divine blessing, and its connexion with their prosperity, than they are that any merit can rightly be claimed by themselves.

And then, again, the same law of compensation is seen in the toils and cares which riches necessitate, and from which poverty is exempt. This is, in many instances, of such a character, as really to leave it an open question whether, indeed, the poor man is not, after all, the most highly

favoured. What a load some men carry! What slaves they are to the abundance which God has given them! How many sleepless nights their treasures cost them! And all this, not unfrequently, while the heart and feelings necessary to enable them to enjoy the possessed abundance are entirely withheld. O! it is sad, indeed, to look upon one of these slaves of wealth, with all his cares and his narrow spirit. He knows how to hoard, but not how to distribute; how to get gain, but not how to get pleasure with it; how to accumulate, but not how to extract pleasure out of his abundance. The poor man may be at ease, but the rich man cannot. Poverty may be the portion of one who enjoys a contented spirit; but such a rich man cannot say, that in all that he has accumulated, he has found any, even the least, satisfaction to his soul! "Man looketh on the outward appearance, but the Lord looketh on the heart;" and if we could more clearly see what was passing within it, we should form different conclusions from those we now rest in as being, perhaps, impregnable; and one of these would unquestionably be, that there are few things that are unmitigated evils, and fewer still that are absolute good. Providence compensates the poor man by giving him comfort, and raising him out of the dust.

"BE NOT WEARY."

(GALATIANS VI. 9.)

"Be not weary," *toiling* Christian,
Good the Master thou dost serve;
Let no disappointment move thee,
From thy service never swerve:
Sow in hope, nor cease thy sowing;
Lack not patience, faith, or prayer;
Seed-time passeth,—harvest hasteneth,—
Precious sheaves thou then shalt bear.

"Be not weary," *praying* Christian,
Open is thy Father's ear
To the fervent supplication,
And the agonizing prayer:
Prayer the Holy Ghost begetteth,
Be it words, or groans, or tears,
Is the prayer that's always answered;
Banish, then, thy doubts and fears.

"Be not weary," *weeping* Christian,
Tears endure but for the night,—
Joy, deep joy, thy spirit greeting,
Will return with morning's light;
Every tear thou shedd'st is number'd
In the register above,
Heaven is tearless, sweet the prospect,—
Sighless, tearless land of love!

Christian, then, in grace unwearied,
Pass thy sojourn here below;
Spurn lukewarmness, let thy bosom
Ever with true fervour glow!
Look to Christ, thy bright Exemplar;
Copy Him in all His ways;
Let thy life and conversation
Tell to thy Redeemer's praise.

Scripture Scenes.

LEBANON.

LIBANUS is the Latin, or rather the Greek, name of a long chain of mountains on the northern border of Palestine, and signifies "The white mountain;" a name which it received from its white summits.

The Hebrew form Lebanon includes the parallel ranges of Libanus and Anti-Libanus, which have no such distinctive names in connexion with the Hebrew designation. Lebanon seems to be applied in Scripture to either, or both, of these ranges; and we shall also use it in this general sense. But Libanus means distinctively the westernmost of those ranges, which faces the Mediterranean; and Anti-Libanus, the eastern, facing the plain of Damascus. The present inhabitants of the country have found the convenience of distinguishing these parallel ranges, and give to Libanus the name of "Western Mountain," (Jebel esh-Sharki,) and to Anti-Libanus that of "Eastern Mountain;" (Jebel el-Gharbi;) although Jebel Libnân (the same name, in fact, as Lebanon) occurs among the Arabs, with special reference to the eastern range.

These two great ranges, which together

form the Lebanon of Scripture, commence about the parallel of Tripoli, (lat. 34° 28',) run in a general direction from north-east to south-west, through about one degree of latitude, and form, at their southern termination, the natural frontier of Palestine. These parallel ranges enclose between them a fertile and well-watered valley, averaging

about fifteen miles in width, which is the Cœle-Syria (Hollow Syria) of the ancients, but is called by the present inhabitants, by way of pre-eminence, el-Bekaa, or "the Valley," and is watered through the greater portion of its length by the river Litany, the ancient Leontes.

Nearly opposite Damascus, the Anti-Libanus separates into two ridges, which diverge somewhat, and enclose the fertile Wady et-Teim. The easternmost of these two ridges, which is supposed to be the Hermon of Scripture, Jebel esh-Sheikh, continues its south-west course, and is the proper prolongation of Anti-Libanus. From the base of the higher part of this ridge, a low broad spur, or mountainous tract, runs off towards the south, forming the high land which shuts in the basin and lake of el-Huleh on the east. This tract is called Jebel Heish, the higher portion of which terminates at Tel el-Faras, nearly three hours north of Fiek.

The other ridge of Anti-Libanus takes a more westerly direction. It is long, low, and level; and continues to border the lower part of the great valley of Bekaa, until it seems to unite with the higher bluffs and spurs of Lebanon, and thus entirely to close that valley. In fact, only a narrow gorge is here left between precipices, in some places of great height, through which the Litany finds its way down to the sea, north of Tyre. The chain of Lebanon, or, at least, its higher ridges, may be said to terminate at the point where it is thus broken through by the Litany. But a broad and lower mountainous tract continues towards the south, bordering the basin of the Huleh on the west. It rises to its greatest elevation about Safed; (Jebel Safed;) and at length ends abruptly in the mountains of Nazareth, as the northern wall of the plain of Esdraelon. This high tract may very properly be regarded as a prolongation of Lebanon.

Of the two ranges, that of Libanus is by far the highest. Its uppermost ridge is marked by a line, drawn at the distance of about two hours' journey from the summit, above which all is barren; but the slopes and valleys below this line afford pasturage, and are capable of cultivation, by reason of the numerous springs which are met with in all directions. Cultivation is, however, chiefly found on the seaward slopes, where numerous villages flourish, and every inch of ground is turned to account by the industrious natives, who, in the absence of natural levels, construct artificial terraces, in order to prevent the earth from being swept away by the winter rains, and, at the same time, to retain the water requisite for the irrigation of the crops. When one looks upwards from below, the vegetation on these terraces is not visible; so that the whole mountain appears as if composed only of immense rugged masses of naked whitish rock, traversed by deep wild ravines, running down precipitously to the plain. No one would suspect, among these rocks, the existence of a vast multitude of thrifty villages, and a numerous population of mountaineers, hardy, industrious, and brave. Here, amidst the crags of the rocks, are to be seen the remains of the renowned cedars, together with a much larger proportion of firs, oaks, brambles, mulberry-trees, fig-trees, and vines.

In Scripture, Lebanon is very generally mentioned in connexion with the cedar-trees in which it abounded; but its wines are also noticed, Hosea xiv. 7; and in Cant. iv. 11, Hosea xiv. 7, it is celebrated for various kinds of fragrant plants.

Our Country.

THE CORNISH COAST.

No. II.

"To feel in such a scene and hour,
'Mid all that each discloses,
The presence of that viewless power,
On whom the world reposes:
This to the heart, is more than all
Mere beauty can bring o'er it;
Thought, feeling, fancy,—own its thrall,
And joy is hush'd before it."

Mutton-Cove, lying under the embattled shelter of Mount Wise, on the

Devonport side of old "Tamerworth Sea," used never to lack boats, or boatmen ready and on the look-out for fair-weather passengers. There were times, however, when wind and waves afforded some show of reason for seeming caution on the part of those who knew how to make their market of a rising gale. The whistlings and splashings which caught my ear as, for the first time, I came down to the cove, somewhat prepared me for seeing the watermen in their tarpauling jackets, silently abiding their time under their rude shed; like waterfowl in the recesses of a sedgy bank when a gusty breeze foreruns a storm upon the lake. It was as I thought. There they were. Nor did they seem disposed to move. No, the first move was to be on my part. It was to be seen whether my business was urgent enough to warrant an appeal for extra help, and an offer of an extra handsel. Cremble Passage, I knew, had borne a very doubtful reputation, in all equally times, both ancient and modern; but I was resolved to trust myself to wind and water if a ferryman could be found.

"What sort of passage is it likely to be?" said I to the lounging group which had been quietly watching my advance. Several voices came in response.

"Don't know about that, Sir."

"Looks very dirty, Sir."

"'Twill take two of us, I reckon, to get across."

Two, therefore, I must have; and the offer of something over and above the usual fare in such cases, very soon set the whole community to the work of deciding who of them should have the chance. Lots were cast between the competing pairs; and the winners and I were soon fairly among the crested waves. It was a stiff pull, but bravely done; notwithstanding many very saucy intrusions of salt water.

We touched the Cornish side at length, and I was soon on my way into Cornwall; on my way merely, as yet; for though I had reached the Cornish side of the Tamar, I was still in Devon. Devon to this day claims Mount Edgecumbe, that verdurous peninsula which so richly adorns the entrance to Devonport Harbour on its western margin. Why Devon had thrown her boundary-line across the water, so as to enclose the beautiful headland as within a loop, nobody has ever told me. Was it, that in her fondness for beauty she could not suffer the near approach of anything so akin to her own loveliness, without securing the joy of calling it her own? Or, was it that some rich and powerful Devonian Lord had broken the tenth commandment, by whispering into the ear of Athelstan, during the year 930, just as that King was marking the eastern limits of old western Keltica, and successfully persuaded his royal master to slice off for him this pleasant portion of some Cornish Naboth? Or was it, that the Saxon Conqueror thought it unsafe to leave the promontory which commanded so important a harbour within the jurisdiction of a province which might, at any time, prove hostile to his government? The problem engaged the inquisitive attention of our old Cornish surveyor, Richard Carew; and he had his own way of solving it. "The haven," he tells us, "parteth Devon and Cornwall well near everywhere, as Tamar river runneth: I say well near, because some few interlaced places are excepted: a matter so sorted at the first partition, either to satisfy the affection of some special persons, or to appropriate the soil to the former lords, or that (notwithstanding this severance) there might still rest some cause of intercourse between the inhabitants of both countries: as I have heard a late great man ensued, and expressed the like consideration, in division of his lands between two of his sons." One can scarcely wonder at the early indulgence of Devonian desire for the possession of Vaultershome, as Mount Edgecumbe used to be called, when he knows that she has been renewing her youthful beauty from time immemorial; that the charms which are at this day so fresh and full, are the undying charms of an ancient paradise; and that from age to age those sea-girt woods and lawns have gathered tribute from the lips of friends, and awakened longings in the hearts of foes. The admiral of that proud Spanish fleet which sailed within sight of Vaultershome, on its way to the Thames in July 1588, saw enough from his quarter-deck to inspire him with warm desire and high purpose. The Duke de

Medina Sidonia had a vision of repose amidst the delicious beauties of that hill; and anticipated it as a reward for what he had no doubt of accomplishing,—the conquest of England. He had settled it in his own mind. His request was made; and Phillip II. promised to confirm his choice. Poor Duke! Poor Philip! Heaven, earth, and sea were allied in the overthrow of their plans. The prayer was answered once more, "Let God arise, let His enemies be scattered."

More friendly eyes have been cast upon Mount Edgecumbe; and still more pleasant testimonies to her attractions have been borne in later times. On August 20th, 1760, a tasteful Italian scholar rambled over the bright slopes, along the embowered and balmy cliffs, and through the leafy uplands to the breezy heights overlooking the sea. Nor has the good-natured pilgrim left us without an agreeable record of his day's enjoyment. In one of his letters to his friends in Northern Italy, Baretti says, "After dinner we got into the barge, and made towards a hill about as high as that of the Capuchins on the right side of your Po. They call it Mount Edgecumbe, and it is, properly speaking, a promontory which juts out into the sea on the right side of Plymouth harbour. The proprietor of it is an English lord, who has a house upon it. In the whole world there is, perhaps, not another so well situated. A bold expression you will say. But were you to see it, you would be astonished at the prospect it commands....They speak of the Chartreuse at Naples, and they say it is the finest situation in the world. I believe it. But Mount Edgecumbe is also the finest; and so you have two finest, one at Naples, and the other in Devonshire."

Mine was rather a tempestuous introduction to this "finest situation;" but I consoled myself by anticipating the joy of hearing the thundering chorus of the storm swell through the grand old avenues which opened on the shore, and echo and re-echo from the fluctuating woods, which overhung the seaboard shrubberies, the ferny hollows, and flowery dells, among which I hoped to find myself sheltered for a time, during my upward journey. Erelong, however, a furious rushing squall heralded a pelting shower; and as that passed, there was a lull. The wind ceased. The sun shone out. And there was quiet rejoicing everywhere. Around me on the land there were drippings, ripplings, and gentle murmurs; and the sea, though it sparkled, seemed to have uneasy recollections; but nature was evidently refreshed; nor could I be without a share in her pleasure as, with lightened steps, and a mind at ease, I pursued my mossy path, indulging the notion, that many voices were whispering in harmony to my soul, "Ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace: the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands."

But a few moment's since, I was in a storm. Now it was calm. One felt as if he had witnessed a "great marvel." Had He spoken again, He whose word of "Peace" once smoothed the noisy waters into quietness, when a squall had come down upon the lake? It is true that the change which had rapidly passed on the scene around me, had its natural causes, and all the results were natural too; but I love those moments in nature, when the soul catches a glimpse of its Lord; when the inner man hears, for an instant, the passing voice, or the mysterious footstep, of Him who is ever acting intelligently on the hidden springs of created life; the wise, the good, the almighty cause of all natural causes. The elements of the natural world hold their powers from Him, and in His presence; and if they work together to effect alterations, it is only while He adjusts them, and regulates their operations. The elements of nature can neither undergo changes, nor produce them, unless they are duly proportioned and fitted one to another. They cannot fit themselves. They have no power to balance their own proportions. They cannot regulate their mutual relations, so as to put themselves in a condition to act harmoniously in the production of results. They are void of that intelligence which such work requires. The properties, quantities, places, and times of things can be adjusted, and kept in working order, by none but the "Blessed and only Potentate," who

"is before all things, and by whom all things consist," Christ Jesus, "the image of the invisible God." He who is always near to save the souls of men, is ever present to regulate the physical movements of the world which forms the scene of His redeeming work. "Great things doeth He, which we cannot comprehend. . . . By watering He wearieth the thick cloud: He scattereth His bright cloud: and it is turned round about by His counsels: that they may do whatsoever He commandeth them upon the face of the world in the earth. He causeth it to come, whether for correction, or for His land, or for mercy. . . . Dost thou know the balancings of the clouds, the wondrous works of Him which is perfect in knowledge? How thy garments are warm, when He quieteth the earth by the south wind?" Dost thou know this? perhaps not. But, it may be, you do know how blessed it is to hear the voice of Jesus in the storms of life; and, peradventure, have found it more blessed still to catch the brightening of His smile when the storm is over, assuring your heart of its deeper interest in the covenant of peace.

Well, psalm it, as I found myself constrained to do in the holy sunlight which now cheered me on my way to Maker heights. Mount-Edgecumbe House enticed me to linger a little under its stately shadows. It stood in great majesty amidst dense cloud-like masses of foliage; commanding the half-embowered, bright green slope which gracefully invited approach from the water-side. In its earlier castellated form, it was built about the middle of the sixteenth century, by Sir Richard Edgecumbe, grandson to the first Sir Richard; who had a narrow escape from the hands of King Richard III., and was afterward honoured as the Sheriff of Devon, and Privy Councillor, under Henry VII. In his own times, the founder of "the most beauteous gentile seat in all these western parts," was remarkable for his courtesy, hospitality, learning, and wisdom; and I must needs pay a passing tribute to the taste which he manifested in the choice of a site for his home.

But leaving the mansion, my path lay for a time over the undulations of the lawn, along by the indented shore, whose copsy fringes hung lovingly over the dark rocks, and weedy banks, and little pebbly strands, with which the waves kept up ceaseless play. Now, I was tempted to mount a grassy knoll, or to run up into an echoing dingle, or to lounge under the trees upon a bosky promontory; now, I found myself in

> "A woody theatre
> Of stateliest view;
> . . . . . and overhead up grew
> Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
> Cedar, and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
> A sylvan scene."

And then, beyond again, was open sward; and there, looking out upon the waters, was a park-ranger's cottage, with its pretty garden, and little sheltering grove.

At length the hill must be breasted; and my way led up a steep zigzag path; here, overshadowed with laurel and mountain-ash; there, courting the sunlight, and bordered with cypress, and laurestines, and rock-roses, and broom, and traveller's-joy, and banks of St. John's wort, and periwinkle. Everywhere, above and below, there was a luxuriant variety of shrubs, wild flowers, and garden beauties; "a wilderness of sweets," crowned with oak and pine, and mingling its perfumes with breezes from the open sea, with which it kept unbroken companionship. Almost weary with strolling up and down, and in and out, under darkling cover, and over sunlit rocks, I pressed at last towards the summit of the hill; and, in spite of occasional enticements from rural seats, and hermit-grottos, I was soon within sight of Maker Church. There could be no resistance to the allurement of that old tower. To the top of it I must go. Up, and up, it was; a hard tug after my morning's ramble; but still it must be up and up; until now, see! my reward is before me! One glance around, and there was a shout: who could help it? Then a song; another thrill of joy; and then a silent tear of gratitude to Him who had laid out so fair a world, and who gave me a soul to see it, and to magnify the Author of its grandeur, its beauty, and its life. There, beyond the rich umbrageous mount which was now beneath me, were the deep blue waters of the Hamoaze, bearing the treasured materials of naval power. There, in front, were the

towns of Devonport, Stonehouse, and Plymouth, covering the tide-washed slopes, and points, and bays; their granite quays and battlements sparkling in the sunlight; and the native marble dwellings of their beautiful suburbs smiling on the hill-sides from amidst their gardens and meadow-grounds. Still beyond, the wavy landscape stretched into the distance, rich with chequering of woods and waste, fields and orchards, until it melted into the shadows of the Dartmoor range, whose mysterious swells and peaks were seen in dim relief along the line of the horizon. On the left, there was the Tamar stretching northward, with her branching tributaries, like some huge silver-hued polypus, twisting its way towards a covert in the vaporous distance, and throwing out its tentacles into the uplands and moorland depths, as if it were feeling after ceaseless renewals of its life. Far away, above the tremulous haze in which the last faint traces of the river were lost, the Cornish hills might be seen bending around from the west, in seeming friendly movement towards their kindred rocks on the Devonian border. On the right, there was an enchanting maze of interlocking land and water. There was Drake's Island, with its guardian batteries. There were the bright cliffs of Plymouth Hoe, the old citadel on its rock, watching the waves as they roll into the dark-storied Deadman's Bay, and changing friendly looks with Mount Batten across the entrance to Catwater, which had a quiet light upon it, as if it felt itself peaceful and safe. Farther on, behind a clustering of fruitful hills, gracefully shaping themselves to the twists and turns of intercurrent streams and tidal creeks, and dotted with upland and waterside villages, there was the beautiful reach of the Lara, laving the pensile woods of Saltrum, and bright as if with joy at receiving the waters of the Sylvan Plym, coming down from among the leafy hills of old Boringdon and Shaugh. Towards the sea, the bold heights of Staddon ranged themselves as the eastern wardens of the open Sound. In the distance, away among the billows, there was the outlying Mew-Stone, on which the voices of the storm chant in wild responses to the shrill music of congregated sea-birds. Then, there was the ocean; the grand open sweep of waters enticing the eye to range along its offing-line, until, on the west, it reposed upon Penlee Point, and the high lands which terminate in Rame Head. And there, nestling at the foot of the hill, in the bosom of its own hospitable bay, I saw kind-hearted old Cawsand, my first village-home on the Cornish coast.

St. John's. W.

Narratives.

THE FLAX-SPINNER'S DREAM.

Evenings in June! how enjoyable they are! how alluring, as we look back or forward to them from these days of cold and early darkness, of damp footways, and skeleton-like trees! Who can help longing for their return as he thinks of country walks in their prolonged sunlight, of the wondrous beauty upon the clouds, of the fresh green of the growing grass and the well-clad trees, of the scent of pleasant flowers, and the merry music of larks upon the wing! I remember well that the evening of June 13th, 1860, was rich in such attractions as these, and my work gave me an opportunity to enjoy them. I had a walk of rather less than two miles, in the pretty scenery of southern Yorkshire, before reaching the village at which it was my weekly duty to preach. Everything on the way looked full of luxuriant life. I seemed to drink in the influence sympathetically, and to catch, in the buoyancy of my physical feelings, a fresh consciousness of the Saviour's meaning, when speaking of higher life, He said, "I am come .... that ye might have it *more abundantly*." In the overflow of vital vigour one could have fancied death itself arrested, and in the midst of it the thought of dying would have almost seemed morbid. The scenery and circumstances were such as would naturally make one feel the

suddenness of sudden death very keenly. It would be death "in the midst of life" indeed. So I found and felt it. In the village, I learned that one who had left home with the intention of listening to me, as was his weekly custom, had on the way to chapel called to visit a sick friend; and, while in the act of going up the stairs to the bedroom, he had fallen down, and expired! Very few were the worshippers at that evening's service, and they who came, came with thoughts and feelings so pre-occupied, that it was vain to think of an ordinary sermon. Providence had pressed upon us too striking a text, and we could only speak of the absent one, who had been so often with us, and of the lessons which his abrupt removal taught us.

On making inquiry afterwards into the particulars of his religious history, I learned, among other matters, that his father died before he was grown up, leaving him, with eleven other children, to the care of his mother. She was a Methodist of good quality, enjoying the fruits of the Gospel ministry, and lovingly ready to maintain it. Her first earnings were sacredly reserved for God's church; and, notwithstanding the demands of so large a dependent family, she had always her weekly penny ready at class, and usually a half-a-crown at the Quarterly Ticket-Visitation. She worked at flax-spinning, an occupation in which she was helped and followed by our suddenly lost friend.

He used to speak of a dream as having been made of considerable service to him, both in the instance to which it specially referred, and in others in after-life. A familiar Scripture-scene will be recognized in it, but presented with that dramatic vigour which we all know that the imagery of sleep can so effectively lend to memory. It seems not unlikely to have been the remembered application of a forgotten sermon; heard for others at first, perhaps, but now very suitably applied to his own case. He had been for some time a possessor of saving grace, and a member of Society; but evidently was, at this period, not very strong in the faith. He was in that enfeebled condition of religious life in which it is very easy to trip at stumbling-blocks, and when stumbling, to fall. A person of some standing in the little Society, had unexpectedly and grievously sinned, and this other man's declension was producing like bad effects on his own faith and hope. For he was arguing with himself thus: "If one so seemingly strong and good as he falls, how can I hope to stand!" and in other very familiar ways was looking at this case much to his own mischief. But the vision of the night came—may we not say, was sent—to his help. In it he thought he saw Jesus, who, referring to the matter of this brother's backsliding, and the way it was affecting himself, said, "*What is that to thee? follow thou Me.*" But this was associated with a picture which to me seems very dream-like and beautiful. The ground appeared to be covered with snow, and the dreamer saw the Saviour as if walking in it, and leaving footprints; in these it was his aim, obedient to the "Follow me," to plant his feet; thinking if he could only do so, all would be well. It was surely memory's pictorial putting of the Scripture, "leaving us an example, that ye should follow His steps;" steps which, in their perfect purity, were indeed in ways white as snow.

The dreamer awoke to profit by his night-thoughts. He looked away from the weak and fallen Christian brother to the Saviour, strong to uphold himself; and, in following Him in faith and obedience, found grace by which he remained faithful to the end, and died, as we have seen, in the act of doing kindly Christian service.

Now might not many of us profitably think over the flax-spinner's dream? Would it not be well for us to look afresh at the ways we are taking in our religious life, and to mark wherein we follow Christ, and wherein we fail to walk as He walked? Might not some who will read this paper very profitably make a similar self-application of Christ's words to Peter? It is but too likely that all either have been, are, or will be, in danger of taking harm from others, by allowing what they do amiss to occupy attention in a wrong way.

It is quite true that we are exhorted by St. Paul thus: "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on

the things of others." But then, what are the words which go before these? "In lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves." Now, is it not generally true, that when we look on the things of others so as to get harm from them, or to be discouraged in our religious profession by them, we "look" at them in a proud, Pharisaic spirit, which thinks too well of ourselves, which so forgets our own faults and weaknesses, as not to be ready to make all the allowances proper for our neighbours mistakes and faults? Surely, we sometimes only judge them by halves; we forget, or fail, to put ourselves into their circumstances, when we think of what we would have done had we been they. O! many of us, who consider ourselves very virtuous, because we are not guilty of the sins of others, would, it is too likely, have done worse than they, had their case been ours. Most of the offences, too, which are taken at the words and sayings of others are quite as much owing to the want of "lowliness of mind" in the offended persons as to the misconduct of the offenders. And in these cases how often the offended are much more careful to brood over what this or that man has done,—to teaze themselves with the sore points of his doings,—to attribute them to evil intentions,—and perhaps even to plan small schemes of revenge, under pretence of defending their rights, than to follow Christ, "who, when He was reviled, reviled not again;" and "when He suffered, threatened not."

This Scripture reminds us of what St. Paul writes after the exhortation of which we have been speaking. It is thus:—"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus." If we "look on the things of others," let it be with Christ's intention and motive. His motive was love; His intention, to help the needy; so to stoop to the fallen, that He might lift them up to a better estate; redeeming them from the curse, by being made a curse for them. As we look on others, and see—perhaps, also feel—where they are wrong, let us follow Christ in trying to put them right. Else ours will be a selfish eye, and their misdeeds may entrap us into doing wrong also.

Looking at the narrative in St. John's Gospel, (chap. xxi.,) it will be seen that Peter's question about John's future, to which Jesus replied rebukingly, came of his "seeing John following;" and that he saw John because he "turned himself about." It is often so, that they whose eyes are much on their fellow-Christians —inquisitively, jealously, or suspiciously watching them—have already turned about in their own "following" Christ. They have begun to take less interest themselves in obeying Christ's words, than in prying into the manner and the motives of the "following" of others. It may be matter of thankfulness to such, if by any agency, asleep or awake, they so have Christ's word brought home to them, "What is that to thee? follow thou Me," as to be recalled to a proper watch and ward of themselves. Let us always try to live as we sometimes sing:—

"Holy Lamb, who Thee confess,
Followers of Thy holiness,
Thee they ever keep in view,
Ever ask, 'What shall we do?'
Govern'd by Thy only will,
All Thy words we would fulfil,
Would in all Thy footsteps go,
Walk as Jesus walk'd below."

Pendleton. G O. B.

Readings in History.

"WILLIAM THE SILENT."

Among the many admirable characters produced in the contests which have been carried on with despotic powers, during the past seven hundred years, for religious freedom and constitutional liberty, William of Orange holds a very high place. The student of history will rarely find a more noble, or even splendid, character for his admiration. Born at a period when Europe was deeply agitated by the great contest of principles which have shaken down many thrones, and cemented others with the blood of Christ's

children, he had a rare opportunity for the full play of the remarkable endowments which constituted him one of the chiefs in the long list of heroes who have yielded up their lives for the good of their race.

Of noble parentage and connexions, being the son of William of Orange, by Juliana of Stolberg, and a descendent of the Renes and Philliberts, of France, and of the Othos, the Engleberts, and the Henries of the Netherlands, he had not to pass through a long process of climbing up the rugged path of fortune and of power; for he was possessed of both at an earlier period of life than is the usual lot of great men.

At the age of eleven years he succeeded to his father's estates and titles, and became William of Orange; and was at once sent from the parental roof to be educated in Brussels, the seat of the Court of Charles the Fifth. "No destiny now seemed to lie before the young Prince but an education at the Emperor's Court, to be followed by military adventures, embassies, vice-royalties, and a life of luxury and magnificence." It was otherwise ordered by Providence; and this was the "seed-time" for the honourable, stern, and glorious life, so full of golden fruit to his country and to mankind. Being one of Charles' pages, and a constant attendant upon his imperial chief, he was introduced behind the screen, and was enabled from this favoured stand-point carefully to observe and study the moving springs in the world's great dramas.

Before he was twenty-one, he was appointed General-in-chief of Charles' army on the French frontier, and acquitted himself in this high command in a manner to justify the wisdom of the appointment. Soon after the peace of 1559, between Henry II. of France, and Philip II. of Spain, negotiated by William, one of those fortuitous events—which strangely takes place, at times, in the lives of individuals, changing and controlling their future action and history—happened to the young Prince, and tinged all his subsequent thoughts and feelings, and controlled his entire history. Being one of the hostages of Henry, for the fulfilment of the treaty on the part of Philip, negotiated by himself, he was hunting with the King of France in the forest of Vincennes. Finding themselves separated from the rest of the company and alone, the French monarch opened his mind to the young Prince, on the one great project which at that time filled it, viz., the scheme which had just been secretly formed by Philip and himself to extirpate Protestantism by the destruction of all Protestants. This conspiracy of the two Kings was a matter nearest the hearts of both. The Duke of Alva, a fellow-hostage with William of Orange, was the plenipotentiary to conduct this more important arrangement. The French monarch, somewhat imprudently imagining that the Prince was also a party to the plot, opened the whole subject to him without reserve. The Prince, although horror-struck and indignant at the royal revelations, held his peace, and kept his countenance. The King was not aware that, in opening this delicate negotiation to Alva's colleague, and Philip's plenipotentiary, he had given a warning of inestimable value to the man who had been born to resist the machinations of Philip and Henry.

William of Orange earned the surname of "William the Silent," from the manner in which he received the communications of Henry, without revealing to the monarch, by word or look, the enormous blunder which he had committed, or the horror he felt in view of the crimes meditated by the monarchs against their subjects. His purpose was fixed from that hour. And thence commenced that remarkable contest of mind, of strategy, of influence, of armies which resulted in the emancipation of a great people, and the founding of a great republic. Fully informed of the diabolical purpose of his King against his country, though himself a Catholic, and having no sympathy with the reformed worship, the Prince delayed not an hour in beginning measures for the safety of his fellow-subjects. His first efforts were directed to the removal of the Spanish troops from the Netherlands, thereby getting out of the way the chief reliance of Philip for the execution of his darling project. For the purpose, however, of more fully understanding the plans and machinations of Philip towards his country, he, at an early period after obtaining the information

given to him by the French King, established a system of espionage upon him. "The King left letters carefully locked in his desk at night, and unseen hands had forwarded copies of them to William of Orange before morning. He left memoranda in his pockets on retiring to bed, and exact transcripts of those papers likewise found their way, ere he rose, to the watchman of the Netherlands." Whether such transactions were honourable may indeed be questioned; but, right or wrong, they did certainly enable the patriot often easily to thwart the vile projects of the sovereign to murder unoffending men, and finally to free his country from the power of the fanatical tyrant. Philip's method of delivering his dominions from what he was pleased to call the "accursed vermin," was by the introduction of the Spanish Inquisition; and, through that terrible agency, imprison, hang, behead, quarter, and burn in detail all who might be suspected of holding or of favouring the doctrines of the reformed religion. The process of Henry was to be much more speedy, but not the less thorough, though less sanguinary. It was nothing less than a general massacre of all heretics in a single night, on the occasion of a great marriage-festival. This project was attempted to be put into execution, and the world is still startled with the tragedy of St. Bartholomew, by which Henry placed his name so high on the roll of cruel tyranny as to leave, in all the long dark catalogue, but one name in infamy above his own,—viz., Philip II. of Spain.

(*To be continued.*)

Art and Science.

THE FARMER A CO-WORKER WITH THE ALMIGHTY.

In dealing with the land, man is called to be a co-worker with the Almighty. There is something of nobleness in this thought.

The air is not given to us: we cannot alter its constitution, or change its currents. The sea is not placed under our dominion: we cannot freshen it, or increase its saltness; we cannot level or raise its billows. The rain is ordained for each latitude, and we cannot hasten or vary the bounty of the clouds. Minerals are provided in a definite, unalterable measure by the creative force. But the soil we can make our own. We can increase and renew its richness. God does not make it to be a fixed, or self-perpetuating blessing, like the atmosphere and the ocean. It is a *trust*. So much He will do for it; but a very great deal is left for us to be faithful in. In the management of the soil, the Creator of all things, so to speak, takes us into partnership; and on our fidelity, within the bounds of our trust, the comfort and progress of society depend.

In fact we shall not reach the right point for appreciating the eminence of agriculture as a duty, a profession, and a trust, until we see that the *earth is not yet finished*. The Creator has left part of the fashioning to man, or rather waits to work through man in perfecting it. The air comes up to the Divine idea. The sea also answers to the majesty of God's first conception of it. The clouds correspond, in their charms of form and glory of colour, to the archetypes of them in the Divine mind. The highest mountain-tops, of splintered crag or dazzling snow, cannot be improved, any more than they can be altered, by the power or wit of man. But the earth does not yet fulfil the Divine intention. It was not made for nettles and for weeds. It was made for grain, for orchards, for the vine,—to supply the necessities and comforts of thrifty homes. It was made for these through the educated, organized labour of man. As ploughs run deeper, as irrigation is better understood and observed, as the capacities of different soils are comprehended, as types of vegetation are improved, as economy in the renewal of the vitality of the land is learned and practised, the process of creation goes on; chaos subsides; the Divine power and beauty appear in nature.

In the first chapter of Genesis we read that God said, on the third day, "Let the

waters under the heaven be gathered together unto one place, and let the dry land appear: and it was so." Commentators tell us now, that these "days" of Genesis represented long periods; and this third day's work is not yet over. It was only in the general and "in the rough," that the separation first took place. Much of the best land of the globe is still saturated and swampy. Man is to complete the fulfilment of that command. Drainage is the process that perfects it. Every acre of opulent bog and bounteous tule from which the coarse grasses are banished, adds a new evidence of its fulfilment, and promotes the agent in it to the honour of being an instrument of Providence in completing, so to speak, the work of creation.

Nature.

LIFE IN UNEXPECTED CIRCUMSTANCES.

We occasionally meet with animal or vegetable life existing under conditions, not which are not as truly proper to them as the jungle to the tiger, or the river to the crocodile, but which appear to us strange and incongruous; which create in us *surprise*, as the most prominent emotion of the mind,—surprise at finding life, or any particular phase of it, in circumstances where we should not, *a priori*, have at all expected to find it. Examples will best explain what is meant.

LIFE IN THE DEPTHS OF THE OCEAN.

Take, then, the existence of animal life at great depths of ocean. The researches of Sars, M'Andrew, and others, in the Norwegian seas, and those of Edward Forbes in the Ægean, have shown that mollusca exist under two hundred fathoms of water. *Dead* shells, indeed, are continually dredged from far greater depths; but these may have been voided by the many fishes which feed on mollusca, and would, of course, fall to the bottom, whatever the depth of the sea in which the fish might happen to be swimming. Mollusca have been taken alive in the northern seas at two hundred fathoms' depth. In the Ægean Sea, two little bivalves were dredged; the former in one hundred and eighty, the latter in one hundred and eighty-five, fathoms; and one tribe in two hundred and thirty fathoms.

Nor is the power of sustaining life, at such immense depths, confined to the molluscan tribes; zoophytes rival them in this respect. Great tree-like corals spring from the bottom-rocks, to which they are affixed, at a depth of a hundred fathoms, and upwards. The magnificent free-coral, recently discovered by Sars, lives on the mud at two hundred fathoms; soft-bodied sea-anemones reach to the same depth; while other species of the same race, live at the amazing depth of from two hundred and fifty to three hundred fathoms.

It has been observed that the shells of *mollusca*, which inhabit very deep water, are almost entirely devoid of positive colour, and this has been supposed to be the inevitable result of the darkness in which they live; for it is assumed that all, or nearly all, the sun's light must be absorbed by so vast a mass of water. But yet, most of these zoophytes are highly-coloured animals,—one being of a fine yellow, another of a red, more or less intense; and a third, of the most refulgent scarlet. The pressure of a column of sea-water, from twelve to eighteen hundred feet in height, must be quite inconceivable to us; and we are at a loss to imagine how the corporeal tissues can sustain it, and how the vital functions can be carried on. Yet the presence of these creatures implies the presence of others. The mollusca are mostly feeders on minute animalcules and plants, and these must, therefore, habitually live there. The zoophytes are all carnivorous; and, being all stationary, or nearly so, the prey on which they feed must be abundant there in proportion to their requirements. Indeed, a small kind of lobster, about as large as a small prawn, was

dredged by Mr. M'Andrew, (after whom it has been named,) in the Scottish seas, at a depth of one hundred and eighty fathoms.

LIFE IN SNOW.

WHO would expect to find the expanse of everlasting snow in the Arctic regions, and at the summits of the Alps, the seat of abundant life, whether vegetable or animal? Yet such is the fact. Ross observed, in Baffin's Bay, a range of cliffs covered with snow, which was tinged with a brilliant crimson colour for an extent of eight miles, the hue penetrating from the surface down to the very rock, a depth of twelve feet. The same phenomenon has been observed in other parts of the Polar regions, on the glaciers of the Alps, and in other similar circumstances. Scientific investigation has proved this colour to be caused by the excessive abundance of minute organisms, mostly vegetable, of a very simple character, in the form, according to Dr. Greville, of a gelatinous layer, on which rest a vast number of minute globules, resembling, in brilliance and colour, fine garnets. Professor Agassiz, however, maintains that these globules are not vegetables, but the eggs of a minute though highly-organized animal, one of the *Rotifera*, named *Philodina roseola;* which animal he found in abundance, with the globules, in the glacier of the Aar. Other minute animals were also found in the snow.

TREES GROWING IN ICE.

As a curious incident, not altogether out of place in this connexion, though the parallelism of the cases is more apparent than real, we may notice the trees which Mr. Atkinson found growing, under very unusual circumstances, in the valley of the Black Irkout, in Eastern Siberia, a romantic gorge, whose precipitous sides are formed of different marbles,—one white, with deep purple spots and small veins; another a rich yellow kind, equal, if not superior, to the best Sienna, but wholly untouched by man.

"We reached," he says, "a part of the ravine filled with snow and ice, where large poplars were growing, with only their tops above the icy mass; the branches were in full leaf, although the trunks were embedded in the snow and ice to a depth of twenty-five feet. I dismounted, examined several, and found that there was a space around the stem, nine inches wide, filled with water; the only parts that appeared to be thawing. I have often seen flowers penetrating a thin bed of snow, but this was the first time I had found trees growing under such circumstances."

LIFE IN DESERT SANDS.

THE burning, sandy deserts of Arabia and Africa seem, at first sight, to be utterly without organic life, and doubtless they are the most barren of all regions. But even there both animals and vegetables do exist. Several sorts of hard, thorny shrubs are scattered over the dreary waste, the chief of which is the *Hedysarum* of the Sahara; a plant about eighteen inches high, which is green throughout the year; it grows absolutely out of the arid sand, and is eagerly cropped by the camels of the caravans. There are also beetles, which burrow in the sand; and nimble lizards, which shine, as they bask in the burning sun, like burnished brass, and bury themselves on being alarmed. The lizards probably live upon the beetles; but what the beetles live upon is not so clear.

LIFE IN A VOLCANO.

THE rugged desolation which characterizes the interior of the crater of a volcano, even though the fiery torrent which formed it be at the time dormant, seems ill suited for the smiling beauty of flowers; yet such occasionally exist there.

Sir Thomas Acland, who ascended to the summit of Schneehätten, the lofty volcano of Norway, describes the crater to be broken down on the northern side, surrounded on the others by perpendicular masses of black rock, rising out of, and high above, beds of snow that enveloped their bases. The interior sides of the crater descended in one vast sheet of snow to the bottom, where an icy lake closed the view, at the depth of one thousand five hundred feet from the highest ridge.

"Almost at the top," he says, "and close to the snow, which had probably but a few days before covered them, were some very delicate and beautiful flowers, in their highest bloom, growing most profusely; nor were they the only inhabitants: mosses, lichens, and a variety of small herbaceous plants, were in the same neighbourhood; and, lower down, dwarf birch, and a species of osier, formed a pretty kind of thicket. The traces of reindeer appeared on the very topmost snow."

The Portfolio.

ALL FOR THE BEST.

Dr. Johnson used to say that a habit of looking at the best side of every event is better than a thousand pounds a year. Bishop Hall quaintly remarks, "For every bad there might be a worse; and when a man breaks his leg, let him be thankful that it was not his neck." When Fenelon's library was on fire, "God be praised," he exclaimed, "that it is not the dwelling of some poor man!" This is the true spirit of submission; one of the most beautiful traits that can possess the human heart. Resolve to see this world on its sunny side, and you have almost half won the battle of life at the outset.

INTIMATE ASSOCIATES.

A gentleman, whose wife was pleading for some worldly conformity, very abruptly replied, "Are you not aware, my dear, that the devil is a very intimate associate with the world?" A truth, roughly expressed, is not, on that account, to be rejected. There is high authority for associating the two, while it is not well considered by many that, in admitting the world into the heart, the devil has a just claim to be admitted too. He is the prince of this world; it is his special domain, and he has a right to dictate that where its friendship is sought, he must be permitted to prescribe the terms. He insists, where it goes, he must go; where its companionship is solicited, he must not be thrust out. The world and its works, and the devil and his works, are so much the same as not to be distinguished as materially different. Some would be shocked if told that they were seeking the friendly companionship of the devil, and yet it would be nevertheless true, just in proportion as their affections were fixed on the world, with all its lying vanities, and irreligious spirit. So, too, they will find it, as multitudes before them have found it, when God shall bring them into judgment. Then "the friendship of the world" will be found to be "enmity with God;" and that he that loveth the world, cannot have the love of God abiding in him. The lovers of worldly conformity are very apt to say, "Where's the harm?" Why, it is just here, that thereby they render service to the devil, and must expect to receive the reward,—"the wages of sin is death." If, then, with open eyes, men and women will devote themselves to the world, they must abide the consequences; they take hold on death, and when their dream of pleasure is over, they must take up their dwelling where Satan holds his empire.

SOLEMN THOUGHTS.

There is nothing more necessary than that men should sometimes hear of hell, that so they may the better escape it. It is a great deal better to *hear* of hell than to *feel* it; and they that cannot endure the one, must be content to fall into the other, which cannot be endured.

We can never be willing to meet Christ till we be found in Christ. As long as men have their work to be done, it must needs be irksome to them to think of Christ's second coming.

The earth shall be burnt, not in a way of destruction, but of purgation. It shall pass through the fire to refine it, but not to consume it.—*Horton.*

Memorials of the Departed.

Miss Jane Bradley, of Riccall, was born April 12th, 1837. Being a member of a family who, from conviction and choice, identified themselves with the Wesleyan section of the church of Christ, and who for many years received the Ministers under their hospitable roof, when visiting that part of the Circuit where they resided, her religious privileges were great. By no member of the family were the periodical visits of the Ministers hailed with greater pleasure than by Jane. Being intelligent and kindly-affectioned, she always felt a pleasure in the company of the Ministers. Her disposition was lively, and being destitute of vital godliness, she was, however, sometimes more or less captivated by the pleasures of this world. It was affliction, which, through the blessing of God, was the means of calling her attention to higher and holier things. This, accompanied with the instructions and admonitions which from time to time she received, wrought upon her impressible nature; and, under a consciousness of her sinfulness and danger, she resolved to give herself to God, and, by His will, to His people. Shortly after the formation of this purpose, she realized a clear sense of God's forgiving love, through faith in Christ Jesus; and from this time, whether in comparative health or in sickness, in life or in death, the God of hope filled her with joy and peace through believing. Her last illness was a long and painful one; but, in her greatest sufferings, she was enabled by Divine grace to possess her soul in patience, and to resign herself fully to the will of her heavenly Father. Her love to all around was very apparent; and the bitterest tears which she shed, after her conversion, were on account of some dear to her by the closest of nature's ties, who were yet dead in trespasses and sin. Her solicitude for their everlasting welfare was deep and intense to the end of life. In her correspondence with some of them, she spoke of Christ as "a present and a precious Saviour." "Though I am unworthy and unfit, yet I feel I have an interest in the blood of Jesus. I am not afraid to die." On the 27th of September, 1859, this resigned and happy sufferer passed through death triumphant home.

Michael Cardin was born at Matlock, in Derbyshire, in the year 1787. His parents, who had a numerous family, were regular attendants at the Parish Church, and were much respected for their upright conduct; and they carefully endeavoured to train their children in the formation of correct, moral habits. But Michael followed the bias of a corrupt nature till he was nineteen years of age. About that time, the Rev. P. Gell was appointed Curate at the Parish Church; and under his powerful ministry, Michael and many others, were deeply convinced of sin, and of their need of that great spiritual change implied in being "born again." About the same time, some friends at Wirksworth induced him to accompany them to a small Methodist Chapel at Bent, in that neighbourhood. The deep impression there made upon his mind, led him, on his return to Matlock, to hear Methodist preaching every Sabbath evening, after attending the Parish Church twice in the former parts of the day. He soon after joined the Methodist Society. He still, however, retained a regard so strong for the Rev. P. Gell, that for many years he was wont to meet with him and others for mutual prayer and spiritual edification, in addition to his close fellowship with the Methodists. This attachment was reciprocated by that excellent Clergyman, who esteemed Michael as a true Christian friend.

It was some months after his awakening before he received "peace" through believing. He drank deep of the wormwood and gall of penitential sorrow; often pouring forth his plaint in such language as, "O, that I knew where I might find Him!" He had also much to endure from fierce temptations, and the sneers of the ungodly. At length, however, the tedious and dreary night of his deep spiritual gloom vanished before the heavenly light of that happy day on

which he entered into "the glorious liberty of the children of God." It was while attending his class that this great change occurred. One Sunday morning, he was often wont to say, in relating his experience, while on his way to his class, "I was so sorely harassed by temptation, that I stood still for a while, hesitating whether or not to return home. At last I resolved to proceed, miserable as I was; and, blessed be God, He met me there! 'My chains fell off, my heart was free! I rose, went forth, and followed' Him!" The salvation of his soul became now the great object of his life; the word of God his daily study and guide; prayer his habitual exercise: and having himself tasted the rich pleasures of a religious course, and enjoying its bright prospects, he fervently desired that all the world might partake of the same blessedness. Under the influence of this love for souls, he was moved to weep and pray, much and often, for the salvation of others. Frequently while engaged in his occupation underground, as a lead miner, he would pour out his soul in earnest intercession for his friends and the world. On one of these occasions, his voice caught the ear of his father, who was not then a decidedly religious character. That father overheard his youthful son engaged in an agony of prayer for his unconverted parent; and that "fervent effectual prayer" availed much: for his father, deeply affected thereby, was shortly afterwards brought to a saving knowledge of the truth, as were also some other members of the family.

Michael subsequently became a Visiter of the sick, a Class-leader, and a Local preacher. Duly appointed to these offices, he served his generation therein, faithfully and efficiently, for at least forty years. He felt the heavy responsibility attached to the labours thus assigned to him in the Lord's vineyard; but found the grace of God sufficient, not only to sustain him, but also to acquit himself in his work with acceptance and success. Mr. Bassett, of Ashover, himself a Leader and Local preacher of long standing, who knew him for fifty years, bears testimony to the zeal and firmness with which he supported the institutions and economy of Wesleyan Methodism on all occasions; never wavering nor yielding to those "who are given to change." And thus he ran the even, useful, and happy "tenor of his way" through life. No instability or faltering interrupted his religious career. Through him, no reproach was ever brought upon the cause of Christ. So uniform was his Christian course, and so bright his example, that among all classes his memory will be long and gratefully cherished.

The Rev. P. Gell, (the clergyman before spoken of,) in a letter to Mr. Joseph Hodgkinson, of Matlock-Bath, after referring, in a kind Catholic spirit, to Michael's joining the Wesleyans, states that, "There was always unbroken love and Christian harmony between us: he doing his work, and I doing mine. We had blessed times of prayer and praise together, and also with others; especially at the house of his good old father and mother, where first I used to have cottage-preachings and prayer-meetings." He then adds: "Michael was an honour to his Christian profession. He adorned the doctrine of God his Saviour in all things. I never heard a fault laid to his charge: poor sinner, as he knew himself to be, and saved by grace alone. A mercy and a blessing it was to many, that while most of those, whom I remember being converted to God in those distant days, are gone to their eternal rest, he was spared so long to minister to the Lord's people, and be the means of converting others to Him. He shines now as a star in the kingdom of his Father. I was delighted with what you told me of some of his last words,—a precious testimony."

When Michael was obliged, through declining years and increasing infirmities, to give up active service, the means of grace were still his great delight. For five or six years he attended them with great interest, till near his decease: his eyes at times streaming with tears of joy, as he feasted with "Jesu's priests and kings." During the last few weeks of his life, he was often singing the praises of God, with an energy that astonished those who heard him. One day, he said to an old class-mate, "I am happy,—happy in the best of happiness,—happy in God!" The day before his death, he told his friends that

a new body would be prepared for him, which would live for ever.

The night before he died, he said to his son-in-law, "The enemy has been busy, trying to hurt me; but he is not allowed to touch me." When his son-in-law replied, "It is a blessed thing, father, to have the presence of Jesus with you;" he said, "It is: Jesus lives in me, and I live in Him!" Half an hour before he breathed his last, his voice was heard, for the last time on earth, singing, "Glory, honour, praise, and power."

Thus lived, and thus died, this humble follower of the Saviour, October 14th, 1859; in the seventy-third year of his age.

Occasional Notes for Readers.

A NEW Edition of *Mrs. Cryer's Devotional Remains*, with an Introduction by the REV. ALFRED BARRETT, is now on sale; a very precious addition to the highly-prized Memoir of that sainted woman.—The unwearied pen of the REV. THOMAS JACKSON has just completed a most edifying and instructive memoir of his devoted brother, the late REV. SAMUEL JACKSON. It is prefixed to a volume of *Sermons on Several Subjects*, selected, with great judgment, from a large amount of MSS. which that able Minister left behind him. The sermons, we need scarcely add, are full of evangelical, forcible thought, conveyed in the terse and powerful Saxon which rendered the preaching of this strong and original-minded man so acceptable to our people. —Another volume of MR. SAMUEL JACKSON'S has been published at the Book-Room. It is entitled, *The Christian Training and Conversion of Children and Young Persons*. It consists of selections from MR. JACKSON'S almost innumerable Addresses and Letters on the subject; and is introduced by a paper, by the venerable author of the Memoir, which contains an admirable digest of the Scripture teaching in all its bearings on the points handled in the subsequent parts of the volume. This is a befitting memorial - volume of one, the whole of whose later life and labours were consecrated, with untiring devotion, to the promotion of the godly training of the children and young persons of Methodism. Sooner or later, if Methodism is to hold its place in this country, must the arguments and appeals which MR. JACKSON, while living, never wearied in urging home, produce their legitimate and longed-for results. Surely, now that, in this volume, "he being dead, yet speaketh," much may be hoped for from its prayerful perusal.—The Religious Tract Society continues the issue of by far the best and most readable edition of JOHN HOWE'S Works ever published. HENRY ROGERS, its accomplished editor, deserves the thanks of every lover of good theology, for the care which he is bestowing in clearing away much of the obscurity and involution in which HOWE'S rare strength of thought and wonderful analogies were involved by the bad punctuation, and the unbounded use of italics and parentheses, of previous editions.—WILLIAM TWEEDIE has published some *Simple Questions and Sanatory Facts* for the use of the poor, which are of vital importance; put with care, and answered clearly and concisely. If it be true, as it has been said on good authority, that one hundred thousand deaths occur annually in England, which a little knowledge and good nursing might have prevented, great good must result from the spread of such information as this little volume contains.—The REV. JOHN HOWARD HINTON'S Funeral Sermon on the occasion of Mrs. Mary Steane's death, is not only an affectionate tribute to her memory, but an edifying discourse on *The Happiness of the pious Dead.—The Mother's Picture-Alphabet* is one of the most remarkable specimens of the successful applications of art and ingenuity in conveying, by pictures, a knowledge of the twenty-six letters of our alphabet which we have seen.—*The British Workman*, and *The Band of Hope Review*, continue, with the same success as in previous years, to develop the marvellous teaching-power of pictorial illustration.

J. ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

THE HAUGIANS IN NORWAY.

We have before us the representation of a Norwegian cottage-meeting. The figures and dresses are characteristic; and if we only imagine that a great many are following the young man who takes off his cap as he enters the door, until the cottage becomes packed, leaving no unoccupied space, the scene will be more complete. The service conducted at these meetings is very simple, consisting of praise, prayer, Scripture-reading, and verse by verse exposition of the portion read; or, should there not be a leader competent to expound, a sermon of Martin Luther's will be read. Hour after hour—often for four, five, or six hours together—are these exercises continued. The people desire and enjoy a full meal, not knowing when they may have another. The plain but intelligent man seated in the chair, we may take to be Hauge himself; by whose exertions cottage-meetings became general in Norway. A sketch of this Norwegian John Nelson will be an appropriate comment on the picture.

Hans Nielsen Hauge, or Hans Nielsen, of Hauge, was born on the arm bearing that name, near Fredrikstad, in the south of Norway, on the 3d of April, 1771. His father was a small farmer, or yeoman, in easy circumstances; and his mother a godly matron, well read in her Bible and in Luther's writings, who sought to bring up her children in the "nurture

and admonition of the Lord." Hans as a child was of a downcast spirit, and when only eight years old, he seriously meditated self-destruction. Heaven and hell constantly occupied his thoughts; and, dreading the latter, without any hope of reaching the former, he spent many melancholy days; whilst in the night seasons he was scared with terrific dreams. He had no taste for the "pleasures of sin" in which those around him indulged; and his unenlightened conscience, morbidly sensitive, caused constant misery. The time arrived when, in obedience to universal custom, he must receive confirmation; having passed through the lengthened and laborious course of instruction to which all Lutheran catechumens are subjected. Great attention is usually paid to the outward adorning, as a preparation for the first communion; and, on his way to church, Hans Hauge gave his first exhortation; urging on companions the importance of caring specially for the preparation of the heart. For several years he never renewed the attempt to address others; but in 1795, when twenty-four years of age, he began more regularly to warn sinners to "flee from the wrath to come." Many declared that he was beside himself; but he replied, "The study of God's word increases wisdom." He spent much time in private prayer, and in the beginning of 1796 he passed from bondage "into the glorious liberty of the children of God." Whilst singing a hymn commencing,—"Jesus, how sweet is communion with Thee," he had an extraordinary manifestation of Christ's compassion towards him: now he knew the God of love, and all else was loss. From that hour he was "a new creature in Christ Jesus;" he was filled with a burning love to God and man, with deep sorrow over his former sins, and an intense desire to make all men partakers of the grace he had so delightfully tasted. He had a new joy in reading the word of God, and he understood its teachings better than before: he saw these teachings all pointing in one direction,—the revelation of Christ as our atoning Saviour, and the necessity of regeneration by His Spirit, that we may serve the Triune God alone, and by true holiness be prepared for everlasting life. He prayed, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" and the answer seemed to be, "Thou shalt declare My name to thy fellow-men, exhorting them to seek Me; and thou shalt move their hearts to turn from darkness to light."

Hauge began to speak to his relatives, and then to others, as opportunity offered; never passing any one on the road without giving a word of counsel. His boldness stirred up many enemies, but not a few were awakened; some of whom, by their indiscretions, greatly aggravated his difficulties. At this time he published the first of his numerous works, entitled, "Reflections on the Follies of the World." During 1797 he began to visit neighbouring towns,—as Christiania, Drammen, Moss, &c.; where he usually spoke to the people after church-service. Before the end of that year, he commenced his more extensive journeyings, visiting in succession, and with great rapidity, either himself or by his spiritual children, every town and village in Norway.

In 1798 Hans removed to Bergen; seizing every opportunity to speak for

Christ; fearing neither danger nor labour. His work had no limits but those of the country and the population. The authorities were now aroused, and in 1799 he was imprisoned at Trondhjem; (Drontheim;) and, after seven weeks' confinement, was sentenced to the "house of correction," for a month, as a vagrant. Here his happiness was great; and in his fellow-prisoners he had a congregation that could not escape his appeals. At the month's end he was sent home under the care of the constabulary, each parish constable handing him over to the next, till he reached his journey's end. Hans so gained upon his guards, that he was permitted to hold a succession of meetings during the long journey.

Norway being at that time united to Denmark, Hauge visited Copenhagen, in the hope of obtaining Government sanction for his peculiar work. He then became more fully aware of the extent of his influence, by the large sale of his numerous works published in the capital; four editions of the first having been printed, and ten thousand of his "Christian Doctrine," an octavo book, of nine hundred and twelve pages. On his return he resumed his journeyings; and, at this time, indulged the thought of forming a religious society, having a community of goods: but he saw the difficulty in a thinly-peopled country of accomplishing this, and resolved, if successful in business at Bergen, to establish manufactories, to be carried on by his adherents. He was diligent and successful in business without giving up his spiritual labours; for, in 1803, he travelled three thousand miles, for the most part on foot, and frequently without roads.

He visited Denmark again in 1804, and went to Christiansfeldt, that he might become more closely acquainted with the Moravians. He did not unite with them, because he thought that they did not sufficiently urge the fruits of conversion.

Numerous were the complaints made against Hauge and his work: such as, perplexing the people; leading them away from work to sing and pray; causing servants to leave their masters, and children their parents; occasioning discord in families, husbands forsaking their wives to go and preach; and wives their husbands to attend cottage-meetings; speaking against worldly amusements, and bringing the national clergy into contempt, &c., &c. Hauge did not consider unconverted men called of God to the ministry; but he was ever respectful to the consistent, and did not forsake public worship in the Lutheran Church. A royal commission was appointed on the 16th of November, 1804, to try Hauge, which continued labouring for nine years before a result was reached. Hauge was confined in the prison at Christiania; his books and papers were seized, and all who possessed his publications were ordered to deliver them up.

Hans acknowledged that he had held meetings contrary to the law of 1741, and had employed others to hold them; but strongly protested that he had no idea of forming a sect; asserting that he had not departed from the Articles of the Church, that his followers attended the public services, and the Lord's table, better than others. The charge that he had received gifts

for himself, making a gain of godliness, deeply grieved him, and was most indignantly denied. During the greater part of the nine years spent in the investigation, Hauge was kept in prison; and though after the first two his liberty was somewhat increased, yet he never recovered the effects of this confinement, and continued in a sickly state during the remainder of his life. He was sentenced to two years' imprisonment, with hard labour, and to pay the entire cost of the inquiry. An appeal obtained a modification: he was fined one thousand specie dollars, and costs. Whilst in prison he read all sorts of books, even the writings of distinguished infidels, and lost in a great measure his relish for the Bible: but he says,—"The good God did not forsake me, but reminded me by His Spirit that it was not well with me with respect to the work of my salvation. I sought to return to my first simplicity; but it was not easy. I spoke to my fellow-men about God's word; but I had not the light of the Spirit, and His power in my soul, as formerly. This state continued for two years; and after that, when I was reading for several, I was melted down. I wept, I prayed, I called on God, and He renewed His favour to my soul."

His travelling was now over, and he looked for the approach of death, like a wearied labourer, longing for the time of release and rest. His remaining life was spent in exhorting sinners to turn to God; and, with entreaties to those around to love and follow Jesus, he paled in death. He entered into rest on the 24th of March, 1824, having only reached the age of fifty-three.

Whilst plain and faithful in exhortation, Hans Nielsen Hauge was very gentle in spirit, much loved by all who knew him, and by the power of grace a cheerful Christian. Ever anxious to speak on religious topics, he knew how to prepare the ground for the good seed. Thousands were awakened by his instrumentality; and, though few remain who bear his name, yet the good seed has not perished, and cottage-meetings are still very general all over Norway, though conducted in closer union with the Lutheran Church, within which much spiritual life and light now exists. It may be a fruit of Hauge's toils and sufferings, that Norway now enjoys a toleration law; and a result no less pleasing, that the erection of an imposing church in Christiania by the Papists has certainly not been a success, whilst prosperous stations of the Methodist-Episcopal Church are found at Porsgrund, Sarpsborg, and Fredrikshald, which were visited by the writer in 1859.

MODERN MISSIONARY MARTYRS.

(*Concluded from page* 40.)

Mr. Williams next mentions that one of the sailors, John Badcock, had sickened of the fatal disease, and that he had taken him to share in the few comforts of his cabin. In order to leave more room for the sufferers, Captain Gardiner, Mr. Maidment, and one of the sailors, had retreated from the "Speedwell" to a large cave on the shore, from whence

they could come daily to see their sick friends. Kind-hearted Bryant was left to be their indefatigable nurse, and he is named with much affection.

Very holy must have been the intercourse which Mr. Williams and his companion held together, as we may judge from the following extract:—

"Poor and weak though we are, our abode is a very Bethel to our souls, and God we feel and know is here. John often smiles through a tear that flows from a heart full of a sense of God's love; and though both of us subject to many infirmities, and sensible of our numberless shortcomings, yet moments so speed by, many of them winged with aspirations after God, that we ourselves forget all our bodily complaints, until reminded of them by exhaustion."

In a faithful and lucid manner he records how the store of provisions diminished, till all supplies of animal food ceased. A little oatmeal, a few peas, and rice, alone remained; and how a fox, caught in a trap, proved a dainty to the starving men. He also speaks of the whole band being more or less affected by the disease under which his life was slowly ebbing away:—

"My poor frail body is now very attenuated; but I can say that I do love God with a love I had no conception of; with a love that actuates every faculty of the whole soul; and the love of God in Christ I feel beyond all expression."

From the land of Beulah might the following words have been penned; for surely this man must, as it were, have been in heaven before he got at it. O, the love, the love of Christ; what a study for eternity!

"This evening I have been so allured by the love of Jesus, that I have not been able to refrain from asking the Lord to permit me to come to Himself. Nothing on earth could hold back my wishes from transporting me at once into His presence. I felt it could be no sin to desire thus eagerly for heaven. Its light, its atmosphere, its peace, its joys—yea, and its holiness—were around my soul, and earth to my eyes seemed a dreary place. But am I ready to go? O yes! Jesus has made me ready. I could not be more ready than He can make me, were I to live a century longer. His blood, His precious blood, I bear upon my heart; His righteousness, declared of God, I hold for my title-deed."

From the mountains of myrrh, and from the hills of frankincense, he gives a long last look, at the beloved ones of his heart, and of his distant home; breathing out a farewell of matchless tenderness, the key-note of its seraph song being, "Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"

"Should anything prevent my ever adding to this, let all my beloved ones at home rest assured that I was happy, beyond all expression, the night I wrote these lines, and would not have changed situations with any man living. Let them also be assured, that my hopes were full and blooming with immortality; that heaven, and love, and Christ—which mean one and the same Divine thing—were in my heart; that the hope of glory, the hope laid up for me in heaven, filled my whole heart with joy and gladness, and that to me 'to live is Christ, to die is gain.'"

"To-day I have perceived new symptoms, which show the inroads of the

disease upon my system, and strongly point out a fatal termination. Can I be in any way disappointed at this, instead of a life of much service and glory to God? No, not for a moment; for God's glory can only be enhanced by fulfilling the counsels of His own will; and to suffer His blessed will, as much glorifies my God as to do it. I am not disappointed; rather do I rejoice greatly, that now it seems manifestly the design of God to take me hence. I have, time after time, felt an inexpressible desire to be with Christ; and to-day I have been ravished with His love. Should this then be the will of God, then, my beloved ones, weep not for me. Let no mourning thought possess your hearts, nor sigh of sadness once escape your lips. Say, rejoicingly, How good was the Lord! how greatly was he blessed of God, and he is gone to be with Jesus! There, you, my beloved ones,—you, my mother; you, my sisters, may all of you—O yes, you will shortly meet me! will you not? The love of Christ fills my heart; but, with this love which loves Him supremely, I love you as I never did before. But heaven is at hand. It is nigh to my soul. It is my home. I shall look for you there. There we shall meet to part no more. Its glories invite me. Its holiness, its purity, makes me desire it. I hail the glorious change. My soul rejoices in the Lord, and I would not exchange my dying hopes, surrounded as I now am with all earthly discomforts, for the greatest luxuries and all the blandishments the world could set before me; nay, nor could it stop one minute my onward flight to God, were the whole realm of nature, and every monarch with his crown, inviting me to linger for a while, and taste of honour, power, and earthly good. No: O, no! all that is vanity and a delusion. There is no happiness but in knowing God, and Jesus Christ whom He has sent; in knowing Him as our merciful, gracious, long-suffering God; forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin: and Jesus Christ as—no words can say what Jesus Christ is when you know Him. This is the white stone, inscribed with a new name, which no one knows but he to whom it is given. O Jesus, blessed Mediator and Intercessor! into Thy hands I commit my beloved ones. Do Thou effectually prevail in the behalf of each, so that all may receive Thy Holy Spirit, and the gift of eternal life, to Thy own and the Father's everlasting glory, world without end. Amen."

And now we come to the last entry of Richard Williams's most affecting diary, in which we plainly see that the mists which hang o'er parting life were gathering round his head. The swell of his hitherto triumphant music sinks into lower and more tremulous notes as he tells us that John Badcock is dying; and adds, in broken sentences, "When I left Buralem on the Mission, it was with a secret confidence I should see the salvation of God. O, my soul hath beheld it! 'But the greatest trouble,' some would say, 'is not over yet. You have but a week's provision more, even at the rate you are now living at, and no certain expectation of a vessel's coming in that time!' Yes, this is so; but I have a certain and sure expectation of deliverance in that time. To-day is the 22d of June; for I believe it is far advanced in the morning. We shall see. He that believeth shall never be confounded.

'Here I rest my hope,
The Lord's will be done.'"

Ah, yes! dear saint, the Lord's will had been done in thee; baptized by suffering unto death. He would not rob thee of thy martyr's crown.

From Captain Gardiner's narrative we gather the remainder of the thrilling history.

"Found Mr. Williams and Badcock to-day very ill. Mr. Williams considers the latter beyond the hope of recovery. He is most patient, and leaning only upon his God. Mr. Williams is certainly weaker than he has been during his long illness."

At eleven o'clock that same evening, John Badcock died. He requested Mr. Williams to join him in singing a hymn, and repeated the following from Wesley's collection:—

"Arise, my soul, arise!
Shake off thy guilty fears;
The bleeding Sacrifice
In my behalf appears:
Before the throne my Surety stands;
My name is written on His hands."

Singing it through, with a loud voice, a few minutes afterwards he expired.

The messenger next came for the God-fearing Joseph Erwin, the carpenter; and three days after died John Bryant. From that time Captain Gardiner was confined to his bed, and the fatigue of burying his two companions so exhausted Mr. Maidment, that he never rallied. Captain Gardiner then wrote the following note, which never reached its destination, and which was afterwards found, defaced by the weather.

"My dear Mr. Williams.—The Lord has seen fit to call home another of our little company. Our dear departed brother left the boat on Tuesday afternoon, Sept. 2d, and has not since returned. Doubtless he is in the presence of his Redeemer, whom he served faithfully. Yet a little while, and though.....the Almighty to sing the praises.....throne.

"I neither hunger nor thirst, though five days without food.

"Your affectionate brother in .....

"Allen F. Gardiner."

With this wonderful declaration of faith, all superior to starvation and death, the noble leader of the expedition is supposed to have entered into life eternal.

Two vessels were simultaneously sent out for the relief of the Mission party:- one from Monte-Video, the other from England. The first, under Captain Smyley, proceeded to Spaniard-Harbour, in October; and, inside a stranded boat, he found the remains of the last surviver, the brave Pearce; murdered, no doubt, by the Indians, from the deep scars on his head and neck; and, further in shore, a body washed to pieces, which must have been that of Mr. Williams, as his three companions had been already buried; whilst the diary, the beloved companion of his sickness and of his

dying hours, had escaped uninjured. The kind-hearted Captain had barely time to bury the remains, when a violent gale arose, and drove him from his anchorage, and out to sea.

Unapprised of Captain Smyley's discovery, Captain Morshead, of H.M.S. "Dido," reached these dangerous seas about the middle of January, 1852, and prosecuted the search with the energy of a British sailor, and with the solicitude of a Christian friend. He sent two of his officers on shore. They found the bodies of Captain Gardiner and Mr. Maidment, and returned to the ship with a variety of books and papers. Next morning, amidst threatening weather, Captain Morshead landed. The remains were collected and buried; the funeral-service was read; an inscription was placed on the rocks; three volleys were fired; the ship's colours were struck half-mast high; and, having fulfilled her mournful commission, the "Dido" went on her way.

And on the gloomy shores of Patagonia the bodies of these saints sleep, who, for the love they bare to their Lord, and to the cruel sons of its soil, counted not their lives dear to them. Surely the church of Christ will keep their names in remembrance; and give glory to God that, in our days, she has sent out of her ranks confessors like these, who though they have not entered into "the glorious company of the Apostles," nor sat down with "the goodly fellowship of the Prophets," have taken their places at once, and for ever, with "the noble army of martyrs."

A. C. T.

RUTH: OR, DECISION FOR GOD AND HIS CHURCH.

Not far to the south-east of Jerusalem was the beautiful village of Bethlehem, where David was born, and spent his early days as a shepherd. There, too, the eternal Son of God was manifest in the flesh. There, also, another person lived, named Elimelech, whose name is immortalized on the page of sacred story. His wife's name was Naomi, and they had two sons, named Mahlon and Chilion. Leaving Bethlehem, and proceeding in an easterly direction, the traveller would soon reach the western shore of the Dead Sea. From the opposite side huge rocks rose, grim and rugged; above, hills spread out far in the distance. Those hills constituted the country of the Moabites. Driven by famine, Elimelech and Naomi wandered into the country of Moab; and their two sons married, the one Orpah, and the other Ruth. Very soon Elimelech died, and next the two sons fell before the stroke of the impartial foe, and Naomi with her two daughters-in-law were left to struggle with the cares of a cold-hearted world.

The history of families frequently illustrates and magnifies God's wisdom. By dark and mysterious providences He brings His chosen ones into green pastures, and open daylight. Families, bereft of their head, are not unfrequently driven into unlooked-for and untrodden paths, amid the gloom of troubled spirits, and the sighs of torn hearts. God's hand works when it is not seen; and out of apparently conflicting elements He educes materials for unending wonder and praise. Those inward impulses, looking so much like ordinary mental operations, are but the touch of God's almighty and unerring hand. The widowed Naomi, moved by that Divine power, resolved to

leave the scene of her trials, and return to her own land, and tenderly besought Orpah and Ruth to abide in their own country. Orpah, with apparent reluctance, did so; but Ruth clave to her, to her people, and to her God: "whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God: where thou diest, will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part thee and me."

1. *Decision* is a grand element of success in all pursuits. There is a blind presumptuousness which rushes upon a course of action without thought, without reason. That is not decision. It is the mind, enlightened and convinced, "made up" to a course of duty. The world's history is crowded with examples, in every rank of life, of heroes, who, despite the frowns, persecutions, and oppositions of their fellows, have braved dangers, faced foes, plunged into prisons, pestilence, and death, from a conviction of duty. The student who sets before him a great object of intellectual attainment, and allows neither poverty, weariness, smiles nor frowns, to deter him in his pursuit, is decided. The youth who breaks in sunder the fetters of his soul's slavery, and perseveres in a path of hallowed devotedness, amid the engagements of some great business-establishment, is decided. Without it, nothing great can be accomplished. The business man, hesitating, undecided; making one thing his hobby to-day, and another to-morrow; changed by the opinions, and diverted by the schemes of every speculator falling in his way, will bound over life's pathway, and in the end realize nothing.

Ruth was decided. Her resolution for God and His people exhibited one of the loveliest traits in her character. Her position was peculiar. Her training had been heathen; her gods, idols; the friends of her youth, idolaters. From her infancy she had been surrounded by everything pandering to the corrupt inclinations of nature. To follow Naomi, and embrace the God of the Jews, with the doctrines and institutions which He had enjoined, and that, too, distant from the homes of her fathers, was to abandon temples, the practices of her country, and the friendships of her early days; to commence a new career, a new life; to launch her bark on a sea, with only God for her Pilot, abounding, for aught she knew, with hidden rocks, quicksands, and yawning whirlpools of destruction. But she had counted the cost; and, with an affectionate and unwavering heroism, —the praises of which seraphim might sing,—she exclaimed, "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." "Come weal, come woe, come storm, come calm; come life, come death, I will be numbered among the people of God, and God Himself shall be my portion for ever."

This decision is one principal need of the church among her youthful hosts in the present exciting age. It will accomplish wonders wherever cultivated. It will press forward its possessor in a path of heaven-enjoined duty, of consecrated usefulness, of spiritual glory; deriving from every event new fuel for the fire of its zeal, and augmented motive to undying perseverance; surrounding itself with the approval of the good, the blessings of the benefited, the plaudits of angels, and the smile of God: while the undecided and fickle will stand wrapped up in the flimsy garb of excuses, an embodiment of weakness, without courage, without heart, without inward satisfaction; a poor shrivelled, soulless, trembling victim of doubt and uncertainty.

"Be thou content to find the narrow way
Made plain for thee to walk in day by day;

Serve thou thy God with heart, and soul, and might;
Darkness and doubt are wrong, belief is right:
To him that seeketh, God vouchsafeth light."

2. It is a position worth impressing upon the youthful Christian, that decision for God and His church is a sound, and eventually successful, policy. The right path is always the safe path. The way to rise, the way to success, is to adhere to that which is right. Upon this principle the great universe is constructed. The whole system of things, physical, intellectual, and moral, is so constituted, that conduct in harmony with its laws must succeed in this life, and secure the approbation of the Eternal. Once let it be ascertained that any law is impressed upon our nature, or that any command is given by God, and obedience to it is true policy. The young man who submits to discomfort and persecution rather than prevaricate to a customer, is sure to succeed. The principle inculcated, is, that adherence to what is manifestly right is in the very nature of things productive of honour and happiness.

Ruth in her decision and career furnishes a charming example. She was a poor Moabitess; but God, in the realization of His moral and spiritual wonders, respects not persons. There is a providence in human destiny. The great masters in religion, science, and literature, have, in many cases, been raised from the humblest classes. The mighty agencies by which progress has been effected in the different departments of terrestrial affairs, have been of comparatively mean origin. God frequently works from the bottom of society upwards. With unfaltering decision Ruth chose God and His people. Dark was her future, and crowded with unseen difficulties. She entered the path of religion poor, and God raised her to affluence. By a series of remarkable circumstances she was led into the company, and ultimately became the wife, of Boaz; and, amid the plenty with which God blessed her, she was prompt to supply the wants of her aged mother-in-law. To relieve the necessities of a widowed parent is one of the noblest privileges of youth, and never does a young man appear more truly great, than when, placed himself in circumstances of comfort, he generously relieves the necessities of her whose tender care trained him amid the helplessness and waywardness of infancy and youth. God gave Ruth a son, and they named him Obed. Obed was the father of Jesse, and Jesse was the father of David. Thus poor Ruth became one of that illustrious line from which descended the Redeemer of the world,—a poor Moabitess, trained in the midst of idolatry, by her lovely and decided piety, was dignified to become one of the ancestors of our Lord.

Would that we could impress the youthful readers of this paper with the fact, that union with God and His people has in it the means and elements of moral grandeur, usefulness, and bliss. It implies a renunciation of sin, and the mere pleasures of time, as unsatisfying; and, compared with the pleasures of religion, worthless. It raises the mind from the perishable to the immortal, from the fleeting to the enduring, from the finite to the infinite, from earth to heaven. It identifies man with a cause—for unfolding which every thing in nature, Providence, and grace, is consciously or unconsciously working. There is a power in it ever operating upon the whole man; surrounding him like a wall of brass in the hour of temptation, and raising him from the dead levels of time to the heights of eternity. Tell us not of the church's infirmities; every thing human bears the impress of

infirmity. Yet marred and disfigured as the church's beauty is, she is the special object of God's love, the special subject of God's power, and the special illustration of God's grace. Her perfected condition will be in heaven; where, in her glorified members, she will exhibit the greatness of that grace which God communicates to rebel man through the one offering of His Son.

(*To be continued.*)

"I THOUGHT IT WAS MY MOTHER'S VOICE."

A FRIEND told me, not long ago, an incident illustrative of the power of kind words. A good lady, living in one of our large cities, was passing a gin-palace just as the barman was thrusting a young man out into the street. He was very young, and very pale; but his haggard face, and wild eyes, told that he was very far gone in the road to ruin, as with horrid oaths he brandished his clenched fists, swearing that he would be revenged upon the man who had so ill-used him. This poor young man was so excited and blinded with passion, that he did not see the lady, who stood very near to him, until she laid her hand upon his arm, and spoke, in her gentle, loving voice, asking him what was the matter.

At the first kind word the young man started as though a heavy blow had struck him, and turned quickly round, paler than before, and trembling from head to foot. He surveyed the lady for a moment, and then, with a sigh of relief, he said,—

"I thought it was my mother's voice; it sounded so strangely like it. But her voice has been hushed in death for many years."

"You had a mother, then," said the lady; "and she loved you?"

With that sudden revulsion of feeling which often comes to people of fine nervous temperaments, the young man burst into tears, and sobbed out, "O, yes! I had an angel mother, and she loved her boy; but since she died, all the world has been against me, and I am lost: lost to good society, lost to honour, lost to decency, and lost for ever!"

"No, not lost for ever; for God is merciful, and His pitying love can reach the chief of sinners," said the lady, in her low, sweet voice; and the timely words swept the hidden chords of feeling which had been untouched in the young man's heart so long, thrilling it with magic power, and awakening a host of tender emotions, which had been buried very deep beneath the rubbish of sin and crime.

More gentle words the lady spoke, and when she passed on her way the young man followed her. He marked the house where she entered, and wrote the name which was on the door-plate in his little memorandum-book. Then he walked slowly away, with a deep, earnest look on his white face; and deeper, more earnest feelings in his aching heart.

Years glided by, and the gentle lady had quite forgotten the incident we have related, when one day a stranger sent up his card, and desired to see her. Wondering much who it could be, she went down to the parlour, where she found a fine-looking, well-dressed man, who rose deferentially to meet her. "Pardon me," he said, "Madam, for this intrusion; but I have come many miles to thank you for the great service you rendered me a few years ago," said he, in a trembling voice.

The lady was puzzled, and asked for an explanation, as she did not remember ever having seen the gentleman before.

"I have changed so much," said the man, "that you have quite forgotten me; but though I only saw your face once, I am sure I should

have recognized it anywhere. And your voice too; it is so like my mother's!"

Those last words made the lady remember the poor young man she had kindly spoken to in front of the gin-palace so long before, and she mingled her tears with those which were falling slowly over the man's cheeks. After the first gush of emotion had subsided, the gentleman sat down and told the lady how those few gentle words had saved him, and been instrumental in making him what he then was.

"The earnest expression of 'No, not lost for ever,' followed me wherever I went," said he; "and it always seemed that it was the voice of my mother speaking to me from the tomb. I repented of my many transgressions, and resolved to live as Jesus and my mother would be pleased to have me; and by the mercy and grace of God I have been enabled to resist temptation, and to keep my good resolutions."

"Thank God!" exclaimed the lady; "I never dreamed there was such power in a few kind words before; and surely, ever after this, I shall take more pains to speak them to all the sad and suffering ones I meet in the walks of life."

BEAUTY.

"How beautiful is all this visible world,
How glorious in its action and itself!"

YES, there is beauty everywhere! Hill and valley, glen and forest; the glad waters sparkling in the sunlight, the cataract flinging rainbow-wreaths of spray on fern and wild-flower; the cloud, the sunset,—all are radiant with beauty. Why has God thus made material things to minister to our enjoyment by their harmony with our sense of loveliness, or wildness, or sublimity? Why has He implanted that exquisite perception of beauty and grace, which, in the refined and cultivated mind, is a source of such intense gratification? Surely in external nature we have bright traces of our Creator's goodness!

"We are taught
By stars and sunsets, and soft clouds that rove
The blue expanse,
That Nature's God hath left no spot unbless'd
With founts of beauty for the eye of love."

And wherefore? That hearts absorbed in the cares and sorrows of life, may learn lessons of hope and trust. That, gazing on the glorious pageantry of earth and sky, the gorgeousness of summer sunsets, the magnificence of night's canopy, the purple cloudland, the far-stretching forest, the everlasting hills,—they may see the hand of One who is all-wise, and all-powerful. That in every simple wild-flower they may read a Father's love; and in every ray of light, or honeyed dew-drop, behold a Father's benediction. That "considering the lilies" they may cease from wasting anxieties, and be won from earthly cares to an appreciation of eternal realities.

But is it so? How few discern in eternal things types of our mysterious spiritual nature! How few comprehend these symbols of an inner life, though traced in the brightest characters; or read the attributes of Jehovah, though so radiantly manifested in His works, from the most "delicate leaf," which is "silently feeding on the great air-field around it," and whose "every fibre is vibrating to the quickening influence of the light,"—to the loftiest mountains with their solemn unexplored gorges, and their torrents dashing from the wildest steeps! A vivid appreciation of all that is beautiful, or graceful, or sublime, may co-exist with the utmost darkness of the moral nature; an untamed will, a perverted understanding, a depraved heart, a callous indifference

to everything spiritual or Divine. And we see daily that it is so, and wonder that they whose ears are attuned to all the harmonies of creation should be deaf to the voice of their Redeemer; and that, whilst revelling in the wondrous magnificence of earth's glorious temple, they yet offer no sacrifices at its Creator's shrine.

Yet, with the book of God's revelation before us, why should we wonder? No amount of intellectual culture, or mental development, or potent idiosyncrasy, was ever sufficient to lead man to the cross of Christ. Too often the tendency of æsthetic pursuits is to exalt him in his own esteem, and thus to foster a disposition alien to that spirit of humility required by the Gospel. Yet the cultivated and refined, equally with the lowest and most degraded of his species, inherits the same corrupt nature, and is exposed to the same judicial curse. For each there is but one way of salvation, but one Saviour, but one path to eternal life. Whatever his external circumstances, or his intellectual status, he is, in the sight of God, a rebel and an alien. He has not submitted himself to the "righteousness of God." He has not experienced "repentance toward God, and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ." He has not offered himself on that "altar" which "sanctifies the gift;" nor realized in his inmost soul that spiritual life, without which all is dark, and void, and aimless. For it is only as the heart of man has communion with the "Father of Lights" that he is raised to "newness of life," and is enabled to apprehend, in all their glorious significance, "the things of God."

Eastington. ADELINE.

AN APOLOGY FOR ASSES.

We have a signal display of the Divine goodness to man in subjecting brute creatures to his use. To a great extent they supply him with clothing and with food; they assist him in the cultivation of the soil; they convey him from one place to another; in many cases they protect him from harm,—for the dog is wakeful and on the alert when his master sleeps, and gives a loud alarm when he hears the footfall of the nightly robber.

These benefits are too often enjoyed without any grateful acknowledgment to the Giver of all good; and without any kindly feeling towards the dumb creatures who thus minister to our convenience and necessity. Yet man's dominion over the inferior animals was never intended to be a tyranny; and for every act of cruelty an account must be rendered to the Lord of all. "The cattle upon a thousand hills," as well as the cattle that are employed in domestic use, belong alike to Him; and it is a great sin against Him to inflict upon them unnecessary pain, to withhold from them the food which their several natures require, and to extort from them a greater amount of labour than they are well able to yield. To the Hebrew people Almighty God said, "Thou shalt not muzzle the ox when he treadeth (or thresheth) out the corn." (Deut. xxv. 4.) It is also said, "A righteous man regardeth the life of his beast: but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruel." (Prov. xii. 10.) By a humane treatment of the inferior animals, "a righteous man" imitates the great Parent of all, who heareth "the young ravens when they cry," who observes every sparrow that falls to the ground, and whose "tender mercies are over all His works." Strictly speaking, brute creatures are not the property of mankind. They belong to God, who subjects them to our use; but who will certainly call to "a sharp reckoning" every man and every boy, who, either through selfishness or for sport, puts them to unnecessary pain and torture.

Among the various animals that render service to mankind, the ass is worthy of special notice. It has not the strength, the swiftness, the activity, the sprightliness of the horse; yet it occupies a position of considerable utility. How often do we see this patient and unassuming creature carrying an aged man, not indeed at the speed of an express train on a railway, but with gentleness and good heed; and how often do we see it carrying a heavy burden, to the great relief of its owner, who must otherwise sweat and groan under its pressure! Frequently also do we see the ass drawing a small cart, laden with sand, potatoes, coals, firewood, or some other useful article; thus providing means of subsistence for some poor family, consisting, perhaps, of an aged man and woman, and of their fatherless grandchildren, who would otherwise live upon private charity, or be sent to the parish workhouse. The labour of the ass secures for them what they feel to be an honourable independence. The cost of its support is inconsiderable; for the hardy beast requires no such stable as the squire provides for his pampered horse; but will spend the night in the open air, amuse itself with its homely music, and live upon coarse fare. It does, indeed, "know the master's crib," but often finds it empty; and will then make a frugal meal upon a thistle, which no other animal cares to touch.

Since the time of Balaam no ass, we believe, has been known to complain of hard treatment, or to utter a word of remonstrance, either when a company of mischievous lads have sought their amusement in tormenting it, or when its unfeeling master has belaboured its hide with a heavy stick, while it was exerting its utmost strength in dragging a heavy load up a steep hill, on a hot summer day. Could "the dumb ass" now "speak," it would tell many a tale of woe. But as silence is imposed upon it, may I be permitted to say a few words in its behalf? I would then suggest that when a parcel of boys are found tormenting an ass, in sport, they should be subjected to a good horse-whipping; and that when a poor ass finds it difficult to draw the cart up a steep hill, the master, instead of wearing out his stick by a succession of heavy blows upon the poor animal, should himself lend a helping hand, and not require his four-legged servant to perform impossibilities, by putting forth more strength than it possesses.

One reason that is usually assigned for the harshness and contempt with which the ass is treated, is its alleged stupidity; so that a dull scholar is often compared to this unfortunate beast. It is said that when Mr. Charles Wesley was once giving a lesson to his daughter, he said, somewhat hastily, "Sarah, you are as stupid as an ass!" She cast an imploring look upon him, at which his relentings kindled, and he finished the sentence by adding, "And as patient."

I am not, however, satisfied that the ass is really so stupid as many people imagine. I have seen an ass defend itself with an archness and effect which to me have been very amusing, and which I have seldom seen equalled by any other animal. One example I will mention. Some years ago, I was going to a place of worship in the neighbourhood of London, on a fine morning in spring. There had been heavy rain in the night, so that the road was wet and miry. A youth, pretty far advanced in his teens, was riding upon an ass just before me. It betrayed no unwillingness to carry him, though he was well able to walk. He was not satisfied to enjoy his ride at the animal's expense, but sought amusement by pricking its skin, and causing it to wince. The ass bore his insolence for a time with great patience; but at

length calmly put its chin between its knees, suddenly threw up its hind-quarters, and at once laid the youth all his length in the dirt, effectually spoiling his new coat and trousers. The ass cheerfully trotted on, shaking its head, apparently feeling that it had done two good things. It had got rid of its burden, and inflicted condign punishment upon an offender. It is very likely that the youth would afterwards beat the ass for what it had done; but I will be bold to say that he would never treat it in the same manner again, especially on a Sunday morning, so as to run the risk of spoiling his best clothes.

Now here I cannot but think that the stupidity was not in the ass, but in the human biped, who sought his amusement in the ass's misery, and by the ass was righteously punished. In other words, he received a lesson of practical wisdom from a donkey.

London. AN OLD MAN.

"AS GOOD AS MY NEIGHBOUR."

A HOME-MISSIONARY at Walsall, relates:—When pressing an old man to go to a place of worship, which he had neglected for many years, he said, "I think I am quite as good as many who go regularly, and as safe too; for they can drink, and swear, and cheat all the week after." I answered, "My dear friend, it will be but poor comfort on your dying-bed to know that you are as good and safe as drunkards, blasphemers, and cheats. You know that if they die in that state, they must go to hell; and, if you are only as good and as safe as they, what must be your doom?" This seemed to startle him a good deal; and I proceeded to show him the evil resulting from looking at other people's conduct and neglecting our own; and urged him to take the word of God for his guide, and not the actions of sinful men. I strove to impress him with a sense of his own guilt, and consequent need of a Saviour, and read and quoted many passages of Scripture bearing on this point. He seemed to feel very keenly these remarks, and said, "I do see, Sir, that I have been acting the fool's part. I have been sitting in judgment upon others, and neglecting myself. I sincerely thank you for your timely warning; and, God helping me, it shall not be lost on me in time to come." I have since learned that he goes regularly now to a place of worship.

EVERY HOUSE HAS ITS CROSS.

A WIDOWED lady was almost in despair from the variety of hindrances, vexations, and disappointments she had to endure. She was quite overwhelmed with her domestic crosses, and had scarcely the heart to go on with her daily conflicts. "No other roof," she complained, "is so constantly beset with misery as mine." She had no idea that any neighbour of hers was half so crossed as herself; judging, as she did, from outward appearances. But it pleased God to teach her a lesson, through the instrumentality of a dream, which was the wholsomest medicine of which she could have partaken.

In the middle of one night she dreamed that a whole town stood before her, and every house in it bore a cross against its door: on one it was a very large one; on the next it was of less size; and on others, though they were very few, it was but a small one. Among all the crosses, however, none appeared to her so inconsiderable and light to carry, as that at her own door. She awoke a new creature. What she had seen she had understood; and she recollected Christ's saying, "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow Me." She fell down upon her knees at once, and prayed God to pardon her for her complaining, murmuring, repining spirit; and besought Him to release her from it, and fill her with a spirit of patience, submissiveness, and content with His orderings. And she implored Him also to endow her with His strengthening grace to bear her cross; which from that hour forward she found to be light, as compared with the cross her own weakness had given her to bear. "Yes," she exclaimed, "'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me;' for His 'yoke is easy, and His burden is light.'"

STRONG CHARACTERS.

STRENGTH of character consists of two things: power of will, and power of self-restraint. It requires two things, therefore, for its existence: strong feelings, and strong command over them. Now it is here we make a great mistake; we mistake strong feelings for strong character. A man who bears all before him, before whose frown domestics tremble, and whose bursts of fury make the children of the household quake; because he has his will obeyed, and his own way in all things, we call him a "strong man." The truth is, that he is the weak man; it is his passions that are strong: he, mastered by them, is weak.

You must measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him. And hence composure is very often the highest result of strength. Did we never see a man receive a flagrant insult, and only grow a little pale, and then reply quietly? That is a man spiritually strong. Or did we ever see a man in anguish, stand as if carved out of solid rock, mastering himself? Or one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, and never tell the world what cankered his home-peace? That is strength. He who, with strong passions, remains chaste; he who, keenly sensitive, with manly powers of indignation in him, can be provoked, and yet restrain himself, and forgive,—these are the strong men.

THE DISGUISE WITHDRAWN.

A POOR wayfaring man of grief
Hath often cross'd me on my way,
Who sued so humbly for relief,
That I could never answer, Nay:
I had not power to ask his name,
Whither he went, or whence he came,
Yet there was something in his eye
That won my love, I knew not why.

Once, when my scanty meal was spread,
He enter'd; not a word he spake;
Just perishing for want of bread,
I gave him all; he bless'd it, brake,
And ate; but gave me part again:
Mine was an angel's portion then;
For, while I fed with eager haste,
That crust was manna to my taste.

I spied him, where a fountain burst
Clear from the rock; his strength was gone;
The heedless water mock'd his thirst,
He heard it, saw it hurrying on:
I ran to raise the sufferer up;
Thrice from the stream he drain'd my cup,
Dipt, and return'd it running o'er;
I drank, and never thirsted more.

'Twas night; the floods were out; it blew
A winter hurricane aloof;
I heard his voice abroad, and flew
To bid him welcome to my roof:
I warm'd, I clothed, I cheer'd my guest,
Laid him on my own couch to rest;
Then made the hearth my bed, and seem'd
In Eden's garden while I dream'd.

Stript, wounded, beaten, nigh to death,
I found him by the highway-side:
I roused his pulse, brought back his breath,
Revived his spirit, and supplied
Wine, oil, refreshment; he was heal'd:
I had myself a wound concealed;
But from that hour forgot the smart,
And peace bound up my broken heart.

In prison I saw him next, condemn'd
To meet a traitor's death at morn:
The tide of lying tongues I stemm'd,
And honour'd him midst shame and scorn:
My friendship's utmost zeal to try,
He ask'd if I for him would die?
The flesh was weak, my blood ran chill;
But the free spirit cried, "I will."

Then in a moment to my view,
The Stranger darted from disguise;
The tokens in His hands I knew,
My Saviour stood before mine eyes!
He spake, and my poor name He named;
"Of Me thou hast not been ashamed;
These deeds shall thy memorial be;
Fear not; thou didst them unto Me."

Scripture Scenes.

THE OLD-TESTAMENT HISTORY OF JERUSALEM.

JERUSALEM, literally signifying "*habitation of peace*," the Jewish capital of Palestine, is mentioned very early in

Scripture. The Salem of which Melchizedek was King, is supposed to have stood on a portion of the site afterwards occupied by Jerusalem. By the word "Salem," the Psalmist calls it in Psalm lxxvi. 2.

The name Jerusalem first occurs in Josh. x. 1, where Adoni-zedec, King of Jerusalem, is mentioned as having entered into an alliance with other kings against Joshua, by whom they were all overcome.

In drawing the northern border of Judah, we find Jerusalem again mentioned. This border ran through the valley of Ben Hinnom; the country on the south of it, as Bethlehem, belonged to Judah; but the mountain of Zion, forming the northern wall of the valley, and occupied by the Jebusites, appertained to Benjamin. Among the cities of Benjamin, therefore, is also mentioned (Josh. xviii. 28) "Jebusi, which is Jerusalem."

After the death of Joshua, when there remained for the children of Israel much to conquer in Canaan, the Lord directed Judah to fight against the Canaanites; and they took Jerusalem, smote it with the edge of the sword, and set it on fire. After that, the Judaites and the Benjamites dwelt with the Jebusites at Jerusalem; for it is recorded that the children of Judah could not drive out the Jebusites inhabiting Jerusalem; and we are further informed that the children of Benjamin did not expel them from Jerusalem. Probably the Jebusites were removed by Judah only from the lower city, but kept possession of the mountain of Zion, which David conquered at a later period. Jerusalem is not again mentioned till the time of Saul; when it is stated that David took the head of Goliath, and brought it to Jerusalem. After David, who had previously reigned over Judah alone in Hebron, was called to rule over all Israel, he led his forces against the Jebusites, and conquered the castle of Zion, which Joab first scaled. He then fixed his abode on this mountain, and called it "the city of David." Thither he carried the ark of the covenant, and there he built unto the Lord an altar in the threshing-floor of Araunah, the Jebusite, on the place where the angel stood who threatened Jerusalem with pestilence.

The reason which led David to fix upon Jerusalem as the metropolis of his kingdom was its being in his own tribe of Judah, in which his influence was the strongest; while it was the nearest to the other tribes of any site he could have chosen in Judah. The peculiar strength also of the situation, enclosed on three sides by a natural trench of valleys, would not be without weight.

The promise made to David received its accomplishment when Solomon built his temple upon Mount Moriah. By him and his father Jerusalem had been made the imperial residence of the King of all Israel: and the temple, often called "the house of Jehovah," constituted it at the same time the residence of the King of kings, the Supreme Head of the theocratical state, whose vicegerents the human kings were taught to regard themselves. It now belonged, even less than a town of the Levites, to a particular tribe: it was the centre of all civil and religious affairs; the very place of which Moses spoke, Deut. xii. 5: "The place which the Lord your God shall choose out of all your tribes to put His name there, even unto His habitation shall ye seek, and thither thou shalt come."

(To be continued.)

Narratives.

SHOH AND FATMEH, EGYPTIAN SCHOLARS.

In a little volume on *Ragged Life in Egypt*, by a member of "the Society for Promoting Female Education in the East," recently published, some singularly interesting statements of the success which attended the well-directed efforts of its agent in Cairo are given.

At first it was thought by many, that a school for Moslem girls would be a failure; but, on the second day of its opening, fourteen scholars attended. One little thing was led in by an elder sister, a fine, tall girl, about fourteen or fifteen, wearing the common blue cotton-garment, with its limp drapery, and a pink net one within it, and what resembled some-

one's old table-cloth, upon her head. This was Shoh!

We did not know at this time that Shoh was married, and only supposed she thought herself too old to come to school, though manifestly wishing to do so. She came in and out; listening and smiling, and at last, about noonday, again returned, bringing an infant brother, in a very dirty condition, riding on her shoulder, and a quantity of oranges in the end of her veil. These last she poured into my lap, being a present to show her good-will; and, at almost the same instant, the baby was adroitly lowered from the shoulder and popped upon the floor, with a bit of sugar-cane stuffed into its little hand; while Shoh planted herself triumphantly on the mat at my feet, and, seizing an alphabet-card, began repeating, "Alef—beh" in an under-tone.

The love of learning, or curiosity to see and hear something new, had conquered matronly dignity, and from that time she paid frequent visits to the school.

Though a matron, even of fifteen, could not be expected to be a regular attendant at school, my young friend Shoh did her best to come when she could. At first her husband beat her for coming; but when he was in a better humour, or absent with his donkey, she would run across the lane, and enter the school, with a triumphant expression in her odd, bright face, and seat herself, with a card in her hand, upon the mat. But she was too full of questions to give steady attention to the alphabet; and, as there was little probability of her staying long enough to learn to read, I was glad to let her get what knowledge she could in her own way. After a time the husband gave her permission to come, when not engaged in household work; and often she would rush into school, her hands all white with flour from bread-making, or with a piece of needlework on her arm (for she could sew in the coarse style used by native women, and soon improved very much in this branch).

The worthy Syrian matron, Um Usuf, (that is, Joseph's mother, as she was always called,) had now taken charge of the school, as her daughter, Menni, was found too young to be my sole teacher; and this good woman, whom I had reason to believe a sincere Christian, took much pains to talk to Shoh; and while the younger children were eating their bread at noon, I used to make Menni read aloud part of the Gospel, or of a simple Arabic tract, to Shoh, and some of the older scholars.

The matron was fully imbued with the Gospel doctrines, and pretty well acquainted with Scripture; at least, with the New Testament; but was quite inexperienced in teaching. I often wished she could have had a little of the training afforded by one of our Dublin or London ragged-schools; but, as it was, we rather resembled the men in "Sandford and Merton;" one of whom was lame, but could *see;* the other blind, but with good legs; who got along the road by assisting each other. So with a superintendent deficient in language, and a teacher inexperienced in teaching, we were one blind, and the other lame. However, pains were not wanting, and made up for some deficiencies.

One day I allowed Shoh to pay me a private visit, which she thought a great privilege. Robinson Crusoe's man Friday could hardly have been more astonished and delighted at the very simple, and even scanty, furniture of the apartment. The curtains of white cotton, bound with red, seemed splendid in her eyes; the *home-made* pictures, fastened with pins to the whitewashed walls; the toilet, formed of a *kafass* covered with chintz, and the general air of cleanliness and order, made it appear a luxurious room to poor Shoh, accustomed to a mud-walled and dirty abode in the neighbouring densely-peopled lane. A small work-box, with its contents, delighted her as much as if she had been a child of two years old; and when she drew from it a yard-measure made of a polished shell, and found out the mystery of pulling out and winding up the ribbon in it, her ecstasy knew no bounds, and she clapped herself violently on the chest, as if to knock the breath out of her body, rolling up her eyes, and exclaiming, "Wonderful! wonderful!"

It was pleasant to see, with all her childishness, how new ideas gradually began to take root; and though her

versatility would often cause her to interrupt her teachers, just as her attention seemed fixed, by observing, "Let me try your ring on my finger: I want to see your thimble," &c.; still she would return after a time to the subject; and she soon learned to associate the book of God with the school and with us: and it is surely something gained when the Bible is known as our flag and insignia, as it were, among an ignorant neighbourhood such as this! On a subsequent visit, Shoh took up the English Bible which lay on the table, and asked what it was; and I took the opportunity to explain that, though in another language, it was the same as the book Um Usuf read to her in school, and tried to impress her with a sense of its value. She asked more questions than I was able to answer, and seemed interested and pleased by the conversation.

It was very amusing to see the young matron's delight when, after an absence of several days, she obtained time or permission to make her appearance among us again. She bounced in with such a look of joyous triumph, seized my hand to kiss as usual, and then skipped round the room, nodding to the scholars, till at length she flung herself down in a corner, pulled the yellow kerchief off her head, in order to show that her plaited locks were clean and neat; then sprung up again, and ran to the window-seat, where soap and water stood, to wash her hands; holding them up significantly, as if to say, "I know you are fanciful about cleanliness;" and finally snatched up a card from the shelf, and commenced repeating her alphabet aloud. I made her a present of a small pair of scissors, having lately received a parcel of them from England; and certainly the superstition about edge tools cutting love did not prove right in this case, for poor Shoh's regard had not diminished when I parted from her, and her joy at the gift was unbounded. She held them aloft, gazing with comic admiration at their brightness, pressed them to her heart at the risk of wounding herself, and finally relieved her excited feelings by catching Menni round the neck, and half-suffocating her in a warm embrace, while she repeated, "The scissors! the scissors!"

Poor Shoh was not fortunate in a mother, as I soon discovered. We were engaged in singing one day,—the children beginning to get some notion of a tune, and Shoh's hearty, though somewhat unmusical, voice joining us,—when an ugly, blear-eyed, old woman, walked in with an extremely dirty child, of two years' old, on her shoulder. Having deposited him on the floor, she squatted down, and began to make her observations. These visiters were Shoh's mother and her youngest brother; for they were a very numerous family. When we ceased singing, the old woman began to talk, and I gathered from her voluble speech that more children would attend school if the mothers did not fear that we should carry them off to England.

I exclaimed indignantly against the idea of being engaged in a kidnapping transaction. "Listen, O woman! We have girls plenty in our country; more girls than we want. Why should we take yours?"

Shoh presently interposed, assuring her mother that she had seen pictures of the lady's own "bint ocht," or sister's daughters; so little, and pretty, and nice! "*She* want *yours*, indeed!" pointing, rather scornfully, to her young countryfolk; who really, if clean and neatly clad, would have looked quite as well, in their way, as any set of English children; though we had no desire to carry them away!

Um Usuf and I did our best to explain that we had not only children, but schools in our land; and that our poor girls were taught to read and to know God in them.

"Here your girls are not taught, so we have come to teach them."

"O, there was a Frank school kept by French nuns," the old woman said, "where several Copt girls went."

"That is not like ours," I replied: "those ladies teach the children to bow before pictures and images; they are '*servants of idols!*'* (the common Arab term for the Catholics,) and God's book is not read in their schools. But here we have no images, and only pray to God."

We endeavoured to show that it was not for our own benefit, but for the

* Abdul Soona.

children's, that we acted; but it is difficult to make people who are unaccustomed to receive any gratuitous benefit, beyond a mere trifling alms, understand such a course of action; and Shoh's mother looked as though she had both literally and figuratively grovelled in the dust too long to believe in any unselfish or generous affections.

But Shoh herself listened eagerly; and, after a while, whispered to Menni, looking across at me, with a meaning expression,—

"Does *she* love me?"

"Ya habeeby!" (O, my dear!) "certainly I do; and all of you. I want you to go to heaven with me, Shoh!"

The girl's eyes, as she listened to this reply, had that touching look which we observe sometimes in a very little child, when its dawning intellect begins faintly to perceive regions of thought which it cannot fathom. It is curious to note this strange questioning, wistful look in a grown person,—if poor Shoh could be so called, indeed. We may have long to wait, for the difficulties that surround her are many; but surely God has purposes of mercy for her sooner or later.

(*To be concluded.*)

Readings in History.

"WILLIAM THE SILENT."

(*Concluded from page 58.*)

As a Member of the Council of State, William of Orange steadily and resolutely resisted the various measures and schemes of Philip for the introduction of the Inquisition into the Netherlands. But contrary to his advice, and that of other great nobles who were associated with him as advisers of the Government, it was introduced, and commenced its sad work. He then employed every means within his power to mitigate its penalties, and to remove it altogether from the country; but finally, failing to change or over-turn the purpose of the fanatical King, he withdrew from the Council of State, and washed his hands of all complicity with the great crime. Under the action of this bloody institution, while the imprisonments, beheadings, and burnings were going forward, and thousands of the best subjects of the King were annually perishing, and other thousands were seeking asylums in foreign countries, trade languished, and commerce and business of all kinds became stagnant. William did what he could to stay the tide of revolution in the Netherlands, and by his influence alone, for years, kept resistance to the atrocious measures of the King in check; and thus, though resisting the wicked measures of the King, was his best and most loyal subject. But, at length, when he became aware of the fact, through his system of espionage, that the King meditated his own destruction, and that of Counts Horn and Egmont, who were associated with him in resisting the King's folly against his subjects; and when he knew that the Duke of Alva, the newly-appointed Regent of the King, had orders to arrest and speedily execute him, after warning his associates, he withdrew from the Netherlands into Germany.

Before leaving his country, he had, however, fully committed his mind to the duty of resisting, by force of arms, the measures of the King. And to this end he endeavoured to commit Egmont and Horn, the other two great signiors of the Netherlands, as his associates in the work,—not only of saving his innocent countrymen, but the ancient and *chartered liberties* of his country.

The Netherlands, more than any other country of Europe, up to the period of the investiture of the imperial purple by Charles V., was in possession and enjoyment of chartered liberty. "Their handversts" and "joyful entrées" contained a very full guaranty of the communities against the domination of the clergy, the imposition of foreigners into the offices; and, also, secured the right of trial in the civil and criminal courts *openly* to all citizens; and further provided that, after proper protest, the states were discharged from their oaths of fidelity to the Sovereign. The resistance, then,

proposed by William of Orange to the crown of Philip, was but the defence of the *rights of conscience* and *civil freedom as guaranteed by the ancient charters*. He entered the lists on these issues, and these alone, with the most powerful and renowned monarch of Europe; and as such he stands out on the page of history as one of the greatest and noblest defenders of liberty. And further, for the exposition of true liberty in his State papers, and its exemplification, in his intercourse with men, he was a "burning and shining light."

On arriving in Germany to prosecute the cause of his country, he met with a coldness enough to intimidate a less resolute spirit. All persons, from the Emperor down to the pettiest potentate, seemed now of opinion that the Prince had better pause. "Your Highness must sit still," said Landgrave William. "Your Highness must sit still," said Augustus of Saxony. "Your Highness must sit still," said the Emperor. "Not a soldier—horse, foot, or dragoon—shall be levied within the empire. If you violate the peace of the realm, and embroil us with our excellent brother Philip, it is at your own peril." But the Prince of Orange knew how much effect his sitting still would produce upon the cause of liberty and religion. He knew that the more impenetrable the darkness now gathering over that devoted land of doom, which he consecrated his life to defend, the more urgently was he forbidden to turn his face away from it in its affliction. He knew that thousands of human souls, nigh to perishing, were daily turning toward him as their only hope on earth; and he was resolved, as long as he could dispense a single ray, his countenance should never be averted from their glorious cause.

The Duke of Alva had fully entered upon his bloody career. A fresh arrival of Spanish soldiers to aid in subjecting the cities and provinces to the Inquisition had taken place. Counts Horn and Egmont had, in fulfilment of the machinations of Philip, been beheaded, on the pretext of treason, in the great square of Brussels. Cities had already been reduced, on account of their love and attachment to their ancient liberties, and their hatred of the Inquisition, and had been given up to the pillage and lust of the worst class of soldiers in the world; troops were systematically introduced into others; and general dismay had seized upon the people. At this juncture of affairs, all eyes turned for relief toward the absent patriot. The Prince, by almost superhuman exertion, and at his own expense, notwithstanding the coldness of the German Princes, succeeded in raising and equipping an army of thirty thousand troops, with which he took the field against the Spaniards. On taking the field, he issued a declaration of war, and boldly proclaimed his purposes and his hopes, calling upon his countrymen to rally around his standard "to avert the danger of perpetual slavery to themselves and their children, and the entire overthrow of the evangelical religion."

The contest of arms now fairly entered upon by the Prince, was continued with a terrible pertinacity, and with variations of successes and adversities, during a period of sixteen years; when his career was terminated by assassination, procured by his baffled adversaries. During this long contest, William had matched against him, the Regents of Philip, the Duke of Alva, Requesene, Don John of Austria, and Alexander of Parma,—men who have come to be regarded among the first of the military Captains of that warlike age, or of any age. Yet his great capacity, steadiness of aim, great coolness, masterly strategy, and unconquerable purpose, enabled him not only to retain the unabated confidence of his countrymen, but to outwit, out-manage, and beat his adversaries, and at the end of this period, remain master of the situation; and to bequeath a contest with the hated Spanish power for over sixty years longer.

During this long career William was as impregnable to the blandishments and gold of his foes as he was to their arms. Philip, finding an antagonist on his hands who was never conquered by his most renowned Generals, but who was always the strongest, notwithstanding the prowess of his disciplined and veteran troops, sought to conquer him by blandishments and gold. The offer of "pardon, honour, gold, and gear, with all other prosperity," had no weight with "William

the Silent." And while the Aerschots, the Meluns, the Lalians, and a swarm of other nobles, had their price; he stood erect, proclaiming that "neither for property, nor for life; neither for wife, nor for children, would he mix in his cup a single drop of treason." He had but one object in view, to gain which he had consecrated all, and risked all; and from the attainment of which no temptation, no adversity, could turn him aside for a single moment. This was the freedom of the Fatherland,— THE RIGHT OF THE PEOPLE TO THEIR CHARTERS AND THEIR CONSCIENCES. For this he lived, for this he fought, and for this he died. And he left a fame,—in goodness, wisdom, and manly honour, more imperishable than the dikes of the country,—as imperishable as the country itself. "As long as he lived, he was the guiding-star of a whole brave nation; and when he died, the little children cried in the streets."

Our Home Work.

WHAT CAN I DO IN THE CAUSE OF CHRIST?

WHAT can I do in the cause of Christ? This is a very fitting question for every Methodist to ask himself. One thing is certain, there is much to be done before the beautiful and blessed design of our Saviour's manifestation is accomplished,—the destruction of the works of the devil. Satan reigns with undisturbed sway in the hearts of multitudes of our own countrymen. Sin is openly and unblushingly practised; the law of God is ignored, His holy Sabbaths profaned, and His house constantly neglected by many of our neighbours and friends. Why does this state of things continue? We are too apt to seek for the cause out of ourselves, instead of saying, "Lord, is it I?" What have I done? What am I doing? What can I do? are questions worthy our most careful consideration. Probably most of us are filling the present with regrets about the past. There may be some truth, in a Christian point of view, in that well-known sentence,—

"Things without remedy
Should be without regard: what's done, is done."

Although memories of the past are both wise and well, but if our regrets don't lead to reformation it is no use letting them make the present a constant vexation; a Marah, and nothing more. This is too often the case. We cannot always be drinking the bitter waters of reflection without having our dispositions soured, and our countenance marked with the lines of discontent. Let us allow memory and the Holy Spirit to turn every sin—sin of omission, and commission—into gall; but do more than this: let the ever-blessed Spirit cast the tree of life into it; this will make the bitterest waters sweet, and the present pleasant. Then we will leave the questions, What have I done? What am I doing? and try to answer the third iniquiry, What can I do? The Minister's work is clearly marked out in the sacred volume; we, therefore, offer no suggestions to the ambassador of the Cross. In our church we have a noble band of men; men "whose hearts the Lord hath touched;" who, after the labours of the week, gladly go to preach Jesus on the Sabbath. Pulpit-preparation, with other church-duties, must afford them ample employment for their leisure hours. The Leaders of our people will find something to do, if they will carefully attend to the directions given to them in their own class-book; and the Sabbath-school teacher need never be found idle, if he adheres faithfully to the Divine injunction, "Feed My lambs." Passing by all who fill the offices to which we have referred, we venture to offer a few suggestions to the masses of our people, the private members of Society. Presuming you sincerely inquire, What can I do? we would answer:—

You can determine never to allow an A to be opposite your name in the class-book.— O! but you say, I cannot always get. My health is frequently feeble, my domestic duties are many, and I am sometimes from home. *This* is at once

admitted; but the letters S, for sick; B, for busy; D, for distant, will meet these cases. A, in a Methodist class-book, means "absent" when you could have been present. This is plain enough. Now will you determine to save your Leader for ever the pain of writing A opposite your name? Shall it, in future, be an understood thing between you and him, that whenever your seat in the class-room is vacant, you are either sick, busy, or from home? That you can conscientiously say, "I *couldn't* be present." You can do this. Will you? It would be doing a great good to our beloved Zion. What an excellent example it would be to those new converts, who have just commenced meeting! What an encouragement to your Leader, whose heart has often been heavy in consequence of absent members! What a benefit to the class! What a blessing to yourself!

Again: *You can determine, as often as possible, to be at the week-night services.*—In most chapels there are a preaching service, and a prayer-meeting, weekly. Don't let it be by accident or chance that you are present. Evince your love to God's house, and the means of grace, by being always there when circumstances will allow. Be quite certain that the cause of your absence is never in your *will*, nor in your feelings. Determine always to have a reason, not a mere excuse, for your absence. We cannot rightly estimate the good you may do in this way. The sight of Christians going to the sanctuary on the week-day, makes an indelible impression on the minds of the beholders; and the constant neglect of these means of grace on the part of professors, is not without its blighting effect upon themselves, and its withering influence upon those around them.

You can determine punctually and regularly to attend the Sabbath-services.—The five, six, or seven o'clock morning prayer-meeting, shall not be entirely forgotten by me. As a rule, I shall go twice to the preaching. I shall go punctually. Never again shall the devotions of God's people be disturbed by my stealing stealthily into the "courts of the Lord's house," conscious of being late; unless circumstances, over which I had no control, prevent me. How unseemly for a member of the church habitually to be absent when the first note of praise is struck! it attracts attention, calls forth remark, and secures for the party a most unenviable notoriety. "Did you see Mr. So-and-so come in this morning, after prayer; and Mrs. —— late as usual," are remarks made after service. As we have stood in the pulpit, and seen these constant late-comers walk up the aisle, we have grieved that such an example should be set by the experienced and the aged, teaching the young not to be punctual in their attendance at Divine worship.

You can determine to ask your neighbours and acquaintances to go with you to the house of God.—It is no uncommon thing to invite our companions and friends to go where we go. The servants of sin, and the devotees of pleasure, do it. Have not the regular attenders of the opera, theatre, and race-course, something to do in getting people present? Is not the inquiry, "Are you going to the play to-night," frequently made? "There's a splendid pantomime at the Haymarket, will you go?" And Epsom, Newmarket, and Doncaster, have obtained world-wide celebrity, by the question being a thousand times repeated, "Are you going to the races?" Men of the world "are wiser in their generation than the children of light." They know the effect of a simple question, or a kind entreaty. And do Christians not know it? Many readers of this will say, "I never should have gone to a Methodist chapel unless I had been invited." Then, my Christian friend, will you, in return for that kind invitation given you, invite your neighbours to accompany you to the house of God? And, it may be, you may find something to say in behalf of the Minister that would make the pulpit attractive. We all have our working companions, acquaintances, and neighbours; in some instances, neighbours that never attend a place of worship. Ask them to go. Add, to the simple asking, kind persuasion,—"Come, go with us:" affectionate entreaty,—"you'll never regret it: you'd better go." And—

> "If at first you don't succeed,
> Try, try, try again."

Let no family live near you, with whom you are acquainted, who never go to a place of worship, without asking them to go. Thus wipe away from the church the reproach cast upon her by these keen, cutting words, "No man careth for my soul." On suggesting this plan of filling God's house, I was met with the reply, "The people know there is a chapel." What marvellous indifference does this remark imply! How opposed to the spirit of earnest solicitation, as seen in the inquiry, "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good: for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel." Will you try this method of crowding your chapel? Suppose you worship with a congregation numbering eight hundred. There are three hundred private members of Society. Think you, that if each member repeated the inquiry seven times a week, all the year round, that the one hundred and nine thousand two hundred kind requests would be made in vain? Try it. We cannot hope that all will. If this simple plan were generally worked out, we venture to predict a great influx into our congregations and churches. Crowded chapels, not with occasional hearers when your most popular Minister preaches; but with constant listeners to words whereby they may be saved. "Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that My house may be filled."

Alford. N. R.

The Monitor.

THE BEGINNING AND THE END.*

EVERYTHING in this world has a beginning and an end.

After writing that sentence, which, as you see, sets forth a great general principle, I stopped for some time to consider whether it holds always true. As one grows older, one grows always more cautious as to general principles. My young friend, when you are arguing any question with an acute opponent, you should, as a rule, never assent to any general principles which he may state. He may ask you, with an indignant air, "Don't you admit that two and two make four?" Let your answer be, "No; I admit nothing till I see how it touches the matter which concerns us at present." You do not know what may be involved in the admission sought; or what may follow from it. The most innocent-looking general principle may lead to the most appalling consequences. The general principle which appears most unquestionably true, may prove glaringly false in some very ordinary case. You should request time for consideration before you admit any axiom in morals or metaphysics; or you should ask your adversary what he means to build upon it, before you can say either Yes, or No, to it. Do as the Scotch Judges do when a difficult case has been argued before them. I discover from the newspapers that they are wont to say, that they will take such a case to *avizandum;* which I suppose (no one ever told me) means that they must think twice, or even oftener, before deciding a matter like *that.*

Was it not Sir Isaac Newton who had a pet cat and kitten? And did not these animals annoy him while busy in his study, by frequently expressing their desire to be let out and in? The happy thought struck him, that he might save himself the trouble of often rising to open his study-door for their passage, by providing a way that should always be practicable for their exit or entrance. And accordingly the great man cut in his door a large hole for the cat to go out and in, and a small hole for the kitten. He failed to remember, what the stupidest bumpkin would have remembered, that the large hole through which the cat passed, might be made use of by the kitten too. And the illustrious philosopher discerned the error into which he had fallen, and the fatal objection to the principle on which he had acted, only, when taught it by the logic of facts. Having provided the holes already mentioned, he waited with pride to see the creatures pass through them for the first time,

* Abridged from a Paper by the Author of *The Recreations of a Country Parson.*

And as they arose from the rug before the fire, where they had been lying, and evinced a disposition to roam to other scenes, the great mind stopped in some sublime calculation; the pen was laid down; and all but the greatest man watched them intently. They approached the door; and discerned the provision made for their comfort. The cat went through the door by the large hole provided for her; and instantly the kitten followed her through the *same hole!* How the great man must have felt his error! There was no resisting the objection to the course he had pursued, that was brought forward by the act of the kitten. And it appears almost certain that if Newton, before committing himself by action, had argued the case, if he had stated the arguments in favour of the two holes, and if he had heard the housemaid on the other side, the error would have been averted. But, then, Newton had not the advantage which the Judge has; he had not the matter argued before him. He argued the matter on either side for himself; and he overlooked a very obvious and irrefragable consideration.

You and I, my reader, have many a time done what was perfectly analogous to the doing of Sir Isaac Newton. We have formed opinions, and expressed them; and we have done things, thinking we were doing wisely and right; just because we forgot something so plain that you would have said no mortal could forget it; something which showed that the opinion was idiotic, and the doing that of a fool.

And now, my friend, having laid down the broad principle with which this dissertation sets out, let me proceed to say, that it is one of the greatest blessings of this life, as well as one of the saddest things in this life, that there are such things as beginnings and ends.

There was a poor cabman at Paris who committed suicide not long ago. He left behind him a letter, explaining his reasons for the miserable deed. His letter expressed no violent feeling; spoke of no great blow that had befallen him. It is said that he ended his life because he was "weary of doing the same things over and over again every day." The poor man's mind was doubtless unhinged. Yet you see what he did, and how he nursed his insanity. He looked too far ahead. He saw all life as one expanse. He forgot that life is broken into many stages; that it is made up of beginnings and endings. He could not bring himself, for the time, to see it so. Each separate day he might have stood; but a thousand days held in prospect at once, beat him. It was as the bundle of rods was, so impossible to break; though each single rod might easily enough be broken. It was the fallacy which tells so heavily upon most public speakers,—that you stand in great awe of a crowd of a thousand or two thousand men, each of whom individually would inspire you with no awe at all.

Now, my readers, I know perfectly well that you have all known a feeling of weariness and almost of despair arise, when you looked far forward, and saw the long, weary way that seemed to stretch on and on before you in life. I believe that it is not so much what we are actually enduring at the time that prompts the cry, "Now, I can bear this no longer!" as some sudden, vivid glimpse of all this, lasting on, and on, and on. There are few lives in which it is not expedient to take "short views;" few minds that without weariness and depression can take in at one view any very great part of their life at once. Sometimes there comes on us the poor Frenchman's feeling: Here is the same round over, and over, and over; the occupations of each day are a circle, and we are just going round and round it like a horse in a mill. To-morrow will be like to-day, and then to-morrow, and the day after that; and so on, on, on. The feeling is a morbid one, and a wrong one; but is a common one.

(*To be continued.*)

Anecdotes.

THE BIBLE A TOKEN OF SAFETY.

At a Bible-meeting, lately held near [illegible], in Australia, one of the speakers mentioned the following striking fact, as showing the hope and confidence suddenly inspired, in a season of supposed

danger, by the unexpected discovery of a Bible :—

Captain Macdonald, at that meeting, mentioned a circumstance that had come under his own observation. When he was among the Fiji islands, he came to one place where he found that a vessel from California had been wrecked. The passengers and crew, in their fancied freedom from any danger, gave way to enjoyment; when suddenly their vessel struck on a reef, and became a complete wreck. Their horror could hardly be described, when, in the morning, they found themselves helpless among savages, who were once well known to regard whoever was cast on their coast as subjects of plunder and murder. Summoning all their courage, they made for shore, and went to the nearest hut, not knowing what was to become of them. On entering, the chief officer saw, lying on a board, one object that arrested his attention. It was not a club, nor a barbed spear, or a tomahawk: it was a small Bible! "We are safe," he said to his companions: "wherever that book is, there is no danger to be apprehended." The fact was, some little time before, the Missionaries had gone there; and such was the change wrought among these people, that they not only spared the sailors, but entertained them hospitably until, after three weeks, he arrived there, and took them away.

THE FATAL TREASURE.

It is related, that once the city of Pleurs stood in a quiet valley of the Alps, beneath the shadow of the snow-crowned summits, a pleasant and prosperous town. Above it hung the avalanche, threatening destruction. One night, a wakeful man heard the ominous sound breaking on the still air, which heralds the descending mass of ice. Starting from his repose, he awoke his daughter; and, with her, hastened toward the city gate. There she recollected that her casket of jewellery had been left in the house, and turned back to secure the treasure. In another moment, the overwhelming deluge of the avalanche fell with the noise of thunder between father and daughter, burying the city beneath it. When the morning dawned, the spires of the churches alone rose above the cold, white grave of the just before busy town. The maid perished with her idol, while he who sought to save her escaped.

We are reminded often, in a revival of religion, of this story. Not only does the charmed victim of worldly pleasure, with whom the eternal Father is striving, grasp a toy, and seal the doom of the soul; but O, how often and terrible the separation between the abandoned sinner and the weeping friend! who, like the angels when Lot was led from Sodom, had almost rescued, under God, the reluctant trifler with mercy.

"How far may we go on in sin?
How long will God forbear?
Where does hope end, and where begin
The confines of despair?

"An answer from the skies is sent:
'Ye that from God depart,
While it is called to-day, repent,
And harden not your heart.'"

Nature.

LIFE IN UNEXPECTED CIRCUMSTANCES.

LIFE IN DUST AT SEA.

The dust of the air, too, is found to be peopled with living plants and animals, and that where we should least have expected to find it so stocked; nay, where we should scarcely have looked for clouds of dust at all,—far out on the lone ocean, hundreds of miles from land. In Mr. Darwin's "Naturalist's Voyage," he noticed, as he approached the Cape Verd Islands, this curious phenomenon:—"Generally the atmosphere is hazy; and this is caused by the falling of impalpably fine dust, which was found to have slightly injured the astronomical instruments. The morning before we anchored at Porto Praya, I collected a little packet of this brown-coloured fine dust, which appeared to have been filtered from the wind by the gauze of the vane at the mast-head. Mr. Lyell has also given me four packets of dust which fell on a vessel a few hundred

miles northward of these islands. Professor Ehrenberg finds that this dust consists, in great part, of *infusoria*,* with siliceous shields, and of the siliceous tissue of plants. In five little packets, which I sent him, he has ascertained no less than sixty-seven different organic forms! The *infusoria*, with the exception of two marine species, are all inhabitants of fresh water. I have found no less than fifteen different accounts of dust having fallen on vessels when far out in the Atlantic. From the direction of the wind whenever it has fallen, and from its having always fallen during those months when the harmattan is known to raise clouds of dust high into the atmosphere, we may feel sure that it all comes from Africa. It is, however, a very singular fact, that, although Professor Ehrenberg knows many species of *infusoria* peculiar to Africa, he finds none of these in the dust which I sent him; on the other hand, he finds in it two species which hitherto he knows as living only in South America. This dust falls in such quantities as to dirty everything on board, and to hurt people's eyes; vessels even have run on shore owing to the obscurity of the atmosphere. It has often fallen on ships when several hundred, and even more than a thousand, miles from the coast of Africa, and at points sixteen hundred miles distant in a north and south direction. In some dust, which was collected on a vessel three hundred miles from the land, I was much surprised to find particles of stone, about the thousandth of an inch square, mixed with finer matter. After this fact, one need not be surprised at the diffusion of the far lighter and smaller sporules of cryptogamic plants."

LIFE IN BRINE.

In those situations in which we have seen organic existence maintained, it must be admitted that there is nothing actually hostile to life. But what shall we say, however, to animals disporting themselves, by myriads, in brine so strong as to contain two pounds of salt to the gallon? A solution so concentrated is sufficient in general to destroy all life. Yet, in the salt-works at Lymington, in Hampshire, the reservoirs of concentrated brine are always peopled by immense numbers of an elegant little animal, quite peculiar to such situations, which sport about in all the enjoyment of existence. The little creature is a sort of shrimp, and is commonly known as the brine-shrimp. It is nearly half an inch in length, and is furnished with eleven pairs of leaf-shaped limbs. "There is nothing," says M. Joly, "more elegant than the form of this little crustacean; nothing more graceful than its movements. It swims almost always on its back, and moves rapidly through the element. The feet are in constant motion, and their undulations have a softness difficult to describe." Besides these animals, the brine is inhabited by incalculable multitudes of a microscopic animalcule of a crimson hue, on which the brine-shrimp feeds, and which impart to its translucent body their own roseate colour.

A similar creature, but of another species, distinguished by a broad crescent-shaped shield over the head, inhabits lakes highly charged with nitre and common salt, in North Africa. The animals are so numerous, that they are caught with muslin nets, and dried in the sun in the form of a red paste or cake, which is highly esteemed as an article of food, having the flavour of red herring.

Mr. Darwin found, near Buenos Ayres, a shallow lake of brine, which in summer is converted into a field of snow-white salt. The border of the lake is a fetid, black mud, in which are imbedded large crystals of gypsum, three inches long, and of sulphate of soda. "The mud, in many places, was thrown up by numbers of some kind of worm. How surprising is it that any creatures should be able to exist in brine, and that they should be crawling among crystals of sulphate of soda and lime! And what becomes of these worms when, during the long summer, the surface is hardened into a solid layer of salt?" Exactly similar lakes, similarly peopled, occur in Siberia also.

LIFE IN BOILING WATER.

Perhaps even stranger still is the circumstance that *fishes*—vertebrate animals

* Constituting the *Diatomaceæ* of modern science.

far higher in the organic scale than shrimps or worms—can subsist, apparently in health, in water sufficiently heated to boil them if dead. Broussonet found, by experiments, that several species of fresh-water fishes lived many days in water so hot that the human hand could not be held in it for a single minute. Saussure found living eels in the hot springs of Aix, in Savoy, in which the temperature is pretty regularly 113° of Fahrenheit. But still more extraordinary are the facts recorded by Humboldt and Bonpland, who saw living fishes, apparently in health and vigour, thrown up from the crater of a volcano in South America, with water and hot vapour that raised the thermometer to 210° Fahrenheit; a heat less, by only two degrees, than that of boiling water.

The same accomplished travellers visited hot springs in Venezuela, the temperature of which was above 194°, and which boiled eggs in less than four minutes. The vegetation around seemed to rejoice in the heat, being unusually luxuriant; the mimosas and the fig-trees spreading their branches far over the hot water, and actually pushing their roots into it.

Foreign Travel.

SINGING SANDS, AND SOUNDING MOUNTAINS.

Thousands of years ago, the pillars of Memnon were famed for giving musical sounds. Sounds like those of bells have been heard, at different localities, to come from the depth of the ocean, and now we hear of musical mountains, and singing sands.

Five such localities are already on record. The first is Deschebel Nakus, Bell Mountain, upon the peninsula of Sinai, on the shores of the Red Sea, north-westward of the city of Tor. The celebrated traveller Seetzen, of Oldenburg, was the first European savant who ascended it. He found it consisting of a brittle, white sand-stone, covered on two sides with loose sand. This sand, when brought into motion, produces the sound. The traveller, when ascending, passed over this region of loose sand, and he soon discovered that the noise it made in gliding down the slope became by degrees louder and louder. When he reached the summit, such a frightful sound was heard, that it shook the whole mountain, and he himself became excited in the highest degree.

Some time afterward, this same mountain was visited by Mr. Gay, of Oxford; and more recently by Mr. Ward. They give very nearly the same account of this phenomenon. All ascribe the cause to the fact, that the sand glides down the bare mountain-side. Ward heard at first only a feeble tone, like that of the flute; suddenly, it became strong, like that of an organ, and the whole hill began to vibrate. The sound became louder in proportion to the quantity of sand set in motion by the steps of the traveller.

Alexander Burns visited, in 1837, a similar hill. This was the Rey Rawan, (the moving mountain,) which is also about four hundred feet high. Its ascent is an incline of forty degrees, covered with a layer of sand, surrounded by a still steeper border of lime and sandstone. Gliding down on this sand, it emits a loud, hollow tone, similar to that of a great drum. This was already known in the fifteenth century. A third mountain of this kind is the "El Bramador," the yelling, barking mountain in Chili, in regard to which, Charles Darwin made similar observations. Charles Mayer, in his book, "Towards Sacramento," mentions another, as existing in California; and recently, a fifth locality of this kind was discovered by the late Hugh Miller, upon the small island, Eigg, on the western coast of Scotland. According to Miller, a stratum of oolite exists on this island. This substance, when reduced to sand, becomes a white, mealy mass. Miller observed that on every step he took, the sand gave a peculiar musical sound. It is, however, not proven that

oolite sand alone produces sounds. Mr Ward says, that the friction of the sharp-edged grains of silicious sand, exposed to the rays of a tropical sun, caused the resonant quality of the sand. We must leave the investigation of this matter to scientific men, being confident that they will explain the mystery. To the musician, we hope it may be an interesting curiosity.

The Fireside.

SELF.

THINK about yourself, says a popular writer; about what you want, what you like, what respect people ought to pay you; what people think of you; and then to you nothing will be pure. You will spoil everything you touch; you will bring misery for yourself out of everything which God sends you; you will be as wretched as you choose on earth, or in heaven either. In heaven either, I say. For that proud, greedy, selfish, self-seeking spirit would turn heaven into hell. It did turn heaven into hell, for the great devil himself. It was by pride, by seeking his own glory—so at least wise men say—that he fell from heaven to hell. He was not content to give up his own will and do God's will, like the other angels. He was not content to serve God, and rejoice in God's glory. He would be a master himself, and set up for himself, and rejoice in his own glory; and so when he wanted to make a private heaven of his own, he found he had made a hell. When he wanted to be a little god for himself, he lost the life of the true God, to lose which is eternal death. And why? Because his heart was not pure, clean, honest, simple, unselfish. Therefore he saw God no more, and learned to hate Him whose name is love.

UNDUE SORROW.

ONE day, while Lady Raffles was almost overwhelmed with grief for the loss of a favourite child,—unable to bear the sight of her other children; unable to bear even the light of day; humbled upon her couch with a feeling of misery,—she was addressed by a poor, ignorant, uninstructed, native woman of the lowest class, (who had been employed about the nursery,) in terms of reproach not to be forgotten. "I am come," said the woman, "because you have been here many days, shut up in a dark room, and no one dares to come near you. Are you not ashamed to grieve in this manner, when you ought to be thanking God for having given you the most beautiful child that ever was seen? Were you not the envy of everybody? Did anyone ever see him, or speak of him, without admiring him? And, instead of letting this child continue in this world till he should be worn out with trouble and sorrow, has not God taken him to heaven in all his beauty? What would you have more? For shame! leave off weeping, and let me open a window."

SHARP PRACTICE.

ADAMS, in his *Roads and Rails*, tells us that the contrivances which are resorted to, to get hold of one another's prices beforehand, by competing contractors for railway-bars, are manifold; and that when they attend in person, they commonly put off the filling up of their tender till the last moment. Once a shrewd contractor found himself at the same inn with a rival, who always trod close on his heels. He was followed about and cross-questioned incessantly, and gave vague answers. Within half an hour of the last moment, he went into the coffee-room, and sat himself down in a corner where his rival could not overlook him. There and then he filled up his tender; and, as he rose from the table, left behind him the paper on which he had blotted it. As he left the room his rival caught up the blotting-paper, and, with the exulting glee of a consciously successful rival, read off the amount backwards. "Done this time!" was his mental thought, as he filled up his own tender some pounds lower, and hastened to deposit it. To his utter sur-

prise, the next day he found that he had lost the contract, and complainingly asked his rival how it was; for he had "tendered below him." "How did you know you were below me?" "Because I found your blotting-paper!" "I thought so. I left it on purpose for you, and wrote another tender in my bedroom. You had better make your own calculations next time."

Memorials of the Departed.

ELIZABETH MITCHELL died February 3d, 1859, at Water-Side, in the Coningsby Circuit. She enjoyed in early life, in addition to the benefit of the example and prayers of pious parents, the advantage of Sunday-school instruction. In her sixteenth year she was brought to see and feel her lost condition as a sinner, when she found peace in believing at a prayer-meeting. This, however, she did not retain; which was in some measure owing to her being prevented, by circumstances over which she had little control, of regularly attending the means of grace. In May, 1857, however, she was again made happy in the consciousness of God's pardoning love through Christ. In this she continued steadfast. She grew in grace, and in the knowledge of Christ her Saviour. Having found the blessedness of religion, she longed that others should enjoy it, and was instrumental in bringing several to class who are now walking in the ways of God, and meeting with His people. She also sought to make herself useful in the Sunday-school. At the Covenant-Service, at the commencement of the year in which she died, she had the impression she should die in the course of the year. But through the mercy of God the fear of death had been removed. On the 8th of January she was taken ill. She continued in the enjoyment of great peace and much joy in Christ. Her language was ever that of prayer and praise. A few minutes before her death she shouted, "Victory, and glory! Jesus is come!" and her happy and triumphant spirit departed, without any struggle, to be with Christ.

AT Bodmin, October 21st, 1859, MR. JOHN TREVERTON, in his forty-eighth year. By the grace of God early piety was his; and he soon employed himself in spheres of usefulness. He laboured for God and souls in the Sabbath-school, the pulpit, and in the Class-meeting. Success and blessing attended him in each of these spheres, while his social habits made him a very acceptable and useful guest in the domestic circle. He held on his way to the last; his light shining with increased brightness. His death was very sudden; he ceased at once to work and live.

CATHARINE, wife of Mr. Samuel WARREN, was a native of Northam, Devonshire; and at an early age came to reside at Dunster. After attending for some time the Methodist ministry, she joined the Society; and was a consistent and devoted member for above thirty years. During her Christian course she faithfully discharged the duties of Tract-Distributer, Sunday-school teacher, and Class-leader. The religion which she adorned in life, eminently sustained her in her last illness, which lasted only four days. During this brief period, as on former occasions, she gave undoubted testimony of her acceptance with God, through the merits of her crucified Redeemer, whom she never ceased to praise. Although suffering very severely, she frequently exclaimed, with much inward satisfaction, "O, what should I do if I had religion now to seek!" Nearly the last words she spoke were,—

> "None but Christ to me be given,
> None but Christ in earth or heaven."

She bore her illness with great patience, and exemplary resignation; and in moments of freedom from pain, which were very few, she earnestly exhorted those around her to give their hearts to God; "to lay a sure foundation," and prepare to follow. "When death o'er nature" at length "prevailed," she calmly fell asleep in Jesus, October 23d, 1859.

Occasional Notes for Readers.

We call the attention of our readers, who wish to have authentic information respecting the beginning and progress of Methodism, to the new and cheap edition of Dr. George Smith's *History of Methodism;* the only one yet published, in which full reliance may be placed. It is to be issued in thirty-one monthly parts, of seventy-two pages each, at sixpence. It will be reprinted, without abridgment, from the second and carefully-revised edition. We are greatly indebted to Dr. Smith for thus placing within the reach of all classes a very thorough and complete History of the Connexion during the first century of its existence.—The Rev. Thomas Hughes has added to his reputation by the publication of an original and vigorous treatise on *Prayer and the Divine Order: or, the Union of the Natural and the Supernatural in Prayer.*—Messrs. Johnstone, Hunter, and Co., have issued a charming book, entitled, *Labourers in the Vineyard: Dioramic Scenes in the Lives of Eminent Christians*, by M. H.; introduced by a strong recommendatory preface from the lively pen of the popular author of "The Recreations of a Country Parson." M. H., herself, is well known as the author of two little volumes, "The Story of a Red Velvet Bible," and "Nothing to do," characterised by serious thought, pleasingly told.—The brief and well-condensed *Description of the Principal Places mentioned in the Holy Scriptures*, by Mr. Charles Hopkins, has reached a fourth edition, and is published at the Methodist Book-Room.—The Rev. Robert Newstead's valuable little book, *Advices to One who meets in Class*, and the Reward-Book, *Joseph Peters; or, the Negro Slave Emancipated*, have also been re-issued.—*Mary M'Neill; or, the Word Remembered*, is a well-written story, in humble life, showing the power of God's word, in averting self-destruction. It is published by Johnstone Hunter, and Co.—A new work, by the Rev. Benjamin Smith, *Soon Home;* and, *The Captive Set Free, An Allegory;* are now passing through the press, and will be published at the Book-Room this month.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Carter, Elizabeth,	Howden,	Howden,	66	Dec. 29th, 1862.
Clarke, Edward,	Worksop,	Worksop,	87	Jan. 5th, 1863.
Coulson, Mrs. Elizabeth,	Pudsey,	Bramley,	91	Nov. 23d, 1862.
Cross, Thomas,	Rowland-Hill,	Pocklington,	82	Aug. 1st, 1862.
Dawson, Samuel,	Hulme,	Manchester, Fifth,	55	Dec. 17th, 1862.
Grasby, Elizabeth,	Howden,	Howden,	84	Dec. 29th, 1862.
Hardisty, Jane,	Fallowfield,	Manchester, Fifth,	66	Jan. 7th, 1863.
Johnson, Vashti,	Lincoln-Flatts,	Howden,	63	Dec. 8th, 1862.
Jones, Mrs. Sarah,	Worksop,	Worksop,	59	Dec. 20th, 1862.
Kaighen, Mr. John,	Kerrow-Garrow,	Ramsey and Peel,	72	Jan. 2d, 1863.
Kemp, Abia,	Howden,	Howden,	72	Dec. 8th, 1862.
Killingbeck, Mrs. H.,	Pudsey,	Bramley,		Dec. 25th, 1862.
Lamb, Ann,	Howden,	Howden,	62	Dec. 26th, 1862.
Nettleship, Mrs. Mary,	Dinnington,	Worksop,	76	July 17th, 1862.
Smalley, John,	Hulme,	Manchester, Fifth,	73	Dec. 4th, 1862.
Webster, Miss Lucy,	Edwinstowe,	Worksop,	72	Nov. 19th, 1862.
Webster, Mrs. Martha,	Pudsey,	Bramley,	71	Nov. 30th, 1862.
White, Isabella,	Hulme,	Manchester, Fifth,	82	Dec. 14th, 1862.

J. Roche, Printer, 25, Hoxton-Square, London.

(*Cusop Church, near Hay.*)

A METHODIST MARTYR.

A LITTLE one among the thousands of our Israel—the Brecon Circuit—has long and nobly held its place as an outpost of English Wesleyan Methodism in Wales. The five preaching-places on its plan form an almost straight line, the extremities of which are the towns of Brecon and Hay. Brecon is well known as the birth-place of Dr. Coke,—all honour to the memory of that blessed man! Hay sent forth a less famous, but not less devoted Missionary, the late James Stewart Thomas, who was martyred by the Kaffirs in the year 1856, and whose venerable father still lives, the patriarch of the Wesleyan Society in the town, waiting the call to follow his son to heaven.

Hay, formerly called the Welsh Hay, is a pleasant little town, situated on the banks of the Wye, about fifteen miles from Brecon, and twenty from the city of Hereford. Methodism has had a position in the town since the days of Wesley and Howell Harris; and its two original branches, Wesleyan and Calvinistic, still flourish side by side. Near the church is the old Wesleyan chapel; now, alas! used as a carpenter's shop and dwelling-house. But the place is sacred still; for, in years long past,

Wesley and Fletcher, Coke and Benson, preached within its walls, and many souls, now in heaven, "were born there."

It is not, however, of the town, or of the ancient chapel, that we would now speak, but of an interesting incident in connexion with early Methodism. With the exception of a notice in a Welsh periodical some years back, and a mention in a now scarce history of South Wales, we are not aware that the incident has ever been made public. It has hitherto lain buried in the comparative obscurity of local tradition. It is necessary to state here, that, while our information has been gathered from several sources, we are careful to mention only so much of the tradition as appears to be undoubted truth. There are old people now living whose parents heard all the circumstances from the lips of eye-witnesses; and the father of the aged man who is our chief informant was himself a witness of the occurrence. Such is the testimony from which the following narrative is compiled.

It was in the autumn of the year 1742, that a gentleman from Badsey, in Worcestershire,—Seward by name,—passed through the town of Hay in his journey to a place in the interior of Wales. The town at that time was noted for wickedness, and for the great spiritual darkness of the people. If the tradition speaks truly, Mr. Seward was a man full of the Holy Ghost, and of faith. Pitying the ignorance of the people, he resolved, before he left, to preach to them the word of life. At one end of the town, is an open plain, or "green," which is interesting as the spot on which he stood up to address the people. It now bears the name of "Black Lion Green." Above is a portion of the old town-wall, and below runs the little brook which divides the counties of Hereford and Brecon. Making it known that he was about to preach on the green, the man of God stood up with the love of Christ in his heart, and a message of gladness on his tongue. For awhile he was listened to in silence by the wondering people; but before his discourse was ended, Satan began to rage in earnest. Some of the most reprobate among the inhabitants, raising a disturbance, began rudely to assault the preacher. Stones were cast at him, and several among the bystanders injured. One cowardly ruffian, standing behind the preacher, threw at him a huge stone, which, striking his head, caused him to fall senseless to the ground. He was carried to the inn at which he had been staying, and there died from the effects of the blow. Whether he expired shortly after, or lingered some days in pain, is not now known; but it is said that with his last breath he forgave his murderer, and requested that no efforts should be made to punish him. He died, by every account, as a Christian should die; witnessing in his last moments to the power of the truth that had saved him, and for which his life had been sacrificed. The man who hurled the fatal missile was well known, and lived for many years after. He had space given to repent, for it appears that he died an old man. But he lived and died unchanged, and his death-bed was attended with peculiar horrors. In his last moments he was visited by the mother of the aged man who has chiefly supplied these facts. Our informant is now more than fourscore ——— old, and has a distinct recollection of the description his mother

gave of the last end of the persecutor. To use her own remembered words, "The room seemed full of devils." Thus died the murderer, many years after the man his rage had destroyed. They will meet again in the last judgment.

The martyred man was buried in the churchyard of Cusop, a small village about a mile from the town. A well-worn stone, beneath a giant yew-tree, marks the place where he lies, indicating what is always spoken of as *the martyr's grave*. The inscription it bears is so worn as to be scarcely legible; but the lines on the stone, though as destitute of rhyme as of poetry, are interesting for their allusion to the manner of his death. We have had to supply the words in brackets; but, otherwise, the following is an exact copy of the epitaph:—

Here lyeth the body
of WILLIAM SEWARD,
of Badsey,
in the County of Worcester,
Gent., who departed yᵉ
life, Octr. yᵉ 22d, 1742, Aged 38.

To me to live is Christ, and to
die is gain. Philippians,
Chap. yᵉ 1st, ver. yᵉ 21st

If Earth be all [to Jesus true,]
Why ore and ore a beaten Path,
You walk and draw up nothing new.
Not so our martyred Seraph did
When from the Verge of Wales he fled.

We have only to mention two things in closing. The first is, that the brother of the martyr is said to have followed him to the grave in a carriage with four horses; thus sustaining the opinion that the deceased was a gentleman of property.* The second is, that, though our Calvinistic-Methodist brethren hint that he belonged to them, the unvarying voice of the tradition, as far as we have been able to learn, speaks of the martyr as connected with the Rev. John Wesley.

The lines Wesley quotes in his journal in reference to Samuel Beard, the protomartyr of Methodism, may be applied to this almost unknown martyr for the truth:—

"Servant of God, well done! Well hast thou fought
The better fight: who singly hast maintain'd,
Against revolted multitudes, the cause
Of God; in word, mightier than they in arms."

Hay. I. E. P.

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* In Charles Wesley's Journal, March 15th, 1740, mention is made of two brothers named Henry and Benjamin Seward: these were probably brothers of the martyr. William Seward is mentioned, April 5th, 1740. There is a chasm in the Journal from Sept. 22d, 1741, to Jan. 1st, 1743. This will explain why we have no account of William Seward's death. See *Jackson's Life of Charles Wesley*, vol. i., pp. 209, 217, 305.

RUTH: OR, DECISION FOR GOD AND HIS CHURCH.

(*Concluded from page* 75.)

3. KEEPING the conduct of Ruth in view, the position is worthy of serious enforcement, that "in all ages God has had a people, separated from the world, to illustrate and promote the purposes of His love." This people, up to the time of the present dispensation, were the Jews. From them the living light streamed, the living influence flowed; and sages, poets, and moralists received their sublimest knowledge from them. Through every step of their marvellous career God guided them, and caused their ceremonies and institutions to point forward to that one Victim of infinite merit to be offered in the fulness of times once for all. In the New Testament the church appears on every page. Its Epistles are mostly addressed to the members of particular churches. "Christ loved the church, and gave Himself for it." We often exultingly quote the text: "He is the Head of the body, the church." In 1 Peter ii. 5, we read, "Ye also, as lively stones, are built up a spiritual house, a holy priesthood, to offer up spiritual sacrifices, acceptable to God by Jesus Christ." The Divine intention, as embodied in the church, is sublimely presented in Eph. iii. 10: "To the intent that now unto the principalities and powers in heavenly places might be known by the church the manifold wisdom of God." God might doubtless have written, in characters of light, on broad face of ocean, on flower, on leaf, His purity, beneficence, and truth; but He deposits these blessed qualities in the hearts of His people, and thus makes them a revelation to the universe.

The Bible never defines the church. That grand old Book seldom deals in definitions. It exhibits great truths in persons and in things. Like the terms which represent faith, justification, and regeneration, the term "church" is not logically explained; but the thing itself is presented in real, living, joyous activity. A little outside old Jerusalem was Olivet, on which Christ stood surrounded by that band of faithful disciples, by whom the moral world was to be "turned upside down." He gave them the great command, "Go ye and disciple all nations;" and, while He spake, He ascended up, with a cloud for His chariot, to His own heaven. Back to Jerusalem they went, and waited with one mind, for the promise of the Father. On the memorable Pentecost day, the Spirit descended and filled them with new light, and fitted them for new work. Thousands were converted, "and the Lord added to the church daily such as" were "saved." The church, composed of the disciples of Christ, expanded; and her members "continued steadfast in the Apostles' doctrine and fellowship, and in breaking of bread, and in prayers;" holding the truths connected with Christ; cultivating the gift of prayer; celebrating the Saviour's death, and enjoying the blessing of Christian communion,—the fellowship of God's people, in which heart meets heart in mutual love and sympathy; and the joys and sorrows of one, were the joys and sorrows of all. These were the four essential elements of primitive church-membership; all of which are found in felicitous efficiency in the "standards," sacraments, and class-meetings of the Methodist church. No civil laws, no state provision or patronage, no particular style of building, is necessary to constitute a church. A body of persons uniting to promote their own salvation and God's glory, whether in humblest village-chapel or renowned cathedral, is a church which the Eternal recognises as a manifestation of His wisdom to the universe,—while holding the truth as it is in Jesus, and living it before the world, "the gates of hell shall" never "prevail against it."

Thousands of youthful hearts,

throbbing weekly in our Methodist sanctuaries, stand aloof from church-communion, while yet professing a desire to glorify God, and secure their own ultimate safety. But if the church consist of the people of God, *united* to promote the purposes of His love, is not union with them a duty? If the church be a body, of which Christ is the one living Head,—a building of which He is the only "sure foundation,"—is it not a duty to be a stone in that building; a member in that body? The heart, animated with a deep sense of obligation to Him "on whom our hopes of heaven depend," will rise superior to all mere reasonings, and long for communion with them who mutually assist each other in their journeyings to immortality. "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God."

Church-membership is full of advantage. It meets man's wants as a social being. Religion, in taking possession of the soul, destroys no mental power, no natural genius, no principle of humanity; but directs the whole to a sphere in which the mind may toil, the genius soar, and humanity employ her noblest energies, amid the grand, the benevolent, the godlike.

Church-membership provides opportunities for realizing the soul's aspirations after the Infinite. Human nature, from the dawn to the close of time, is the same in its leading essentialities. Amid the crowded cities, and the sparse populations of antiquity, the human heart, as now, panted for communion with the Infinite. Ruth met a want of her nature by union with God's people. Man isolated, shut up in himself, is a sorry being. His conscience smites, his sins oppress, and his heart torments him. In church-fellowship confession is made, and prayer offered; the conscience is directed to Calvary, and the heart cheered with a sense of God's love; the pardoned encourage the penitent, the strong help the weak, and the courageous animate and cheer the timid. Alone, temptations assume colossal power; while in church-fellowship the soul rises with the knowledge that thousands are grappling with the same foes, and daily realizing victories.

Church-membership also presents a wide theatre for usefulness. Upon everything made by God is impressed a character of utility, from the blade of grass to the oak, from the atom to the world. The church, in its agencies and means, is intended for the highest usefulness. Her combination of living minds and moral forces is intended and adapted to produce results which will be radiant with moral splendour when the earth shall have "rolled away into dark oblivion." Long after the knell of creation shall have tolled, the productions of the church's labours will fill eternity with praise. The church needs her youthful sons, their courage, their love, their zeal. God is on her side. Angels bend over her course as one of the choicest volumes of their study. With her are the elements of purity, of order, of strength, for raising the world to a position of holy happiness. She is the world's greatest benefactor; the source of light, life, beneficence, and love,—with her, or with the world, all are certainly numbered; not enrolled on her books, we must be numbered with God's foes. "Come thou with us, and we will do thee good: for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel." "Thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." J. F. M.

CORNWALL AS IT WAS BEFORE IT WAS VISITED BY THE WESLEYS.

"Far, far through the misty future,
With a crown of starry light,
An hour of joy, you know not,
Is winging her silent flight."

PLACES and people are often subjects of great interest to many classes, in-

cluding both the curious and the kind. There are many places in England more beautiful, and many people more polished, than Cornwall and the Cornish. Yet there is a beauty peculiar to "the county," and an intense, though in many instances a blunt, honesty and hospitality, which pertain to the inhabitants.

Notwithstanding, the early part of the history of Cornwall is obscure,—and some of the after-periods thereof are not well understood, — there is very good reason to believe that the holding of the recent Conference in this county has made it better known, and more appreciated, by great numbers of persons, especially by those eminent in Methodism, than it ever was before. At any rate, it must ever remain an object of special interest to all who love to trace the doings and the sufferings of the venerable Founder of Methodism. If Cornwall be not *the first* county for its Methodism in this country, it certainly holds no subordinate place in the roll of honourable distinction. Still, there are many persons who have yet to learn, *what* Cornwall *was*, what it now *is*, and by what *means* it has become what it now is. Will such go back with us into the dark ages of the county? In the darkest times, however, there were streaks of light that fell here and there upon the Cornish, and this must be remembered by the reader.

The name, Cornwall, itself, attracts attention. We cannot always tell "what is in a name;" but learned men, and men of great antiquity, say, that Cornwall comes from Cornwallis, and *that* from Cernyw, or Cerwyn, and that it means *horn;* also, that the people of this peninsula were called *Carnibii*, and Gwyr, or "*men of the promontory.*" By some persons of little knowledge, "the county" has been called the "*Rocky Land of Strangers.*" The land, however, is not all rocky; for, although there are precipitous headlands, granite-peaks, and sterile hills, with wide wastes of unfruitful land, there are also districts, surpassed in fertility but by few in England; places where streams run through green woods, fruitful meadows, and fields richly laden with all that makes land beautiful, or gladdens human eyes and hearts; places where—

"As the prospect wider spreads,
Are seen a thousand woods and meads."

The people of Cornwall are far from being "strangers,"— they are among the most friendly and hospitable of earth's inhabitants; being a "*One and all*" *people.* Let him that has any doubt on this point, ask of those who attended the last Conference, in Camborne. Cornwall was once *the land of Kings.* It had its own King, a real *Soloman;* for such was his name, who reigned in A.D. 325. *Theodore*, another King, is said to have had his royal residence at Rivier; a place on the north side of Phillack-Creek, forming the eastern bank of the entrance to Hayle from the sea. Rivier is now the residence of Mr. Poole, a good, noble, and stanch friend of Methodism. The people of this "land of Kings" still retain their distinct and proper name: — they are "*the Cornish.*" As of old, this people feel, that, when any great events are to take place among the English,—

"Then twenty thousand Cornishmen
Will know the reason why."

A short time since, some tourists paid a visit to this county. Tourists visit most parts that are not "beyond railways:" with what profit they best know. Those who rambled into Cornwall, at the time referred to above, were not well read up in all historic lore. As they were passing Carn-Brea,—a very celebrated hill, between Redruth and Camborne, — one of the travellers, looking out at the carriage-window, inquired, "What is this place?" A person present replied, "This is where the Druids once lived." "O!" said the tourist, "this is where the Druids *live*, is it!" Cornwall, in more than

one part thereof, *was* certainly the home of Druids. Here there were

"—— the tow'ring oaks,
Whose awful shades among the Druids stray'd,
To cut the hallow'd misletoe, and hold
High converse with their gods."

These, (the Druids,) however, are, like some other things,—the tourist's ignorance among them,—passed away; the like thereof we do not wish to see again. Yet Cornwall retains its interest, and will always do so. Nor do we wish to forget all that the Druids taught; for, "notwithstanding they laid claims to, and exercised unreasonable and extraordinary powers, and did associate with their primitive faith many corruptions; yet they maintained in Britain, and among the Cornish, a religion, which, for its purity and influence on the public mind, was, at the Roman invasion, unequalled in any part of the Gentile world."

In later times, Cornwall has not possessed such honours as it did aforetime: it has no King, nor is it now a kingdom. Battles, however, have been fought within its boundaries, and some of its inhabitants have gone forth to fight elsewhere, in what they have thought to be a right good cause. But, in spite of all their bravery and loyalty, they were regarded as rebels, were defeated, and their ringleaders executed. History says that a long, long time ago, King Arthur and his nephew, Mordred, fought a battle near Camelford, in the county; when Arthur was slain, or, at least, received a mortal wound; and Mordred was also slain. In the locality in which this battle is said to have been fought, there stands, or there did stand, not long since, a bridge, called "Slayman's bridge," or "slaughter-bridge;" commonly called "sloven's bridge." The reader may learn from this what is true, and is frequently showing itself, that *superstition* is not yet banished from Cornwall.

In the earlier periods of its history, this western peninsula was sadly destitute of true scriptural religion. At one time the inhabitants petitioned Parliament with respect to this destitution. They said, "We are above the number of fourscore and ten thousand souls, which, for want of the word of God, are in extreme misery, and ready to perish; and this neither for want of maintenance nor place; for, besides the impropriations in our shire, we allow, yearly, above £9,200, and have about one hundred and sixty churches, the greatest part of which are supplied by men who are guilty of the grossest sins; some fornicators, some adulterers, some felons, bearing the marks in the hands for the said offence; some drunkards, gamesters on the Sabbath-day, &c. We have many non-residents, who preach but once a quarter; so that, between meal and meal, the silly sheep may starve. We have some Ministers, who labour painfully and faithfully in the Lord's husbandry; but these men are not suffered to attend their calling, because the mouths of Papists, infidels, and filthy livers, are open against them, and the ears of those who are called lords over them, are sooner open to their accusations, though it be but for ceremonies, than to the others' answers. Nor is it safe for us to go and hear them; for though our own fountains are dried up, yet, if we seek for the waters of life elsewhere, we are cited into the spiritual courts, reviled, and threatened with excommunication. Therefore, from far we come, beseeching this Honourable House to dispossess these dumb dogs and ravenous wolves, and appoint us faithful Ministers, who may peacefully preach the word of God, and not be disquieted by every apparitor, registrar, official, commissioner, chancellor, &c., upon every light occasion." *

(*To be concluded.*)

* *Neal's History of the Puritans*, vol. i., pp. 294, 295.

"GOOD OLD METHODIST MARY."

In one of the villages of "the hill country" of the East Riding of the great county of York, lives a good old woman, known throughout the neighbourhood by the style and title of "good old Methodist Mary." "Walking in the fear of the Lord all the day long," her very humble cottage — a habitation of the just—is one which the Lord doth bless. Mary can read; and, having constitutionally a ready mind, what she reads she understands, and easily remembers. Her means of knowledge, however, are limited by her circumstances. The Holy Bible, John Wesley's Hymn-book, and the "Christian Miscellany,"—the cottage library of many a poor but pious family scattered in all directions over the Wolds of Yorkshire,—is Mary's library. Apt at Scripture quotation, she can meet an enemy in the gate, and give instruction to sincere inquirers after truth.

Mary's good sense and Christian consistency have great influence with her neighbours; and the power of that influence has reached even to the family inmates of the hall. Whether her Ladyship of the mansion had pecuniary means independent of her lord, I know not; but she was a lady indeed, and thought herself a Christian indeed. Easy and affable in her manners, noble and generous in her disposition, large-hearted and liberal in her charities, she literally revelled in the luxury of doing good to the poor; influenced mainly by the idea that heaven would be the result and the reward. A name once on her Ladyship's roll, nothing short of proved immorality could strike it off.

Once, on a day when her Ladyship was about to take her walks among the poor cottagers of the several villages which belonged to the estate, an attempt was made, from an unexpected quarter, to lessen good old Mary in the estimation of her Ladyship. At her usual interview with the Clergyman of the parish, when she inquired into the general conduct and necessities of the poor, he, abruptly, and in a tone that could not be mistaken, exclaimed, "Your Ladyship is not sufficiently discreet in the distribution of your charities."

"How so?"

"I think *character* should do much more than it does in determining the difference there is in the merits of those whom your Ladyship relieves."

"Character *is* everything, and *does* everything," was the spirited rejoinder.

"How is it, then, that your Ladyship's dole to *that* 'old Methodist Mary' is so liberal?"

"Because I believe her to be a very good woman."

"Your Ladyship, surely, cannot be aware that she keeps a disorderly house, inviting young men and women, — servants of both sexes into it, allowing them to stay to a late hour of the night. Serious evil must be the result."

"No, indeed, I am aware of nothing of the sort. My knowledge of Mary goes far back into the past; but no breath has ever whispered into my ear evil tidings of her. This is the first time of its being done, and you are the first to do it. I must see her," said her Ladyship, gravely, "and tell her what you say."

With a light and nimble step did her Ladyship pace over the distance between the Rectory and the cottage, quickened by the sad character of the tale that had been told her.

Properly impressed with the rank and character of her Ladyship, the venerable old woman reverently received her into the cottage,—a cottage always clean and neat,—and listened to the communication her Ladyship had to make.

With a heart at ease, and a countenance indicative of the undisturbed serenity of her mind, Mary said, "I have great pleasure in informing

your Ladyship, that there is not the least truth, in the sense intended, in the report of which your Ladyship has so condescendingly made me acquainted."

"Well, Mary, I did not believe it, I do not believe it; and, nothing short of positive proof of its correctness could induce me to believe it."

Overcome with emotion, Mary arose, and stood before her Ladyship,—silently for awhile,—then said, "I am thankful to God, that, by the assistance of His heavenly grace, I have so conducted myself as to win the confidence and good opinion of your Ladyship; and, so long as I 'keep myself pure,' I believe I never shall lose it."

"Never, no, never!" was the tender and touching reply.

"I don't blame the Rector," continued Mary, "only in as far as he may have lent a willing ear to the voice of slander; but I blame those who have distorted and misrepresented facts in their communications with him.

"Your Ladyship, perhaps, is not aware that we have a glorious revival of the work of God among *us*—the Wesleyan Methodists—in this and the neighbouring villages; that, almost every day, sinners are converted to God. It is true, that I have invited young and old, rich and poor, of both sexes, to my house, to unite with us in prayer for an outpouring of the Holy Spirit of God; and, though our devotions have continued sometimes to an unusually late hour, yet no complaint has been made. No one has given utterance to secret discontent. The fact is, when masters and mistresses *themselves* are brought under the converting power of the Holy Ghost, they can easily tolerate irregularities of *this sort* in their servants, who are being made partakers of like precious faith."

Deeply serious, as if pondering in her heart all the words she had just heard, her Ladyship arose, and left the cottage. Ere she had got over half of the way between it and the Rectory, she stood still, as if some startling thought had suddenly arrested her attention. The pause was brief, and resulted in her instant return to the cottage.

On opening the door, almost before she had crossed its threshold, her Ladyship, in sentences short, unconnected, and rapid, said, "The words 'convert,' 'converted,' and 'conversion,' Mary, which you used, in our conversation this morning, I do not understand. What do you mean by them? I have been taught to believe that I was converted and regenerated in my baptism."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Mary; "then your Ladyship has needed conversion many a time since then. Baptism cannot wash away the natural depravity of the human heart."

"But there is the sacrament, Mary; the efficacy of which, I am told, is saving and sanctifying: and I rest in that efficacy."

"My Lady, excuse me; your Ladyship is in the utmost danger of being deceived."

"Do you really think so?"

"I do, indeed," said Mary.

With deep emotion, her Ladyship exclaimed, "I hope not! I can assure you, Mary, I wish to be right."

"Your notions of conversion being so much at variance with what God's holy Book says about it, your Ladyship cannot be right. O! if I could but induce your Ladyship to read, carefully and prayerfully, the third chapter of St. John's Gospel, and the eighth chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, God, by His Spirit, would give you to see the true nature of conversion, *and to feel it too!*"

"I will do so," was the prompt promise of her Ladyship; "and if I am not converted, I will give myself no rest till I am." Mary's advice was taken by this noble heir of immor-

tality, and Mary's prediction was fulfilled; for, while in the act of reading the specified portions of holy Scripture, she was convinced that she was not truly converted to God. Being thus instructed in "the way of God more perfectly," and being fervent in spirit, she was made "a new creature in Christ Jesus," and became a Christian indeed, in whom there was no guile.

This change into the image of God, was just two days before her Ladyship was seized with her death-illness, throughout which the Spirit's testimony to the fact of her pardon and salvation, was clear and distinct, and so satisfactory to her Ladyship's own mind, that she summoned her husband and children to her bed-side, and most affectionately and effectively, "witnessed a good confession" before them; —so effectively indeed, that her husband, venerable in years, overpowered with emotion, fell on his knees, and prayed for mercy.

Scarborough. W. S.

MUSINGS AND PENCILLINGS.

It was the Lord's-day evening, and, although a layman, we had engaged to occupy the pulpit in a Wesleyan country-chapel, about three miles distant. We had a beautiful walk through a charming country. A midsummer sky was the canopy overhead; the air was embalmed with the fragrance of flowers, and the luxuriant corn-crops were waving in the fields. The resplendent sunbeams gilded both mountain and valley, and were reflected, as in a mirror, from the surface of the open sea in the distance. We had, both behind and before, on the right hand and on the left, a rare combination and diversity of scenery. The largest seaport in the world, with its population of nearly half-a-million, was stretched out for miles on the side of the noble river which flowed just below, bearing on its bosom vessels of various descriptions and of opposite destinations. Would that all these had carried strictly legitimate burdens, in the moral and religious sense. But it was far otherwise. We had seen in the afternoon the boats deliver their living freight of passengers upon the neighbouring landing-stage; and it was very doubtful whether one in twenty was really *obliged* to cross. The greater part of them appeared to be Sabbath-breakers, "Lovers of pleasures more than lovers of God." They had evidently left their homes with the resolution formed to spend the Lord's-day afternoon and evening in the gratification of self, at the expense of neglecting Divine worship, and the proper observance of the claims of the Christian Sabbath. Look at that group, or, to write more literally and correctly, those *groups* of pedestrians, which evidently consist of *families* and *households;* including, probably, both father and mother, children, and other relatives. Generally one of the party is carrying a wallet, which is, doubtless, pretty well furnished with provisions to satisfy their sharpened appetites, whetted to a high degree by their wanderings over the country. Others, on landing, immediately hire a cab, or open landau, and take their forbidden pleasure at greater ease. These are more guilty than those on foot, inasmuch as they compel others to desecrate the sanctity of the holy day, and rob the poor horses of that needed rest which they might otherwise have on the Christian Sabbath. At a corner, round which most of these Sabbath-breakers had to pass, an Irishman planted himself, exposing nuts and oranges for sale, who was pretty well patronised by the passers-by. A policeman passed by just whilst we were looking, but failed in the discharge of his duty, which, obviously, was to have ordered the discontinuance of such an abomination. Is this Protestant England, —we were ready to ask,—the best

instructed, the most religious, the most God-fearing nation on the face of the earth? But we cannot linger. We have scarcely an hour for our three-miles' walk; and it is not decorous or advisable to proceed hurriedly upon such an errand. Our path, for the most part, led through country lanes; and the rural route would have been very pleasant and quiet but for these pleasure-parties which we were constantly meeting on their return journey: some on foot, others in their hired conveyances. Most of them had just passed by a sepulchral-looking monument, on the wayside, the inscription upon which, had they carefully read, might have been solemnly admonitory upon the subject of life's uncertainty, and the constant necessity of being prepared to meet God. A most distressing accident took place, about five-and-thirty years ago, at this point of the road; a lady having been precipitated from her phaeton, and her head dashing against a stone, caused her instant death! This piece of rough granite, with two cross lines rudely indented upon it, is built in the wall opposite. The filial affection of an only child had caused this mournful tablet to be erected, and had dictated the following inscription:—

"Near this spot Mrs. Boode, of L——e Castle,
was killed
by a fall from her pony-carriage.
April xxi. MDCCCXXVI.

May ye who pass by
Respect this memorial of an awful
dispensation,
And the affectionate tribute of an only child,
To perpetuate her dear Mother's memory
Beyond the existence of that breast,
Which will never cease to cherish it.
Ah! may the sad remembrance,
Which attaches to this spot,
Impress on every one this salutary warning,
'*In the midst of life we are in death.*'"

It was painful to observe how little the request, contained in these lines, had been attended to by the passing multitudes. The words in some places were scarcely readable, in consequence of the contusions made by stones which had been hurled wantonly against it. A sad reproach certainly to the youths who must have done it, and also to the miserable tuition, or rather to the want of proper training, to which they had been subjected. Our road is now skirted for some distance on the right hand, with a beautiful wood, clothed in the most luxuriant foliage; on the left, there lies an extensive valley, said to be once the bed of the ocean,—at least, the former channel of an arm of the sea, which now flows in a different course. We do not yet see the village whither we are bound; but we distinctly hear the bells of the parish church pealing forth a delightful evening chime, well calculated to awaken a serious train of thought, and to call up reflections in connexion with the worship of God in His sanctuary. The present church is comparatively a modern building, the former edifice having been destroyed, some years ago, by fire; the old tower, however, remains, and stands in an isolated position, the summit of which, we were informed, commands a fine prospect of the surrounding scenery. The houses in this sequestered hamlet are most of them very ancient; and many of them bear a date of a past century. The Methodist chapel, in this place, is a very unpretending little building, and the congregation equally so; but we soon had proof that the former was "none other but the house of God," and "the gate of heaven;" and the latter very serious and attentive, with a good sprinkling of truly devout persons. The singing was of the simple and unscientific character; but it was very hearty, and seemed to be well sustained by a genuine spirit of devotion, without which the most professional and melodious strains are but discord in the ear of Him "who without respect of persons judgeth according to every man's work." The good people evi-

dently sang, "with grace in their hearts to the Lord;" "*with the Spirit*," and "with the understanding also." Their serious demeanour, too, throughout, seemed to be quite in harmony with the important injunction of the Great Teacher: "Take heed, therefore, *how* ye hear." We announced a prayer-meeting, and the whole congregation stayed, excepting two persons. How unusual is such a practice, which is matter of deep regret to all who know and feel that "the effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man availeth much." But how great is the power of joint-prayer! What saith Christ?—"If two of you shall agree on earth as touching anything that they shall ask, it shall be done for them of My Father which is in heaven. For where two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them." Not a few often manifest an ungodly haste in leaving the sanctuary when a prayer-meeting is published to be held immediately. We well remember a venerable Supernumerary Minister (one sent out by Mr. Wesley) relating the following from his rich fund of striking anecdotes. A Local Preacher was too late at his appointment, but came in, profusely perspiring, *after* singing and prayer, when he at once ascended the pulpit, and very unbecomingly said, "Let us now commence the more immediate worship of God!" Mistaken man! the *more immediate worship of God* was over, consisting as it does in prayer and praise. Now we could almost imagine that those persons who are in such a hurry to leave the prayer-meeting behind, think "the more immediate worship of God" is ended when the Minister descends from the pulpit, and proceeds to open the prayer-meeting, and that the latter is an inferior auxiliary of but small importance. Thus the large or small attendance upon such means of grace has been properly designated the *barometer* of the church; attention to them, and diligence in the use of them, are marks of spiritual health; the slight and neglect of them certain proofs to the contrary. Tapping the barometer in this spiritual sense, on the occasion before-mentioned, we found it "*rising*." It was evident enough that the prayerful habits of the people had "drawn down the warming beams of the Sun of Righteousness, the refreshing showers of the Spirit of grace; beneath whose genial influence, all the spiritual graces which God's own hand had planted, were expanding in their fullest bloom, and diffusing around the sweetest fragrance." How pleasing to see any Christian church (or society) emerging from behind those dense clouds which have so long obscured her glory, rising above the cold and frigid regions of formality and unbelief, into an atmosphere of light, and warmth, and purity. How attractive is Zion, when clad in her "beautiful garments," she is seen "coming up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved." In short, the prayer-meeting in question came up very much, to our own idea, of a *model* one. Many publicly engaged, the prayers were short and lively, there was no hesitation, no backwardness, evidently no studied petitions; but the natural and fervent effusions of hearts whom "God had touched." We were forcibly reminded, by what we saw and heard, of the well-known revival-hymn, by the sainted Miller:—

"Haste again, ye days of grace!
When assembled in one place,
Signs and wonders mark'd the hour!
All were fill'd and spoke with power:—
Hands uplifted, eyes o'erflow'd,
Hearts enlarged, self destroy'd!
All things common now we'll prove,
All our common stock be love."

After engaging in these delightful exercises, we bent our steps homeward; but was quickly overtaken by the devoted Leader of this little Society.

"Sister —— is sick," said he, "and probably will not continue long: will you be good enough to call and see her?" We accordingly made the best of our way towards the hill-side cottage where the afflicted one resided. We were accompanied by many of the friends, who, perhaps, were more affectionate than judicious in this case. All could not be accommodated with chairs. Christian joy beamed in the countenance of the suffering woman, which gave lustre to the eye, and a feeling intonation to the voice. We found, at once, that all was well with her, and that she was resignedly and patiently waiting "all the days" of her "appointed time," till her change came. A few words of consolation were spoken into the ear, and then strength according to the day, brightening prospects for glory, and a complete meetness for the inheritance among the saints in light, were supplicated for our afflicted sister. "Let us sing these two verses, softly," said one,—

"O that each in the day of His coming may say,
'I have fought my way through;
I have finish'd the work Thou didst give me to do.'

"O that each from his Lord may receive the glad word,
'Well and faithfully done;
Enter into My joy, and sit down on My throne.'"

The good old watch-night tune went very sweetly, and the social scene presented was very touching. The cup of Sister —— evidently ran over; she appeared "quite in the verge of heaven." In one short month she departed this life, and doubtless entered "heaven itself," where "the inhabitant shall not say, I am sick:" "And the Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces." The day had a pleasant and profitable sequel. We called, on our way home, at the house of a Christian lady,—a "widow indeed;" and, after supper, her lovely family joined in a delightful hymn of praise, (to the good old tune, *Grosvenor*,) with a pious accompaniment. Then all knelt at the family-altar, and, before rising, the well-known verse was sung with deep feeling:—

"And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What heights of rapture shall we know,
When round His throne we meet!"

One member of this interesting family, then present, has since received an appointment to a distant field of Missionary labour, having cheerfully responded to the loud call for help, made—

"From many an ancient river,
From many a palmy plain."

"He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." May this devoted young man be favoured (D.V.) with such a harvest of ministerial success!

How pleasant are the reminiscences of a day spent in God's service, when although weary *in*, but not *of*, such hallowed employment. We had no thorns in our pillow that night, but—

"Sank in peaceful dreams away,
And visions of eternal day."

Shardlow. J. B.

EGYPT'S PLACE IN SACRED HISTORY.

STRETCHING from the south-east corner of the Mediterranean to far-off Ethiopia; bisected by that anomaly of nature, the river Nile; bounded on the west by the shifting sands of arid slopes, losing themselves at length in the wide wastes of the Libyan desert; and on the east by the isthmus of Suez, and the turbid waters of the Red Sea, lies Egypt; the land of mystery and wonder. It is the cradle-home of long-lost arts, and the birthplace of forgotten sciences. It is the land of pyramids, casting their lengthened shadows over fertile plains; of ruined cities, telling of long-passed greatness; of obelisks pointing their taper shapes,

all covered over with pictured letters and rich emblazonings, up to the overarching vault of heaven; of colossal statues, whose gigantic forms rear aloft, after the struggle of centuries, their stony heads above the whirling sands, burying shrines and inscriptions at their feet; of heavy-browed temples, startling even in their ruins; and of Cyclopean masonry, such as shall stand strong and firm till the arches of the universe crumble, and chaos comes again. It is the land of pillared avenues and labyrinths, of sphinxes, saroophagi, and tombs; of stately halls and palaces; of monuments, and rock-records, and strange remains; of sand-covered cities, and overthrown statues, and battered and despoiled sepulchres; of gigantic works, defying the rivalry of modern engineering; and teeming inscriptions, over which scholars have pondered and puzzled in vain. It is the land of our childish wonder, and with added years it charms us still. The conqueror of modern Europe, as he rallied his soldiers at the base of the pyramids, had but to point his dispirited troops to these silent monuments of forgotten ages, and add the watchword of the fight, "Twenty centuries look down upon you from yon piles of stone," and the field was won. Who would not be moved in the presence of these still, cold witnesses of countless generations past and gone? They have outlived faiths and systems, nations, dynasties, and power. Beneath their grateful shade, who of earth's great ones of the past has not sought refuge from the fiery glare of an Egyptian noonday? Abraham, father of the faithful; Sesostris, conqueror of nations; Moses, the leader of Israel; Helen, the beauty and the bane of Troy; Alexander, the world's imperious master; Herodotus, the first of historians; Solon, the lawgiver and sage of Greece; Pompey and Cæsar, rivals for Roman empire; Cleopatra, the Queen of luxury; Origen, presbyter and teacher of the early church; Athanasius, saint and Bishop, and confessor, too, of the primitive faith; Saladin, the lord of Eastern chivalry and romance; St. Louis, the pious Crusader of mediæval days; and Napoleon, the victor of every battle-field but one: all these have trod the burning sands of the Nile-land, and looked forth upon the same temples, obelisks, and shrines, we, after the lapse of centuries, may still behold. Reminiscences the most imposing and the most diverse crowd upon us here. The greatest events of history are converged in the pathway of him whose impatient feet traverse this memorable land.

With these, and other features of interest, Egypt has this special claim upon our notice, that it forms the back-ground of the whole history of God's ancient people. From that early day in the earth's annals, when the father of the faithful passed the Isthmus of Suez on his way to Egypt, —even then the granary of surrounding nations,—the land of the Nile became, next to Palestine, the scene of more of God's marvels and interpositions than any other portion of the earth. In that far distant day of the world's infancy, Abraham found in Egypt, as we learn from incidental allusions in the sacred history, a settled kingdom, and a social existence which must date back for several ages the introduction of civilization among the people. And later, when the touching narrative of Joseph's exaltation from the prison to the premiership is introduced, the notices of manners and customs cannot fail to convince us that Egypt was then a commercial mart for all the countries round about. Caravans of traders, threading their trackless way over the desert and through the mountain-defiles, and along the plains of the Isthmus, then, as now, went down into Egypt with their camels, bearing spicery, balm, and myrrh, or leading in chains slaves for the market of the capital. With

wealth came learning. Jewish writers claim for Abraham the credit of introducing the knowledge of the mathematics among the Egyptians, and the claim, made when it could easily have been refuted, if false, was never denied. Joseph evidently taught the nation political economy, and by his influence wrought a change in the nature of the government amounting in fact to a positive reorganization of the monarchy. Later in sacred history, Egypt's place is one of blood; blood righteously outpoured for causeless oppression and unrighteous dealing. The slave, crushed to earth, at length asserted his claim to freedom; and by the baptism of blood, a nation was consecrated to the service of Jehovah. The memory of their bitter years of servitude, and the fearful scenes of their enfranchisement, kept the Egyptians and Israelites strangers for the lapse of centuries; till, at the culminating epoch of the Hebrew monarchy under Solomon, friendly relations were again renewed. The wise King of Israel married the daughter of Pharaoh, and the royal treasury found replenishment from the profits of the Egyptian trade. But commercial reciprocity failed to cement nations so widely diverse. The rebel Jeroboam found a welcome and support in Egypt, and erelong the mighty army of Shishak reduced Judah to a dependency, and plundered the city of Jerusalem. And so in spite of all their leanings upon Egypt, to which in prophetic denunciations, Israel and Judah were ever inclined, God made the people learn, by sad experience, their folly and sin in thus seeking help of their hereditary foes.

Later still, in the interval between the close of the old canon of Scripture and the beginning of the new, the Ptolemies were friends of God's people, who had sought a refuge from the desolations of the Eastern nations, in the place of their old sojourn on the Nile. Under their patronage, the Old Testament was translated into Greek; and at Leontopolis there arose, during the years of waiting for the Messiah's advent, a second temple, rival and miniature of that of Jerusalem. At length, threading the desert highway, there crossed the Isthmus of Suez a little company seeking in Egypt a refuge from destruction. A young child, his mother, and Joseph, were all who came; but their coming had been bidden of God; their departure foretold centuries before. "Out of Egypt have I called My Son," had been the prophetic utterance of Hosea, and when the young child Jesus crossed the eastern frontier of Egypt on his return to Palestine, the intimations of inspiration were strikingly fulfilled. We know little or nothing of this sojourn on the Nile bank. Early legends have, indeed, added to the scanty records of revelation, but their details, though poetic, have no foundation of truth. And yet as we think of Egypt in her ancient glory, we can but remember that the young Christ was there. His little feet trod the clover carpeting of the river-bank. His young eyes gazed, lost in wonder, on temple, and obelisk, and tomb. And His presence in the holy days of His childhood has sanctified this land of marvels. Among the pathways and abiding places of our Lord, we must remember Egypt; and where Christ has been, there must we tread with reverent feet.

From the pictured inscriptions and remains of a land abounding in evidences of an intense desire for posthumous fame, we find "confirmation strong of Holy Writ." The incidental allusions to manners and customs found wherever the Bible speaks of Egypt, are fully borne out by the testimony of her rock-cut records that still live to witness to God's truth. In fact, the attestation there found to the historic, and even to the biographic, statements of inspiration, would require, as it has already received, volumes, large and

full; and no one can rise from the careful study of the works of the most celebrated Egyptologists, without the fullest conviction that the Bible, thus confirmed, in its minutest statement and detail, is Divine. Surely the religion the Bible teaches must be worthy of our study and belief. Surely the Saviour it reveals can be our only Deliverer, whether for this life, or that which is to come. To Christ, the Son of God, let us then go for His gifts of pardon and salvation. "To whom else shall we go?" He, and He alone, has "the words of eternal life."

ALTAR PRAYER.

KING of glory, at Thine altar
Humble suppliants we kneel,
Pilgrims who in duty falter,
And the fears of sinners feel;
All unworthy as we ever
Are such privilege to claim,
Coming not, our souls can never
Put away their guilt and shame!

So we come, for Thou art near us,
And Thy promise bids us hope;
In Thy great compassion hear us,
Lest in sin we ever grope.
On our hearts Thine image wearing,
Growing like Thee day by day;
Every cross with gladness bearing,
We would all Thy will obey!

Blessed Saviour, King of glory,
Make us Thine, and Thine alone!
Thrill us with the heavenly story
Of Thy love, Thy blood, Thy throne!
Send us faith and sweet submission,
Help us all life's loads to bear;
Give at last hope's full fruition,
And the crown we long to wear!

Scripture Scenes.

THE OLD-TESTAMENT HISTORY OF JERUSALEM.

(*Continued from page* 82.)

THE importance and splendour of Jerusalem were considerably lessened after the death of Solomon; under whose son, Rehoboam, ten of the tribes rebelled, Judah and Benjamin only remaining in their allegiance. Jerusalem was then only the capital of the very small state of Judah. And when Jeroboam instituted the worship of golden calves in Bethel and Dan, the ten tribes went no longer up to Jerusalem to worship and sacrifice in the house of the Lord.

After this time the history of Jerusalem is continued in the history of Judah, for which the Second Book of the Kings, and of the Chronicles, are the principal sources of information.

After the time of Solomon, the kingdom of Judah was almost alternately ruled by good Kings, "who did that which was right in the sight of the Lord," and by such as were idolatrous and evil disposed; and the reign of the same King often varied, and was by turns good or evil. The condition of the kingdom, and of Jerusalem in particular, as its metropolis was very much affected by these mutations. Under good kings the city flourished; and under bad kings it suffered greatly. Under Rehoboam, (B.C. 973,) it was conquered by Shishak, King of Egypt, who pillaged the treasures of the temple. Under Amaziah it was taken by Jehoash, King of Israel, who broke down four hundred cubits of the wall of the city, and took all the gold and silver, and all the vessels that were found in the temple. Uzziah, son of Amaziah, who at first reigned well, built towers in Jerusalem at the corner-gate, at the valley-gate, and at the turning of the wall, and fortified them. His son, Jotham, built the high gate of the temple, and reared up many other structures. Hezekiah (B.C. 728) added to the other honours of his reign, that of an improver of Jerusalem. His most eminent work, in that character, was the stopping of the upper course of Gihon, and bringing its waters by a subterraneous aqueduct to the west side of the city. This work, it has been inferred, from 2 Kings xx., was of great importance to Jerusalem, as it cut off a supply of water from any besieging enemy, and bestowed it upon the inhabitants of the city. Hezekiah's son, Manasseh, in his later and best years, built a strong and very high wall on the west side of Jerusalem. The works in the city connected with the names of succeeding Kings of

Judah, were, so far as recorded, confined to the defilement of the house of the Lord by bad Kings, and its purgation by good kings, till about one hundred years after Manasseh, when, for the abounding iniquities of the nation, the city and temple were abandoned to destruction. After a siege of three years, Jerusalem was taken

by Nebuchadnezzar, who razed its walls, and destroyed its temple and palaces with fire. Thus was Jerusalem smitten with the calamity which Moses had prophesied would befall it, if the people would not keep the commandments of the Lord, but broke His covenant.

But God, before whom a thousand years are as one day, gave to the afflicted people a glimpse beyond the present calamity and retributive judgment, into a distant futurity. The same prophets who foretold the destruction of Jerusalem, also announced the consolations of a coming time.

Moses had long before predicted that, if in the land of their captivity they repented of their evil, they should be brought back again to the land out of which they had been cast. The Lord also, through Isaiah, condescended to point out the agency through which the restoration of the holy city was to be accomplished, and even named, long before his birth, the very person, Cyrus, under whose orders this was to be effected. Among the remarkably precise indications should be mentioned, that in which Jeremiah (chap. xxv. 9, 12) limits the duration of Judah's captivity to seventy years.

These encouragements were continued through the Prophets, who themselves shared the captivity. Of this number was Daniel, who lived to see the reign of Cyrus, King of Persia, and the fulfilment of his prayer. It was in the year B.C. 536, "in the first year of Cyrus," that in accomplishment of the prophecy of Jeremiah, the Lord stirred up the spirit of this Prince, who made a proclamation throughout all his kingdom, expressed in these remarkable words: "The Lord God of heaven hath given me all the kingdoms of the earth; and *He hath charged me to build Him a house at Jerusalem, which is in Judah.* Who is there among you of all His people? his God be with him, and let him go up to Jerusalem, ...and build the house of the Lord God of Israel." (Ezra i. 2, 3.) This important call was answered by a considerable number of persons, particularly priests and Levites; and the many who declined to quit their houses and possessions in Babylonia, committed valuable gifts to the hands of their more zealous brethren. Cyrus also caused the sacred vessels of gold and silver, which Nebuchadnezzar had taken from the temple, to be restored to Sheshbazzar, the Prince of Judah, who took them to Jerusalem, followed by forty-two thousand three hundred and sixty people, beside their servants, of whom there were seven thousand three hundred and thirty-seven.

(To be continued.)

Narratives.

SHOH AND FATMEH, EGYPTIAN SCHOLARS.

(Concluded from page 85.)

SHOH had an older sister called Fatmeh, who lived at Old Cairo, (which is more than two miles from Cairo itself,) but who came to spend a few days with her family some little time after the school had been started. She had lately lost all her three children by croup, the last only a fortnight ago; and this severe affliction had so broken her heart, that she was indifferent to all her usual occupations, and went mourning all the day. But her mind was naturally inclined to the subject of death, so dreaded by Moslems in general; and something she heard from her young sister about the new school, and what she had learned there, made her go and pay Um Usuf a visit, in order to ask her some questions.

The excellent matron was only too glad of the opportunity, and told her *Kilshei*, or "everything," as she expressed it; meaning all of the great and blessed tidings of salvation which so ignorant a mind could receive at one sitting.

Poor Fatmeh's heart was softened by the tears sorrow, of like furrows by the rain-drops from heaven, and she begged to stay and help the good woman in her washing, in order to hear more, and to

tell her griefs. "I will be your servant,—I will do anything, if I may stay all the day," she said.

Next day she came to visit me. A greater contrast to the active, vigorous, intelligent, but hot-tempered Shoh, could not be found. The sister was at least a head shorter; thin, slight, and *chétive* in appearance; with more insignificant features, but with a sweet, sorrowful expression in her gentle black eyes, which looked heavy with long weeping. As she sat on the floor, her hands resting on her lap in an attitude of meek despondency, it seemed as if sorrow had resumed its sway, and the interest which a new subject had excited in her was for the time forgotten.

Presently she noticed the portrait of a little child on the wall near her: her lost darlings could hardly have been very like that blue-eyed, fair-haired creature; but still it was a *child*, and poor Fatmeh gazed for a moment, saying in a soft voice, "Very pretty! very pretty!" then bent forward and kissed it, and then burst into tears, hiding her face in her blue veil. O, the sorrow of a mother without hope! no one who has not seen it can conceive how grievous it is to witness. I put my hand on her shoulder, and tried to comfort her by the sympathy which is a master-key for sorrowful hearts in all lands; and gradually won her to listen, and to speak to me. Her boys, she said, they had told her, would have thousands of Houris to wait on them by and by in Mohammed's paradise; but she did not seem to believe it; or to care for these monstrous fables: it was her own baby-boys her heart yearned for, and no *falsehoods* could fill that aching, weary heart.

"Dear Fatmeh, God is good!"

"Yes, He is good," she said despondingly; as if she would fain add, "that is nothing to me."

"They tell you that He does not love women," I continued; "but, Fatmeh, that is not true, He loves us all—all—better than we love each other." And I endeavoured to tell her of the love of God in Christ, of which I knew Um Usuf had spoken the day before.

The Moslems having no belief in a Mediator—a "Daysman"—who can lay His hand on suffering humanity, cannot, of course, understand the *love* of God, though they often speak of His wisdom, greatness, &c. The women are told that God cannot love them, and they are not even encouraged to pray. This has led to the belief that all Moslems hold women to be without souls, which is not strictly true; individuals may hold it, but it is not one of their dogmas; though they look on the souls of women as of very little consequence, so that virtually it comes to the same thing.

Whether Fatmeh's husband believed her to possess a soul worth caring for or not, I cannot tell; but certainly he was very kind to her, and fond of her: and, as she was not handsome, it must have been for her amiable, gentle disposition that he loved her, which did both parties credit in a Mohammedan country. He left Old Cairo, at least for a time, and came to live near her family, who lived close to us, on purpose to please her, and allowed her to visit us as often as she liked. I gave her washing and other things to do, as a pretext for bringing her under Christian influence as much as possible. Often she would come in when we were at morning worship among ourselves, and sit reverently watching, though she could not understand: and she was always ready to listen to Um Usuf, when she talked or read to her after school-hours. By degrees her extreme sorrow diminished; and, though far inferior to Shoh in mind, her more docile disposition gave her an advantage, as did also her husband. Poor Shoh often got into trouble; first with her mother, then her husband; then her mother again, and so on. The latter especially had a really savage temper when roused, and sometimes beat her most cruelly. But I had hope of both the sisters long before leaving them. No one could help feeling hopeful who had seen them listening to the history of the crucifixion, (which I made Um Usuf read to them one day, when they came into school during work-hours,) and seen how Shoh's bright face worked with emotion and the tears stood in her eyes, and how the sewing dropped from Fatmeh's hand and how they looked at one another, and sometimes touched each other, as if to say, "Do you hear *that*?" In spite of

many hindrances and difficulties, we have cause for thankfulness and hope about these two. The bread is cast on the water in faith, and after many days we may find it with joy.

The Scripture Expositor.

No. CXXV.

"And by chance there came down a certain priest that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side." (Luke x. 31, 32.)

The disposition to shun the sight of misery which one is resolved not to redress, is finely touched in the conduct of the priest and the Levite, who, when they espied a person naked, wounded, and almost expiring on the road, are said to have "passed by on the other side." Indeed, in the account given of the Levite in our version, there is something which to me has a contradictory appearance. "He came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side." There is not a vestige of this inconsistency in the original, the meaning of which plainly is, "travelling that way, and seeing one in this wretched plight, he kept on the other side of the road, and passed on." In such a case, a man who is not quite obdurate would avoid the cutting reflection, that he knows anything of the matter. And though he must be conscious that he knew a little, and might have known more if he would, he is glad to gloss his inhumanity even to himself with some pretext of hurry or thoughtlessness, or anything that may conceal the naked truth,—a truth which he is as averse to discover in himself, as he is to see in another the misery which he is determined not to relieve.—*Campbell's Philosophy of Rhetoric*, vol. i., p. 281. *Edit.* 1801.

No. CXXVI.

"There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear: because fear hath torment." (1 John iv. 18.)

"Love casteth out fear;" not a reverend, submissive, awful fear; not a cautious, vigilant, and obedient fear; not a fear of admiration; not a fear of subjection: but the fear of slavery and rebellion; all flashes of horror; all the tossings and shipwrecks of a torn mind; all the tremblings of a tormented spirit; all evil and hurtful fear. This, I believe, is one principal reason of that malice and contempt of godliness which shows itself in the lives of atheistical and desperately wicked men; which, as it ariseth out of the corruption of nature, so is it marvellously enraged by the fearful expectation of that fiery vengeance which their pale and guilty consciences do already preoccupate; for as their conscience dictates that they deserve to be hated by God; so their stubbornness and malice conclude that they will hate Him again. Their maxim is, "Let us eat and drink; for to-morrow we die."—*Reynolds's Treatise on the Passions*, p. 124. *Edit.* 1640.

Christian Missions.

DAVID BRAINERD.

BY THE REV. GEORGE MAUNDER.

"If there be a human creature who more strikingly resembles his Saviour than any other upon earth, it is the faithful Missionary, whom dangers and hardships cannot intimidate, who can welcome poverty, and incessant toil of body and mind, in the noble cause of benevolence and heavenly charity. Let the Minister who is disposed to glory in the abundance of his labours, behold the conduct of BRAINERD, and be humbled; let the discontented view his sufferings, and complain no more; let the idle and careless contemplate his intense and unwearied application, and be ashamed." DR. STYLES.

ONE of the most distinguished names

in the history of Missions, is that of DAVID BRAINERD. This devoted man was born at Haddam, in Connecticut, one of the American colonies, on April 20th, 1718. His father, Hezekiah Brainerd, Esq., was one of His Britannic Majesty's Council for the Colony of Connecticut. His mother was the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Hobart, a clergyman at Hampstead, on Long Island. Both parents died when David was young, and thus in early life he was thrown as an orphan upon the world, comparatively destitute of counsellor or friend.

From his earliest youth Brainerd was remarkably serious and thoughtful. His natural constitution was tinctured with melancholy, which, notwithstanding the powerful influence of a deep and ardent piety, often filled his mind with gloom, and embittered the greatest part of his existence; and against this natural infirmity he had to struggle to the day of his death. His diary frequently records the recurrence of seasons of deep dejection and awful darkness; but, beyond doubt, the most afflictive hours in Brainerd's life must be ascribed to a morbid affection,—to the body of clay gaining an ascendency over the ethereal spirit. The most cheerful Christians, under the influence of certain corporeal maladies, have sometimes unstrung their harps, and suspended them on the willows, while they have wept in the bitterness of distress. It was thus with Brainerd. Much, at least, of the disquietude and gloom of which he was the subject, may be traced to the influence of physical organization on the mind.

It does not appear that this excellent man contemplated entering on the work of the ministry until he had nearly reached his twentieth year. The pursuits of husbandry at first engaged his attention; and he laboured, with his hands, for upwards of a year upon his own farm. But the toils of the field were not congenial with his disposition: his mind thirsted for intellectual improvement; and, having resolved to devote himself to the service of the sanctuary, he commenced a life of study; attending at the same time with the most exemplary diligence to the private duties of religion, in the performance of which he thought a minister, and a candidate for the ministerial office, should be pre-eminent for strictness.

The sincerity of Brainerd, in the commencement of his religious career, must for ever remain undoubted; but, perhaps, no person ever presented a more striking instance of the subtlety and influence of a self-righteous spirit, and the bondage and misery into which it brings the soul, than he did. Numerous and painful were his struggles with this adversary. Long did he retain "a secret latent hope of *recommending* himself to God by his religious duties." The conflict was fierce and protracted. It was no easy thing to sweep away this refuge of lies; his heart clung to it till he had been nearly involved in its ruins. Like a drowning creature, yet disdaining to accept any offer of assistance, he made every effort to reach the shore in his own strength; and it was not until he was "wearied in the greatness of his way," till his own weakness, and entire helplessness, stared him in the face, and pressed upon him on every side, that he was led to acknowledge his utter unworthiness before God, and consent to be accepted on Gospel terms:—"a sinner saved by grace."

But at length the light shone, and with it came power and deliverance. His own language—describing the scene and circumstances connected with his realization of the "liberty wherewith Christ makes" His people "free"—is most graphic:—"I was walking," says he, "in a solitary place, and in mournful state was attempting to pray; disconsolate, as if there was nothing in heaven or earth could make me happy. By this time the sun was about half-an-hour high, as I remember; then, as I was walking in a dark thick grove, unspeakable glory seemed to open to the view and apprehension of my soul. I do not mean any external brightness, for I saw no such thing; nor do I intend any imagination of a body of light, or anything of that nature; but it was a new inward apprehension or view that I had of God, such as I never had before, nor anything which had the least resemblance to it. I stood still, and wondered and admired! I knew that I never had seen before anything comparable to it for excellency and

beauty; it was widely different from all the conceptions that ever I had had of God, or things divine. My soul was so captivated and delighted with the excellency, loveliness, greatness, and other perfections of God, that I was even swallowed up in Him; at least to that degree, that I had no thought (as I remember) at *first* about my own salvation, and scarce reflected there was such a creature as myself. Thus God, I trust, brought me to a hearty disposition to *exalt Him*, and set Him on the throne, and principally and ultimately to aim at His honour and glory as King of the universe.

"I continued in this state of inward joy and peace, yet astonishment, till near dark, without any sensible abatement; and then began to think and examine what I had seen, and felt sweetly composed in my mind all the evening following. I felt myself in a new world, and everything about me appeared with a different aspect from what it was wont to do.

"At this time, the way of salvation opened to me with such infinite wisdom, suitableness, and excellency, that I wondered I should ever think of any other way of salvation,—was amazed that I had not dropped my own contrivances, and complied with this lovely, blessed, and excellent way before. If I could have been saved by my own duties, or any other way that I had formerly contrived, my whole soul would now have refused. I wondered that all the world did not see and comply with this way of salvation, entirely by the righteousness of Christ."

This visitation of mercy formed a new era in the life of Brainerd; it was a fresh starting-point in his spiritual career. Henceforth his walk in the Divine life was not in uncertainty. His hold of God was a *conscious* thing; his relationship to the Divine Being was a settled and ascertained fact, from which, as from a centre, all the movements of his spiritual life went forth; and he "held the beginning of" his "confidence steadfast unto the end." True, after a time, distress and darkness came again; but only for awhile,—their empire was broken for ever.

In the beginning of September, 1739,—a few months after this gracious manifestation of God to his soul,—and when he was a little more than twenty-one years of age, he entered himself as a graduate at Yale College, in New Haven. Whilst here, a circumstance occurred which was a source of considerable pain to Brainerd during the greater part of his subsequent career. It chanced that an unwise observation of his, as to the piety of one of the Tutors, was reported to the authorities, and gave great offence. The breach was aggravated by the intermeddlings of false friends, who represented to the Superior that Brainerd was reckless of his authority; the consequence was, that, notwithstanding the earnest intercessions on his behalf of a council of Ministers, before whom he had laid his case, he was expelled the College. The indiscretion, however deserving of censure, certainly merited not the severe and extreme penalty which was inflicted. But it is dangerous to offend some men; and, in the case before us, the Tutors of Yale College exhibit themselves to our view in no very favourable or amiable light.

Brainerd, though thus expelled his college, was still a candidate for the office of the ministry; and, in the July following, he was examined by an association of Ministers, respecting his piety and learning, and received from them a license to preach the Gospel of Christ. Perhaps no man ever felt a deeper sense of the importance and awful responsibility of this office, than did the subject of this sketch. He was often overwhelmed with a sense of his own utter insufficiency, and frequently with a soul awed, and almost oppressed by the greatness of his undertaking, he ascended the pulpit.

Under the auspices and superintendence of the American correspondents of the "Scottish Society for Propagating Christian Knowledge," Brainerd commenced his evangelistic career. Having been deemed by them a suitable person to preach the Gospel to the Indians, he received his appointment to a place called Kaunaumeek, in the province of New York, April, 1743. Here he laboured with great zeal, studying to instruct the objects of his charge in the most important parts of religion, and striving to communicate his lessons in the plainest possible

manner. Under his ministry many of the Indians acquired a considerable knowledge of the Gospel, and a great improvement in external matters took place. Drunkenness became less frequent; the Sabbath was well observed; idolatrous sacrifices were to a great extent abolished; and other heathen customs were in a good measure renounced. Nevertheless, Brainerd could not enjoy the satisfaction of believing that a saving change had passed upon any one of his hearers.

(*To be continued.*)

The Monitor.

THE BEGINNING AND THE END.

(*Concluded from page* 90.)

The power and habit of taking comprehensive views, is not in every case a desirable thing. It is well for us that we should look at our whole life in its parts, rather than as a whole. Of course you understand what I mean. I am far from saying that we ought not oftentimes to consider what is the drift and bearing of all our life, and of all we are doing in it. I mean that, to avoid a fatiguing and disheartening result, we should, for certain purposes, look not at the entire chain, but at each successive link of it. Of course, we know each link will be succeeded by the next; but let us think of them one at a time. Let us be thankful for Saturday night, and let us enjoy it; and let us hold at arm's length the intruding thought of Monday morning, when the shoulder must be put to the collar again. It has always appeared to me extremely bad policy in any preacher, who desires to keep up the interest of his congregation, to announce at the beginning of the sermon that, in the first place, he will do so and so; and in the second place, such another thing; and in the third place, something else; and finally close with some practical remarks. No, the skilful preacher will not thus map out his subject, telling his hearers so exactly what a long way they have to go. He will wile them along step by step. He will never let them have a long look-out. Let each head of the discourse be announced as it is arrived at. People can bear one at a time. And then, when the sermon is nearly done, you may, in a sentence, give a connected view of all you have said; and your skill will be shown if people think to themselves, what a long way they have been brought without the least sense of weariness. I lately heard a sermon which was divided into seven heads. If the preacher had named them all at the beginning, the congregation would have ceased to listen; or would have listened under the oppressive thought of what a vast deal awaited them before they would be free. But each head was announced just as it was arrived at; the congregation was wiled along insensibly, and the sermon was listened to with breathless attention from the first sentence to the last.

Let it be so with life, and the work of life. Your little boy has before him the mighty task of his education. You do not tell the little thing at once the whole extent of toil that is included in *that*. No, you fix on a small part of the work that is to be done; you show the little man *that* as his first end. *That* is the first thing to be done; and then we shall see what is to come next. Let us, if we are wise men, hold by the grand principle of step by step.

Beginnings are difficult. It is very hard to begin rightly in a new work or office of any kind. And I am thinking not merely of the inertia to be overcome, in taking to work,—though that is a great fact. In writing a sermon or an essay, the first page is much the hardest. You know it costs a locomotive engine a great effort to start its train; once the train is off, the engine keeps it going at great speed with a tenth, or less, of the first heavy pull. But I am thinking now of the many foolish things which you are sure to say and do in your ignorance, and in the novelty of the situation. Even a Lord Chancellor has behaved very absurdly in his first experience of his great elevation.

An end is sometimes a very great blessing! But, my reader, if the great

work of life has not been done while the day lasted, think how awful it will be to feel that the end of the day of grace is here! Think of poor Queen Elizabeth in her dying hour, offering all the wealth of her kingdom for another day of life! We cannot, in the common-place days of ordinary health and occupation, rightly realize the tremendous fact; but think of the end of this life, to the man without "the good part" in the Redeemer! To feel that all in the world you have toiled for and loved is going from you; to feel your feeble hand losing its grasp of all; to see the faces around grow dim through the mists of death; to feel the weary heart pausing, and the last chill creeping upwards; to feel that you are drawn irresistibly to the edge of the awful gulf, and no hope beyond! May God, for Christ's sake, save every soul that shall ever read this page from that awful end!

I thought of these things the other Sunday afternoon, seeing the beginning and the end almost side by side. At that service I did not preach; and I was sitting in a square seat, in a certain church, listening to a very good sermon preached by a friend. A certain little boy, just four years old, came and sat beside me, leaning his head on me as a pillow; and soon after the beginning of the sermon, the little man fell sound asleep. And, (attending to the sermon all the while,) I could not but look down at the fat, rosy little face, and the abundance of curly hair; the fresh, clear complexion, the cheerful, innocent expression; and think how fair and pleasing a thing is early youth; how beautiful and hopeful is our life's beginning. And after service was over, on my way home, I went to see a reverend friend, who, at the end of a long, Christian life, was dying. There was the worn, ghastly face, with its sharp features; the weary worn-out frame; the weakened, wandering mind, so changed from what it used to be. And standing by that good believer's bed, and thinking of the little child, I said to myself, "There is the beginning of life; here is the end: what shall we say in the view of that sad contrast?" And I thought, there and then, that "better is the end of a thing than the beginning!" Yes; better is the end of a dangerous voyage than its outset. O, what perils are yet before the merry little child! Who can say if that little one is to end in glory? But to the dying Christian, all these perils are over. He is safe, safe! And then, remember, *this* is not yet the end you see. It is *not* the end—that weary figure lying on that bed of pain. It is only the last step before the end. A very little, and how glorious and happy that sufferer will be! You would not wish to keep him here, when you think of all the blessedness into which the next step from this pain will bear him. Nay; but you may take up, in a sublimer significance than that of deliverance from the mere earthly ill, the beautiful words of the greatest poet,—

"Vex not his soul; O, let him pass! He hates him
That would, upon the rack of this rough world,
Stretch him out longer!"

Foreign Travel.

SHEEP AND SHEPHERDS.

In Spain, where the celebrated Merino flocks are bred, there are ten millions of sheep to be led, twice in the year, to a great distance in search of pasture, or to a warmer climate. Forty or fifty shepherds guide these sheep in their wanderings, and travel with them many miles. Those shepherds have a very hard life; but they would not leave them, could they get better pay and less work elsewhere. As many as thirty thousand dogs accompany the flocks in their wanderings, and put up with hard fare like their masters. The Spanish shepherds live chiefly on bread, seasoned with oil or grease, and though they sometimes procure mutton from their old or diseased sheep, it is not their favourite food. Their dress is a jacket and breeches of black sheepskin, a red silken sash, tied round the waist, long leather gaiters, a slouched hat, a staff with

an iron point, and a mantau, or brown blanket, slung over the left shoulder. When they have reached their journey's end, they build themselves rude huts, living generally a single life. Large flocks are managed by several shepherds, and that everything may be done with regularity, one of the most experienced is set over the rest. The times of their wanderings are in May and September, and the whole journey is the same which has been taken for ages. The sheep know the way as well as their masters; and a free passage is granted to them through pastures, villages, &c., where the inhabitants are obliged to leave an opening for them at least ninety paces wide. The shepherds, on their part, have to leave them as quickly as possible, that they may reach certain resting-places, where they find an open space and good pasture.

In some parts of France, the shepherds live a similar life. More than a hundred thousand sheep graze on the plains of Arles in winter; but as the spring approaches, they show the greatest eagerness to get off towards the mountains bordering on Italy; and if not watched, they will escape and be lost. The shepherds set out for these mountains in May, driving their sheep in troops of from ten to forty thousand. To every thousand sheep three shepherds are allowed, each of which has his dog, and, in the middle of the flock, a troop of asses carrying baggage. A chief shepherd is chosen, by the general consent of his companions, to direct the march, to deal out the daily share of provisions, and to listen to the complaint of farmers, when damage is done upon the road.

The shepherds' dogs are assistants in a remarkable way in keeping these large flocks in order. The goats are especially trained to the purpose, and have bells around their necks. They are kept in perfect discipline by the shepherds, and show great intelligence in the performance of their task. They halt or proceed at the word of command, and at the close of each day's march, they come to the centre of the flock, and wait there until morning, when, having received their proper orders, they return to their station at the head of the flock with the greatest regularity. On coming to a stream, they halt until the word of command is given, when they plunge into the water, and are followed by the rest of the flock. When the flocks reach the mountains, each shepherd has his proper boundary marked out, and the proprietors of the land are paid about twenty-pence per sheep for their feed during the summer. The shepherds sleep with their flocks in the open air, and live almost entirely on bread and goats' milk.

In the south-west of France, on those wide plains called *Les Bandes*, the shepherd leads a very singular life. The country consists of very large tracts of deep sand, or of marshy ground with scanty herbage and prickly shrubs. That they may cross these sands without difficulty, the shepherds fasten stilts, or wooden poles, five feet long, to their legs, putting them on and off as regularly as any other part of their dress. When their flocks are grazing, they do not take off these stilts, but remain elevated upon them, that they may the better watch their sheep. The top of the long staff which they use in walking is made broad and round, so that they can sit upon it. Thus seated, they knit stockings all day; and, clad in their rough sheepskin coats and caps, they have a most singular appearance, looking like so many little watch-towers scattered over the country. The rate at which they can travel on these tall stilts, is said to be equal to that of a trotting-horse.

Some of the sheep-owners in Australia possess fifteen or twenty thousand sheep, and these are led out to graze before sunrise, and folded or brought back to the sheep-yard at night. The wild dogs of that country are great enemies to the sheep, and will sometimes fall upon them in open day. The shepherd is, therefore, on the watch. He has also to watch against a more crafty foe in the escaped convict, whose retreat in the interior of the country is said to be usually well stored with mutton, stolen from the different folds.

Our Country.

THE CORNISH COAST.

No. III.

"But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land, and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth, and cumb'rous pomp repose:
And every want to luxury allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride."

Ah, that old church-tower on Maker heights! Memory pictures it with strangely-associated visions floating around its parapets and belfry. It was the scene of my first entrancement in the course of my Cornish pilgrimage; the point from whence I had my first "Pisgah-sight." To think of it must ever be to renew my happy impression of the vastness, the glory, and the mingling charms of a Canaan-like prospect. But there I was moved, too, by one of those mysterious impulses which sometimes come upon inquiring youth, giving direction for life to its current of thought and line of pursuit; as if a great and unseen mind were ever watching for opportunities of influencing one's intellect for good, and of acting with concurrent circumstances so as to dispose it towards that course in which its faculties will find their happiest exercise. On such occasions the soul has glimpses of the region in which its thinking-powers are called to move, or catches a visionary outline of the way it will be best for it to take. How slight a touch moves the spring which throws open the scenes of our providential inheritance before the mind's eye: a very little thing has often served to give a decisive and happy turn to the intellect, at that stage of its history where it lingered in doubt amidst a variety of claims on its devotion. And perhaps this agency of seeming trivial circumstances reveals one of the modes by which the "Father of Spirits" fulfils His promise, "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go: I will guide thee with Mine eye." When His eye reposes upon a human mind for good, that mind sees its proper track in a kind of prophetic light; and then, incidents of least importance to others, become to it pregnant with instruction and counsel. "Some years ago," said my guide to the parapet, "there used to be a flagstaff on this tower, and signal-posts, for giving notice of a ship in sight, or a fleet in the offing; and they had more than twenty ways of sending news over to Plymouth by flags of different colours and shapes, and balls running up and down in various ways. A very clever thing, Sir! what wonderful inventions have turned up since I can mind, Sir!" "Yes," said I, in an absent sort of way; for his story about the signals had brought up strange associations, as I just now said, my thoughts fled away backward to old Carthage; and I had Polybius before me, in company with Scipio, looking at the destruction of the great African city. Do you ask for the link between the signals on Maker tower and Polybius, the Greek historian? It may be found in the fact that that historian, who could not only tell a story well, but could give valuable lessons in philosophy, gives a nice description of the art of speaking by signals, and shows the advantage as well as the difficulties of the plan; saying, as if he had anticipated my Cornish guide by more than nineteen centuries, "In the present age, the sciences are advanced to so great a perfection, that almost everything is capable of being taught by method." But scarcely had my thought about Polybius arisen, ere it was followed by a sort of visionary exhibition to my inner man, of the charms and advantages of historical studies in general. It was a turning-point in my mental history. My choice was made. My plans were formed; and before long I was fairly reaping the first-fruits of that accumulative pleasure which history has ever continued to afford me. Full of thought about histories and historians, I was just stepping into the belfry, when my communicative companion somewhat startled me, by exclaiming, "Ah, Sir, a sad thing was done here! a bloody deed, Sir! It was in the year 1763." "What was it?" I

said; for it was in vain to follow out my historical scheming with tales of blood ringing in my ears. "What was it? why, a cruel thing, Sir! The poor old John Couch, who used to hoist the signals, was murdered on this very spot, by a labouring man, called Maunder."

"What did the wretch murder him for?"

"What for, Sir? why, for the sake of his watch and silver buckles: only think of that! Two souls sent, at short notice, into the other world; one by murder, and the other by the hangman; and all for the sake of a silver watch and a pair of buckles! What a mercy it is, I often think, Sir, that God's grace has helped me, not only to recollect but to act out that beautiful part of the old catechism which I learnt when I was a child: 'my duty towards my neighbour is, not to covet nor desire other men's goods but to learn and labour truly to get mine own living, and to do my duty in that state of life unto which it shall please God to call me.'"

Well, well, thought I to myself, Divine Providence never tires of teaching one beautiful lessons. This is another. A lesson of gratitude for church-teaching, for first catechisms, for preventing grace, and heavenly guardianship. I left the tower amidst all these strange, but not unpleasant or unprofitable, associations of thought. They were full of blessing; and it was blessing that lasted even to this hour.

My way from Maker Church to Cawsand was, for some distance, by a path on the open down which stretched over the summit of the hill; a grassy wild, mottled with patches of furze, and marked, here and there, with trenches and artificial mounds, which showed that it had once been an embattled camp-ground, and might again, in the course of human strife, become distinguished among the important lines of our coast-defences. On surmounting the highest undulation, the road began to descend along the side of the seaward slope, just where the neck of the peninsula sheltered the waters of Cawsand Bay. I was soon in the village; and found myself threading my way up and down, and in and out, through the curious gully-like little streets which twisted and twined around the crescent beach, and afforded pleasant accommodation to the seafaring and fishing-folk of the community. How delicious was my first night's repose in my Cornish seaside chamber! There was an unusual charm about the quiet approach of sleep. The day's ramble had prepared me for giving a hearty welcome to my cozy nest of a bed, with its white dimity curtains; and there, in agreeable dimness, I seemed to melt slowly into unconsciousness, amidst visions of a world whose very silence breathed harmony, and whispered of rest. Then there was the morning joy of waking to see the early sunbeams brightening the waters, and to hear the music of the waves as they broke along the sands, and the mysterious echoes from the dark rock-hollows of the cliffs which flanked the beach, coming on the ear like low answering antiphons to the full psalm-chant of the tide. By and by there followed the comfort of a cozy breakfast-table. The mother of the household personated Cornish hospitality; and really graced the well-covered board, with its crowning dish of slightly-salted whiting. It was the perfection of a sea-side breakfast,—a fish breakfast; enjoyable in the highest degree from being within sight, and scent, and sound of the open, breezy ocean. The dish of fried whiting, or powdered hake, or broiled pilchards, I remember with pleasure, as distinctive of a breakfast-table on the Cornish coast. I cannot tell whether that distinction has been kept up. Perhaps it has been swept away, like many other good things, since iron-roads have opened a way for gathering all provincial luxuries into the markets of our monster cities, especially London. No far-off waters, or "field which the Lord hath blessed," is now left, it seems, without a watchful agent, who sees to it, that the richer supplies of nature shall be seldom or never tasted on the spot which produced them. No, if anybody wants to enjoy such things, they must go to London, or some other great central market, to get them. They must be furnished at second-hand by the trade, and in the regular way. There has always been this propensity in human nature to gather things up into

unwieldy knots. Mind and matter must be swept into great heaps. The human will seems to like the amassment of conglomerates. Nor have we learnt how to limit this accumulate taste. The larger the city the better it is, one might think. When such places grow fast, everybody rushes towards them to augment their bulk. This tendency to popular overgrowth and monstrous centralization is felt to be unhealthy; but where is the check? Man appears to have none at command. His purposes rather favour this form of social evil. Providence, however, acts on another principle; that of fair distribution over the soil, the proper balance of agriculture and commerce, among a population dispersed rather than largely centralized. At all events, when society has taken the form of gigantic centralization, and burdensome masses of corrupt and complicated life oppress the soil, Providence brings about changes under which the monstrous creations shrink, or dwindle, or melt away, so as to allow population and soil to right themselves again, and to recover a more natural and healthy adjustment of their mutual relations. Human policy, commerce, and taste have been permitted for a time to take their seats, and pack their multitudes of votaries and slaves around them. Their great representative-cities have had their day. But, one after another, they have reached the utmost bounds of safety, and when no human voice could or would say, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further," a voice from above has said it. Then Nineveh shrinks beneath the sod; Carthage disappears; and Rome withers to a shadow. And as it has been aforetime, so it shall be again. How will our modern Babels be emptied of their attractive forces? When will another Sabbath of their tributary lands begin? Who can tell?

But to return to my fish-breakfast. It may be understood, from the character of my meal, that I had found a lodgment among Cornish fishermen; and so it was. A noble race were those Cornish fishermen. Their well-built figures; their manly, and in some cases handsome, looks; the strongly-marked features of their vigorous mental and moral character: all seem to live before me now, just as I used to see them on the beach amidst their nets and tackle, in their dwellings, and in the little sanctuary, where, at times, their souls might be seen kindling as they sang of Him who still walks upon the sea to befriend the fisherman in his nightly toil. They showed a remarkable openness to the influence of truth; some of them loved it dearly; and there were those who could answer to the Saviour's appeal as Peter did, "Lord, Thou knowest all things; Thou knowest that I love Thee." Jesus was no longer to be known "after the flesh" as He once was by His companions on the lake; but His personal presence was as certainly known on the strand and on the waters of Cawsand, as it had been on the shores of Galilee. Within those boats, which I have often seen coming to their moorings, there were hearts piously familiar with the Redeemer's voice, not calling them to the apostleship, but to be His obedient disciples, His loving "children." Though none of them were apostles, some of them, nevertheless, might be called evangelists, or seafaring messengers of "peace" and "goodwill," coasting Missionaries of the Gospel; and the happy fruit of their earnest talk, their prayers, and their gracious example could be found in many of the havens and seaside villages which they have touched in the course of their periodical voyages. I said that, as a class, they were remarkably open to the truth; and this was seen in the fact that those of them who were as yet far short of entire Christian decision were always willing to hear about Christ; and, in their way, were ever ready to show some zeal on behalf of the Christian profession.

One day, while unfavourable weather kept the boats at home, I saw a quiet group clustering around a preacher at the sheltered end of the beach. They were reverently listening to the story of that blessed One who once stood in the fisherman's boat, and preached to the people who lined the shore. My friends, the Cawsand hearers, had their attention distracted a little by the passing of a clerical magistrate, who uttered something as he went along about arresting the unlicensed preacher. I shall never forget the mutual glances of those who were on the outskirts of the crowd, and the

significant whisper which stole along, bearing threats of a "ducking" for the meddlesome parson. The preacher who cared for their spiritual welfare was not to be touched in their presence, that was clear. He was a Methodist preacher; and it is not among the least honours of Methodism that she has planted a happy and fruitful Christianity in the hearts and homes of Cornish fishermen.

Topsham. W.

Anecdotes.

THE REV. LEGH RICHMOND.

As I was one evening proceeding towards a church in the city of B——, says the anonymous writer in *Pen and Ink Sketches*, for the purpose of hearing the Rev. Legh Richmond preach an anniversary sermon, a gentleman accosted me, and inquired the way to the T—— Church. I told him I was going thither, and would be pleased to show him. He was upwards of fifty years of age, with a remarkably pleasant countenance, and wore spectacles. He was lame, owing to a contraction of the knee-joint; and so he took my arm, which with a boyish freedom I offered him.

"And pray," said he, "are you going to hear Legh Richmond?"

I replied that I was, and anticipated great delight in doing so, as I had perused his "Dairyman's Daughter," and his history of "Little Jane, the Young Cottager," with great delight.

He smiled placidly, leaned a little heavier on my arm, and *talked to me about heaven*, until my eyes ran over with tears. There was such a winning sweetness in his tones, and he spoke so affectionately, that I could not help but love him, stranger though he was.

When we arrived at the church-door, crowds were pouring in.

"I must go to the vestry," remarked my new acquaintance, "I dare say you will see me again;" and we parted.

The service had been read by the regular Clergyman of the place, and the psalm before the sermon was being sung, when the preacher of the evening slowly, and with some apparent difficulty, ascended the pulpit-stairs. He bowed his greyish head for a moment on the cushion, and then looked round on the congregation. It was the gentleman with whom I had walked to church,—Legh Richmond,—who stood before me.

PRAYER OF THE CONDEMNED SOLDIER.

During the unhappy commotions in Ireland, a private soldier in the army of Lord Cornwallis was daily observed to be absent from his quarters and from the company of his fellow-soldiers. He began to be suspected of withdrawing himself for the purpose of holding intercourse with the rebels; and, on this suspicion, probably increased by the malice of his wicked comrades, he was tried by a court-martial, and condemned to die. The Marquis hearing of this, wished to examine the minutes of the trial; and, not being satisfied, sent for the man to converse with him. Upon being interrogated, the prisoner solemnly disavowed every treasonable practice or intention, declared his sincere attachment to his sovereign, and his readiness to live and die in his service:—he affirmed that the real cause of his frequent absence was, that he might obtain a place of retirement for the purpose of private prayer; for which his Lordship knew he had no opportunity among his profane comrades, who had become his enemies merely on account of his profession of religion. He said he had made this defence on his trial; but the officers thought it so improbable, that they paid no attention to it. The Marquis, in order to satisfy himself as to the truth of his defence, observed, that if so he must have acquired some considerable aptness in this exercise. The poor man replied that, as to ability, he had nothing to boast of. The Marquis then insisted on his kneeling down and praying aloud before him. He kneeled, and poured forth his soul before God with such copiousness, fluency, and

ardour, that the Marquis took him by the hand, and said he was satisfied that no man could pray in that manner who did not live in the habit of intercourse with his God.

He not only revoked the sentence, but received him into his peculiar favour, placing him among his personal attendants.

The Fireside.

A SINGULAR CASE OF NERVOUS SYMPATHY.

A WRITER in *Frazer's Magazine* on *Mental Epidemics*, relates a singular story of an occurrence in a cotton-mill in Lancashire, in 1781. A girl put a mouse into the bosom of another girl, who had a great dread of mice. She was instantly thrown into convulsions, which lasted twenty-four hours. The next day three more girls were thrown into similar convulsions, and the following day six more. A physician was sent for, but before he arrived twenty-three girls had been seized in the same way, and one man who had been employed in holding them during the first. The work in the factory was stopped, and the idea prevailed that some disease had been introduced by a bag of cotton which had recently been opened. This conviction spread through the country, and three more factories, four or five miles distant, were infected, although the workers in them had never seen any of the original patients, but, like them, were impressed with the belief that the plague had been caught from the cotton.

The convulsions were so violent as to require four or five persons to prevent the sufferers from dashing their heads against the wall. The doctor bethought him of trying the effects of electric shocks, and the application was uniformly successful. As soon as a few had been relieved, and the disorder was thus shown to be a nervous affection, easily cured, and not introduced by the cotton, no fresh case occurred.

THE MONEY-SCALES.

AN opulent merchant, having received a sum of money, was putting the ducats, one by one, into a pair of scales, in order to ascertain that they were not too light.

"For my part," said Gotthold, who was present, "I should be more afraid of *their being too* heavy."

"How so?" inquired the merchant.

"Do you not think," rejoined Gotthold, "that money is too heavy when bedewed with the blood of the poor, the sweat of the laborious, and the tears of the widow and the orphan; or when loaded with the curses of those who, by fraud or violence, have been robbed of it? I will hope, however, that there are no pieces of this description in that heap of yours, or rather, I will not fear that there are any. Suffer me, however, without offence, to express the wish that you will always make your conscience your scales, and weigh in it your dollars and ducats, to ascertain that they are of proper weight, and have been honestly acquired. Many a man never learns, until he is struggling with death, how difficult, or rather impossible, it is to force a soul burdened with unrighteous gain through the strait gate which leadeth unto life. Take heed, then, that no such gain ever burdens yours. The more he carries, the more the pilgrim sweats and pants as he climbs the steep; and the more the conscience is oppressed with dishonesty and fraud, the harder will the struggle of a death-bed be."

May God withhold from us the wealth to which tears, and sighs, and curses cleave. Better none at all, than wealth like that!

OUR HOMES.

WHAT a rich blessing is a happy home. Alas! how often we forget to thank our Father in heaven for the comfort and peace we experience there. In our approaches to the throne of grace, our common every-day blessings are apt to be lost sight of; we regard them too much as things of course, and not as the kind gifts of a loving Father who delights in the happiness of His children. Surely the quiet enjoyments of domestic comfort demand thanksgiving. It is a wise and gracious arrangement of Providence, that the light of earthly love does so much to beautify and illumine our pathway through

this life of sin and trial. It matters not how dark, wide, and cheerless the great world about us sometimes appears, if only *one* hallowed spot be ours, to which the surcharged heart can confidently turn for sympathy and love. How surely and sweetly is grief soothed, and care robbed of half its weight, when shared by those we love. Then let us prize these earthly homes: let us guard them as something sacred. We, who are wives and mothers, should pray God to grant His grace to make them what He designs they should be,—types of heaven. Much as we love them now, let us strive to love them more. Let us ask of God, strength and wisdom to enable us to exercise an elevating and refining influence upon all who share our fireside privileges and joys. Could we but awaken to a deeper sense of the mighty trust reposed in us, as guiding stars in our domestic circles, then would an influence go out from English homes, broad as the world, and ever widening and deepening throughout the cycles of eternity.

Memorials of the Departed.

ELIZABETH DONCASTER died at Bingham, October 29th, 1859, in the eighty-third year of her age. She was born there, September 15th, 1777. She was the daughter of William and Elizabeth Huckerby. Her father came to reside at that place in the year 1773, and was the instrument of introducing Wesleyan Methodism. About this time a room, capable of holding one hundred persons, was erected for a preaching-place. Here Robert Carr Brackenbury, Esq., an eminent servant of God, preached, during a visit which he paid, and was rendered a great blessing to many souls. In these early days of Methodism, both the Society and the Ministers visiting them had to endure hardness as good soldiers. Mrs. Doncaster was for many years, in early life, favoured with the society, conversation, and prayers of the Methodist preachers, who always stayed at her father's house, which she greatly appreciated; manifesting a serious desire for spiritual instruction. She often spoke of the Christian kindness of these beloved and honoured men, among whom were Joseph Taylor, Thomas Hanby, and others. Thus privileged, she was early transformed by the renewing of the Holy Ghost. When twenty-two years of age, she married Mr. John Doncaster. He was a good man, and an excellent Local preacher. She was deeply sensible of the responsibility of her new position, and she sought and found the grace needed to sustain her in the duties and difficulties she had to encounter. In 1820 it pleased God to bereave her of her husband, and she was left with a large family of little children. This was a great trial to her. Assisted, however, by the counsel and prayers of God's people, she cast all her care upon the Lord, whom she knew cared for her, and could not err. She was enabled to prosecute, with care and diligence, the duties connected with the support and training of her large family; and God prospered and increased her. She lived to see her children all settled comfortably in life; and then, like Simeon of old, she desired to depart. In her declining days she constantly, while able, attended and enjoyed the means of grace, walking in the fear of God, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost. Her last affliction was rather long and painful, so that she became very weak and restless; but she suffered as a Christian. She wanted nothing, she said, but more of Christ's love and presence; more ripeness for glory. The visits of her friends she received with beautiful Christian courtesy: her warmest and most affectionate welcome was never wanting to those who called to impart spiritual instruction and consolation. The long wished-for release at last came: her poor clay tenement sank in ruinous decay, and her redeemed spirit soared to God. She survived her husband thirty-nine years.

ALICE PICKARD was born June 8th, 1792, at Cockerton, near Darlington. In 1815 she became decided for God, and joined herself in Christian fellowship to

the Methodist Society at Oldbrough, in the Richmond Circuit. Some time after her conversion, she became the housekeeper of a gentleman, in whose establishment there were those who were without the fear of God. From these she experienced considerable annoyance; but, by the grace of God, she was enabled to be steadfast and unmovable. Finding their efforts to move her unavailing, they sought to prejudice the mind of her master against her on the ground of her attending so regularly the Methodist meetings. But he appears to have had too much candour and good sense to enter on any persecution for religious opinions. He was, however, induced to make some inquiries concerning the Methodist Societies, and, having read a copy of the Rules, he expressed his satisfaction and approval. From this time, she received from her master formal permission to attend the Methodist means of grace. In the twenty-eighth year of her age, she became the wife of Mr. W. Pickard; and, subsequently, with her husband, settled on a farm in Thoresby, in the Middleham Circuit; where she continued to the close of her life. Here her Christian graces were matured. She trained up her children "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord," and wrestled, in persevering prayer, for their salvation. Her last illness was painful and protracted; but it was endured with a calm resignation to the will of her heavenly Father. Some of her last words were, "All is well:" "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." She departed this life, December 2d, 1859; leaving a good name behind her.

Occasional Notes for Readers.

THE very interesting and well-written *Memorial of John Robert Wardill, late of Bridlington-Quay*, by the REV. BENJAMIN SMITH, under the appropriate title of *Soon Home*, is now on sale, and, like the other two works of the author, "Vice-Royalty," and "Climbing," is sure to command a large sale.—*The Captive Set Free*, by a very able and frequent correspondent of our periodicals, well-known by his initials I. E. P., gives, in the attractive form of an allegory,—so well-adapted to arrest the youthful mind,—a thoroughly scriptural and practical exhibition of how a sin-burdened soul finds rest in Jesus. Besides the use to which it may wisely be put in Sunday-schools and their libraries, it will prove a valuable Sunday-afternoon book in the hands of godly parents anxious to lead their children to the Cross.—DR. GEORGE SMITH'S new work, *The Cassiterides, is an Inquiry into the Commercial Operations of the Phœnicians in Western Europe, with particular reference to the British Tin-Trade*, and will deeply interest not only those engaged in that trade, and the still larger number of persons connected with Cornwall, but all who have a taste for such inquiries as the one so ably treated of here: viz., whether the ancient Phœnicians did really visit our coasts for the purchase of tin. Dr. Smith maintains the opinion that they did, and satisfactorily meets the arguments of those who hold the opposite theory. The work is characterized by the singularly clear common sense and honest thoroughness with which Dr. Smith is wont to analyse alleged facts and arguments.—*Fragments for Young People*, pp. 70, a gathering of diversified thought on several important points which the young ought to think of; Part II., being *Jacob*, of MRS. AGNES BULMER'S well-known and greatly appreciated "Scripture Histories;" and *Old Sarah; or, Grace ultimately Triumphant: a Warning to the Young*, have been reprinted at the Book-Room.—"*She knew—and knew no more—her Bible True*," a very well-written *Sketch from Life* in Ireland, of 28 pp., calculated to inspire trust in the Lord *at all times*, is also published at the Book-Room this month.—The REV. RICHARD FELVUS, of Sunderland, has issued a lecture on *Pastoral Visitation*, in which he gives some of the valuable results of his own experience on this important part of a minister's work, after the visitation of more than seven hundred houses, in one year, in that Circuit.

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(*The Castle of Fredericksberg.*)

THE PRINCESS ALEXANDRA.

THE name of the Princess Alexandra, unknown six months ago in this country, except to a few, is now a household word amongst the millions of Great Britain and Ireland. The wide-spread celebrity so suddenly acquired, and the loyal and affectionate interest with which she is now universally regarded by the people of these realms, are to be accounted for by the fact that she has become the loved and loving bride of the heir-apparent; and, as the nation hopes, she will be the mother "of her kings to be." The marriage which has made her Princess of Wales, and affords her the prospect of being one day Queen-Consort, has received the unmistakable approbation of this great and intelligent nation. Of an ancient and illustrious royal stock, Protestant in religion, young, beautiful, intelligent, and amiable,—what more could the country desire? The extraordinarily popular reception which she met with from the millions of the metropolis, and the universal rejoicing on the royal wedding-day throughout the cities, towns, and villages of the United Kingdom, are not only demonstrative of the intense loyalty felt towards the Queen and Royal Family, but are also a national recognition of the fitness of the

Princess for the high position to which she has been called. The Poet who wears the laurel, and who could best express it, has spoken in verse the welcome to which the nation has given utterance by gay processions, floating banners, booming cannon, thundering cheers, brilliant illuminations, and flashing fireworks :—

"Sea-kings' daughter from over the sea,
Alexandra!
Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!
* * * *
Sea-kings' daughter, as happy as fair,
Blissful bride of a blissful heir,
Bride of the heir of the kings of the sea,
O joy to the people and joy to the throne,
Come to us, love us, and make us your own:
For Saxon or Dane or Norman we,
Teuton or Celt, or whatever we be,
We are each all Dane in our welcome of thee,
Alexandra!"

Princess Alexandra Caroline Marie Charlotte Louise Julie was born on the 1st of December, 1844; and is the eldest daughter of Prince Christian, of Denmark, and of his wife, the Princess Louise, daughter of the Landgrave William of Hesse. In the Castle of Fredericksberg, her father's palace, the young Princess principally resided while receiving her education.

Prince Christian, father of the Princess, belongs to the ducal house of Schleswig-Holstein-Sonderburg-Glucksburg. This is one of the younger and collateral lines of ducal families which have shared the sovereignty of Schleswig with the King of Denmark. At the revolt of Schleswig-Holstein from the Danish throne in 1848, Prince Christian was faithful to Denmark; although the Duke of Glucksburg, the Grand-Duke of Oldenburg, and especially the Duke of Austenburg, were opposed to the claims of the King. Frederick VII., the present Monarch, is childless, and is likely to be the last in the male line of the Oldenburg dynasty, which has occupied the throne of Denmark since 1448. His heir is his uncle, an old man not likely to survive him. In prospect of the extinction of the reigning family, a successor to the throne has been selected from the collateral line of Holstein-Sonderburg-Glucksburg; this is none other than Prince Christian, father-in-law of the Prince of Wales. This arrangement has received the sanction of the several European Governments; so that since July, 1853, Prince Christian of Glucksburg has been recognised by the title, Prince of Denmark. He can trace his pedigree, moreover, through a succession of royal Dukes up to Christian III., who occupied the Danish throne about the middle of the sixteenth century; and through him to Christian I., Count of Oldenburg, who was elected to the throne of Denmark upon the failure of the line of Skiold, in 1448, and who became the founder of the existing dynasty.

The present is not the first time in which England and Denmark have been related to each other. Indeed, the two nations are closely connected, as may be shown by ethnological and philological evidence, and by the historical tradition that those Jutes, Angles, and Saxons who form the parent stock of a large proportion of the English people came mostly from Jutland, in Denmark. Certain it is that the Danes and Saxons belong to the same Teutonic family, and that the tongues which they respectively spake were but dialects of one common language. If this be true, then "we are each all Dane" in a stricter sense than the Poet-Laureate intended. Notwithstanding the closeness of international relationship, the connexion between England and Denmark has been anything but pleasurable or friendly, either in ancient or modern times. Not such a reception as was given on the 7th of March, 1863, to "the sea-kings' daughter" by ourselves, was given by our Anglo-Saxon ancestors to the sea-kings themselves; when, a thousand years ago, leaving the shores of the Baltic, they crossed the stormy ocean to invade this wave-washed isle. More terrible than the invading Saxon appeared to the Briton did the invading Dane appear to the Saxon, as with ship and sword he came to pillage and to massacre. Eventually, through the prowess of Sweyn, King of Denmark, who came with a powerful following of ferocious warriors to avenge a cruel and cowardly massacre of Danes, the Saxon Monarchy was subverted; and, after his death, which took place at Gainsborough, his son, Canute, seized upon the English throne. He was succeeded by his sons, Harold Harefoot and Hardicanute. Two of these renowned Danes are buried at Winchester.

In more modern times England and Denmark came into collision again; but this time we were the invaders. During the first year of the present century, the Danish Government provoked the hostility of Great Britain by joining the Northern Confederacy. During the lapse of centuries, the relative position of the two countries with regard to maritime supremacy was changed; and "Britannia rules the waves," was something more than the refrain of a song. Nelson appeared before Copenhagen, where he defeated the Danish fleet. Again in 1807, Denmark being included in Napoleon's continental policy, the English ministry conceived, and actually executed, the daring scheme of seizing and holding the whole of the Danish fleet, as a guarantee for the neutrality of Denmark, until the restoration of the peace of Europe. This bold and unexpected stroke, which it is difficult to justify, was a sad humiliation to a nation so ancient, proud, and brave. Far pleasanter than of this seizure of the Danish fleet, it is to think of the recent capture of a Danish Princess, through the tender methods by which heart wins heart! Let us hope and pray that the union lately effected is the augury of better times; that perpetual peace will reign between these kindred nations; and, that henceforth, Dane and Briton will never, on sea or land, cross swords or exchange shots!

The Royal ancestors of the Princess Alexandra favoured and embraced the Protestant Reformation in the sixteenth century. Several students of

divinity went from Holstein to Wittenberg to hear Luther preach. Convinced by the truth, they embraced the Gospel, and propagated it upon their return amongst their own countrymen. In this they were protected and encouraged by Frederick I., King of Denmark, and Duke of Holstein. Under his successor on the throne, Christian III., the Reformation was promoted and established throughout the whole of the Danish monarchy.

As lovers of Christian Missions, we should not forget that one of the first Protestant Missionary Societies was organized, in 1704, by Frederick IV., King of Denmark; and that, by this Royal Danish Missionary Society, the first Protestant Missionaries that preached in India were sent out. At the Danish settlement of Tranquebar, Ziegenbalg produced, in the year 1707, the first version of the four Gospels in Tamil. Nor should we forget that Carey, the first English Missionary to India, was carried thither in a Danish ship, when no English vessel was permitted by the East India Company to take him; and that when four other Missionaries followed him, and they were forbidden English territory, they were welcomed by the Governor to the Danish settlement of Serampore; where, under the protection of the "*Danebrog*," the Gospel was "not bound." While remembering Sax Grammaticus, the historian; Holberg, the poet; Thorwaldsen, the sculptor; and Juel, the painter; let us not forget Knapp, Ziegenbalg, and Schwartz, the Missionaries.

The Princess Alexandra is not the first royal Dane who has been united in marriage to the heir, or to the occupant, of the English throne. Prince George of Denmark was the consort of Queen Anne. Their children, dying in childhood, never inherited the crown of these realms. Those who succeeded Queen Anne were, remarkably enough, the descendants of the offspring of a previous Danish alliance. James the VI. of Scotland and I. of England married the Princess Anne of Denmark, daughter of Frederick II. This marriage has been most important in its results; for it is in consequence of it that Victoria sits upon the throne of Great Britain, and that Albert Edward is heir-apparent. In the year 1700 it was resolved by the three estates of the kingdom, "That the Princess Sophia, Duchess-dowager of Hanover, (granddaughter of King James and his Queen,) be declared the next in succession to the crown of England in the Protestant line, after His Majesty King William and the Princess Anne; and that the further limitation of the crown be to the said Princess Sophia, and the heirs of her body, being Protestants." The son of Sophia, upon the death of Queen Anne, was called to the throne, and reigned as George I.; his son, as George II.; George II's. grandson was George III.; and the Third George's granddaughter is our beloved Sovereign, Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria. Thus it will be seen that His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, who has married a Danish Princess, was already connected by a remote consanguinity, through the Queen of James I., with the royal house of Denmark.

The interest shown by the nation in the marriage of Albert Edward and Alexandra, intense and wide-spread as it was, yet was not disproportioned to the importance of the occasion. The domestic virtues of

the Royal Family are felt beneficially in their influence upon the social life of the nation. It would be impossible to calculate, and difficult to over-estimate, the good which has been effected amongst the families of the nation by the virtues of Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace, of Osborne and Balmoral, during the present reign. As Christians, let us pray that the Prince and Princess of Wales may have grace to follow the example set them, in this respect, by the Queen and her lamented Consort; and that if Providence should bless them with a family, it may be as well trained, and as estimable, as that of Victoria and "Albert the Good." *Ich dien* ("I serve") was selected as the motto of the first Prince of Wales, to express his subjection to his royal father. Some, who have borne the title, have not, alas! been faithful to the motto. His present Royal Highness, on the contrary, has been a most dutiful son. Let us pray, that not only toward the parent, who needs all sympathy, but toward the King of kings, he and his distinguished bride may act out the motto, *Ich dien*.

CORNWALL AS IT WAS BEFORE IT WAS VISITED BY THE WESLEYS.

(*Concluded from page* 103.)

SUCH was the state of Cornwall in the middle of the sixteenth century. Doubtless it improved in after years, both in the supplies given to it, and in the fair and legitimate result of having better supplies. Yet, even at the beginning of the last century, it was far from being a model county. When John Wesley was born, Queen Anne sat on the throne of England; and during her reign the two kingdoms of Scotland and England were united, and became *the Kingdom of Great Britain*. A month before her death, "the good Queen Anne" said to her Parliament, "My chief concern is to preserve to you, and to your posterity, *our holy religion*, and the liberty of my subjects; and to secure the present and future tranquillity of my kingdom." At that time there was comparatively but little of that "*holy religion*" to preserve. There were in the land, pertaining to the English nation, men of letters and of great eminence. Mind moved, intellect marched, and brilliant discoveries were made; yet true, vital religion did not exert a very general, or very powerful influence. During Mr. Wesley's early days there were great men, men of genius, alive. Sir Isaac Newton worked and thought; and Dean Swift wrote and laughed, and others were compelled by what he wrote to laugh with him. "The great Mr. Addison" also delighted men with a charming style; while Congreve, Pope, and Steele, with many others, graced the age, and pleased the men who lived and read.

John Wesley lived before the old Cornish man, Bishop Trelawney, died. It was close upon the days of Wesley, that the Bishop, with six others, was committed to the Tower of London; and when the highways, streets, and houses of Cornwall, are said to have resounded with the song,—

"A good sword and a trusty hand,
A merry heart and true;
King James's men shall understand
What *Cornishmen* can do.

"And have they fix'd the where and when?
And shall *Trelawney* die?
Then twenty thousand Cornishmen
Will know the reason why.

"Out spake the Captain, brave and bold,
A merry wight was he;
Though London Tower were Michael's hold,
We'd set *Trelawney* free.

"We'll cross the *Tamar*, land to land,
The Severn is no stay;
And side by side, and hand in hand,
And who shall bid us nay?

"And when we come to London-Wall,
A pleasant sight to view,
Come forth! come forth! ye cowards all!
Here are better men than you!

"*Trelawney*, he's in keep and hold,
Trelawney, he may die!—
But twenty thousand Cornish bold
Will know the reason why."

The county of Cornwall partook of the general character of England at this time. There were some great men, and some good men, in it; but practical godliness was very little felt or seen. Information reached the Wesleys that there were in Cornwall abundance of those persons who "neither feared God, nor regarded man." The reports that spread might have been aggravated, inasmuch as it has been usual to speak of the county as "West-Barbary," and of the inhabitants as "Barbarians:" yet, while we make due allowance for the ignorance of those who did not know, it must be granted that there was a large amount of depravity existing, and many modes of vice practised in Cornwall at that time. There were usages to which the Cornish were addicted that were demoralizing in their tendency.

One of these usages was called "*the Churchale.*" Two young men, chosen wardens, were employed in making a collection among the parishioners. What they collected was employed in brewing, baking, &c., against Whitsuntide; at which time the people of the parish gathered together at the "Church-house" to feast on the provision made. This was productive of drunkenness, and much beside that was evil.

There were also *Parish-feasts.* These were universally held, and were also the occasion of much drunkenness, and of various sins. They were feasts "kept on the anniversary of the day when the church was dedicated, and in honour of the saint after whom it was named."

Smuggling was likewise carried on to a great extent all along the southern Coast of Cornwall. There was scarcely a fishing-cove of any note, where cargoes of contraband goods were not landed. Companies of athletic, determined men—a hundred strong or more—would assemble, and carry these goods into the country in daylight. All classes of the people indulged in this practice. "A story is told," says the Editor of the *Memoirs of R. Trewavas, sen.*, "of a certain old smuggler, being brought before a Justice of the Peace, to answer to a charge connected with his illicit occupation; but, when he pleaded 'Not guilty,' the Justice, assuming an attitude and a tone befitting the dignity of his station, said, 'You know you are guilty; for you have been carrying on this trade for years.' 'Yes,' said he, 'and please your Worship; but, if you'll believe me, the last keg of brandy that I ever sold was that which I brought to your Honour on such a night, and for which you honestly paid me.'" This practice greatly demoralized those who pursued it.

Hurling, wrestling, cock-fighting, card-playing, and Sabbath-breaking were among the prevailing pursuits of the time. In these almost all classes took part. To use the language of an eminent biographer, — "The people gradually sunk both in mind and morals; till, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, the inhabitants of some parts of Cornwall had become little better than barbarians. It was then that Wesley came among them, and, with the still small voice of Gospel truth, charmed them to Christian civilization, and brought them back to God. The first visit of this minister of Christ inaugurated a new era in the religious history of Cornwall; and from his days to our own the work of improvement has been steadily advancing." *

The state of Cornwall, before and

* *Life of Rev. A. Clarke, LL.D.* By Dr. Etheridge. P. 78.

at the time of Mr. Wesley's visit, was one of great darkness and need, general dissipation, and moral and spiritual death. Had the county at that time uttered a voice, it would have been in language like the following:—

"I wander'd long and far,—
In the groves of folly playing,
On the wastes of error straying,
With no guard or guiding star:
Blindly I wander'd on,
Seeking around for rest, and finding none.

"All became cold and drear:
The wayside blossoms faded;
Dark clouds the sunshine shaded;
No sound of hope or cheer;
Gloom was on the past,
And a dark gulf before, which must be reach'd at last.

"But then a voice I heard:
O how free the invitation!
O how glorious the salvation
Reveal'd in every word!
I heard, as captives hear,
The trumpet-tones which told of a Deliverer near."

South-View. N. J.

MERCY FOR THE MYALL.

BY THE REV. B. W. VANDERKISTE.
Author of the "Dens of London."

I.

"There in all lands Thy hand hath made,
Laved round by every sea;
'Mid mountain height, or forest glade,
We 'll guide man's soul to Thee:
"Convinced that man shall find in Thee,
In every clime of earth,
A Guide to all eternity,
A Guide of peerless worth."

MYALL is an aboriginal word denoting "wild." Alluding to some offending companion, the Australian black will say, "Myall fellar that," or, "That myall gin."

We determined some time since on devoting a few days to visiting this Australian lake-region of the Myall, which is one of the wildest and most romantic portions of the colony, and lies between the Karuah and the Manning rivers.

There were no Wesleyans at the Myall, and no clergyman of any denomination was ever known to have visited the district. At the request of several members of the Episcopalian church we had consented to go out, for the purpose of conducting public worship, and also endeavouring to make some provision for the education of the children.

We accordingly, one summer morning, left the little settlement of Booral, on the Karuah, part of the noted Australian Agricultural Company's estate of five hundred thousand acres, in company with a settler who was occasionally in the habit of making excursions into the Myall district, in search of stock belonging to him.

Leaving Booral, we followed the Port-Carrington-road for several miles, and then dived to the left into the bush, this being our starting-point for the Myall.

Here we encountered an irregular postman, in the person of an aboriginal, owning the name of Wickeye; which denotes, in the native dialect, a sharp, shrewd fellow. This cognomen, which Wickeye had earned by the experience of him possessed by his tribe, although but partial disciples of Lavater, we doubted not from his appearance and manners, coupled with this significant appellative verdict, he richly deserved.

Wickeye presented a very extraordinary exterior. He had been presented by a patron with an old regulation-cap. A leathern letter-box was also slung at his side by a belt. Such insignia of office, however, appeared in strange contrast with the rest of his naked exterior.

Sometimes Wickeye carried his post on horseback. On the occasion on which we met him, however, he was on foot.

Wickeye having saluted us, and answered our interrogatories respecting the state of the creeks, &c., in a manner exceedingly prompt and to the point, continued his postal perambulations towards Stroud, and we

our journey to the Myall. At a distance of about six miles from Booral, we came to a solitary cattle-station; leaving which, no human habitation existed for a distance of from fifteen to twenty miles, until we reached the Boladilla ranges.

We had now to trust entirely to our guide; over mountain, over lea, over swamp, over scrub, over creek, and over river. A mere broken track lay before us, which was, as it will be seen from what occurred, but little to be trusted.

The Myall is a region of the Kangaroo and the Emu. Our approach soon sent a whole flock of the former scampering up the hills. After awhile our guide began to give utterance to sundry dubious exclamations, which ended, after we had travelled several miles, by his declaring more explicitly that he had lost the track. We wandered about for several hours until we recovered the track, and then our poor steeds had to pay for our wanderings, in the shape of extra speed over the rugged defiles and ravines which lay between us and the Boladilla.

The whole scenery here is full of wild grandeur and magnificence. To the left an immense basin of abysses stretches for thirty miles towards the north-west. Wild cattle and horses roam here in utter freedom, many of which we were informed would probably never be secured. They know the strength of the hills, and of the brushy valleys also, and set the pursuer entirely at defiance, reminding one of the lines of a poet of great descriptive powers:—

"A moment gazed adown the dale,
A moment snuff'd the tainted gale,
A moment listen'd to the cry
Which thicken'd as the hounds drew nigh:
Then, as the headmost foe appear'd,
With one brave bound the copse he clear'd,
And stretching forward, free and far,
Sought the wild heights of Uam Var."

On our right, for thirty miles to the sea, the human inhabitants were scant indeed, excepting a populous fishing-settlement of Chinamen, possessing an excellent seine, boats, huts, and other paraphernalia of a fishery. One of their exports lately consisted of forty tons of salt fish. These people bear an excellent character for inoffensiveness, civility, and industry. They offer presents of fish to visiters, kangarooing-parties from Sydney, or others, with great politeness. Their location is not far from where the Port Stephen's light-house will shortly hold out its bright ray of mercy to the white sails of commerce.

Our promise to visit Myall was more than twelve months old ere it was redeemed. Entirely broken health, and not want of inclination, had constituted the hindrance.

The lamed war-horse may snuff the gale when the clarions of war fill the air. His eye may fire, and his nostrils snort. He may even on crippled limbs, in the line of his fellows, dash onward to the charge. But, notwithstanding the old spirit is his, we have learnt from painful experience, that the lamed war-horse is a lamed war-horse still.

Dungog, New South Wales.

THE FIRST CONVERT.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF JESSE LEE, THE METHODIST APOSTLE OF NEW-ENGLAND.

It was a warm day in the summer of 1789. At the door of a neat cottage, in one of the villages of New-England, sat a girl spinning. Diligently she paced backward and forth, twisting and winding the thread, the hum of her wheel being the only sound that broke the stillness; for the bees had settled for their noonday rest, the grasshoppers had ceased their chirping, the cattle lay in the shade,

or, patiently standing in the ponds, brushed away, with their tails, the flies that alighted on their haunches.

Serene and quiet was the dwelling, with its little orchard, its garden and bee-hive, and the mountain-ash, which sheltered its door, and under which the girl spun. All was orderly within and without. The very cat, which purred on the mat in the sunshine, seemed to know that no trace of her paws must be left on the whitened floor.

The noon passed. The dwelling was still in repose. As the girl approached and retreated from the wheel, you could see she was very lame; and a glance at her face would show you strongly-marked lines, with the pallor produced by suffering.

She was still there when a short, bustling, active woman approached the house from the garden, and said, in a quick, sharp tone,—

"Have you not done yet, Grace? Your father will be tired when he gets home, and we must have an early supper."

"Yes," was the answer; "but the wool made two hanks instead of one, as you said."

"You are mighty chary of your work," the woman angrily replied, tossing some apples she had in her apron into a crock, and proceeding to pare them.

Both worked on in silence, interrupted only once by the woman, who, with a muttered exclamation, seized a broom, and struck at the dog, that with lowered tail, skulking gait, a watchful eye, and conscious manner, slunk through the room on the far side, shrinking from the blow aimed at him, as though accustomed to such attacks.

The apples prepared, and every scrap of the refuse gathered in her apron, she went out to the back-yard to throw it into a trough for the pigs, that stood outside the fence. Returning, her ear caught the sound of horses' hoofs, and she stepped to the front door, shading her eyes from the sun with her hand, while she looked for the comer.

It proved to be a man on horseback, of about thirty years of age. He seemed weary with riding; and, as he neared the gate, he drew up his horse, at the same time removing his hat from his brow, and wiping his forehead; displaying, as he did so, a calm, earnest countenance, lighted by an eye in which a bright spot of light danced like a flame.

"Good afternoon, sister: it is a warm day."

"Yes," was the short reply, as with cold eye, and unmoved position, the plain dress and shabby saddle-bags of the traveller were closely scanned.

The girl turned from her employment at the sound of the wayfarer's voice; and now she stepped to a well in the yard, and, anticipating his want, drew and handed a draught of sparkling water.

Emptying and returning the glass, he said, "You have earned the promise given to one who giveth a cup of cold water to the disciple in His name."

"Sister," turning to the woman, who still stood in the door, "I am a minister of the Gospel of Christ: have I your permission to hold a meeting in your house?"

"No, that you have not: I am not going to make a pig-sty of my dwelling, by letting run-round preachers and their followers into it. If people want to hear the Gospel, there are churches enough for them to hear it in, as their fathers did before them."

She turned, and entered the house.

Replacing his hat, the minister was about moving away; when, in an earnest, apologetic tone, the girl approached him, and said,—

"There is an old house over there," pointing to a cottage at a little distance; "no one lives in it."

"I will have no ranting there, either," was the sharp rejoinder; for, attracted by his lingering, the woman

had again neared the door. "I am mistress when your father's away."

"Don't be angry, sister," was the reply. "I do not wish to give offence. Christ preached on the mountain, and surely His followers can emulate Him on the highway;" and, with a good afternoon, replied to only by the girl, he was passing on, when an expression on her face attracted him, as she leaned upon the gate and looked after him. He checked his horse, and said, "You will come to the preaching?" and, before she replied, was out of hearing.

She stood with her arms on the gate-post, looking down the road he had gone, till roused by the sharp,—

"Grace!" which, not being immediately answered, "Grace, what do you stand idling there for, and your spinning not yet done?"

Without a word, the girl returned to her employment; the wheel flew fast, and her thoughts with it, while the woman patted about, doing the work within doors. Finishing her task, she was about putting aside her yarn, when a neighbour, in passing, stopped at the gate, and called, "Come, go to the preaching, Grace; there is a man going to give us a sermon under the old apple-tree on the road." Hastily settling things in their places, Grace took her bonnet, and, despite her step-mother's scolding, followed the neighbour.

It was a shady spot on the high road, just outside a garden-fence, beside which a large, old, gnarled apple-tree grew, and cast its shadow almost across the way. Here the preacher had taken his stand, and here he had been followed by some half-dozen of the villagers. As Grace neared the spot, he dropped the conversation he was holding aside with a couple of men, and, stepping to the trunk of the tree, took his position before it; and, in a peculiarly sweet voice, began to sing. All stood silent while he sang the strain alone. This was his introduction. When he had finished, he told them his errand; then, kneeling down on the greensward, prayed a gushing, heartfelt prayer, that made the hearts of the little group well to him. The prayer was over; he took a small Bible from his pocket, and announced his text, "Ye must be born again."

Each, as he heard it, thought it was for the first time; so startling did the words fall upon his ear; and when meeting the doubt, which if put into words would be, "Can we a second time enter into our mother's womb, and be born?" the preacher repeated the words of the text, and enforced their meaning. The birth of the Spirit was made known, and it was shown how in this man must become even as a little child.

Drawn there by curiosity, and the charm of something out of the routine of their common life, there was that in this man's manner which fascinated the little group that, in the quiet of that June afternoon, had gathered by the roadside to hear of Him who was born in a manger, died on the cross, and filled heaven with His glory. His spontaneous enthusiasm went to their hearts. Accustomed as they were to the measured tone, and cold, hard manner, of those Puritanic times, they listened with awe.

He came not with "the sword of the Lord and of Gideon;" but, plain in his dress, simple in his manner, shrewd in his observation, he watched the countenances of his hearers, and caught at the available points in their characters, playing upon them till the men wondered, and the women wept.

The girl Grace was especially affected as she sat upon the grass, where she had sunk when weary with standing, and drank in his words: "Ye must be born again."

During his sermon the assemblage had increased, till they numbered about twenty, among whom was a woman with a child in her arms. The child had grown uneasy. The

minister gave out a hymn, and began to sing. The mother patted the child, keeping time to his voice. Observing this, he turned toward her, and, answering the invitation of his eye, she joined in. Grace, gaining courage from hearing another voice, joined also, taking up the last strain. The hymn ended with three voices; and, as the twilight fell, they parted, with God's benison from the preacher.

"Will you stop with me over night?"

Grace turned quickly: the voice was her father's, addressing the preacher.

The invitation was accepted, and the two men walked to the cottage together, Grace following slowly; recalling, as she did so, the words, matter, and manner of the sermon, and trying to conjecture how her mother would receive the preacher; for she had little reverence, and no respect, for any ministers but those of her own church. Mrs. White stood at the gate as they approached.

"I hope supper is ready, dame," was the husband's salutation. "Here is a friend who will break bread with us, and stay to-night. I am very hungry with my long ride."

"And you have taken to following vagrant preachers, too, have you, John White?" she angrily rejoined. "Well, the religion that came over in the 'Mayflower' is good enough for me."

Her husband stepped close up to her, and spoke in a low, determined tone; and then she turned aside and went into the house, busying herself with the supper. Grace entered, and they sat down to the meal.

"What shall I call you, friend?" said John White, as he placed a chair for the preacher.

"My name is Jesse Lee."

This was the apostle of New-England; and here, at Newark, was preached the first Methodist sermon in the state of Connecticut.

(To be continued.)

ENDURE HARDSHIP.

As a gladiator trained the body, so must we train the mind to self-sacrifice, "to endure all things," to meet and overcome difficulty and danger. We must take the rough and thorny road as well as the smooth and pleasant; and a portion, at least, of our daily duty must be hard and disagreeable; for the mind cannot be kept strong and healthy in perpetual sunshine only, and the most dangerous of all states is that of constantly-recurring pleasure, ease, and prosperity. Most persons will find difficulties and hardships enough without seeking them. Let them not repine; but take them as a part of that educational discipline necessary to fit the mind to arrive at its highest good.

"INSTRUMENTS OF RIGHTEOUSNESS."

THE following passages are from a discourse on Rom. vi. 13, by the Rev. W. Arnot, of Glasgow, in which he sets forth the duty of all who have experienced the saving grace of God, to yield themselves as instruments for the furtherance of His cause:—

When Christ meets Saul, or any other sinful man, and saves him, the end is not yet. This saving work is not itself an end, but a means toward an end. The Redeemer uses saved men as instruments in saving men that are lost. If you are saved, you will be employed in some department, more high or more humble, of saving work.

Iron ore is brought up from the mine, and smelted and refined with great labour, and at great expense. A vast capital in money, and a vast amount of human toil, are represented by these furnaces, that belch lurid flames, at short intervals, far into the sky, throughout the long wintry night, as if they were emitted by the heart-pulses of some Titanic monster, imprisoned in the pit. All this

watchfulness, labour, and skill, are not expended merely for the purpose of treasuring heaps of iron on the surface of the earth. The iron is raised from the mine, and purified; not for idle accumulation, but for active use. It is converted into instruments of various kinds, for doing work withal. It is sought with so much care and labour, not for its own sake as an end, but for its usefulness as an instrument. In like manner, wealth is accumulated, not to lie idle, but to be employed. No man, who knows the value of money, will allow it to remain unproductive for a single day. It must be laid out, and laid out in the most profitable investment.

Now, our Lord Jesus, has laid out in toil and suffering, more than finite mind can measure, that He may convert the lost into the saved, the sinful into saints. Of these, the fruit of his soul's travail, although He still complains that few are coming, He has a goodly number here in the body, now. A multitude, whom no man can number, already walk with Him in white on the path of life. These are His treasures. He rejoices over the wealth that He has obtained; but, He does not permit it to lie unproductive. His coin he puts to usury. He is not satisfied unless one talent gains one, and five talents gain five.

It results that every one who hopes in Christ for pardon, should report himself for work, in some department of the kingdom. The Master demands neither the same kind, nor the same amount, of work from all His servants. The diversities of gift, and consequent requirement, are all but infinite. According to what they have, and where they stand, true disciples gladly fall in with the Lord's universal law, "Ye shall be witnesses unto Me." As the water, when it gains the sky as a cloud, does not remain there, but hastens down to refresh the thirsty ground; so a human spirit, as soon as it has obtained mercy, becomes impatient to go forth and show mercy.

During the present generation, the church of Christ has made considerable progress in realizing and reducing to practice the principle, that every member should contribute his share of labour to evangelize the world. The positive work is not now so exclusively abandoned to Ministers, as it was in the last generation. In this respect, we have advanced beyond the position of our fathers; but we ought to use the position which we have attained, as a base for pushing our advantage still further. It is a cause worthy of an apostle, if one were sent to the church in these latter days, to carry this question forward, and drive it home. When the whole community of believers shall have been leavened with the conviction, that doing for Christ is co-extensive with getting from Christ, we may expect an outbursting of evangelic work on the right and left, such as no previous age has witnessed. When every one who comes to Christ for pardon, shall yield himself to Christ, as an instrument to be employed in His work, a great enlargement will ensue. "The kingdoms of this world" will soon thereafter "become the kingdoms of our Lord."

THE DREAMY HEARER.

In one of our large chapels, perhaps the one in which you, my reader, are wont to sit, there sat from Sabbath to Sabbath, a tradesman of respectable position in life. He came as many others come: he went as many others may go. For some fourteen years he was "a constant *hearer*,"—so the officials said.

This man was sick, and was in view of death, when a Minister called to see him, and carefully inquired into his state of mind. He was unconverted; and, more than this, he was dark. When urged to seek for pardon, and

not to rest until he knew his sins forgiven, he expressed great surprise. He did not know that it was possible.

"Not know that it is possible! Have you not attended —— chapel?"

"Yes," was the reply: "but I do not know that I ever heard a sermon."

"What do you mean? You have regularly sat there for some fourteen years, and not heard a sermon? How can that be?"

"Why," said he, "the truth is this, as soon as the preacher took his text, I began to think of my business; and I acquired such a habit of abstraction, that, whilst the preacher was preaching, I could trace out on the panel of the seat before me all the work of the past week; and, having reviewed that, could lay all my plans for the week to come. And the consequence is, that I do not know that I ever heard a sermon."

That man had a long affliction, and we have good hope that he proved the joy of pardon ere he left this world. But how many dreamy hearers are left! Not sleepy hearers who tell all around them that they are not hearing anything; but dreamy hearers, who sit with eyes wide open, and ears quite closed. What were you thinking about, my reader, only the last time you sat under the sound of the word? Business past, business coming: pleasures gone, pleasures for to-morrow: some one's dress; or, it may be, your own: or what else?

Be sure that to sit in the house of God will not secure to you the profit of the service, unless you will take care to listen, to "mark, learn, and inwardly digest" what you hear. You are not serving God, but Mammon, when you devote the hours set apart for the worship of God to thoughts of business or pleasure. Be watchful for the future; and pray that you may watch. Otherwise, when the time of fierce temptation comes, or the time of trial, or when death itself approaches, you too may find that you have failed to learn the lessons which most you needed; the very lessons which were most frequently set before you. Every sermon may be to you a means of instruction, or of confirmation;—only be not a dreamy hearer.

AGRICOLA.

A PARABLE CONCERNING THE PROMISES.

ADDRESSED TO TIMOROUS DISCIPLES.

"MOTHER," said one of Christ's little ones, "if I were to cry to the good Master with all my heart, would He cause the brooks of water ever to flow among the tender plants of my garden, as they have hitherto done, and by the roots of the fruit-bearing trees?"

"Cry to the good Master," was the mother's reply; "perhaps He will so care for the flowers whose perfume is so delicious, and for the trees whose fruit is so pleasant. He *will* do that which is best."

"Mother, if I prayed to the Lord, sincerely and earnestly, would He command that the fierce rays of the sun should not so visit the garden in which I delight, as to destroy its productiveness and beauty?"

The mother turned away, sighing gently, and then replied, "Pray to the Lord, my child; He may restrain the heat you dread. He *will* be kind to the feeble one that prays to Him."

"Mother, if I make known my wish to the Hearer of prayer, will He stay the rough wind that it enter not into the quiet enclosure in which I love to walk? I think of Him as I there spend my happy hours, and I take the fragrant flowers, and the pleasant fruit, as from His hand, and I strive to devote them all to His service. Will He permit me still to enjoy them, and to have them as His gift, until He sends for me to that

fairer land of which you often tell me?"

The mother sighed again, as though she thought of something painful belonging to her own past history; but there was a blessed tranquillity in her tone, and a holy peace resting on her features, as she replied, "Make known your wish, my Mary, to the Hearer of prayer. It may be that He will place a hedge around that enclosure, which even the rough east wind shall not be able to pass through. He will not forsake those who do make known their requests unto Him. He *will* ever prove Himself to be loving, truthful, and wise."

Mary's heart was very solemn as she listened to the words of her beloved mother, and looked up into her saint-like countenance; but the child's soul was greatly comforted.

Years after this converse took place, it so happened that the little rills, which had flowed through Mary's garden, became sadly diminished. The rain had not fallen on the distant mountains as aforetime. At length the channels were quite dry, and the plants and trees vainly craved for moisture. The maiden's heart was dismayed. She now walked alone in the garden, for her loving mother had been removed to the glorious land of which she used to think and speak. The mother still loved her child, and waited for her child; but was not permitted to visit her. Well was it that, whilst still with her, she had spoken words of heavenly wisdom. Mary's garden became more desolate in appearance. The fierce rays of the sun were so intense that the parched vegetation was sorely injured thereby, and the feebler plants died. The loveliness of the flowers had passed away, and the blossoms so beautiful and sweet-scented had fallen off without being succeeded by fruit. Then, as weeks passed on, there arose a mighty tempest,—the harbinger of approaching winter,—but unseasonably early, and terribly severe. The remnant of the plants were broken down, and the very leaves of the trees were scattered all around. Then I greatly pitied the lonely maiden. I wished that her sainted mother could have visited her for a little time to whisper to her troubled heart sweet words of comfort, and to utter some joyous secret concerning the bright land beyond the river. "Surely," I said, "Mary must be overwhelmed in wretchedness and despair."

But, as I looked, I beheld a wonder. Among the leafless boughs in that once lovely garden, I discovered numerous birds whose plumage was of more than earthly beauty, and whose notes were like the harpings of seraphim. The sweet songsters were settled on those forbidding-looking trees. I did not see them come. Perhaps they were hidden before by the dense foliage which all admired so much. Perhaps they sang in lower tones whilst all was loudly jubilant around. I think they did, and that Mary sometimes heard them then. But of this I am sure, that they were never before seen by her so distinctly as when the garden had been made thrice desolate, and that their music had not previously reached her heart as it did then. These feathered songsters, certainly, did not appertain to that land. I thought they were birds of paradise. But they assuredly uttered heavenly music, conveying a Divine comfort and joy to every listener whose ear had been rightly attuned. If I mistake not, they were sent from the bright land beyond the river, whither Mary's mother had gone to live. They sang as though accustomed to the sweet melodies of Eden, and seemed to invite the sorrowful to that far-off country where there is no pain, and wherein the voice of lamentation is not heard.

As the maiden listened, she forgot the desolation of her once-cherished garden. She appeared to be once

more hearkening to the voice of her beloved mother, only there was no sigh. The voice had been re-attuned, as for the service of the King Himself. Mary, however, did sigh, as she, after a time, looked on the surrounding barrenness. She sighed as her mother once did. But there was hopefulness, almost exultation, within her heart, as she set herself, with increased earnestness, to get ready for the bright land and for re-union with her mother on the other side of the river.

As I looked on the radiant countenance of that stricken one, I thought, How unutterably precious are the promises of God, when spoken to the heart of sorrowful saints by the Divine Spirit! B. S.

COMFORT FOR THE BEREAVED.

"I have seen his ways, and will heal him: I will lead him also, and restore comforts unto him and to his mourners." (Isai. lvii. 18.)

We have here, says Mr. M'Duff, the utterance of God's thoughts to the bereft mourner. He who looked down of old on bondaged Israel, and thus unlocked the thoughts of His heart, "I know their sorrows;" He who in a later age watched from the mountain-side the frail bark tossed in the midst of Tiberias, and hastened to the rescue of faithless disciples; says to each poor afflicted one, "My thoughts are upon thee. I have appointed thy trial. I have decreed that early, or that unlooked-for, grave. Let faith trust Me in this dark hour, when fainting human nature may fail to comprehend the mystery of My dealings."

The successive clauses of this verse form a beautiful gradation. God "sees," He "heals," He "leads," He "comforts."

He sees. He knows all my case, my character, my circumstances. He alone can judge as to the "needs be" of trial. He has some wise reason for His discipline. *He heals.* He comes with the balm of His own heavenly consolation. When the wave of sorrow has answered the end for which it was sent, He says, "Thus far shalt thou go, and no farther!" *He leads.* He does not inflict the heavy blow, and then forsake. He does not leave the shorn lamb to the untempered winds of trial. "The Lord shall guide thee continually, and satisfy thy soul in drought;" guidance, and provision too, the pilgrim wants; and that, too, "in drought," when the world's provisions fail! *He comforts.* The mother's love for her child is manifested, not at the moment only when it receives some severe injury, but in the subsequent nights of patient, tender nursing, and unwearying watchfulness. "As one whom his mother comforteth, so," says God, "will I comfort you."

In the hour of sorrowing bereavement many a precious revelation is made of a before unknown or hidden God. In wrestling like Jacob with the Covenant-Angel, the soul is often brought to feel for the first time, in that struggle-hour, His touch; the consciousness of a Presence before dimly recognized, but now *felt*. Like "Israel," we may go "halting" to our graves. But the place of affliction is called by us to the last "*Peniel*," for there "we saw God face to face;" and from that hour we have journeyed on, "sorrowful, yet alway rejoicing." Let us cleave to this thought of sustaining comfort. Other thoughts of other hearts may have perished. Others that were wont to think of us, and to interchange thoughts with us, may now only greet us with mute smiles from their portraits on the wall. The parent's arms that comforted us may be mouldering in the dust. The brook that once sang along its joyous music may be silent and still; we gaze upon a dry and waterless channel. But "Jehovah liveth!" Toward the mourner there is one heart ever throbbing with thoughts of unalterable

love. Weeping one! thou canst say, in the midst even of intensest solitude, and through anguished tears, "I am poor and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me."

GRACE AND KNOWLEDGE.

The word of God connects these two things together, and tells us to grow in them. They are inseparable. The man who knows not God, cannot have grace to serve Him. He who neglects his Bible, will be very apt to neglect every duty, and to decline in grace. And when other means of grace are first given up, and the closet and prayer-meeting are neglected, the Bible will go too.

Does any Christian think he knows enough about his Saviour? Can our minds be satisfied with the views we have, and not pant after longer, fuller, and more glorious ones? No; the Christian wants to know Jesus better; for the more he learns of Him, the more grace he receives. And so we are told to "grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ."

Grace is of a twofold character; but it is, in both phases, the gift of God to man. It is, first, God's love to us; and, second, our love to Him, "and grace for grace." And, of course, the more we know of Jesus, the more we shall love Him, and the more grace we shall have to serve Him.

Grow in grace at the mercy-seat, in the social meeting, in acts of love and kindness to your fellow-beings, in labouring for Christ; and grow in the knowledge of Jesus, by searching His word with prayer and study. We can leave no part of our armour off, nor give up our sword. Grace and knowledge are like nerves and muscles: it takes one to move the other.

SELF-CONSECRATION.

These lines were written by the late Dr. Gunton, of Soham, only four days before the illness which ended in his lamented death.

O, make me Thine! Thy faithful child,
Delighting but to do Thy will;
Let all my powers be reconciled
No other purpose to fulfil.

I would not have a murmuring thought
To hold rebellion in my mind,
But every wish in silence brought,
And to Thy service all resign'd.

Nor shall a word rebuke Thine own,
Or nature's voice oppose Thy sway;
Thine is my heart, to be Thy throne;
Thine my affections, to obey.

No deed shall ever contravene
The precepts of Thy book Divine;
No thought, nor word, nor action, mean
Aught but to correspond with Thine.

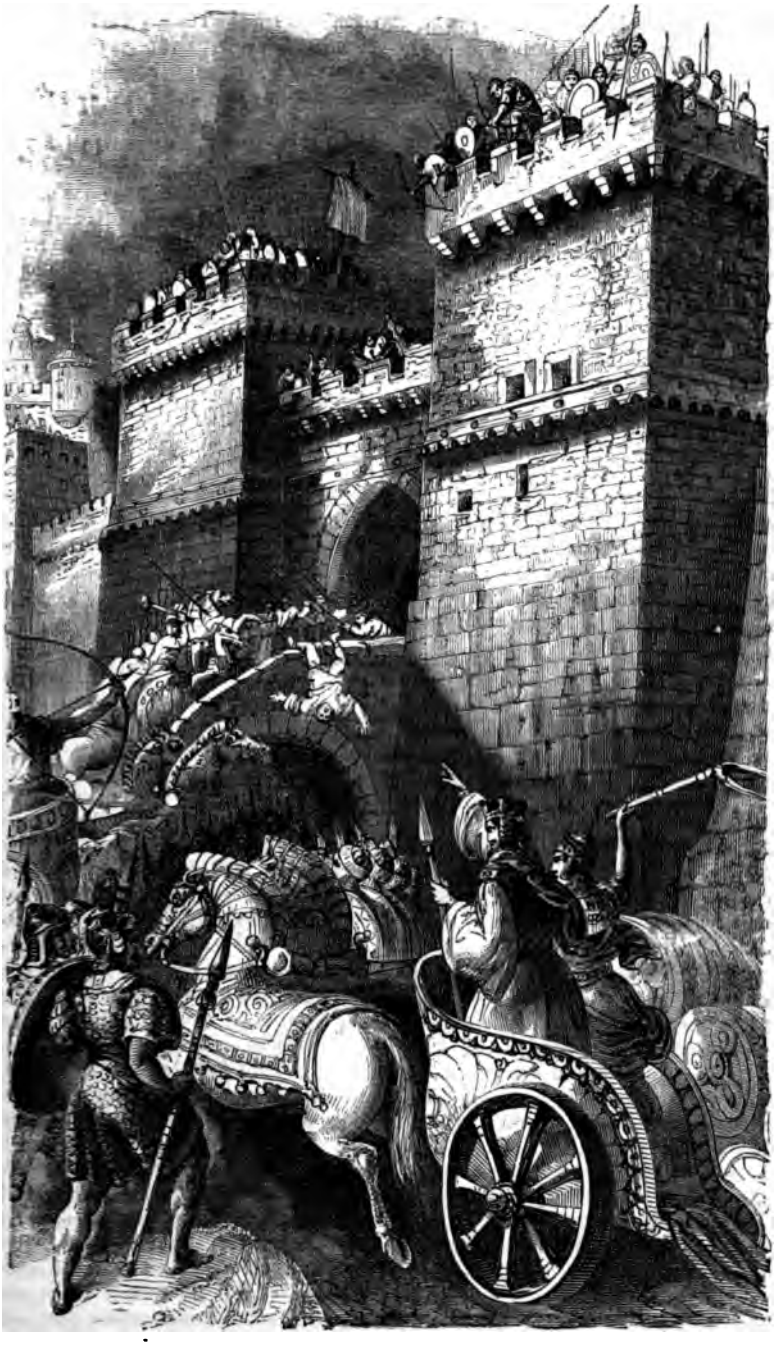
Thine be my heart; my mental powers;
My worldly goods; myself; my soul;
My life! its consecrated hours;
Eternity! its ceaseless whole.

Scripture Scenes.

THE OLD-TESTAMENT HISTORY OF JERUSALEM.

(*Concluded from page* 114.)

On their arrival at Jerusalem they contributed according to their ability to rebuild the temple. Jeshua the priest, and Zerubbabel, reared up an altar to offer burnt-offerings thereon; and when, in the following year, the foundation was laid of the new house of God, "the people shouted" for joy; "but many of the priests and Levites who had seen the first house wept with a loud voice." When the Samaritans expressed a wish to share in the pious labour, Zerubbabel declined the offer; and, in revenge, the Samaritans sent a deputation to King Artaxerxes, of Persia, carrying a presentment in which Jerusalem was described as a rebellious city of old time, which, if rebuilt, and its walls set up again, would not pay toll, tribute, and custom, and would thus endamage the public revenue. The deputation succeeded; and Artaxerxes ordered that the building of the temple should cease. The interruption thus caused lasted to the second year of the reign of Darius, when Zerubbabel and Jeshua, supported by the prophets Haggai and Zechariah, again resumed the work, and would not cease, though cautioned by the Persian governor of Judæa. On the matter coming before Darius Hystaspes, and the Jews reminding him of the permission given



by Cyrus, he decided in their favour, and also ordered that the expenses of the work should be defrayed out of the public revenue. In the sixth year of the reign of

Darius the temple was finished; when they kept the Feast of Dedication with great joy, and next celebrated the Passover. Afterwards, in the seventh year of the second Artaxerxes, Ezra, a descendant of Aaron, came up to Jerusalem, accompanied by a large number of Jews who had remained in Babylon. He was highly patronized by the king, who not only made him a large present in gold and silver, but published a decree, enjoining all treasurers of Judæa speedily to do whatever Ezra should require of them; allowing him to collect money throughout the whole province of Babylon for the wants of the temple at Jerusalem; and also giving him full power to appoint magistrates in his country to judge the people. At a later period, in the twentieth year of King Artaxerxes, Nehemiah, who was his cup-bearer, obtained permission to proceed to Jerusalem, and to complete the rebuilding of the city and its wall, which he happily accomplished, despite of all the opposition which he received from the enemies of Israel. The city was then capacious and large, but the people in it were few; and many houses lay still in ruins. At Jerusalem dwelt the rulers of the people, and "certain of the children of Judah, and of the children of Benjamin;" but it was now determined that the rest of the people should cast lots to bring one of ten to the capital. All strangers, Samaritans, Ammonites, Moabites, &c., were removed, to keep the chosen people from pollution; ministers were appointed to the temple; and the service was performed according to the law of Moses. Of the Jerusalem thus restored, by such great and long-continued exertions, very splendid prophecies were uttered by the Prophets Zechariah, Haggai, and Malachi, who flourished after the exile; the general purport of which was to describe the temple and city as destined to be glorified far beyond the former, by the advent of the long and eagerly expected Messiah, "the Desire of all nations."

The Scripture Expositor.

No. CXXVII.

"*And it shall come to pass in that day, I will hear, saith the Lord, I will hear the heavens, and they shall hear the earth; and the earth shall hear the corn, and the wine, and the oil; and they shall hear Jezreel.*" (Hosea ii. 21, 22.)

Jezreel cannot subsist without corn and wine. She cries to them for help. These cannot help without the earth to produce them. They cry to that to be fruitful. The earth can bring forth nothing, of itself, without influence, benignity, and comfortable showers from the heavens. It cries to them for aid. The heavens cannot give rain nor warmth of themselves, without Him who is the Father of rain, and the Fountain of motion. So that here are three notable things to be observed: the connexion and concatenation of all second causes; the co-operation of them together for the good of the church; and the subordination of them all to God, unto whom, at length, *the more accurate* inquiry into them doth conduct us. And this subordination standeth in four things: 1. All things are subordinate unto God in being. He only hath being by absolute and original essence; all other things by derivation and dependence upon Him. 2. In conservation; for God doth not make His creatures as a carpenter doth his house, which can after stand by itself alone: but having our very being from Him, that being cannot be or continue without His support; as light in the house dependeth, both in being and in continuance, upon the sun. 3. In regard of government and providence; for all things are by His wisdom guided unto the ends of His glory. And even those creatures which fly out of the order of His precepts, fall into the order of His providence. Lastly, in regard of operation; for in Him we live and move. He worketh our works for us. Second causes cannot put forth any causality till He is pleased to concur with them.—*Reynolds on the Passions*, pp. 449, 450. *Edit.* 1640.

No. CXXVIII.

"What fruit had ye then in those things whereof ye are now ashamed? for the end of those things is death." (Rom. vi. 21.)

All sin is matter of shame when it is reviewed with a right judgment. That which hath emptiness in the beginning, and death in the end, must needs have shame in the middle. But though all sin, with respect to God's eye and judgment, doth cause shame, yet, in the eye of men, those sins cause it most that have any notable and odious turpitude adhering to them. Such as obscene or dishonest actions, when they are detected; forging of deeds; defacing records; counterfeiting names or seals; suborning of witnesses; making use of ingenious professions as cloaks to palliate, and instruments to provoke, abusive and illiberal practices. Such are all kinds of sordid actions; as gain raised out of despicable commodities. Such are also the livings which are raised by parasites, jugglers, cheats, sharks, and shifting companions make unto themselves. To this class belongs the poet's miser, who says:—

"The people hiss me all abroad,
But I at home myself applaud,
When in my coffers I behold
That which none hiss at,—heaps of gold."
—*Ibid.*, pp. 303, 304.

Christian Missions.

DAVID BRAINERD.

BY THE REV. GEORGE MAUNDER.

(*Concluded from page* 119.)

The difficulties which this devoted man was called to endure, and the trials and afflictions which pressed upon him in his first missionary station, have been touchingly narrated by his own pen. "I live," says he, "in the most lonely, melancholy *desert*, about eighteen miles from Albany. I board with a poor Scotchman; his wife can talk scarcely any English. My *diet* consists chiefly of hasty-pudding, boiled corn, and bread baked in ashes. My *lodging* is a little heap of straw, laid upon some boards, a little way from the ground; for it is a log-room, without any floor, that I lodge in. My *work* is exceeding hard. I travel on foot a mile and a half, the worst of way, almost daily, and back again; for I live so far from my Indians. I have not seen an English person this month. These, and many other circumstances as uncomfortable, attend me; and yet my *spiritual conflicts and distresses* so far exceed all these, that I scarcely think of them."

Again:—"My circumstances are such, that I have no comfort of any kind, but what I have in God. I live in the most lonesome wilderness; have but *one single* person to converse with that can speak English. Most of the talk I hear is either Highland-Scotch or Indian. I have no fellow-Christian to whom I might unbosom myself, and lay open my spiritual sorrows, and with whom I might take sweet counsel in conversation about heavenly things, and join in prayer. I live poorly with respect to the comforts of life: most of them consist of boiled corn, and hasty-pudding. I lodge on a bundle of straw, my labour is hard, and I have little appearance of success. The Indian affairs are very difficult. But that which makes all my difficulties grievous to be borne is, that God hides His face from me."

What a picture of desolation and solitariness is sketched out in these few sentences! And yet, in a few days subsequent, we read this entry in his diary:—"I have felt contented with my circumstances, and sweetly resigned to God. In prayer I enjoyed great freedom, and blessed God as much for my present circumstances as if I had been a king; and I never feel comfortably, but when I find my soul going forth after God. If I cannot be holy, I must be miserable for ever." On another occasion we find him writing, "Farewell, earthly comforts and friends,—the dearest of them all, the very dearest, if the Lord calls for it! Adieu, adieu!

I'll spend my life, to my latest moments, in caves and dens of the earth, if the kingdom of Christ may be advanced."

During the residence of our Missionary at Kaunaumeek, it is surprising how various and how constant his exertions were. He was "in journeyings oft," and his labours were "abundant." When with the Indians, he discoursed to them on the most important subjects of theology, and frequently catechized them. And when we consider that he had but a very slight acquaintance with their language, that he was obliged to teach them by an interpreter, that he had to manage their temporal concerns, and often to arbitrate between them in their petty disagreements; and when, added to this, we also recollect that the objects of his more than parental care were untutored savages, we must be filled with wonder at the difficulties he had to encounter, and at the patient perseverance by which he surmounted them. During all this time, his health was very precarious, his constitution delicate; and he was often the subject of severe indisposition. In addition to his other labours, he applied himself, at this time, closely to the study of the Indian language; and, that he might enjoy the advantage of a tutor, he frequently rode, in the depth of winter, a distance of twenty miles backwards and forwards, through dreary and uninhabited woods.

Brainerd, having spent upwards of a year at Kaunaumeek, was removed to the Forks of Delaware, in Pennsylvania. Here he entered on his labours in a spirit of heroic self-denial and unquenchable zeal. Few missionaries have acted better up to what has been said to be the duty of an evangelist:—"He must follow their manner of life, eat with them, and drink with them, and seek access to them at all their unguarded moments, that he may be always at hand to drop his words seasonably into their ear, and manifest constantly before their eyes the influence of his faith over all the conditions of man, instead of merely addressing them now and then with set speeches and abstract discourses, against the very time, form, and place of which their minds are already in arms." Thus Brainerd acted; and yet, for a lengthened period, it seemed as though "he laboured in vain, and spent his strength for nought."

In June of the year 1745, we find our Missionary at Crossweeksung, in New Jersey. Here he had, at first, to attend his ministrations only a few women and children; but the number of his congregation soon increased, and they were remarkably attentive to his instructions. After spending some time at this place, he returned to the Forks of Delaware; and thus he continued, during several months, to pass from Crossweeksung to the Forks, and back again, seeking to bring lost souls to Christ. It was now that the Divine Master was pleased to crown the toils of His servant with success. Many of the Indians were led earnestly to inquire what they should do to be saved; and were carried through various stages of Divine discipline, until they rested in a firm trust upon the Redeemer.

On one occasion, in particular, the converting power of God was manifested in a very remarkable manner. The following is Brainerd's own account:—"There was much concern among the Indians while I was discoursing publicly; but afterwards, when I spoke to one and another more particularly, whom I perceived under concern, the power of God seemed to descend upon the assembly 'like a rushing mighty wind,' and with an astonishing energy bore down all before it.

"I stood amazed at the influence that seized the audience almost universally, and could compare it to nothing more aptly than a mighty torrent, that bears down and sweeps before it whatever is in its way. Almost all persons, of all ages, were bowed down together, and scarce one was able to withstand the *shock* of this surprising operation. Old men and women, who had been drunken wretches for many years, and some little children, not more than six or seven years of age, appeared in distress for their souls, as well as persons of middle age. And it was apparent these children were not merely frighted with seeing the general concern, but were made sensible of their danger, the badness of their hearts, and their misery without Christ. The most stubborn hearts were now obliged to bow. A principal man among the Indians, who before thought his state good, because he

knew more than the generality of Indians, and who with great confidence, the day before, told me 'he had been a Christian more than ten years,' was now brought under solemn concern for his soul, and wept bitterly. Another man, considerably in years, who had been a *murderer*, a *powwow*, and a notorious *drunkard*, was likewise brought now to cry for mercy with many tears, and to complain much that he could be no more concerned when he saw his danger so great.

"There were almost universally praying and crying for mercy in every part of the house, and many out-of-doors; and numbers could neither go nor stand. Their concern was so great, each for himself, that none seemed to take any notice of those about them, but each prayed for themselves; and were, to their own apprehension, as much retired as if everyone had been by himself in a desert; or rather, they thought nothing about *any* but themselves, and so were everyone praying *apart*, although *altogether*.

"It seemed to me there was an exact fulfilment of that prophecy, Zech. xii. 10—12; for there was 'a great mourning,' like 'the mourning of Hadadrimmon;' and each seemed to 'mourn apart.' Methought this had a near resemblance to the day of God's power, mentioned in Josh. x. 14; for I must say, I never saw *any day like it* in all respects: it was a day wherein the Lord did much destroy the kingdom of darkness among this people."

This gracious visitation was neither partial nor transitory. The progress of religion among the Indians was now, to use Brainerd's own language, "rapid and fervent." Nor were the external manifestations—the "fruits meet for repentance"—otherwise than satisfactory. Brainerd thus speaks of his first celebration of the Lord's Supper among these new converts:—"Their competency of doctrinal knowledge, together with their grave and decent attendance upon the ordinance, their affectionate melting under it, and the sweet and Christian frame of mind they discovered consequent upon it, gave me great satisfaction respecting my administration of it to them. And O! what a sweet and blessed season was this! God Himself, I am persuaded, was in the midst of His people, attending His own ordinances. And I doubt not but many, in the conclusion of the day, could say with their whole hearts, 'Verily, a day thus spent in God's house is better than a thousand elsewhere.' There seemed to be but *one heart* among the pious people. The sweet union, harmony, and endearing love and tenderness subsisting among them, was, I thought, the most lively emblem of the heavenly world I had ever seen."

How cheering must it have been to the ardent spirit of our zealous Missionary—already well-nigh worn down by privation and toil—thus to behold the work of the Lord in rapid progress among these sons of the desert! It was indeed his "meat and drink" to do his Master's will; and, verily, he received an ample recompense for all his labours. The reformation thus achieved was genuine and permanent. "It is worthy of remark," he writes, "that numbers of these people are brought to a strict compliance with the rules of morality and sobriety, and to a conscientious performance of the external duties of Christianity, without their having them frequently inculcated upon them, and the contrary vices particularly exposed. God was pleased to give the grand Gospel truths such a powerful influence upon their minds, that their lives were quickly reformed, without my spending time in repeated harangues upon external duties. When these truths were felt at heart, there was no vice unreformed, no external duty neglected. Drunkenness, the darling vice, was broken off, and scarce an instance of it known for months together. The practice of husbands and wives, in putting away each other, and taking others in their stead, was quickly reformed. The same might be said of all other vicious practices. The reformation was general; and all springing from the internal influence of Divine truths upon their hearts; not because they had heard these sins particularly exposed and repeatedly spoken against." In this case, as in all others, it was found that—

"The Cross, once seen, is death to every vice."

Evangelical preaching, it seems, among the wild Indians of America, as well as among the more refined and polished

inhabitants of Europe, is the principal means to produce an extensive, deep, and lasting reformation of conduct.

But Brainerd's labours, though arduous and successful, were to be brief. Constant exposure, daily privation, and incessant toil, such as he endured, were more than sufficient speedily to break down a system far more robust and vigorous than his had ever been. Consumption seized hold upon him, and in a few short months his strength was utterly prostrated. But, as the flame of life flickered in its socket, his soul seems to have ripened with extraordinary rapidity for his heavenly home. "I am near, very near, the unseen world," he writes, "and wait earnestly to depart, and be with Him whom I have loved. For some years it has been my abiding conviction, that it is impossible to enjoy true happiness without being entirely devoted to God. Under the influence of this conviction, I have in some measure acted. Would that I had done so yet more! I saw the excellency of holiness of life, but never in such a manner as now, when the last enemy waits for me." Again, he exclaims, "My delight is to please God, and be wholly devoted to His glory: that is the heaven I long for; that is my religion and my happiness, and always was, ever since, I suppose, I had any true religion. The Watcher is with me. Why is the chariot so long in coming? Look forth: why tarry the wheels of His chariot?"

It is pleasing to remember that Brainerd breathed his last surrounded by the comforts of civilized life, and waited upon by affectionate and devoted friends. On the morning of Friday, October 9th, 1747, this devoted man departed hence, having scarcely numbered more than twenty-nine years, and having been engaged four years in the honourable labour of a missionary of Christ.

The piety of this distinguished man was most exemplary; yet, withal, having a strong tinge of asceticism and gloom. He was often in deep waters, broken with many a tempest, and buffeted with many a surge; but he never for a moment let go his anchorage. "He did not always rejoice," says a distinguished writer; "but he always *rested* and *trusted* as a child. He was often brought down to the very gates of hell under a sense of unutterable vileness in himself; yet he did not allow this to estrange him from his God, or loosen his hold of the Saviour, or throw up a wall of darkness between him and the Cross." Brainerd's character, upon the whole, challenges our admiration; and it is one which has been deeply studied, and highly commended, by individuals eminent for their piety. "Find preachers of David Brainerd's spirit," said the venerable Wesley, "and nothing can stand before them." Dr. Ryland, of Bristol, used to say, that he esteemed Brainerd's *Life* next to the Bible. It was the favourite volume of Henry Martyn, whose religious character it greatly contributed to form. The celebrated Robert Hall has remarked,—"*The Life and Diary of David Brainerd, Missionary to the American Indians*, exhibits a perfect pattern of the qualities which should distinguish the instructer of rude and barbarous tribes;—the most invincible patience and self-denial, the profoundest humility, exquisite prudence, indefatigable industry, and such a devotedness to God, or rather, such an absorption of the whole soul in zeal for the Divine glory and the salvation of men, as is scarcely to be paralleled since the days of the apostles. Such was the intense ardour of his mind, that it seems to have diffused the spirit of a martyr over the most common incidents of his life."

In concluding our sketch of this eminent Missionary, we would remark, in the language of another,—"His life was not a great life, as men use the word. It was no life of vulgar incident or exciting changes. It was not coloured with romance or sentiment. It had no originality about it, save that of acting out all that he believed. It was not made up of many parts, nor filled with varied doings, nor diversified with manifold schemes. It was thus far a monotonous life,—a life of one plan, expending itself in the fulfilment of one great aim, and in the doing of one great deed,—serving God; so that at its close he could say, 'I have glorified Thee on earth; I have finished the work which Thou gavest me to do.'"

The moral of David Brainerd's brief history is this:—EMINENT HOLINESS IS

REQUISITE IN ORDER TO EMINENT USEFULNESS. In the success which crowned his perseverance, amid difficulties and privations almost unexampled, we have also a confirmation of the scriptural precept, "Be not weary in well-doing: for in due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

The Household.

CLEANLINESS.

I SUPPOSE, says the writer of an admirable Tract on the subject,* there are few persons who will deny that it is a more respectable, as well as a more comfortable, condition to be clean and well-dressed, than to be unwashed and slovenly. That person naturally commands more respect who by his outward appearance shows that he respects himself, that he considers it a matter of consequence to preserve clean and orderly habits. Few, however, reflect, or even know, how close the connexion is between the condition of the body as regards cleanliness, and the health and soundness of the frame. I will not say that want of cleanliness is the most efficient agent in the production of disease, because there are other agents such as want of pure air, bad or insufficient food, excessive eating or drinking, exposure to damp and cold, all which number their thousands of victims; but it is well known, and cannot be too often impressed upon us, that many fearful evils, many epidemics which ravage our streets, might be averted by a due regard to cleanliness. Our sins in this respect lie so much at our own door, and may so easily be reformed, that I have chosen the subject for our consideration, in the hope that we may all be led to greater attention to this part of our duty.

The laws of God are all good and beneficent, and, if regarded, cannot fail to bring in their train health and well-being; but, by a wise decree, the violation of these laws generally brings a direct penalty in this life. Scourges of some kind follow guilt in sure and often rapid progression. Filth engenders fevers, vermin, and skin-diseases. Intemperance undermines the health, wastes the energies, and, if persisted in, often brings the terrors of *delirium tremens*. All excess, as well as all neglect, has its appropriate penalty. And in many cases it happens that not only the offender suffers, but many innocent beings share the punishment. The sins of the fathers are visited upon the children, for these inherit the weakened and sickly constitution which is the result of the parents' intemperance, or neglect of the laws of health.

Now I do not mean to say that obedience to God's laws in nature, although the spring of many blessings, is yet easy and pleasant at the outset; on the contrary, there is no good to be obtained without effort. The earth will bring forth briers and thistles of itself; but the corn and fruits are the result of man's labour and skill in cultivation. And in like manner, it requires more effort to preserve cleanliness than to let dirt remain and accumulate; but the reward far out-balances the toil. In this, as in most things, it is the first step which is the hardest: habits of order, once acquired, are easily maintained. I trust you will not be offended if I touch upon the subject of personal cleanliness. It is a matter of vast importance in its influence on the moral tone of feeling, as well as on the health. There is no reason why anyone, however poor, should not have a clean skin. Much of the difference which seems to separate the richer from the poorer classes would be bridged over, if there were the same regard to cleanliness and decency in the poor as in the rich.

There are many grounds on which to urge the duty of cleanliness. Let us begin by considering its bearing upon the health. The skin is one of the chief mediums by which nature carries off all that is waste and impure from the body. We take in a certain amount of food and

* *Tracts on Practical Subjects.* Published by "The Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge."

drink every day, to supply the waste of the bodily tissues. All that is really nourishing in the food is taken up by the system, and carried off through the canals of the blood to the different parts which require it; but there is much remaining after the nourishing elements have been extracted; and this the body must get rid of. You have often, when in a great heat from exertion, felt the perspiration running down your body: it has forced its way through the skin, which seems to us so tough and close as if it would not admit anything through. We cannot see the millions of pores with which it is dotted, and which are intended for the removal of impurities from the blood. When a violent perspiration sets in, we are aware of it; but nature does not always work by violent means; her usual way of working is gentle and imperceptible. This action of perspiration is always going on, and conduces largely to the preservation of health; but, in order that it may proceed freely, the skin must be kept clean. Particles of dust and dirt choke up the pores, and thrust back into the system the injurious elements which should have found an outlet. Thus are produced many of the distressing skin-diseases to which the poor are so liable, as well as more dangerous complaints, such as rheumatic fever. And not only is the removal of obstructions from the skin beneficial, but the stimulus of rubbing is a great help to a healthy action, and produces a pleasant glow after the application of pure water.

(*To be continued.*)

Foreign Travel.

BUXTON (CANADA WEST).

ITS ORIGIN—PRESENT STATE—AND PROSPECTS.

The Buxton, or, as it is sometimes called, the Elgin settlement, is situated about eight miles south-east of Chatham, between the river Thames and Lake Erie, in Canada West; it covers about eighteen square miles of country, embracing a population of nearly twelve hundred persons.

It was formed by the Rev. William King, in 1849, with a view to the social and moral improvement of the coloured population of Canada. Mr. King, a native of Londonderry, Ireland, had come when a youth to the States, and for many years resided in Louisiana, where he occupied an influential position in connexion with the Louisiana College at Jackson. Here he associated and mingled freely with the first families in the State, and became familiarly acquainted with their peculiar institutions. Holding strongly to the principle that personal freedom is the inherent and inalienable right of every man, he nevertheless avoided such rash words and acts as would have caused him at once to forfeit the confidence of those amongst whom he dwelt; and, meantime, he used his favourable standpoint to make himself familiar with the strongest arguments that could be brought forward in favour of slavery, with the laws of the country respecting it, with its political and social working, and with the character and capabilities of the coloured man, in order that no knowledge of the strength of the system should be wanting to him, when time for action should arrive.

During this period Mr. King was brought, by his marriage with a planter's daughter, into more direct connexion with the "peculiar institution," and obtained a deep insight into its secret workings, its cruelties, and its immoralities.

Believing slavery to be a great moral and social evil, at variance with the laws of God, and opposed to the pure precepts of the Gospel, he was convinced that it was impossible, while living in the midst of it, to bring up his family free from its contaminating influences; and determined, at whatever sacrifice, to free himself from its trammels. In consequence, however, of legal difficulties, this resolution could not be carried into immediate execution. He, therefore, with a view to its furtherance, purchased a plantation, placed his slaves upon it, and gave them the proceeds

of their own labour until the time should come that would enable him to set them free; thus developing in them the principle of self-reliance, and training them for the exercise of the duties of freedom.

Meanwhile, it was necessary for Mr. King to return with his family for a few years to Europe. On this period we would touch lightly; it is ground sacred to sorrow. On the journey, his eldest child, an interesting boy of four years old, was cut off by a sudden attack of fever; and during his sojourn in Edinburgh he was called to lay his wife and little daughter in the grave. In 1847 he returned to Louisiana, and the legal difficulties which had hitherto stood in his way having been overcome, he sold his plantation, and, in April, 1848, removed with his slaves, fifteen in number, to Canada, and there gave them their freedom; these, settling around him, became the nucleus of the Buxton settlement.

Canada has long enjoyed the proud distinction of offering a safe asylum to the refugee; who, traversing a land which loudly boasts of freedom, is in danger every moment, till, by crossing its boundaries, he enters on British territories. Away down in the south, the slave, writhing under some new act of oppression, hears, in the silence of night, whispered words which tell of liberty, and his claims to the rights of manhood. That whisper tells of Canada, not as an inhospitable region of frost and snow, but as that land the touch of whose marvellous soil unlooses for ever the shackles of slavery. Labouring from day to day, under a rule which calls into exercise all his physical powers, whilst it strongly represses those of the mind, he fulfils his allotted task with no higher motive than that of brute force. On his dark countenance there may appear the broad smile of cheerful good-humour, with which nature, as if in some degree to compensate his wrongs, has so richly endowed him; or, perhaps, it is changed to the sullen lethargy of unwilling servitude; yet, beneath this surface, the love of freedom, implanted by the Creator in the breast of every man, still lies as a hidden fire smouldering in his bosom, and only wanting combination and opportunity to break out in raging flames, which would carry terror and destruction through the ranks of the oppressor. This hidden fire, fanned by the sense of present wrongs, and fed by the fuel which his lively fancy supplies, begins to burn more strongly within him; he understands that Canada—that land of promise—lies in the north; and at last, forming his desperate resolve, he betakes himself some Saturday evening to flight, hiding by day in the thick woods, and travelling by night; he in many cases guides his course only by the stars. With some, a few weeks suffice for the journey; with others, years are spent amongst the brakes, bushes, and swamps, in devious windings, to elude the pursuer, whilst they live like savages on the game and berries which the woods afford; and others, again, are time after time overtaken, and carried back to bondage, but renew the attempt, and finally reach the goal, and are free.

The slave exults to find that he is beyond the reach of his master; but he soon finds that freedom is not altogether that blissful state of Elysian repose which his untaught imagination had so fondly pictured.

Accustomed to look upon mankind as consisting only of two great classes,—the bond and the free,—he associates with one the idea of labour without reward, of servile deference to superiors, and of restraint enforced by an iron yoke; with the other, that of a state in which wealth is enjoyed without labour, in which frank familiar ease is exercised towards equals, arrogance towards inferiors, and tyranny over the weak; where every desire is gratified at will, and where there exists no call for exertion. Of self-government, of the claims of organized society, of ready compliance with the requirements of constituted authorities, his views, if he has any, are vague and false. He has hitherto known nothing of the task of building up a character for honesty and integrity, nor of the anxious labour of gaining an honourable independence by industry, economy, and forethought. Excited by the dangers of the perilous flight he has just accomplished; well-practised in the arts of cunning and evasion in passing through the meshes of the net from which he has so adroitly escaped; having received kindly help on his journey from the hand of the sympathizing free coloured

man, or from the enthusiastic abolitionist; and elated by the realization of that hope which has sustained him during the severest hardships, he looks for friends and cordial welcome in all with whom he meets. His truly marvellous tale of suffering, peril, and hair-breadth escapes, awakens, however, but little interest; it is a "tale oft told." Homeless, friendless, and stripped of all but life, he soon discovers, to his surprise, that his life and liberty are matters in which the rest of the world are little concerned; and if these are to be maintained, he alone must do it. Supposing himself now to be the equal of every man he meets, and delighted to make himself one with that rank in society from which he imagines he was previously debarred only by his bondage, he soon renders himself offensive by his familiarity, and ridiculous by the consequential airs which he assumes. He is in need of food and clothing, and for a few days, or weeks perhaps, experiences much kindness and hospitality from those of his own colour who are living in the country. These, however, if they have anything, are earning it by their own exertions; and he finds, to his disgust, that the freedom he has obtained does not free him from the curse, "In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread," nor win for him at once fellowship with all free men. *He must work.* He seeks employment, and readily obtains it. The occupation is new to him, and he does the work imperfectly; he has no driver or overseer, and takes his time and his ease, so that at evening he has not accomplished half-a-day's work; his employer is displeased, and finds fault. Our refugee, brimming over with the sense of his new-born dignity, proclaims that *he* is no slave, nor shall any man domineer over him to labour: the man may do the work himself if he wants it done. Of course he leaves, and tries another and another place, with similar results. Not seeing the source of his failure, and therefore unable to remedy the evil, and subjected to unmerited indignities, he grows sick of his vain attempt at honest self-support; there are no plantation-stores at hand; he is hungry and needy, and too often falls into habits of vagrancy and dishonesty, and comes to merit too well the scorn and contempt with which he is received, and which have, perhaps, tended as much as anything else to reduce him to this condition.

Cases such as this have been numerous, and have given some colouring of reason to that intense and very unchristian prejudice which prevails throughout Canada against the black and coloured population, many of whom are persons of very different character, but who nevertheless suffer equally from the undiscriminating antipathy which prevails against their race. Some of these are free-born, and have all their lives been accustomed to enjoy the rights, and exercise the duties, of free men. They are industrious, self-supporting, peaceable, and, as a general rule, temperate in their habits; and often show a much greater desire for the improvement of their own minds, and the education of their children, than is manifested by the lower classes of white immigrants.

(*To be continued.*)

Nature.

LIFE IN CAVERNS.

The vegetation found in caverns is less varied and less remarkable than the mineral wealth. A few ferns—some rare and curious, others common, but not less beautiful—are often pendent, like a rich green fringe, near the entrance, and from the roofs and walls, of those caves which open to the sea; while a floor of varied and tangled sea-weed marks the extreme point to which the ordinary tidal wave has access. One fern in particular, the sea spleen-wort, (*asplenium marinum,*) though generally rare, is sometimes plentiful enough in such localities, and may be found in caves near Tenby, and elsewhere on the Welsh coast, and also abundantly in Devonshire, Cornwall, and the Channel Islands. Others have been found associated with it.

Owing to the darkness that prevails during the day, as well as at night, in the recesses of caverns, there is little growth there of any kind; nor is it at all usual to find much vegetable matter drifted far in. All that grows, or is deposited, near the entry of a cave, is pretty sure to be found also on the rocks of the same nature close at hand; and offers little or nothing that is peculiar in its mode of growth.

Even in the animal kingdom, the variety of species permanently inhabiting the recesses of caverns is very small. What there is, however, is curious enough; and these permanent residents deserve some notice.

Of all modifications and adaptations of structure, that of the very remarkable blind reptile found in several large caverns traversed by water, in different parts of the world, is certainly the most singular. This animal, the *proteus anguinus* of naturalists, is a kind of salamander, or may be understood better as something between an eel and a tadpole. It is a foot long, of the size of a human finger, with four little legs, too imperfectly developed to be of any use as limbs. It has no fins; but two curious coral-red crests, or naked gills, close to the fore limbs, are combined with true lungs, giving the animal a double system for the aeration of the blood. Its jaws are well furnished with teeth, and its nostrils are large; but its ears are covered by flesh and skin, and the eyes are not only excessively small and rudimentary, but are also covered by skin, although represented externally by small points. This very curious little animal is aquatic in its habits, but can live perfectly well out of the water; and the species mentioned has only been found in the deepest recesses of the gigantic caverns of Adelsberg, in Carniola, where there is a subterranean river and lake. A somewhat similar animal is found in the mammoth cavern of Kentucky. As these creatures are carnivorous, there must evidently be a supply of other animals equally well adapted to live in perpetual darkness; but none have yet been described. It is curious to contemplate a whole creation probably deficient of an organ which seems essential to the happiness and health, if not the existence, of the rest of the organic world.

The animal life found in those caverns which are gloomy only, and not absolutely dark, and which are subject to the alternate flux and reflux of a large tide in a narrow sea, is beyond all comparison interesting, beautiful, and varied. The appearance of living and flourishing groups of sponge and coral, the numerous star-fishes and other radiated animals, many of them very rare; the inconceivable multitude and variety of form and colour of the well-known sea-anemones, and the curious variety of marine worms; all these, if seen for the first time under favourable circumstances of scenery and weather, produce combinations that no one can fail being interested in.

The Monitor.

"PRAY FOR THE PREACHER-MAN."

"MAMMA!" said a bright, chubby boy of five or six summers, just as he was ready for chapel, one Sabbath morning, "mamma! mustn't we pray for preacher-man before we go to chapel?"

"Yes, to be sure, Charley," was the widow's reply.

Down on his knees went the little fellow, buried his face in his hands, and this was his prayer: "God bless Mitty —— to-day, and make him good preacher-man, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

I do not know on what day that prayer was offered, but I know that it has often done me good since. I hope Charley still prays.

Do you "pray for the preacher-man?" A prayerless heart will soon be a complaining one; but a prayerful heart cannot easily be disappointed. Half-an-hour, or even five minutes, spent by you in the closet, will wondrously improve the

character of a sermon. And why? The preacher is the same, the sermon is not changed. The difference is in yourself. What is the explanation of this?

Every sermon is like yourself,—a compound thing, made up of body and soul. There is the man and his message. These two elements, the natural and the spiritual, are distinct, both in the sermon and in the hearer. In the hearer there is just so much of the spiritual as there is of real religious life; and all the rest is nature. In the sermon there is just so much of the spiritual as there is of the truth of the Gospel; and all the rest is the man.

Now, in both preachers and hearers the natural varies much. Men have different capacities, different tastes, different habits of thought and feeling. Some are poetical, some are argumentative, some are fervid, some are rigid. And so you may go the whole round of the varieties in mind and heart, finding some representatives of everyone, both in pulpit and in pew. Thus there will be in every preacher a special adaptation of the natural element in his preaching to the natural in some of his hearers. And if so, then, other things being equal, they will as certainly *prefer* that preacher—their preacher—as they will prefer pleasure before pain; and this, even though their standard of preference be in utter contrast with their own peculiarities in daily life. Harmony is to some, and contrast is to others, the rule of choice.

But there is another element in every Christian sermon, and in every faithful hearer, and that is the *spiritual*. Here all agree. The truth in Jesus is one; and, as unfolded by the teaching of the Holy Spirit, it suits all spiritual natures. Christ is all in all; and if He be preached, however varied the circumstances and the necessities of those who hear, He will prove to be the one ever-satisfying Portion. In order to this, there must be spiritual discernment. There must be a power to secrete from the sermon just those portions of the truth which are specially needed for the present distress. This implies more or less of spiritual vigour, whether habitual or special,—in either case the gift of God. And here lies the value of Charley's example.

Many hearers, even amongst professing Christians, present themselves in the house of God under the influence of only their natural tastes. Spiritual appetite and spiritual discernment they have not, for they have not sought them. No marvel that they hear so many "poor sermons." The spiritual within them is feeble, or slumbering, or dead. They are afflicted with atrophy. They listen, can taste, discuss, and pass an opinion upon what is set before them; but they find no nourishment. They see no beauty, feel no charm, unless the natural is supplied with the natural,—the merely human with the merely human. The taste degenerates until all is unpalatable but that which is highly flavoured after the one approved recipe. Let them try the virtue of prayer; prayer for the preacher, and prayer for themselves. Prayer is an excellent tonic. It brings back the appetite, and braces the whole system. Under its influence, sermons which were dry as dust, and as unpalatable, become not, indeed, tasty to the natural man, but nourishing to the inner man. The intellect may be far from being suited, but this is comparatively forgotten whilst the heart is made glad by the presence of Jesus. Try it. Persevere in trying it; and a new charm will soon be thrown over the pulpit if you, earnestly and faithfully, will only "pray for the preacher-man."

AGRICOLA.

The Portfolio.

FAMILY-PRAYER.

I SUSPECT everybody secretly admits the obligation of family-prayer. I judge so from the trouble many are at to apologize for the neglect. It tries them not a little to satisfy even themselves with an excuse. The usual plea is *inability*. They have not the *gift*, they say. What gift? Can they not collect their family together night and morning? Have they

not so much authority in their own house as that? And then, can they not read a portion of Scripture to them, and, kneeling down, express their common desires to God? If they cannot frame a prayer at the moment, yet can they not use a form? It requires no great gift to read a prayer in an audible voice. But what if it be hard at first, it will soon be easy if persevered in. The beginning of almost every good habit is difficult. The most of those who make this apology *presume* on their inability. They say they cannot before they have tried. But until they have tried, they do not know whether they can or not. What if some have tried once, and failed? One failure should not dishearten them, nor two, nor even twenty. Demosthenes tried speaking many times before he became an orator. Besides, how do those who presume on their inability to conduct family-worship, know what assistance they might receive from God, if they were to make an humble and faithful experiment?

If anyone should condescend to read this who does not pray in his family, I advise him to commence immediately. He knows that he will never be sorry for it; but he is not so sure he may not be sorry for it if he does not. If there were no other reason in favour of the practice, this alone would be sufficient. I think it is Jay who says that a family without prayer is like a house without a roof; it has no protection. Would you like to live in such a house?

CHOICE OF WORDS.

When you doubt between two words, choose the plainest, the commonest, the most idiomatic. Eschew fine words as you would rouge; love simple ones as you would native roses on your cheeks. Let us use the plainest and shortest words that will grammatically and gracefully express our meaning.

WHY PEOPLE READ.

Some read to think,—these are rare; some to write,—these are common; and some read to talk,—and these form the great majority. The first page of an author not unfrequently suffices all the purposes of this latter class, of whom it has been said, they treat books as some do lords; they inform themselves of their titles, and then boast of an intimate acquaintance.

COMPLAINING CURED.

"I never complained of my condition," says the Persian poet Sadi, "but once, when my feet were bare, and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without feet, and became contented with my lot."

THE FREE CHOICE.

When a man becomes a Christian, he acts as a freeman; and, whatever power has been exerted over him, no violation has been done to his liberty, nor has he done anything which has not been to him a matter of preference or choice.

The converted sinner acknowledges the power of God in his change. He is sensible that he has become what he is by an influence from on high. It was some such mysterious power that arrested his attention, that alarmed his conscience, that induced him to give his heart to God. But he has been sensible of no violation of his freedom. He has done nothing which he has not done freely. He was not converted by bringing a deep sleep upon him, as Eve was formed from the side of Adam, nor was an unnatural stupor diffused over his frame, benumbing all his faculties, and leaving him to be moulded as the clay; but he was converted in the full exercise of his faculties, and with the entire consciousness of acting as a freeman. He has done nothing which he did not prefer to do; he has abandoned no sin which he did not choose to abandon; he has formed no new plan of living, by becoming a Christian, which he did not choose to form. One of the most free and unfettered acts of his life was that when he gave himself to God; and he became a Christian with as much conscious freedom, and with as much of the spirit of rejoicing, as the imprisoned father leaves the gloomy cell where he has been long immured, to visit his children, when his prison-doors are thrown open, or as the galley-slave exults when the chains fall from his hands.

There is no act that man ever performs more freely than that of becoming a Christian. His whole heart is in it; and, no matter what sinful course he abandons, what sacrifices he makes, and what friends he is constrained to leave, or what amusements he is required to abjure,—he does it most freely. And no matter what trials he may see before him, no matter though his embracing religion may require him to forsake his country and home to preach the Gospel in a heathen land,—it is all cheerfully done. It is the act of a freeman. He prefers it. He would not, for all the gold and diamonds and coronets and crowns of the earth, have it otherwise. And though he is conscious —for who could not but be so in such a change?—that this has been brought about by the power of God, and will always ascribe it to the agency of the Holy Ghost, yet he feels that no law of his nature has been violated, and that one of the most free acts of his life was then when he gave his heart to God.

LITTLE THINGS.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things; in which smiles and kindness, and small obligations given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart, and secure comfort.

Memorials of the Departed.

Mary Elizabeth Bryant, of Kingscott, St. Giles, in the county of Devon, was born at Bishop's-Tawton, Devon, on the 24th of February, 1830. She enjoyed the inestimable privilege of having parents who feared God. Her father (the late Mr. Henry Bryant) was a member of the Independent Church, in Castle-Green, Bristol, for several years; and died in the enjoyment of true peace, greatly respected for his Christian character by all who knew him. From earliest childhood, Mary was led by the Holy Spirit to seek the salvation of her soul; and, at the age of twelve years, she found redemption through the blood of Christ Jesus, "even the forgiveness of" her "sins:" and from that time, until the period of her death, she "walked in the fear of the Lord, and in the comfort of the Holy Ghost." She joined the Independent Church in Barnstaple, then under the pastoral care of the late Mr. Kent; and, by her consistent walk, showed the reality of the change that had been effected. On the removal of her family to Kingscott, (consequent on the death of her father,) finding no Independent Church in the neighbourhood, she immediately united herself with the Wesleyans; and sought, in the Sabbath-school, and in other ways, to promote the interests of the Redeemer's kingdom. On the death of the late Mrs. Hooper, she was appointed to meet the bereaved class, and in this responsible position greatly contributed to the establishment of the youthful members of Society in grace. Her last illness was very short; and her end more sudden than her friends had anticipated. Although suffering much pain of body at the time, yet she attended the house of God, and engaged in her usual duties on the Sabbath before her death. She retired from the last service of the Lord's day before it closed. On the Monday she was much worse, and it was evident that a crisis approached. Aware of her danger, she was calm and peaceful in the prospect of death. Medical skill proved unavailing; and she gradually weakened. Her feebleness and pain prevented her saying much; but, on one occasion, whilst suffering severely, she cried, "O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless not as I will, but Thy will be done!" At another time she said she saw her Saviour very near to her, lifting upon her His smiling countenance; and that He was, indeed, very precious to her. Her weakness was so great, that she could not see any of her neighbours; but she sent her dying love to them, and charged them to walk with God. On another occasion, she said that Christ was increasingly precious; adding, "It would be bad for me now, if I did

not feel Him precious; for my bodily pain is almost more than I can bear." She rejoiced to find that her friends could submissively resign her to God. Feeling her weakness increase, she cried, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" On the writer visiting her, the evening before her death, he found her happy in the Saviour, and rejoicing with calm submission to the Divine will; but added, in reply to his inquiries, "I want you, dear Sir, to pray for me, that I may be made more like Jesus." She fervently responded to the prayers offered for her, and we parted, not to meet again on earth. Her last words were, "Not my will, but Thine be done!" On Thursday morning, March 8th, 1860, her happy soul left its clay tenement, to sing the glories of God and the Lamb for ever.—Not for the glorification of the deceased, but for the benefit of the living, who may read this memorial, a few words as to her character may be added. As a *child* she was constantly dutiful and loving; as a *sister*, affectionately anxious for the salvation of her brothers and sisters. As an *instructer of the young*, and as a *Sabbath-school teacher*, she was meek, kind, punctual, diligent, ever aiming at the salvation of her pupils, eminently successful in tuition, and ardently loved by those committed to her care. As a *neighbour*, peaceable and exemplary; as a *Christian*, a consistent pattern of steady, progressive piety, and entire devotedness to God. As a *class-leader*, patient, anxious, prayerful, and ever solicitous for the good of those who looked up to her for spiritual guidance. The loss which the world and the church have sustained, was shown in the attendance of great numbers of the neighbours at her burial, and the crowded state of the Wesleyan Chapel when her funeral sermon was preached; and it will be long before her place in the church and in the world will be supplied.

Mrs. Warburton. In what was once the village of Harpurhey, now all but changed into a crowded suburb of Manchester, there is a neat Methodist chapel, in which the preacher's attention has often been caught, and his spirit comfortably touched, by the light of one matronly face in the congregation. It was a countenance which bore unmistakable tokens of bodily suffering, with some memorials of mental conflict and hardly-earned spiritual victories. It told of deep, peaceful communion with the Author of truth, and a holy relish for the word of God. It was a kind face, too; and the preacher might be certified, as he looked at it, that he was dealing out lessons to a teachable Christian, and one who was as ready to perform kind offices for the teacher as she was to receive the benefit of his instruction. And so it was. That good woman's mind and heart were always open to the truth, and one of her choice pleasures was to show hospitality to those whom her Lord and Master had sent to minister His word. "The messenger of the churches" often found a home under her roof. Many a Minister will remember the motherly kindness which cheered him amidst the fears and discouragements of his first year's labour; and some, who have found their way to the most distant parts of the great vineyard, retain her image among their happiest recollections; while from the ends of the earth they bless the memory of Mrs. Warburton. She was born in 1805, at Blackley, a village nestling between the hills not far from Harpurhey, and forming one of the earliest country scenes of Methodist labour and success. She was of godly parentage. Her training was consistent with her parents' Christian profession; and her character and life showed the blessedness of gracious and quiet home-influence and example. She was brought up to honour and observe all the ordinances of the church; and, as a Methodist child, she learnt to take her place among those who "spake often one to another." Under a sermon, however, preached in the autumn of 1826, from Hosea x. 12, she became entirely decided, and unreservedly gave herself to the service of Christ. Her "heart the Lord opened," so "that she attended unto the things which were spoken," and became a modest and quiet, but very distinctive, earnest, and diligent, Christian. In the year 1853, she was appointed a Leader; and from that time was seen to move the more rapidly towards heaven in her spirit and character, as she devoted herself, amidst much personal affliction, to the spiritual interests of her

class. But erelong it was evident she was to be "chosen in the furnace of affliction." Shut up for longer and longer periods at a time, she was to prove the deep joy of secret communion with inspired truth. There were times when she was called to a "great fight of afflictions;" and when she knew what is meant by "heaviness through manifold temptations;" yet her Saviour seemed to be ever opening new springs of refreshment for her in the time of need; so that either while alone with her Lord in the mount, or freely and happily interchanging spiritual thought and feeling with her Lord's Ministers, whose visits were always welcome, her "patience had its perfect work," and her "inner man was renewed day by day," while the "outward man" slowly sank into the dust. The opening summer of 1860, saw her last visit to the house of God; nor was it a small consolation that, on what she thought might be her last walk to the earthly sanctuary, she hung on the arm of a pious son, and could tell him of her assurance that she was going to "dwell in the house of the Lord for ever." Shortly after this, a friend, who will never forget her saintly cheerfulness under the "burden of the flesh," witnessed the virtuous issue of her last conflict with the powers of darkness. As she neared the confines of her rest, she was "compassed about with songs of deliverance;" and the blessed Spirit, as He has often done in other cases, freshened her memory, and brought up the hymns, and psalms, and spiritual songs with which she had become familiar in earlier life; her favourite "songs in the home of her pilgrimage," Charles Wesley's triumphant strains in the prospect of heaven, were often on her lips; such as,—

"O what are all my sufferings here,
If, Lord, Thou count me meet
With that enraptured host to' appear,
And worship at Thy feet!"

Friday, May 11th, 1860, was the day of her entrance into perfect rest. Her family gathered round her, and some of her most beloved Christian friends came to be partakers of her last joy in the wilderness. One of them repeated a verse from one of her favourite hymns,—

"Other refuge have I none,
Hangs my helpless soul on Thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
Still support and comfort me."

She caught up the beautiful expression of tender, truthful repose in Christ, and, while repeating it with intense feeling, her mortal lips were sealed, her spirit was free.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Crump, Mr. James R.,	Kettering,	Kettering,	34	Feb. 16th, 1863.
Eaton, Mrs.,	Donington,	Spalding,	60	March 12th, 1863.
Gaunt, Mrs.,	Sutterton,	Spalding,	41	Feb. 11th, 1863.
Howker, Elizabeth,	Haworth,	Keighley,	27	Jan. 25th, 1863.
Jepson, Ruth,	New-Brinsley,	Ilkestone,	88	Sept. 15th, 1862.
Moulson, Mary,	Strong Goole,	Snaith,	44	Feb. 6th, 1863.
Mowbray, William,	Aycliffe,	Darlington,	25	Jan. 12th, 1863.
Mylecraine, John,	Ballaugh,	Ramsey and Peel,	74	Feb. 9th, 1863.
Page, Mary,	Lynn,	Lynn,	28	Dec. 6th, 1862.
Pickels, James,	Haworth,	Keighley,	33	Feb. 12th, 1863.
Pickels, Priscilla,	Haworth,	Keighley,	32	Feb. 3d, 1863.
Rose, Thomas,	Eltisley,	St. Neots,	17	July 7th, 1862.
Staley, Ann,	Long Eaton,	Ilkestone,	62	Oct. 12th, 1862.
Summervil, Mr. George,	Tullyrain,	Irvinestown,	28	Feb. 3d, 1863.
Trenholm, John,	Darlington,	Darlington,	19	Jan. 22d, 1863.
Worsley, Mary,	Garthorpe,	Snaith,	72	Jan. 17th, 1863.

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A SWEDISH SACRAMENT.

The picture may be a correct representation of one of the ancient Swedish churches, built previously to the Reformation, though the position of the communicants seems to be chosen to give effect to the painting, and the dress of the officiating Clergyman would place us in an English village-church; for in Sweden either the scanty black robe hanging behind the person, or the surplice, covered in part by the embroidered stole, and buttoned close to the wrist, where a frill surrounds the hand, is used by the Pastor. Be this as it may, the subject is "a Swedish Sacrament," and a few particulars on that subject will interest our readers.

The Swedish Church is Lutheran, and holds firmly the great Reformer's peculiar doctrine on the Lord's Supper. Rejecting transubstantiation as a Popish heresy, the still more incomprehensible notion called consubstantiation forms part of the Lutheran faith. The Swedish Presbyter would say, that, subsequently to consecration, the body and blood of Christ become mysteriously connected with the elements used; so that, "in, with, or under the bread, the body of Christ is received; and in, with, or under the wine, His blood;" and the unworthy communicant becomes

guilty of the body and blood of the Redeemer. Luther was wont to illustrate his view of consubstantiation by referring to a bar of iron cold, and the same bar heated; the heat being an addition to, not an alteration of, the material. Our High Church party seem to hold a very similar opinion.

The administration of the Lord's Supper in Sweden is preceded by observances which afford ample opportunity for the exercise of discipline; but they have become forms, and nothing more. There is the "inskrifning," or entering of names; which takes place generally on the previous day, at a fixed hour. The Clergyman attends in the church with the communion-roll, and each intending communicant must present the "Prestbetyg," or pastoral certificate, that the name may be marked in the roll. There is another service, held generally on the Sabbath morning in the church, about an hour before the commencement of public worship. All intending communicants are present, and the Clergyman, taking usually the Decalogue as his guide, presents the prevailing forms of transgressing the law, and at the close calls for a response from the people as to the sincerity of their confession; after which he repeats words like these: "Is this your confession of sin sincere, your repentance serious, your faith genuine? then I assure you, as the servant of Jesus Christ, that God in His grace, for the sake of Christ, has forgiven you all your sins. And this forgiveness of your sins I make known to you, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen."

There may be too much of ceremony in all this, and the appearance of discipline is a mockery; for the most immoral are not prevented approaching the Lord's table; whilst the shrift and absolution are considered by numbers as an actual remission of all past sin: but who can justify the looseness with which approach to the Lord's Supper amongst ourselves is often permitted? Our rules require, at the least, the presentation of a ticket of membership, or a note from the officiating Minister. Where, we may ask, is this observed in Methodist chapels?

The elements used at the Swedish Sacrament are, the oblat or wafer, and sweet wine; the communicants kneel in receiving. A psalm is sung during the entire period of administration; and to each communicant the Clergyman says, on presenting the oblat, "Jesus Christ, whose body thou receivest, preserve thee to eternal life. Amen." And on handing the cup, "Jesus Christ, whose blood thou receivest, preserve thee to eternal life. Amen." The time of celebration is usually at the close of the forenoon service, still called "High Mass;" although nothing analogous to the import of that name in the Romish system is found in the Swedish Church.

It is necessary that every Swede should receive the Lord's Supper once a year, if he is to retain his Christian character. Without being able to produce a Clergyman's certificate that he has been to the Sacrament within the year, his evidence in a court of justice would not be received. However important to the plaintiff in a case that evidence might be, if the defendant's Counsel can bring out the fact of neglected communion, the testimony given would go for nothing. The writer conversed with an

avowed infidel some years ago, who had made a long journey to the capital to give evidence before the High Court, and, in order to qualify, went to one of the metropolitan churches on the Sabbath preceding the trial, and partook of the Lord's Supper. And, not more than five years ago, several police constables were ordered to the Lord's table to prepare for giving evidence in court. Strenuous efforts are now being made to obtain an alteration of the law in this respect.

Confirmation precedes the first approach to the Lord's table. All young persons, without exception, are placed as catechumens under the charge of the parochial clergy; and much time is spent, and great labour is bestowed, on their preparation for uniting with the church. Luther's catechism is the text-book, and sometimes two and even three years pass ere the Pastor considers his catechumens sufficiently instructed. The act of confirmation is performed by the Incumbent with respect to the youth of his own parish; and not, as in the Church of England, by the Bishop of the Diocese.

The first Sacrament is a time of great solemnity to young Swedes, though by some it is regarded as the door of entrance to the world; for they cannot mingle in the gaieties of social life until they have been to the sacramental table.

One result of the extraordinary and extensive awakening, to which the Methodist Mission mainly contributed, has been a movement in favour of the exercise of discipline, especially as regards an approach to the Lord's table. Thousands are stumbled by having to kneel at the communion-rail in company with those who are known to be living in gross sin. No change has yet been effected in the law, but several pious Clergymen are endeavouring to meet the difficulty by holding a communion-service specially for pietists without altering the time of more general and mixed communion.

Our picture, both as to the number present, and the general appearance of Pastor and people, would suggest such a season of special communion.

TRUST AND HELP.

The city beside beautiful Gennesareth was in the full flush of rich and busy life when the Divine Seer, who saw the end from the beginning, gave sentence of judgment upon it: "And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted to heaven, shalt be thrust down to hell." The waters of Galilee gleam in the sunshine as brightly as ever, and send their ripples running to as flowery a margin now, as when the doom was spoken. But so utterly has Capernaum fallen, so mighty was the hand that thrust her down, that even the place of her proud exaltation can scarcely be known. Where the heaps are most ruinous, and the desolation most dreary, there, most likely, stood Capernaum.

"Exalted to heaven." Strong words; but are they not altogether true of the city, through the streets of which "it was noised that He was in

the house?" No doubt there were criers enow to spread the tidings throughout the place. Runners, who had been halt and helpless till Jesus healed them, and heralds, who had been dumb till He set their tongues free, carried and spoke the news; insomuch that the house where Jesus was was filled—guest-chamber, and court, and doorway—with an eager throng.

It is as unlikely now, as it was then, that Jesus should be hid. Where He is, He must be discovered. Both the house and heart which holds such a notable inmate, must needs become famous.

Nobles have gone to great cost, and some have well-nigh beggared themselves, in order to give their sovereign a worthy entertainment; reckoning that the honour of the visit more than rewarded the greatness of the price: and others looked on in envy, because it was not given to them also to pour forth their wealth in loyal welcome. Yet now consider how often Heaven's own King goes a-begging for admission; how He stands at the door and knocks. No home so mean, but He would gladly enter and dwell there. Neither does He impoverish those who receive Him, but brings with Him His own abundance, and bids His host as a guest to the royal fare. Yet how few care to let Him in!

It must soon be known if Jesus is in the house. It will not need that the householder should stand at the door, and proclaim the fact to all neighbours and passers-by; for tokens of the great Guest's power, and holiness, and love, will certainly go forth, making it known that the Saviour is there. And that house will draw many to itself. Some, no doubt, will come for no good,—scribes and Pharisees of all times and nations,—like night-flying moths, which beat themselves to death against the windows where the light shines; but, to many sad and troubled ones, that house will be known as a spring of comfort, an abode of peace, a temple of the Lord.

Amongst others in Capernaum, to whom the news of the great Healer's presence came, was a poor fellow who was stricken with palsy. Tidings of the wonders wrought by His hand had already reached the sufferer, arousing hopes which had long slept like death. As his eyes turned slowly about the chamber, the dull wofulness of the place began now to wear a brighter look. Each beam overhead, which, every morning, reminded him of the past day's misery, now became strangely associated with Him of Nazareth; and the track along which the sunlight was wont to creep across the wall, measuring the weary hours of pain, day after day, day after day, seemed to fade out now in a calm eventide of hope, blessedly smiling with the possibility of a better morrow to come.

Now certain friends in need—friends in deed—come to tell the sick man of the Saviour's return. But they come not only to tell, but to act. The Lord claims more than the service of our tongues. Almighty as He is, He nevertheless ever leaves, in His work of blessing, a part for our hands to do. Would that, for our own sakes, as well as for His honour, we always kept this in mind!

If those friends had been of the common sort, they would have been

content to sit by the sufferer, telling of the wonders of Jesus, as they would have told any other tales; until they had fretted and teased the weary listener into thinking,—Why tell *me* all this? Why mock me with bright pictures which only make my dark lot darker?

Surely the religion of some goes no further than this. It plays exceedingly well on the trumpet, when it should be girding itself to work. It is ready with advice, but niggard of help; offers up a prayer, instead of putting down a shilling; and, when the starvling asks bread, gives him a tract. Now, the counsel, and the prayer, and the tract may all be good, very good; and when a man can really give no more, these, if lovingly offered, will be graciously accepted, and made effectual to bless, by the Father of mercies. The poor world would be far poorer, were it not for the humble benefactors who meet the plaintive cry for help with a sincere, "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have give I thee." These still do wonders of mercy "in the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth." But he who has the silver and gold,—any ability to yield practical help,—and withholds it, takes that most holy Name in vain, when he thinks to make pious but cheap words do duty for deeds.

This palsied man at Capernaum will have no reason for such piteous complaint as that of the poor cripple at Bethesda,—"Sir, I have no man, when the water is troubled, to put me into the pool:" for his friends will lend him their limbs, that he may come to Jesus.

Have you been to the Saviour? Have you learned where He is to be found, and how ready He is to save? Look about you, then, and see whether there is not someone, strengthless and hopeless, who only needs Jesus to raise him up, and whom you might help to come to Him. Say not, by way of excuse, making the right support the wrong, "I cannot bring the sinner if he be not willing. Nothing but the grace of God can move him to come." Think again. What if that grace has provided that your aid should be the very means of salvation? Perhaps just one word of warning, of teaching, of encouragement, of persuasion, is wanting, and that sick soul would turn to the Lord. And, again, perhaps that which is most wanting to *him* has been put into *your* power. Has not He who has blessed your poor little into a Divine abundance, given all to you that you may give his portion to the famishing? At any rate, make the trial. You may not succeed altogether as you hoped; but you will at least have shunned the loss which always comes from withholding.

Watch these loving bearers, and learn of them, as they gently carry their groaning burden down the street to the house where Jesus is. Learn of their faith; for is it not practical? Now see how it also perseveres. They reach the place, yet seem to be as far off as ever. There is the door; but they cannot come at it; for the way is stopped by a close-packed throng, all too eager to gain entrance themselves to give way to another, much more to four men, who, with their load, would need a broad path. What is to be done? What *can* be done, except to go back again? There is only one way into the house, and that is blocked up. It is clearly not the right time. Is it not a pity, after bringing their friend so

far, to have all the toil in vain? But it cannot be helped. They must needs return, and comfort themselves as well as they can. "We have done our best. We came to the house, but could not enter. That was not our fault; for we have the satisfaction of knowing that we did our part. Perhaps another day we may fare better."

Such reasoning would have sufficed for many. Do we not often make it sufficient for ourselves? But a small difficulty has sometimes been enough to turn us back, as we have tried to cause the attempt made to weigh against the duty undone. Nay, we have set our own unwillingness to be the interpreter of God's will. It is but a poor faith that judges hindrances to be impossibilities, and, at sight of a foe, takes every sound as a signal of retreat.

The Lord has some blessings so peculiar in their richness, that they may not flow in common channels; and, for these extraordinary gifts, our faith needs more than ordinary preparation. When He would bid His people to a banquet, He brings them into the wilderness, and no road may serve them to such a feast but the bed of the sea. If, then, the doorway of ordinary means is stopped, expect a more than common blessing. Does a difficulty cross the path? Make sure of greater success. Does a foe withstand? Then look for a victory. If the Lord make thee climb, it is that thou mayest fetch a blessing from nearer heaven. If He call thee to fight, He has set His heart on giving thee a crown.

It was well for the palsied man that the faith of his friends was so resolute; that they did not raise a fog of doubt and indifference, and call it the cloud of Divine leading. If they pause, it is that they may take counsel. They are of one mind, for all their hearts meet in the burden they carried. Keeping their thoughts within the compass of a very simple but sufficient reasoning, they looked at the matter thus:—"There is but one hope of our friend's recovery. He who alone is able to do him good is now in yonder house. We must reach Him. But the entrance is choked with people. Then we will find entrance elsewhere."

So they got to the housetop, and, through the opened roof, found that, in coming to Jesus, the world's saying holds good, "Where there's a will there's a way."*

Whatever before had specially held the attention of all who were within sight of Jesus, the strange interruption overhead must needs have brought all discourse or dispute to an end. A moment is enough to explain the scene, as, through the suddenly rift opening, there is carefully lowered a pallet whereon lies the powerless body of a palsied man. There were many wilful unbelievers, many envious and angry doubters, in that assembly; and they would feel that heaven had sent this unlooked-for visiter to test the pretensions of the new Teacher. Beneath the jealous scrutiny of such an inquest there could be no deception, no sham. The man's palsy is real. That worn, wan look of lingering pain; that helpless

* This matter of the ascent to the housetop, and the breaking up of the roof over the head of Jesus, will be treated of hereafter.

starting and quivering of the whole body; the dull, heavy eyes,—no art or cunning could ape these. In a breathless hush, all wait to see what the Nazarene will do.

He is looking down at the poor sufferer stretched at His feet. He catches the wavering look, and fixes it with answering love. Down through the lustreless eyes, down beneath all the anguish of the pale face, went the glance of Jesus; and in the depths of the man's soul, all amidst the darkness of old despair, He saw hope growing into trust, and was satisfied.

(*To be continued.*)

THE HOUSE-CLOCK ON SUNDAY.

APPEARANCES are somewhat against the house-clocks of our parish. A stranger of hasty temperament might conclude that they are accustomed to indulge in freaks exceedingly inconsistent with their acknowledged duty and high responsibilities. What would greatly add to their fault, if the imputation were proved, is the circumstance that it has reference to the most sacred day of the seven. What awakens suspicion against our clocks is this well-established fact: there are, each Sunday, more persons late to church, chapel, and Sabbath-school, than there are to the work-shops, sale-shops, and railway-stations on Saturday. Of course we must make ample allowance for mischances, and an undue proportion of these may for once, or even oftener, occur on the Lord's day. But the disproportion alluded to cannot be referred to mere accident. We have schools and libraries in our neighbourhood. We have learned that where effects are regular and frequent there must be a cause. There is a cause why the death-rate is higher in over-crowded and ill-provided localities than elsewhere. There is a cause why the south and west of Ireland are not as prosperous as the north. And there is a cause why our neighbours are behind time as often on the first day of the week as during all the other six. Must we lay the blame on the house-clocks? Are our friends so busy on the Saturday evening, regarding that period as the preparation for the Sabbath, that they forget to wind the clock up? Do those who are accustomed to keep their clocks half-an-hour fast during the week, thinking to gain advantage thereby by a sort of chronometrical fiction, deem such illusion unsuitable for the Sabbath, and therefore rectify the clock every Saturday, and forget the rectification every Sunday? Must we suppose that public opinion in our parish is so elevated that clocks are ignored altogether on the Sabbath as being too secular for a day so sacred? Are the clocks themselves at fault, being given, individually and collectively, to such freaks as are suggested above? None of these suppositions can be maintained. It so happens that I have conclusive reasons for affirming that, notwithstanding appearances, the clocks are neither principals nor accessories to this evil. The undeniable fact, however, still remains,—In most places to which people resort on Sunday for Divine worship or sacred usefulness, there are many late comers; and the proportion is much larger than in the spheres of secular toil on the other days of the week. How is this? There must be a cause. It really is not in the house-clock. It must be in the people that live in the house.

We wish to pursue our investigations in the most kindly manner possible, and to come to the most favourable conclusion of which the case admits. Those concerned will know whether any of our suggestions are applicable to their misfortunes or misdoings.

1. *Persons may be late in consequence of incorrect calculation.*—We are often placed in difficulties because of the scantiness of our resources; and, occasionally, these resources might have been larger if we had been apt at forming a proper estimate of our need. But, whatever the occasion of our poverty, we have frequently learned that such talents as we possessed were unequal to compensate for it. When two lads have carried a plank half-a-mile in order to extemporize a bridge over the village-brook, their efforts will be fruitless unless the plank is long enough at both ends. It will be in vain to show that it is firmly placed on the nearer bank, if it refuses to reach to the farther bank. Now, if the amateur architects had choice of planks, and selected one of the shorter because it was easier to carry, their disappointment furnishes an illustration of the incorrect calculation which does mischief on Sundays. Sometimes a storming party, selected from the regiment because they were regarded as the bravest and most vigorous men contained therein, have found themselves in a dreadful predicament in consequence of their ladders being too short. No courage or activity would avail. The ladders were all right at one end, but not at the other. They were firmly placed on the ground, but they would not reach to the top of the wall. The attempt, therefore, was fruitless; and, probably, most of the men were slain. If there were longer ladders among the siege-stores, but the shorter ones were selected because they were deemed sufficient, and were certainly lighter, there was a fatal miscalculation. A poor man has been known to give to his wife a sum of money—five shillings, or l provide food for a large throughout the entire week. woman might be one of the cl of provision-buyers, and might your to do her best, but she certainly fail. If the man's were five-and-twenty, and he re or had previously wasted, shillings, and then persuaded that his wife could and ou furnish him with seven good and other meals, and satis children and herself, he made miscalculation. However cle are, we need sufficient m Blunderers cannot accomplish thing great even when furnish a sufficiency; but talented peop have what is needful. Many late comers in our parish are people; and yet they declare th could not get ready in time error must arise from not al themselves the required num minutes. Washing, dressing, fast for six children, in addi the heads of the household require time. We may be beyond our fellows, but we accomplish all that in an hou are those who always intend t time, yet seldom are, stinted t Are they shut up to the short the small ladder, the little We admit they are clever: w they accomplish the tasks as as possible: we see they are minutes late. Would not the remedied by rising half-a earlier? O that they would generous to themselves, and themselves a larger allowa time!

2 *Persons may be late in quence of an unauthorized abr of space.*—This nineteenth has been declared, myriads of to be an age of wonders. Som are tired of hearing the affir but nobody disputes the fact.

also universally allowed that the electric telegraph is one of the greatest marvels of this marvellous period. The sun may be in the meridian when a message is sent, and yet that message may be read, in the place to which the information is sent, long before the sun has reached the meridian. When the Atlantic wire has been restored, and sundry additional wires have been formed, the tidings sent at sunset by the Governor-General at Calcutta, may be read the same day by his Excellency in British Columbia in the dim twilight of morning. With wires very lengthy, and clerks very expert, and a western direction, great marvels may be performed. Under such circumstances, for a message to be received at eleven o'clock which was despatched at eleven is scarcely worth noting, though in this respect a few hundred of miles have been completely ignored. But, until we travel by telegraph, church and chapel goers must not cherish the hope of accomplishing any such feat. Whether the sanctuary is in an easterly or westerly direction the half-mile will require time to be traversed. Those who constantly and punctually leave their own door at the very moment Divine service is commencing, will certainly always be late in entering the house of God. Some daring spirits seem to cherish the hope that they can leave their dwelling a few minutes after the service has commenced, and yet arrive in time; but a larger number are too modest in the estimate of their own abilities to proceed so far, and only hope to arrive at the appointed hour by crossing their own threshold at that hour. It would be better to form a careful estimate of the time required for the journey, allowing for the slow pace of the little darlings, the frequent need of picking their way in wet weather, with other circumstances, and add a few minutes which they will need on their arrival for prayer and recollection; and, then, act accordingly next Sunday.

(*To be continued.*)

A NOBLE CONFESSOR.

Count Ziethen was invited by Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, to dine with him on Good-Friday. He excused himself, on the ground that he was in the habit of taking the sacrament, and spending that day in devotional exercises.

When he next dined at Court, the King said, "Well, how did the sacrament on Good-Friday agree with you? Have you digested well the real body and blood of Christ?" When the loud mirth which followed this royal jeer had subsided, the old Count shook his hoary head, and stood up as he made reply:—

"Your Majesty knows that in war I never feared any danger; that, wherever it was required, I have resolutely risked my life for you, and for the country. This feeling still animates me; and, if it is of any use, and you command it, I will obediently lay my head at your feet. But there is One above us who is more than you or I, more than all men,—the Saviour and Redeemer of the world, who has dearly purchased salvation for us with His blood. That holy Saviour I cannot allow to be ridiculed; for in Him rests my faith, my trust, and my hope in life and death. In the strength of this faith, your brave army has courageously fought and conquered. If your Majesty undermines it, you undermine at the same time the welfare of the state. This is a true saying, indeed. May it please your Majesty to excuse my freedom."

Breaking the dead silence which followed this brave protest, the King, with evident emotion, gave the old General his hand, saying, "Happy Ziethen! I wish I could believe like you. Hold fast to your faith. This shall be done no more."

GAMBLING.

"WHY is gambling wrong?" asked a friend; and the thoughts that occurred in answer to this question may possibly be not uninteresting to some others who have proposed it to themselves, and who will, perhaps, furnish a more clear and satisfactory reply than that contained in the following lines.

Gambling, a thing so connected with vice of every kind; so much practised in most countries, from those where civilization has reached its extreme point, to those where savage habits prevent rude tribes from becoming a nation; and always acting as a curse,—gambling, so bewitching to men of every station, from the polished statesman staking his broad acres, to the rude peasant of southern Europe, who is only too glad to get hold of a few centesimi to try his chance,—gambling, which does for the heart that which the cup of intoxication does for the head, and steels the soul, perhaps even more completely, against noble impulses and generous feeling; for there are probably few characters more hopeless than the professed gambler,—gambling, which has lured thousands to destruction, which in some form has a charm for most natures, and which has many insidious ways of creeping in among us,—shall we not resist it to the utmost of our power, and strive to guard with a feeling of dread all the paths which may lead to results so fearful as those which have been associated with, and caused by, this great evil; whose *name* even its advocates are not over fond of glorying in? But what are we to guard against,—the thing, or the abuse of it? We say, unhesitatingly, the thing itself; for it is never necessary, never a blessing, and gains only at the unwilling loss of some who have to do with it. And what is this thing? We would define gambling thus: That by which, on the condition of some chance, one person gains by the unwilling loss of another. We say this is wrong because it tends to make us rejoice in the loss of our neighbour; because it makes the chance of a moment equal with the long labour of steady toil, and because it is a principle which can never lead to anything great or good: for, carried to the extreme, it is confessed by all to be most hurtful; and the only reasons that are urged in its favour, in a more moderate degree, are, that it affords a little pleasant excitement; or, as in the case of lotteries, that it furnishes a means of raising money, in which, if the many lose, and lose unwillingly, they risk doing so in the eager hope of gain.

Convenient as this plan may be for raising money, the Government of this country has decided wisely in rejecting the small advantages which might accrue, by opposing a principle which puts aside the hope of reward of steady perseverance, industry, and energy, in giving a reward where no claim of merit could be urged, no labour was to be recompensed, and a chance open to the most worthless made him equal to the most industrious and deserving. What system so likely as this to take away the spirit from hours of toil, and to gratify the inclination, too common to most of us, to enjoy results of labour in which we have not shared? Might it not be well for those who use this system, often in connexion with religious undertakings, and for religious purposes, under the mild form of raffling, drawing prizes, &c., to ask whether in the long run such a principle can work well; whether this evil root will not bear bitter fruits?

No doubt, if the Government were to open a lottery for the relief of the Lancashire distress, a large sum might be raised; but would not the encouragement of the principle of gambling be more hurtful than the immediate relief afforded to the distress? It reminds us of seeing a priest in Rome,

one Sunday, engaged in buying the shares of a lottery for some benevolent purpose.

As to the harmless excitement produced by playing for small sums, we cannot consider excitement of this kind harmless, and we do not believe that the money is not cared for: if not cared for, why is the game considered uninteresting without it? Can that excitement be good which, for the time at least, makes persons delight in crowing over their opponent, and cry him down by using language far from gentlemanly and courteous? It may be the tendency of all games of chance to produce this; if so, they surely need not have added to them that which requires neither additional talent, patience, nor dexterity, and which only aggravates the evil that may be an objection to them. Were but the rule made that all winnings should be given away, it would be soon seen how much persons played for the sake of gain; from the tossed halfpenny, the sixpenny hit at backgammon, the small pool at cards, to the large stakes which affect a man for life. Gambling is the reward of chance; can that *ever* be a good principle?

It may be asked whether many things which are often considered commendable are not condemned by what has been said: life and insurance societies, many speculations in business, many enterprises. With regard to the latter, we say that they need not come under the definition we have laid down,—*gain by the loss of another;* and that when they do this, and are made on calculations of some chance as uncertain as the casting of the die, they are as much to be avoided as the gaming-table. But, if a person chooses to risk his property on that which does harm to no one, there would seem to be little objection to it: the one condition being observed, (which, alas, too often is not,) that he is able to do without the money which he risks.

Insurance societies, though in them one profits at the expense of many, may be justified from the fact that no one wishes to gain, and merely endeavours to provide against loss: so that they are, in fact, merely the contributions of a number of persons united together to assist each other against misfortunes in which no one wishes to claim the prize with the condition of being the most unfortunate.

Life-insurance may have some peculiar difficulties connected with it, and may require some special laws which are made in this country to guard it from abuse. But in the fair carrying out of the principle upon which it is based, there would seem nothing objectionable: it is rather a wise provision for the contingencies of life.

It may be that this is a subject seldom brought before the readers of this Magazine, and one which may be considered not exactly in its sphere. But are not the topics on which it touches such as are frequently brought before the notice of us all? There are very few to whom the desire of getting money does not present itself, —be it for personal purposes, be it to assist some cause worthy of support, —and the temptation is great to have recourse to means in which there is not "much harm;" to take up a plan which furnishes supplies, finds many willing to contribute, goes off with success, and the only evil of which is, that there is something wrong in the principle—some sanctioning of that which, carried out, is a fearful evil. And is it not well that those who are often tempted to enter on a course whose fascinating beginnings seem sometimes so harmless, should pause and think before they are whirled down by a torrent which has borne away many,—and many who never intended to have gone beyond a certain point? Shall not Christian households make a stand for a principle

which tends to calm the feverish excitement of the present age, and give from earliest years a horror of all playing for money; which may act with preserving power when the temptations of after years may break down many resolutions of prudence, and suggest many sophistical arguments as to the little need there is of being so particular in this matter?

M. A. P.

THE FIRST CONVERT.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF JESSE LEE, THE METHODIST APOSTLE OF NEW-ENGLAND.

(*Continued from page* 139.)

"DEACON RICE says he will take me with him, father;" and Grace entered the house, and eagerly approached the table where her father sat at his evening meal.

"With him! where?" her step-mother inquired, pausing with the teapot in her hand.

"To Boston."

"And what for, pray?"

"To service."

"Service—ha, ha! Why, you cannot earn your salt."

"That is always the way, father. She——"

"Hush, Grace."

Though panting and excited, the girl was still. Leaning with one elbow on the table, the father thought a moment, while his wife clattered amongst the cups, muttering as she did so.

"When does Deacon Rice go?"

"The day after to-morrow; and Parson James says that his sister will take me into her house to help to nurse her child. O, father, let me go!"

"Nurse, indeed!" broke in the step-mother: "you take care of a child, to come home lamer and more helpless than ever, to be nursed yourself!"

"I am not helpless. God made me lame," said the girl, turning bitterly toward her; "and you had better look to it, or He may make you worse."

"Grace!" Her father stretched forth his hand, and laid it heavily upon her shoulder; so heavy, that she sank under it, and fell upon her knees beside him.

"Father, father, let me go! I cannot stay here; she is so hard; she is killing me. God knows I try to do my duty; but she is not like my own mother. If she were now in the flesh, as she is in the spirit, she would bid you let me go."

"Your own mother! you puling, ailing thing, who have always been a clog to my hands, and hardly able to do a turn."

"It is not true. I have worked for you when I should have been in bed; and you,—yes, you hate me, because I am not strong, and able to work as you are." She arose and faced her. "You treat me with no respect, because I am puny and weak."

"Respect!" she sneered out, with an accent of contempt.

"Despise me," the girl went on, "because I have not bone, and sinew, and muscle, and cannot wash, and scrub, and dig; and you taunt me that I cannot get a living. I can get a living, or I can die in trying; and, thank God, there is a home in heaven, and a rest for the weary."

She bitterly flung the words at her.

"Father," she turned from her step-mother, lowering and softening her tone as she addressed him, "I am all the child you have: don't kill me by making me stay here." She sobbed painfully. "It is work, work, work all the long day: a little sleep, and work, work again. The time is reckoned lost in which we go to church or pray." Her emotion almost stifled her. "I must go to Boston: I can see a doctor; I may be cured. I *will* go, father!"

"There is an obedient daughter for you!" and her step-mother laughed scornfully.

The father arose to his feet. "Be

still, Betsy: not another word." She met his eye, and was silent.

"Grace,"—the girl seized his hand, and holding it with both hers, looked up in his face,—"I little thought to hear such words from your lips. When I named you Grace, I hoped His grace might enter your heart, and rest upon you."

"Father, father,"—she clung to his arm and caressed it, trying to draw him down to her,—"you do not know how harsh she is; how she twits me with my infirmity, till her words rouse up the evil in me, and I seem possessed. She is a hard mistress, and sets me tasks; and when my strength fails, and I give up, she taunts and despises me. The bread I eat is in bitterness, and does not nourish me. Take pity on me, and let me go."

"You shall have your will; but no more of these outbreaks: there must be peace." And John White took his hat, and left the house, while Grace escaped to weep and rejoice.

John White was a thriving carpenter in this little New-England village. In early life he had married an early love, and lived a happy, contented life, in the enjoyment of the society of his wife and child. His wife died; and, after her death, their child, Grace, fell ill. For years she was an invalid. She had recovered sufficiently to go about, although deformed and lame, when he married the daughter of a neighbouring farmer, noted for her thriftiness and industry. This marriage did not prove a happy one. The wife was hard and harsh by nature, and wholly without education, while his daughter had been well taught. Bustling, active, industrious was her life. She had no affection for the puny child, whose only enjoyment was to lie in the sunshine and read. The very sight of her soon became obnoxious. To her peculiarly active temperament, work was love, religion law, inaction every vice. There was no repose in her presence: to sit still was a crime. Grace, with the languor produced by illness and weakness, was slow in her movements, listless in her manner. This the step-mother characterized as laziness, and gave her tasks to spin and weave: these accomplished, she received no praise; left undone, she was only jeered. So years wore away, with now and then an outbreak between these two, at which times Grace would show a strength of will that would battle with her step-mother, and often conquer. Latterly, she began to shake off her rule, and appeal to her father. To-day, incensed by some tyrannous act of authority, she had openly rebelled, and was determined to quit the roof under which she daily suffered.

(*To be continued.*)

"RUBBISH MAY BE SHOT HERE."

WHO puts these boards up? How is it they are all alike, or used to be until lately? For even here vulgar affectation could not let well alone, but must needs whip wholesome English into a windy froth, miscalled *elegance;* for have I not seen the hômely "shot" displaced by the outlandish "deposited?"

There is much yet to be learned about these rubbish-boards, and the places on which they are planted. In these days, when books are made about anything,—not to speak of the many which are made about nothing,—these little desolate spots have, strangely enough, been overlooked. Yet their barrenness is fruitful of endless matter for thoughtful research. Certain round-about writers, whose weary maunderings of sentiment and spleen people admire, because they have been told they are very clever, should be led to the places where rubbish may be shot, as giving them an altogether fresh chance of throwing off some of the burden of their excessive wisdom.

Surely anyone would do good service, who would inquire into the history, manners, and dwellings of those who frequent these spots; as good service, I imagine, as the man who runs five miles after a new butterfly, catches it, and writes a paper about the thing.

Decently-shabby people, whom you pity, and folks whose villanous look makes you uneasy, all carrying bags, go stooping, grubbing, and searching among the heaps. What a large, what a sad, book—but very instructive withal—you could make if you followed these searchers home, and traced all the rough, foul path, by which they have come to call such places *home!* Another volume would be needed for the children who revel in these desert places; unshod, unkempt, and all but unclad urchins; wretchedly poor, but boisterously happy, and very beautiful, notwithstanding rags and dirt. As for their companions—the dogs, anyone with a strong turn that way might write much and profitably concerning them. Decent and well-conducted animals pass by, and leave these scenes to the mongrel, ill-conditioned, and altogether disreputable curs having no fixed calling or abode.

But, withstanding the allurement of these promising subjects, I take up the humbler task of treating of the rubbish-grounds themselves. There is one remarkable fact belonging to them, which I will not pretend to explain, but the truth of which I have proved by frequent observation. Even here are tokens of some mysterious law; for how else can it be explained that the rubbish varies in different grounds, and that, with wonderful order, each kind of rubbish keeps to its own place? One plot is covered with broken earthenware, another with oyster and mussel shells. On this, you are sure to find ancient kettles and pots, which even the tinker has abandoned in despair. On that, brick-bats and mortar, with much-sought-after bits of lath, abound. Here, is much garden-refuse; and there, glittering and flashing in the sun, far more dazzling than some great royal diamonds I have seen, are shreds and strips of bright tin.

Have patience with me, good friend. This is a hobby of mine. Pray, walk alongside of me as I ride it gently for a little while. Let me, in return for your courtesy, introduce you to some of my discoveries.

I have become so interested in these neglected places, that they have at last got to wear an almost personal identity; and I greet them, or frown upon them, according to their character, in a way that shows we quite understand each other.

Here we have reached number One. He—pardon my fanciful weakness for saying *he*—is sure to present you with much rubbish, swept out of shops and offices. "That 's a sad affair of Jones's. I always feared it. I hear that Brown is very shaky; and *they do say* that Smith wont be able, &c., &c." Don't you see his board up? Those impersonal informants, to whom he refers mysteriously as *they*, know exactly what sort of rubbish may be shot here.

And so of the next, with a difference. Here is the gathering-place for all the shocking and unpleasant things in the neighbourhood. There are a great many old ones lying about, very stale and offensive; but at each visit you may reckon on finding some new horror. She asks you,—excuse my way of putting it,—"Have you heard that Mr. Dash is dead? O, it was so shocking! Both his legs, and one of his arms, and all down his back, &c., &c. I remember my poor dear first husband, after he was in his coffin, &c., &c. Small-pox and typhus fever are very much about; and measles are dreadfully fatal just now, &c., &c." You see there is a difference; but it is well known what manner of rubbish may be shot here.

We won't go near that next board, if you please. There is always something especially foul and unwholesome there; confidential whispers to the effect that those people next door are no better then they should be; and many other deposits of the nastiest rubbish, which all the dirt-carriers—and their name is legion—know may be shot here.

This next is very superior. He is nearly all occupied, and turned to good account; but there is just one awkward corner of him left with a board up. You will not find any unsavoury gossip and scandal put here, but refuse of a higher class. "What a pity it is that Mr. Cashwell and the like of him don't know their duty better! Y—e—s, Mrs. Dowell is a good woman, I dare say; but, what of that? She only does her duty, and perhaps hardly that. The fact is, Sir, there is very little goodness left, and the world is getting worse instead of better. Why, the average of people who die drunk, in this district alone, every month, is seventeen and three twenty-fifths. If you'll call again, I shall be able to give you the exact proportion of people in our town who get their living by vice." Do you wonder how he gets to know all these dark, disparaging, and terrible things? Depend upon it, here, as elsewhere, though perhaps we cannot discover it, there is something in the nature of the ground that makes it a suitable place for the shooting of this particular sort of rubbish.

I could show you many more; but we need go no further. What a pity that these empty spaces are not put to some better use! They might be cultivated, and grow something wholesome; or some serviceable structure might be erected on them. We were taught in the nursery that

> "Satan finds some mischief still
> For idle hands to do."

Has he anything to do, on the same principle, with supplying rubbish to idle minds?

Let us go and look diligently about our own property, and fence in all idle and unoccupied plots, and put them to good use as soon as possible. If we take the boards down, the scavengers of society will find out that no rubbish may be shot *here*.

G. S. R.

Hull.

THE THREE FRIENDS.

I HAVE read of a man who had a suit, and, when his cause was to be heard, he applied himself to three friends, to see what they would do. One answered, he would bring him as far on his journey as he could; the second promised him that he would go with him to his journey's end; the third engaged to go with him before the judge, and to speak for him, and not to leave him till his cause was heard and determined. These three are a man's riches, his friends, and his graces: his riches will help him to comfortable accommodation, while they stay with him; but they often take leave of a man, before his soul takes leave of his body: his friends will go with him to the grave, and there leave him: but his graces will accompany him before God. They will not leave him nor forsake him; they will go to the grave and to glory with him.—*Brooks.*

MORNING, NOON, AND NIGHT.

"Evening, and morning, and at noon, will I pray, and cry aloud." (Psalm lv. 17.)

FATHER, to Thee my voice I raise,
In humble prayer, and cheerful praise;
To Thee my life in worship give;
For only while I pray, I live.

Breathe but in me the Spirit of grace,
And I shall ever seek Thy face;
My little life on earth will be
One constant looking up to Thee.

When from my bed each morn I rise,
To Thee will I lift up my eyes;
And thank Thee for the blissful light,
And all the mercies of the night.

Hadst Thou been strict my sins to mark,
Thy hand had reach'd me in the dark;
Resumed the rebel's forfeit breath,
And I had slept the sleep of death:

Or grief had marr'd my sweet repose;
Or my malicious, ghostly foes,
Released at length from Thy control,
Had storm'd my long-beleaguer'd soul.

Give me this day my daily bread;
Expose the snares around me spread;
Leave not my soul Thy wrath to dare,
Nor try me more than I can bear.

Show me the way I ought to go;
Thy will in all things make me know;
And help me lovingly to win
The wanderers from the ways of sin.

Each noontide, when awhile I rest,
With labour tired, with care oppress'd,
To Thee I will address my prayer
For strength to toil and grace to bear.

Stretch forth Thy guiding, strengthening hand;
By Thee I walk, by Thee I stand:
Thickly the midday arrows fly;
Be Thou my shelter, or I die.

Submissively Thy grace I ask,
To prosper my appointed task;
Except Thy power the increase give,
No word or work of man shall live.

Unless the heavens enrich the soil,
Vain is the anxious ploughman's toil;
And if I fail Thy smile to gain,
I spend my little strength in vain.

When eve succeeds the dying day,
Still will I praise, still will I pray:
O, yet to me in pity turn,
Nor from Thy awful presence spurn!

Unworthy am I, gracious Lord;
But hear Thy own incarnate Word:
His precious blood atoned for me;
His precious blood is all my plea.

What evil actions I have wrought,
What low devices I have thought,
What idle words have left my tongue,
My base desires, my passions strong;

My wandering, wild, unconquer'd will;
My service marr'd by motives ill;
My duties negligently done;
Father, forgive them, for Thy Son!

When, pillow'd soft and curtain'd round,
I lie in soothing slumbers drown'd,
Protect my helplessness in sleep;
From deaths which walk in darkness keep:

Guard Thou the bed Thy love has given;
Send happy dreams of Thee and heaven;
And let my soul commune once more
With loved ones who have gone before.

My drooping mind and aching flesh
With manly strength inspire afresh;
And, waking, let me serve Thee still,—
From Thee the power, from Thee the will.

Or, if before another day
My struggling soul must quit its clay,
Let angels watch a sinner's end,
And bear me to the sinner's Friend.

Thus, Lord, to Thee my life I give,
For only while I pray, I live;
Till death shall set my spirit free,
To dwell eternally with Thee.

Bradford. S. W.

Scripture Scenes.

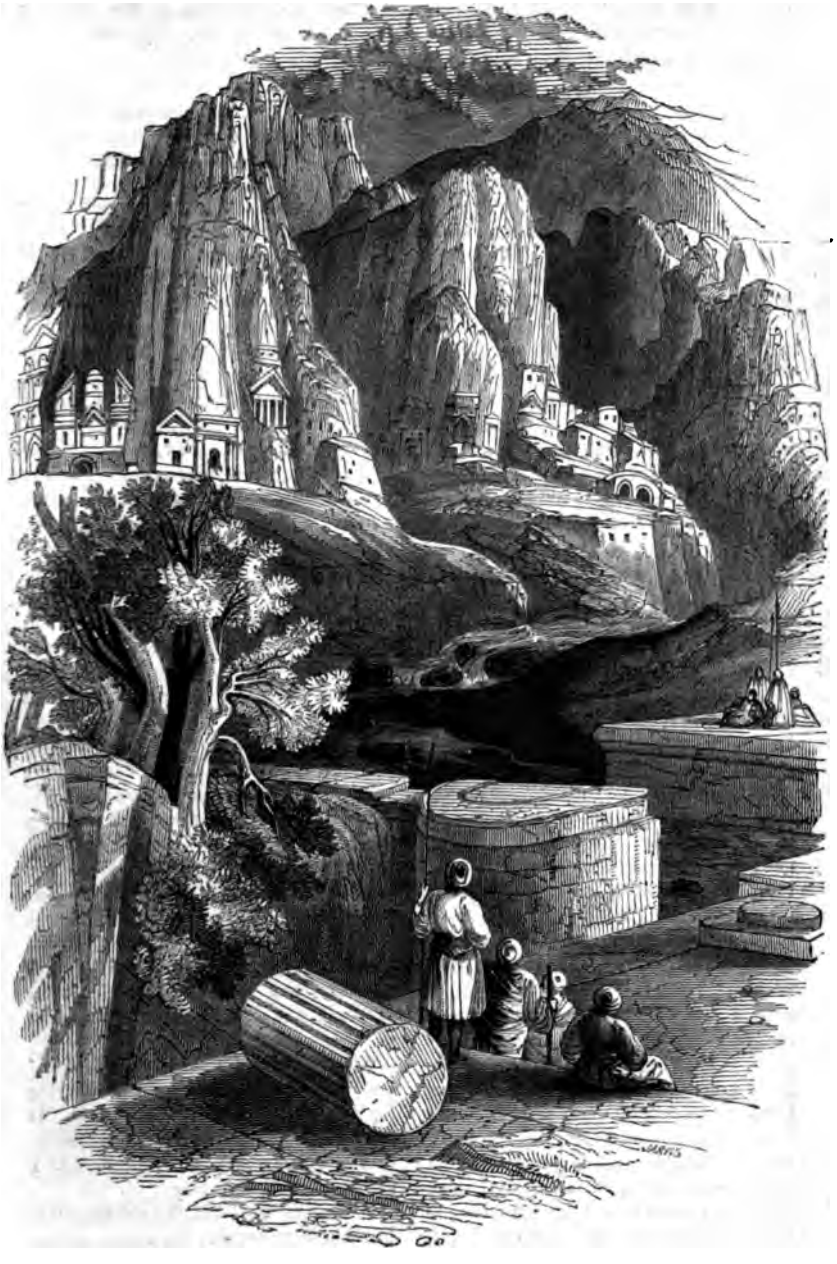
MOUNT SEIR.

The mountainous country of the Edomites, extended from the Dead Sea to the Elanitic Gulf. The name is usually derived from Seir, a phylarch, or chief of Horim, the original inhabitants of this district; and as there was such a chief, it is difficult to reject that conclusion.

These mountains were first inhabited by the Horim; (Gen. xiv. 6; Deut. ii. 12;) then by Esau (Gen. xxxii. 3; xxxiii. 14, 16) and his posterity (Deut. ii. 4, 19; 2 Chron. xx. 10).

The northern part of them now bears the designation of Jebal, and the southern that of esh-Sherah, which seems no other than a modification of the ancient name. The whole breadth of the mountainous tract between the Arabah (the great valley between the Dead Sea and the Elanitic Gulf) and the eastern desert above is about fifteen or twenty geographical miles.

These mountains are quite different in character from those which front them on the other (west) side of the Arabah. The latter seem to be not more than two-thirds as high as the former, and are



wholly desert and sterile; while those on the east appear to enjoy a sufficiency of rain, and are covered with tufts of herbs and occasional trees. The valleys are also full of trees, and shrubs, and flowers; the eastern and higher parts being extensively cultivated, and yielding good crops. It is indeed the region of which Isaac

said to his son Esau, "Behold, thy dwelling shall be of the fatness of the earth, and of the dew of heaven from above."

There is a mountain in the territory of Judah (Josh. xv. 10) also called Seir.

Narratives.

AN OLD MAN'S DREAM.

My friend is both old and venerable. Age has whitened his head, and bent his once robust frame. But the evening of his life has been the happiest of all; for not till he was growing aged did he obtain peace with God. I love to sit near him, and hear him tell of his former history, and the manner in which he spent his early youth. His conversion was clear and glorious. One night he told me a dream he had about the time he was made happy in God's love. After he retired, I sat up, and wrote in pencil what he told me. So you have it in his own language, and almost word for word.

"I thought," said he, "that I was journeying from place to place in search of a home; and in my wanderings I came to a barren plain, so bare that not a blade of grass or shrub was to be seen. Further on were some high mountains, alike bleak and dreary; and right before me, on the bare ground, I thought I saw a number of large mastiffs. There were ten or twelve of them,—all asleep. As I looked at them, I was filled with dread, and thought, if they only awaked, I must be destroyed. Still, something impelled me on; and on I went, till I came to a ruinous village, with one long street. I passed on, intending to lodge there. But, as I set down my foot in the street, it sank in deep mire; and I directly turned, resolving not to stay in such a filthy place. Methought I soon fell into a hard, narrow road; and this road I determined to follow. I thought it passed by a large mansion, with a light in every window; but I could not find any path to it. On I went, till suddenly I stood before a place which I knew at once to be the very gate of hell. An ugly beast, which I took for the devil, stood in the gate, and forbade my passing. I was desirous of entering,—so I thought,—as I had some companions there, whom I wished to see. But I could not pass. Lifting my eyes, methought I saw in the distance a gloomy house; and, as I looked at it, a door appeared in the side, out of which came a man. He walked to some distance, and then hallooed to me. I turned and listened, and soon saw, by his beckoning, that he wished to have me with him, but could not come nearer because of a great chain which bound him. Now I was afraid, and turned, and ran for my life, and rested not till I found myself in my own home again. I locked the door behind me, and then turned to repose. But what was my surprise, on entering my room, to see a tall man standing at the bed's head. I was not frightened, but asked him how he came there. He made no reply to that; but soon he said, 'Well, old man, have you found peace with God yet?'

"'No,' I answered him; 'would that I had!'

"'And you never will,' he replied. 'If God had meant to pardon you, He would have done so long before this.'

"'Nevertheless, I mean still to pray for it,' I said.

"'It is all useless,' he said to me. 'You have gone too far for that. You will go to those Methodists till you become melancholy. There is no more enjoyment in life for you. You must give up your pleasures, and all for nothing, too; for God will not have mercy on you, after all.'

"'Nevertheless, I mean still to pray,' I replied. 'Yes, I will keep on praying for mercy, if He sends me to hell. It shall not be said, in the day of judgment, that I never asked for pardon. If I perish, I'll perish praying.'

"I looked up," said the old man, "as I said this, to see why the person did not speak; but he was gone, and I heard no more of him. I thought I then prayed, and got into bed to sleep, when I saw an appearance of something at my feet. It seemed like a shadow before me; but the

person looked at me, and spoke. Then I knew it was Jesus. He said, 'Rouse thyself, and listen to what I say to thee.' I did so. His first question was, 'John, are these thy sins?' I thought I looked, and saw myself surrounded with sins. It was a big, square room, and it seemed full of them. And some were very black ones. But I remembered them all,—every one of them. Jesus spoke again: 'John, are these thy sins?' I looked at them again, and said, 'Well, Lord, they be all mine; I confess they are mine.' I thought He then fixed His eyes on me, came round to the head of the bed, and took hold of me. He lifted me up as though I were an infant, and then placed me down again, and spoke to me. All I can remember of His words is, that He told me it was the devil who had been tempting me; and, before He went, He said, 'Be of good courage.' Then, I thought, my heart became light. I felt I was forgiven, and that all my old sinfulness had been washed away. Soon after, I awoke."

Such was the old man's dream, told me after preaching one Sunday night. The reader can make of it what he will: only about that time the old man felt a glorious change, and since then he has "held fast the profession of his faith;" and now, relying upon Jesus, "waits till his change come."

Presteign. I. E. P.

Foreign Travel.

BUXTON (CANADA WEST).

ITS ORIGIN—PRESENT STATE—AND PROSPECTS.

(*Continued from page* 154.)

But there is another important class of negroes who find their way to Canada. Amongst a number of slaves on a plantation, there may be one who manifests more than ordinary intelligence and ability; he, perhaps, shows a taste for some mechanical pursuit, is instructed in it, and should he turn out a good workman, is permitted to hire out his own time at a fixed rate, which is generally far more remunerative to his owner than his personal services: what he earns over and above this price is his own. Stimulated by the hope of reward, he exhibits an energy and perseverance which tyranny could never have developed in him. By the labour of his hands he is enabled regularly to pay his hire, to maintain himself, and lay up money; by which, in the course of eight or ten years, he purchases his own freedom, buying himself from his master at his market-value. Probably, at this time, he is married; but his wife, with her little ones, is still in bondage. He takes a small house and brings home his family, hiring their time as he had before done his own; here he maintains them; and, continuing his exertions, is presently able to redeem them also. With his wife and children he is now his own master, and can, if he pleases, remain where he is, which he has strong inducements to do; the climate, the products of the soil, are well suited to his constitution; he is known and respected as a good workman, nor is any ill-feeling entertained towards him. But his brethren around him are still wearing their chains; the lash of tyranny, and the shrieks of the oppressed, fall on his lacerated ear; and, unable to afford them any help, he determines to seek a home in a land of liberty, and shapes his way to Canada.

In another such instance, it may be, the course has not been quite so smooth. On his first starting for himself, in the case we are now supposing, a promise has been made to the slave that he should never be sold to another master: his weekly hire has been made to include his purchase-money, so that he pays regular instalments on his own price. Confiding in the promise given him, (for the law offers him no security,) he cheerfully toils on, when, just as the last payment is about to be made, and he is ready to grasp the hard-earned prize, his owner perhaps dies, or becomes a bankrupt, or is in urgent want of money: *he* is a valuable chattel, and is sold, unconditionally, at his full price.

Thrown thus again at the foot of the

steep and toilsome ladder, from whose topmost round he was just about to step into long-sought liberty, he resolves no more to trust to the honour of tyrants. His integrity and self-reliance had led him to look with scorn on flight, as the resort only of the base and feeble, but his faith has been answered with perfidy.

Conscious of his double right to freedom, he determines to face every danger, and death itself, rather than remain longer the victim of men whom he rightly judges his inferiors in moral courage and rectitude, as well as in physical energy.

It may well be supposed that men who have thus wrought perseveringly, and striven honourably for their liberty, have meanwhile acquired just conceptions of the prize for which they wrested, and considerable experience in the duties of the condition to which they aspired; and certainly they are entitled at least to the kindly consideration of those white men, who, like themselves, have sought a home in Canada, with the hope of developing wealth and independence from her soil, by that labour which, exercised in their native lands, could never have raised them above the position of servile drudgery; yet, amongst this very class, there exists the most intense prejudice against colour; even the Irish emigrant who, but a little while ago, did not disdain to share his wretched hovel and his potatoes with the pig that he had domesticated in his family, now feels insulted if he is set down at a well-filled table in company with a fellow-servant who wears a dusky skin, and will probably turn away in wrath, and tell his employer that he is not going to eat with niggers.

The English settler who looks back to the time when he earned a scanty pittance amongst the labourers of Somersetshire, or in the fens of Lincolnshire, where even the first rudiments of education were denied him, now sees his broad acres clothed with rich grain, and reckons his wealth by arithmetic, that does more credit to his shrewdness than to his learning; sends his boys and girls to the common school, that they may enjoy advantages of which he sorely feels the need: but he is filled with rage when he finds that they are placed alongside with, and are probably surpassed in quickness by, the children of his coloured neighbour, and either angrily withdraws his own children, or, more likely, secures the expulsion of others.

The laws of Canada allow the freedom of the soil, of public schools, churches, and other rights and privileges to all persons, irrespective of their race, and amongst the upper and middle ranks more generous and favourable sentiments are entertained towards the African; yet the unreasonable aversion with which he is regarded by the class amongst whom his lot is cast renders his advancement most difficult. In many instances both churches and schools are closed against him; he is debarred from the avenues to the various branches of trade and mechanics; for the tradesman who would venture to place the quadroon, however competent and obliging, behind his counter, would risk losing a great part of his customers; whilst the youths in the workshop would rise against the master who would bring such a one into their midst. This feeling, amounting almost to hatred, prevails so strongly, that had the coloured man belonged to those tribes which retire, and become exterminated, before the presence of a higher civilization, ere this, his energy would have ceased to struggle for equality on the stage of life with the multitude who, priding themselves on the prestige of a name, would seek to thrust him out of the pale of British territory, if not to drive him back again into bondage.

(*To be continued.*)

Study and Pulpit Thoughts.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

No. I.

Fear hath torment, and the fear of death is not unfrequently the most harassing and distressing of all torments. To a mind unregenerate there is an infinite reason why it should be so; for such a mind, lorded over by sin, is no match for the final foe; and to be defeated

then is to be lost for ever. Death comes, under such circumstances, as the unmitigated penalty of personal and hereditary guilt,—the awful avenger of abused mercy and injured justice, hurrying away the outcast culprit to the doom of everlasting anguish.

But why should the saint who has already achieved so many signal victories over Satan, the great Apollyon,—why should the believer, who has been enabled to trample sin under his feet,—be continually haunted by a fear of death, which like a spectre hides itself in every chamber of his joy, and flings its gloom-shadows over his most jubilant festivities? God hath not ordained it so. The Lord's freedmen ought not to be holden in bondage to the fear of any foe, much less of one whom Jesus hath already humbled and crippled, and will eventually destroy, and who, indeed, hath no power to hurt the saints. All the chilling fears, all the clouding horrors, which appal many of God's children in the prospect of dissolution, were intended to be banished by the gladsome beams of that heavenly evangel which has brought life and immortality to light, and revealed to our rapturous vision the land of everlasting glory. And yet this oppressing terror is by no means a rare phenomenon in the history of modern spiritual life. Granting every indulgence to those excepted cases, where disease and mental idiosyncrasies of a very peculiar character have crushed the mind, and deprived it of all its wonted firmness and vigour, are there not many followers of the Lamb who have not yet reached that heroism which can calmly and undauntedly look into the face of the last enemy? And is there not some danger lest such timid saints should, almost imperceptibly to themselves, rest in the notion that deliverance from such fear was designed to be a *special privilege*, and not a *common-right*, of the Christian discipleship? We enter a strong protest against such a notion, as contrary to the truth, and as defeating one great purpose of our blessed Lord's incarnation, who partook of flesh and blood, "that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage."

If such, then, is the design of Christ, what is the secret of this terrorism by which not a few of God's people are enslaved? In what manner are they entrapped in this snare of the adversary? Possibly, in some cases, through *ignorance*. Ignorance is the mother of both rashness and fear; children as diverse as Rebekah's twins, Esau and Jacob. Rashness is often blind, neither knowing nor caring for anything, and venturing into peril with heedless indifference. Fear, if not altogether blind, is bedimmed in its vision, and sees "men as trees;" cravenly apprehending its foes to be greater and more numerous than they are, and forgetting the power and multitude of its allies. The rustling of a leaf agitates it in its solitude; the flight of a shadow palsies it with trembling; and thus, in this perturbed state, it is incapable of reasoning aright upon the meager information it possesses, and hence precipitates itself into conclusions most awful and alarming.

So it is, that we sometimes find that ignorance of the real character and power of death has very greatly distressed the simple-minded believer. He has been called to witness its triumph over some well-beloved kinsman. The eye that beamed and brightened with the look of affection has been set in a fixed stare. The tongue that poured forth the touching and thrilling words of love has been stiffened into silence. The hand that grasped with a cordial greeting, vibrating the chords of the inmost heart, is cold and stirless. Dark livid spots crop out upon the flesh, and corruption fastens on it his devouring fangs. "By this time he stinketh;" and the form he once tenderly embraced he loathes, and seeks to bury out of his sight. Dust mingles with dust, and soon it is undistinguishable from the earth in which it is entombed. And, as this dreadful wreck is surveyed, the thought occurs, Can the soul which inhabited it have escaped scathless? In this complete ruin of the body, has the spirit which informed it, with which it was intimately and tenderly associated, suffered no injury, no loss? Can such a terrible thing as the disembodiment of the spirit be effected without its sustaining some permanent damage by the violent shock? Thus it has come to pass, that

the eye has been so intently fixed on the material, that in the mental conception the idea of ruin has been more or less transferred, consciously or unconsciously, to the state of the soul.

This, however, is erroneous, and the fear growing thereout false and needless. Man's spirit after death still retains all its wonted integrity and vigour; it is still "perfect and entire, wanting nothing," either in nature or enjoyment. What, then, has death effected? Has he in no degree injured the spirit? Not in the slightest. He has unhoused, unshelled it. That is all. Nor is it any sufferer by the ejection, if it is not left "naked," "but clothed upon with" some celestial house meet for its habitation. The keenest pangs may have been endured in thus putting off the mortal coil; but it has sustained no more loss than the many-coloured butterfly sustains when it wriggles out of its chrysalis swaddling-bands, and fans its jewelled wings in the glorious sunshine. By death the spirit is emancipated into a higher and nobler state. Its perceptions are quickened; its passions are ennobled; its enjoyments are elevated and multiplied. "To die is gain" to the spirit, an acquisition of purer joys, an ascension to a loftier life; where, mid the marvellous outbeamings of the Redeemer's glory, it revels in the ever-growing bliss of immortality.

Let the truth, then, stand prominent to our minds, that mighty a foe as is death, yet he has no weapon in all his armory that can wound the souls of the saints. Let this article of faith ever be living in our consciousness, that the spirit of the believer passes scarless and unscathed through all the mortal conflict and agony even of martyrdom,—nay, that it enters upon a state more blessed and exalted. Ought not embarrassing and distracting fear to yield to "a desire to depart," to a fervent longing for that perfected bliss which we can never attain until we have dropped the garments of mortality, and escaped from earth to heaven? We have no sympathy with the ascetic philosophy which affects to despise the body as unworthy of the spirit, and treats it with harshness and contempt. Even in its present form, notwithstanding the desolation of the fall, it is a beautiful tabernacle for the soul; and, in the case of believers, it is the temple of the Holy Ghost; and surely no Christian will despise God's habitation. And when it is rebuilt in all the majesty and strength of its resurrection-glory, and made like unto the glorious body which enshrines the Son of God, it shall be worthy of the noblest and brightest spirit that can ever inhabit it. Still we cannot forget that the spirit is the divinest, the most godlike part of man, and is alone susceptible of humanity's purest and loftiest joys. And since it is only by death that the spirit can be dismissed to the consummation of its bliss; since it is only by death that the soul can reach the goal of its highest life; instead of timorously hiding our head when he approaches, ought we not to welcome him with joy? "Be not afraid of them," said Jesus, "that kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do,"—a truth which Justin Martyr bravely cast in the teeth of Antoninus Pius and his Senate, when he said, "Ye can kill us, but ye cannot harm us." The soul of the believer is clad in an asbestos garment, and no blazing faggots can ever consume it. It is mailed in the armour of omnipotence, and no spear can ever pierce it. Why, then, are we fearful? Such fears are irrational and baseless. They belong only to the babyhood of the spiritual life. He who has been well-instructed in the things of God ought to rise to a nobler courage, treading under his feet his fears, and committing his soul with all confidence into the hands of Jesus. In His keeping all is safe. Hushing, then, all his anxieties, wiping away all his tears, he may boldly front the final foe, and cheerily sing, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" For he shall have "the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

"Weep not, my Redeemer lives;
Heavenward springing from the dust,
Clear-eyed Hope her comfort gives;
Faith, heaven's champion, bids me trust;
Love eternal, whispers nigh,
'Child of God, fear not to die!'"

Kentish-Town. S. C.

Nature.

SPIDERS.

They have no *antennæ* or known organs of hearing, yet they are sensitive to sound, and even capable of pleasure in the vibrations which cause our own nerves to thrill under the harmonies of music. Several examples are upon record; but Michelet gives one that is less known, in the spider-friend of little Berthome, who was a musical prodigy in the year 1800. The poor child stimulated into unnatural development, was confined for many hours a day to practise in solitude. The music attracted a house-spider, (*Tegenaria domestica*,) which at first, left its web, and stationed itself on the music-stand, then crept daily on the child's arm, and as long as the music was heard, the spider rested there; when it ceased, it retreated to its web. This continued for many months; at last a visiter, with the unloving heart of ignorance, seeing the little creature on the boy's music, struck it to death; the child fainted; was ill of grief for three months; for he had recognised in that small living thing a fellow-sufferer and a friend.

....Does not this little foot *feel* delicately for the silken line, and test its strength, before it trusts its body to a fall? Does it not coil up a floating filament, and join two broken cords? or, more wonderful still, carry in its toothed claws that cable of *six thousand strands* from corner to corner of the angled wall, with care avoiding contact, lest it stick in a wrong place? When a spider has dropped from the ceiling, how does it ascend again so quickly? The spinnerets do not suck in again the twisted line; no, the hinder feet, using the simple claw as a thumb, roll up the thread into a ball, and hold it ready for further use, or throw it away if not needed. The same handy foot has been observed clearing the web of an *Eperia* when flakes of falling soot had sullied it, gathering the dirty and broken threads, rolling them into little pellets, and flinging them to some distance; and still the busy feet tapped and tried every mesh of the snare, never breaking any, but replacing a missing link with geometric precision, and in such positions that by *feeling* alone could this have been accomplished, as the work was out of sight of the spider's eyes.

In the excavated nest of the *mygale* or trap-door spider, the door, though but three lines in thickness, has thirty layers of finest web, and a hinge so perfect, that it may be opened hundreds of times without injuring the spring: moreover, it has been measured for a living bolt that shall secure its inmate from outward violence,—small holes are made where the claw of the foot shall hook, and bar the spider's fortress and her home.

The Household.

CLEANLINESS.

(*Continued from page* 152.)

The continually-felt annoyance of vermin is the direct result of filthy personal habits. The loathsome creatures which infest the skin of man will only thrive in dirt. Soap and water, regularly used, would soon drive them away. They are the fitting punishment for uncleanly habits; and I cannot but see the hand of a wise and merciful Providence in that arrangement, by which some evil is the sure result of disobedience to laws intended to promote the well-being of man. Like pain, which is useful and beneficial, as drawing our attention to some disease which might otherwise eat out our life unheeded, this is designed to bring before us distinctly the sin and danger of dirt.

The want of proper cleanliness is really one of the chief sources of the discomfort of the dwellings of the poor. Many of

the miseries from which they suffer may be beyond their power to remedy; but quite as many are the result of their own negligence and unconcern.

But now the reader may perhaps say, "It's all very well to talk; but our difficulties are so great. We admire cleanliness as much as you do; but we have not the means of carrying out our wishes in this respect. Here we are five or six in one room, night and day, father and mother, girls and boys, all obliged to have the same sleeping apartment; and we can't get the necessary privacy. If we had separate rooms we would do it; but, as it is, we can't manage. When we have just rubbed over our faces and hands, it's as much as we can do." Now this is certainly a difficulty,—a lion in the path; but it is our great duty, as well as a most ennobling exercise, to overcome difficulties, to vanquish the lion that opposes us; and a strong will need not faint or despair in the face of obstacles. Are there not half-hours in the day when you, the females of the family, find yourselves alone in your room? The father is out at work, the boys gone on their errands. Could you not then devote a little time to so good an object? If you cannot get a large supply of water, then make a little serve the purpose. A clean towel soaked in warm soap-and-water, and rubbed over the body, will answer very well, removing dirt, and stimulating the action of the skin.

Miss Nightingale, in her *Notes on Nursing*, says, "One word as to cleanliness, merely as cleanliness. Compare the dirtiness of the water in which you have washed when it is cold, without soap, cold, with soap; hot, with soap. You will find the first has hardly removed any dirt at all, the second a little more, the third a great deal more. But hold your hand over a cup of hot water for a minute or two, and then, by merely rubbing with the finger, you will bring off flakes of dirt, or dirty skin. After a vapour-bath you may feel your whole self clean in this way. What I mean is, that by simply washing or sponging with water, you do not really clean your skin. Take a rough towel, dip one corner in very hot water,—if a little spirit be added to it, it will be more effectual,—and then rub as if you were rubbing the towel into the skin with your finger. The black flakes which will come off will convince you that you were not clean before, however much soap and water you have used. These flakes are what require removing. And you can really keep yourself cleaner with a tumbler of hot water, and a rough towel and rubbing, than with a whole apparatus of bath, and soap, and sponge, without rubbing. It is quite nonsense to say that anybody need be dirty. Patients have been kept as clean by these means on a long voyage, when a basinful of water could not be afforded, and when they could not be moved out of their berths, as if all the appurtenances of home had been at hand."

And there are other means now happily placed within the reach of so many of our townspeople, (and it is the townspeople who chiefly suffer from want of accommodation in their homes,) in the baths and wash-houses established in many parts. "O, but we have to pay for a bath there," you say, "and we can't afford it: we 've enough to do to buy food and clothing."

"You can't afford it," you say; but do you stop to think you can't afford this or that luxury you have set your hearts upon having? If you can afford the one, you can, perhaps, afford the other. And, if you will try it, you will find there are few things more refreshing than a bath to one who is wearied: it is well worth the penny or twopence. The body, after a bath or a cold sponging, feels as if new strength had been put into it: the limbs are braced up, the skin is fresh. If you would try the experiment, you would soon find out the comfort of it, and think it almost as necessary as your food to you. Besides, it is a known fact that a man or woman with a clean, healthy skin, and breathing pure fresh air, requires less stimulus than those who are living in dirt and bad air. These last weaken the constitution beyond anything you can conceive, and create a craving for unnatural support. There is really every convenience provided now; and a very small sum would enable a family to have the privilege of bathing once a week at least, in addition to the more scanty washing at home. The baths and wash-houses in

various parts of the metropolis offer excellent baths at a very cheap rate. A cold bath is charged only a penny, and a warm one twopence. For this sum you get a small private space, a good supply of water, and a towel. Soap is not provided. Everything is kept perfectly clean; and the floors being made of slate, cannot harbour anything disagreeable. There is no extra charge made for attendance; for the servants, being well paid, are not allowed to receive anything from the visiters. Of course, only one person is expected to make use of each bath that is ordered; but, in the case of a mother, no objection is made to her taking one or two little children in with her for the same money. Think what a benefit this is, and at what a trifling cost. The matron of one of these establishments told me that the baths were generally crowded in summer, people waiting for their turn, one after another. And, indeed, I did not wonder at it when I saw how comfortable and clean were all the arrangements. She said that many sweeps and Italian boys availed themselves of the benefit. One day last summer, they had between three and four thousand persons in the baths in the course of the day. There are also sixpenny baths; but these have no great advantage over the twopenny ones. Only, when ladies and gentlemen come who can afford to pay, they are expected to give sixpence; as it is only by means of the more expensive baths that the establishment is made to support itself. It is not, therefore, a charitable institution, but tends to be a self-supporting one. There are also wash-houses and swimming-baths under the same roof; and instruction is given in swimming.

If you will be persuaded to frequent these baths, or others of the same kind, you will soon say the money spent is not thrown away; for this small outlay will greatly increase your health, comfort, and respectability. I could go on to say how greatly the condition of the body influences the temper. Perhaps you will be hardly inclined to agree with me here; but I feel assured that it is so. When we are conscious of being clean and well-dressed, we are more inclined to be cheerful and amiable than when we are hot, unwashed, and uncomfortable.

Most particularly would I urge upon you who are mothers how important it is to the health of your little children that their skins should be kept fresh and clean. The excuse made by the elder members of the family cannot apply to them; and it does seem a great unkindness to deny them the comfort of being washed. Their health and beauty are both favoured by the application of pure water; and the regular washing and changing of their clothes, and combing out of their hair, will go far to preserve them from the pest of vermin, or the frequent skin-diseases from which we so often find them suffering. No wonder children are fretful, sickly, and unhappy, when they are kept in continual irritation by dirt, and depressed by an unwholesome atmosphere. Not a day should pass, if they are in health, without their being washed from head to foot,—in cold water, if they are very strong, and can bear it; if not, in warm or tepid water. The hair, when washed, should be rubbed dry, else there is great danger of cold; and it is better done in the morning, when the children can run about after it, than at night, when they must lie down to sleep with their heads damp.

(*To be continued.*)

Anecdotes.

THE HAND THAT SAVED US.

Two painters were employed to fresco the walls of a magnificent cathedral. Both stood on a rude scaffolding, constructed for the purpose, some forty feet from the floor.

One of them was so intent upon his work that he became wholly absorbed,

and in admiration stood off from the picture, gazing at it with intense delight.

Forgetting where he was, he moved back slowly, surveying critically the work of his pencil, until he had neared the edge of the plank upon which he stood. At this critical moment, his companion turned suddenly, and, almost paralyzed with horror, beheld his imminent peril. Another instant, and the enthusiast would be precipitated upon the pavement beneath! If he spoke to him, it was certain death; if he held his peace, death was equally sure. Suddenly he regained his presence of mind; and, seizing a wet brush, flung it against the wall, spattering the picture with unsightly blotches of colouring!

The painter flew forward, and turned upon his friend with fierce upbraidings; but, startled at his ghastly face, he listened to his recital of danger, looked shuddering over the dread space below, and, with tears of gratitude, blessed the hand that saved him.

Just so we sometimes get absorbed upon the pictures of the world, and, in contemplating them, step backward, unconscious of our peril, when the Almighty in mercy dashes out the beautiful image, and draws us, at the time we are complaining of His dealings, into His outstretched arms of compassion and love.

SMOKING AND SWEARING.

Dr. Lawson's medical man had the unhappy habit of profane swearing. Lawson consulted him once about his health. The physician said, "D—— it, Sir, you are the slave of a vile habit, and you will not soon recover unless you give it up." "And what is the habit?" said Lawson. "Smoking," replied the other. "Well," said Lawson, "I can abandon the pipe; but will you permit me to give you a hint, too, as to a vile habit of your own?" "What is that?" "I refer to your habit of profane swearing," replied the divine. "True," said the doctor; "but that is not an expensive habit, like yours." "Ah, Sir!" said Lawson; "you will discover it to be a very expensive habit indeed when the account is handed to you."

Art and Science.

OUR MICROSCOPE TABLE.

We propose to set apart a little space under this heading in the *Christian Miscellany*, believing that many of our readers have, of one sort or other, microscopes of their own, which they are perhaps using with no very definite object; and rather as an amusement than anything else. A few simple, practical papers may thus be useful, if not in the information which they directly convey, yet in drawing attention to other, and standard sources, and putting our younger readers on the track of effective study. We do not by any means propose a systematic series, but merely a few jottings from time to time, suggested not by the reading of books, but by our own experience.

Through the enterprise of some of the leading makers, the microscope has now been brought within everybody's reach; and although it is desirable to have the best instrument that can be conveniently bought, yet it must be remembered that a comparatively poor instrument in competent hands, is far more serviceable than a valuable one in poor hands. The microscope is not like the stereoscope, in using which all observers are on an equality; but, like the pianoforte or organ, it becomes a different thing under different fingers. It is not the lenses that produce the practical results, but the eye that looks through them, or rather the brain working behind the eye. All the early discoveries in microscopical science were made with instruments that would be deemed contemptible in these days; so that, except for very elaborate researches, a large outlay is not really necessary. In this,

as in other things, a good deal can be done with a modest sum, if judiciously expended.*

But whether the microscope be costly or cheap, there must be absolute comfort in working with it, or we shall not arrive at any satisfactory results. To those who have the time, daylight is on every account to be preferred. It is not only beyond comparison less fatiguing to the eye, but it gives a far more correct idea of structure, and of all minute detail. To those who have only the evening at their disposal, an independent lamp, giving a clear, steady flame, and which can be brought near to the microscope, is indispensable. And either the lamp itself should be furnished with a blue shade, or a slip of tinted glass should be placed upon the stage;—the yellow rays are thus got rid of, and the result is a soft, white light, which is a great relief to the eye. A further protection will be afforded by a pasteboard shade, covered with black cotton-velvet, and fitting upon the tube of the microscope, so as to shut out all light from the eye except such as passes through the instrument itself. It is not a very elegant addition to the apparatus, but "handsome is that handsome does;" and whoever has used the shade once will not be disposed to forego it for the sake of appearances. It is also of importance to work with both eyes open. At first the distraction is annoying enough, but this gradually wears off, and the unemployed eye learns to look without seeing. It is of greater importance still, not to work *too long*. There will, of course, be exceptions; but from one to two hours, especially by lamp-light, is quite as much as ordinary observers can bear without fatigue. The eye is itself an instrument so delicate, and the use of the microscope is, even under favourable conditions, so trying, that every care must be taken to prevent injury to the sight. Young people should remember that their eyes are not "pebbles" ingeniously mounted, and renewable at pleasure. It is quite painful to notice how many young microscopists turn the full blaze of the mirror upon the object, and so distress the eye that any long-continued observation is impossible, even if the object were displayed to advantage by such treatment. All direct glare is to be avoided, and with low powers, especially, a moderate amount of light is sufficient. Let the mirror be carefully manipulated, so as to get an illumination sufficiently bright without being dazzling. The play of the mirror alone allows of considerable diversity of treatment, and furnishes capital practice for the beginner. The revolving diaphragm-plate is often of much service, and no instrument is complete without it. The mirror should give the *quality* (direction) of the illumination, the diaphragm should regulate its *amount*.

Do not make a mere toy of your instrument. Avoid the micro-photographs; which, to our idea, are a mistake altogether. They are false in taste, false in art, and a waste of both money and time. A line engraving is first reduced, (losing all nicety in the process,) to be afterwards magnified into what is, at best, an unsatisfactory picture. So with type specimens. The Lord's Prayer, and the Apostle's Creed, can be read far more easily in the Prayer-Book than on a slide; and to employ a noble instrument to decipher imperfect type, which type has been spoiled for the purpose, seems an absurd perversion of ingenuity. A few particles of any infusorial earth, or some of the washings of guano, are far before any such photographs, and cost no more money.

Examine the object under all varieties of light; and, if the mirror be turned just so far out of its axis as to get the effect of a dark-ground illumination, details will sometimes be brought out that have previously escaped notice. Study well not only the *features*, but the *history* of the object. It is really surprising how some persons neglect this matter altogether. They will get together a valuable assortment of slides, and examine them again and again, simply as beautiful objects, without troubling themselves to learn what they really are, what is the relation of this particular part to the whole, or what function it performs in the economy of the plant or animal, as the case may be.

* Respectable makers will give as much or more for the money, than the so-called "cheap" makers. We refer to such firms as Smith, Beck, and Beck, Pillischer, Dallmeyer, Ladd, Dancer, (of Manchester,) Highley, Salmon, and Baker, all of whom can be well recommended. Perhaps the "Universal" of the first-named firm is the best value of any at the price.

The owner of the slide which you so much admire, will tell you that it contains "Spicules of *Gorgonia*," quoting the label, without knowing in the least what a *Gorgonia* is, even if he be quite clear in his own mind as to the nature of a spicule. So with a score of other things, which thus become mere unmeaning figures, having only the beauty of form, heightened in some cases by the further beauty of colour. This is surely a great mistake. If there be any truth in the old saying, which, however, is generally quoted in a sense very wide of this mark, that "beauty is in the eye of the beholder," it is surely so in scientific research. The uninformed eye sees, it is true; the informed eye sees, comprehends, appreciates, kindles. And, therefore, we say to the beginner, study your object well. Learn all you can by yourself first, then see what the books say; and volume in hand follow your author, tracing each feature as he describes it; and then take a somewhat wider circle round it, considering its relative bearing, somewhat as we have indicated.

Let your books be few and *good*. The cheap books that now abound had better be avoided; they may have a market value, but they have no other; for though they contain much that is true, taken from standard writings, yet it is truth so fragmentary and ill-fitted, as to become the fruitful source of error. Carpenter on *The Microscope* is published at a moderate price, and is worth a whole shelf full of inferior books. Gosse's *Evenings at the Microscope* is also a most useful companion, and, like all this writer's works, is beautifully clear in its style.* When these two books have been digested, or rather such parts of them as may suit the student's purpose, he will be able to decide what course to take; and will start fair upon some one of the many lines of study that open up before him. Carpenter's references to standard authorities will here be of great service; and it is of importance always to consult the latest editions of such works. Having chosen a subject suited to his tastes, let him keep to that as closely as possible. It is true that the natural sciences, especially geology, zoology, and botany, are so nearly allied to each other, that it is impossible to make much progress in one, without at least a rudimentary knowledge of the others; but there is a danger of digressing too far where the leisure of most of us is so scanty. The particular section that is chosen should be a sort of head-quarters, from which numerous excursions are made in all directions, but to which we return as speedily as possible. To attempt too much is to ensure certain failure; far better to take some small sub-division of a subject,—the smaller the better,—and work it thoroughly; then advance a step, progressing slowly, halting often, and considering much; working, so to speak, from the leaf to the twig, from the twig to the bough, and then from the bough to the branch. And happy he who, with glimmering sight and uncertain foot, himself but the insect of a day, thus makes his way wonderingly, step by step, along these difficult mazes, and explores, in all its varied length, any one branch of the tree of knowledge. Happier still if he also taste of the twin fruit of the tree of life, only sundered from the other by the act of man himself; but re-united in Him who, in this case also, "hath made both one." * * *

* A very handy little book, for those who are interested in the Infusoria, is Slack's *Marvels of Pond-Life*, which is a genuine record of observations made during each month in the year, by an enthusiastic frequenter of the London ponds.

The Portfolio.

GEMS IN OLD SETTINGS.

UNCEASING PRAYER.

THOUGH, in the old Law, the Priest did not continually offer sacrifices unto the Lord, yet fire was continually burning upon the altar, and never went out: so, though we do not continually offer to God the calves of our lips, yet the fire of devotion, and spiritual fervency, must continually be burning in our hearts, and never go out. And this is the true meaning of the apostle's exhortation,

(1 Thess. v. 17,) "Pray continually;" not pray continually with the tongue, as though that should never lie still; but *pray continually*, meaning with that part which doth indeed never lie still, except we be still, and that is the heart.—*Sir Richard Baker.* 1640.

HOW TO TAKE PLEASURE SAFELY.

He that handles a hedgehog takes him by the heel and not by the head, otherwise he may chance to beshrew his fingers; for, though it seem to be but a poor silly creature, not likely to do any great harm, yet it is full of bristles or prickles, whereby it may annoy a man very much. Thus must we take pleasures, not by the *head*, but by the *heel*; considering not the beginning but the ending of them; for they may seem to be little or nothing dangerous at the first, yet afterwards, as with bristles or prickles, they will pierce through the very conscience with pains intolerable.

MIRACLES, WHY THEY HAVE CEASED.

A GARDENER, when he transplanteth a tree out of one ground into another, before the tree takes root, he sets stays to it, he poureth water at the root of it daily; but when it once taketh root, he ceaseth to water it any more, and pulleth away the stays that he set to uphold it; and suffereth it to grow with the ordinary influence of the heavens. So the Lord, in planting of religion, He put-to the help of miracles, as helps to stay it: but when it was once confirmed and fastened, and had taken deep rooting, He took away such helps; so that, as St. Augustine hath it, "He that looketh for a miracle, is a miracle himself:" for, if the death of Christ will not work faith, all the miracles in the world will not do it.—*John Weemse.* 1632.

LITTLE SINS LEAD TO GREATER.

THIEVES, when they go to rob a house, if they cannot force the doors, or that the wall is so strong they cannot break through, then they bring little boys along with them, and these they put in at the windows; who are no sooner in, but they unbolt the doors, and let in the whole company of thieves. And thus Satan, when by greater sins he cannot tell how to enter the soul, then he puts on, and makes way by lesser, which insensibly having got entrance, set open the doors of the eyes, and the doors of the ears, then comes in the whole rabble; there they take up their quarters; there, like unruly soldiers, they rule, domineer, and do what they list, to the ruin of the soul so possessed.—*Alsop.* 1650.

HARDNESS IN SIN.

Look but upon a youth when he comes first to be an apprentice to some artificer, or handicraft trade, his hand is tender, and no sooner is he set to work but it blisters, so that he is much pained thereby; but when he hath continued some time at work, then his hand hardens, and he goes on without any grievance at all. It is just thus with a sinner, before he be accustomed to an evil way: conscience is tender and full of remorse, like a queasy stomach, ready to keck at the least thing that is offensive. O, but a continued custom, and making a trade of sin, that is it that makes the conscience to be hard and brawny, able to feel nothing! As it is in a smith's forge, a dog that comes newly in, cannot endure the fiery sparks to fly about his ears; but, being once used to it, he sleeps securely: so let wicked men be long used to the devil's work-house, to be slaves and vassals to sin, the sparks of hell-fire may fly about them, and the fire of hell flash upon their souls, yet never trouble them, never disturb them at all. And all this ariseth from a continued custom in a course of evil.—*Obadiah Sedgwick.* 1644.

CHRISTIAN COMFORT.

DR. RYLAND wrote to Mr. Anderson, of Edinburgh: "Well, my friend, I hope your mind is now somewhat composed, and you can bear to part with your wife for a season. She is only gone to pay a visit to the Friend you love, and who will send for you by-and-by. Your day, like mine, is wearing off apace; and the Bridegroom cometh quickly. Do not stand weeping over cold clay, but trim your lamp, and go forth to meet Him. One half of yourself is gone before, and your passage over Jordan will be the lighter. The curtain will soon be withdrawn, and then you will see her again and Jesus."

Memorials of the Departed.

JOHN VASEY, of Burton-Leonard, in the Ripon Circuit, was born at Tollerton, near Easingwold, December 24th, 1785. His parents, at the time of his birth, were pious Wesleyans, watching with anxious solicitude over the temporal and spiritual interests of their family of six sons and two daughters. In the family-Bible, at the foot of their children's births, is the following simple but earnest note:—"Amen. May their names be registered in the Lamb's book of life, and their inheritance be among the sanctified by faith which is in Christ Jesus the Lord! So pray their father and mother, THOMAS and MARY VASEY." The value of such a prayer is seen in the fact, that seven of their children lived and died in the possession of true religion; and the eighth, the writer of this sketch, is also "waiting till his change shall come;" considering himself rich in being heir to the many faithful prayers offered to the "God of all grace" by parents passed into the skies. Thomas, the eldest son, became a Wesleyan Minister, and died in 1818. His son, Thomas Vasey, is now numbered among the Wesleyan Ministers. John, of whom we now write, was the fifth child, and became the subject of God's saving grace at the age of twelve years. For some time he maintained his integrity as a pious youth. Naturally inclined to levity, he was, however, led astray from God. His class-leader, a rigid disciplinarian, being severely intolerant of this youthful besetment, caused him to separate for a time from the people of God. In the year 1810 he married. He was soon after severely afflicted with inflammatory rheumatism, which laid him aside for several months. In less than two years, also, his wife died, leaving him with an infant son. These afflictions had a salutary effect; in deep distress he sought the forgiveness of that God whom he had so ungratefully offended. To retrace the steps of a wicked course is always difficult; nor was his case an exception from the rule. Unlike Esau, however, he did "find room for repentance," which he "sought carefully with tears;" making supplication with perseverance, till God, in the plenitude of His mercy, condescended to heal his backslidings, and to restore his soul to peace and joy. Being thus once again united to Christ,—"grafted into the true and living Vine,"—his faith became firmly fixed. He evermore abode in Christ, walking before Him, to the close of life, "with a perfect heart and willing mind." After this he contracted a second marriage with a pious woman; but this union lasted only a short time, for she also died. This loss painfully affected him, and with Jacob he was ready to say, "All these things are against me;" but, directing his prayer to the proper source, seeking consolation and guidance, with a steadfast heart trusting in the Lord, he found what all others will find who pursue the same course,—that "all things work together for good to them that love God." In the year 1817 he was again married to a woman of sound religious principle, who proved a true help-meet; but in 1831 he was again called to pass through the bitter trial of bereavement. Of his own children, two, who were acceptable Local-preachers, and a daughter, also died.

Throughout life Mr. Vasey was a very laborious man, supporting his family in respectability, according to his station in life, by his own daily toil. For upwards of thirty years he well and faithfully fulfilled the duties of a Local-preacher and a class-leader. In the discharge of these duties he walked not less than ten thousand miles, sowing the seed of Divine truth. Sometimes he travelled as much as thirty miles, and preached three times, on the Sabbath-day. His labour was not in vain. "He turned many to righteousness." His duty, in this respect, was his delight; and often has he spoken of the pleasure he felt in his Master's service. For many years Mr. Vasey suffered much from deafness. Conversation with him was very difficult; and he felt himself thus deprived of much enjoyment, both in the social circle and in the house of God. The loss of hearing was, however, to some extent, compensated by strength of vision, which continued perfect to the last, so that he never required the artificial aid of spectacles. This enabled him to read much; and thus partly to supply the lack

of conversational intercourse. In the year 1858 he became the subject of very acute personal affliction, suffering extreme pain, and expected speedy dissolution. But he lingered on, with some alleviation, for a considerable time. He received this, however, as an intimation that his end was drawing near; and he consequently "set his house in order," knowing that he must "die, and not live." Although afflicted, he continued to attend to his preaching appointments; and not a single one had to be supplied till he laid down "his body with his charge, and ceased at once to work and live."

June 22d, 1860, as he was reading, his daughter, seated beside him, observed a change in his countenance, and spoke to him; but he was unable to give an intelligible reply. By signs he asked for water, which, when supplied, he was unable to swallow. He gradually revived, and retired to bed. That was his last night on earth; but it also proved to him a foretaste of heaven. Part of it was spent in singing praise to God. He said "the chariot of his love would not long delay." He told those about him that very soon the church would have to sing for him, "Rejoice for a brother deceased," &c.; and he sang the whole of that hymn through, after which he exclaimed, "O, I see, I see the glory through a thin veil! Why not burst the veil, and let it out?" One observed, "That is reserved for you, father." He replied, "Well, but I see there is plenty,—plenty both for now and for ever." Thus was the night passed. In the morning he rose, and even appeared strengthened by the experiences of the night. He took breakfast and dinner as usual, and praised God for His bounties. After dinner he took a short walk, but soon returned, complaining of drowsiness. He attempted to sleep in his chair; but failing to get rest, he retired to bed. He closed his eyes, and seemed to fall asleep at once. Shortly after, he breathed heavily for a few moments, and then his perfected spirit was released, and he passed away to join the multitude before the throne, which no man can number. Thus died John Vasey, June 23d, 1860, aged seventy-four years. At his funeral many testimonies to his usefulness were given. Among these, was one which fell from the lips of a pious Clergyman, who, with his wife, walked three miles to be present on the occasion. The following notice of Mr. Vasey's departure appears in the minutes of the Local-preachers' meeting:—"Brother Vasey has departed this life. He was a man of God, and a veteran in the cause of Christ. In labours he was abundant, and cheerfully undertook a large amount of work on the Local-preachers' Plan, and ever conscientiously and efficiently fulfilled his appointments. In his decease, this meeting, and the Circuit at large, have sustained a great loss."

Died at Moor-Grange, in the Cromford Circuit, July 11th, 1860, Mr. James Wheatcroft, aged forty-one. He became decided to seek and serve the Lord at an early period of life. He united himself to the Wesleyan Society, and remained continuously a consistent member to the time of his decease. Humanly speaking, the cause of his departure out of this world was very inadequate to its effect. He was riding a quiet animal, at a slow pace, when by some slight loss of his equilibrium he fell off, and so injured the spine as to occasion his death. During the interval which elapsed between the fall and the time of his death, he was favoured with the full exercise of reason, and conversed with great calmness. There was not the slightest expression of terror at the thought of entering the unknown world. Undying affection to his wife and only child, caused a natural clinging to life; but resignation to the Divine will had its perfect work. On the Sabbath preceding his decease, he was at his class-meeting in the morning, and joined with very observable emotion in singing the lines:—

"Our conflicts here will soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head."

During the time that he was spared after he received his hurt, he said many things which were very pleasant to hear. At one time he was overheard, when talking to his head servant-man, to say, "Be decided for Jesus." He said, during the last night of his life, "I shall soon be before the throne, and sing the new eternal song." His class-leader had observed in him a growing progress in Christian experience for two years

eeding his lamented departure. He as much beloved by those who knew him est; while he was greatly respected by ll his neighbours and acquaintances. His sudden removal from this world, may well be said to speak with a loud voice, "Behold, I come quickly, and My reward is with Me."

Occasional Notes for Readers.

We warmly commend to our readers interested in Irish Methodism, *The Funeral Services on Occasion of the Death of the Rev. William Crook*, the father of the Irish Methodist Conference. The sketch of his life and character which accompanies the able addresses and sermon by the Revds. R. Masaroon, John F. Mathews, and J. W. M'Kay, is a life-like portraiture of this venerable man. This work is published by Richard Yoakley, the active Agent of the Dublin "Religious Book Society," and is highly creditable in style and execution to that young institution, which, we trust, is destined to render important service to Methodism in Ireland.—John Wesley's invaluable Treatise on *The Doctrine of Original Sin: According to Scripture, Reason, and Experience*, has been reprinted at the Book-Room, and is now on sale; as well as the choice collection of Tracts in defence of Divine Revelation, edited, with an instructive preface, by the Rev. Thomas Jackson, entitled, *The Christian Armed against Infidelity*. Every intelligent aspirant to the diversified spheres of usefulness in Methodism ought to be familiar with these works.—*The Crown with Gems*, published at the Book-Room, is a short, stirring address to induce Christians to set themselves earnestly and diligently, instrumentally, to the momentous work of saving souls.—*Dr. Leifchild's Memoir*, by his Son, is full of interesting facts, illustrative of his public ministry, private usefulness, and personal characteristics. He was, as most of our readers know, cradled and converted amongst the Methodists. With them he began to preach; but, having embraced some Calvinistic tenets, he, on the advice of the late Dr. Bunting, sought and found another sphere for his ministry. Owing, no doubt, in part, to these early influences, and still more, perhaps, to the diligent cultivation of the powers he possessed, and the advantages placed within his reach, but most of all, to his entire consecration to the one great object of the Christian ministry, Dr. Leifchild was pre-eminently successful in making full proof of his ministry. The secret of his success is here laid open; and an untold amount of good will result from this publication, if the rising ministry, emulating such an example, will give themselves to the diligent cultivation of their own personal piety, a careful preparation for the pulpit, and a direct personal dealing with those with whom, in private life, they come in contact.—Another delightful Minister's book has just been issued by those very enterprising and successful publishers, Messrs. Strahan and Co., containing the *Experiences* of Dr. Büchsel, a Lutheran Minister. It is rarely that, with a style so lively and fascinating as that in which this book is written, there is combined so large an amount of suggestive, spiritual, solid thought and instruction.—Messrs. Black are rendering good service to the cause of sound Bible instruction by the issue, in sixpenny parts, of *Dr. Kitto's Cyclopædia of Biblical Literature*, under the careful editorship of Dr. Lindsay Alexander, of Edinburgh. We need scarcely add, that under such auspices, the sad errors which disfigured the work on its first publication will be weeded out.—*The Exodus of Israel: its Difficulties Examined. With a Reply to recent Objections*, by the Rev. T. R. Birks, M.A., published by the Religious Tract Society, is, as might be expected from such a writer, a very admirable and singularly conclusive and satisfactory book.

J. Roche, Printer, 25, Hoxton-square, London.

SABBATH AFTERNOON IN NORWAY.

We may suppose the season represented in the sketch to be summer, and the time rather towards evening. The public service in the churches of Scandinavia is generally held in the forenoon and afternoon, the latter closing about three o'clock. Evening service is not known excepting among the pietists; and in rural districts the one service in the forenoon is made to serve for the entire day. The observance of the Lord's day is too generally bounded by the hours of public worship, and an ecclesiastical Sunday, rather than the Sabbath of the Lord, prevails in Norway and Sweden; so that a public sentiment in favour of the Divine authority and perpetual obligation of the Sabbath law scarcely exists. They know not what they do, who seek to conform England to the Continent in this respect.

No sooner is public worship over, than every kind of worldly amusement obtains. Theatres and circuses, concert and ball rooms, are thrown open; card-playing, billiards, sewing, or what else may please the taste, occupy the remaining portion of the holy day. Scientific and secular societies are not hindered from celebrating publicly their anniversary by the fact of the day falling on the Sabbath, and not unfrequently the Diet meets for the transaction of business on that day.

Happily a better tone is rising both in Sweden and Norway on this subject; and the efforts put forth to bring about a more worthy recognition of the Lord's-day, furnish gratifying evidence of the great awakening which has taken place in those lands.

We gather from our picture that the worthy couple there represented are humble cotters with scanty earnings. The apartment before us proves this; but it manifests, also, that regard to neatness and taste so general in the cottages of Scandinavia. Everything about the room, however poor its furniture, will be found scrupulously clean; the window generally adorned with a tastefully-arranged, though often scanty, white-muslin curtain; and round the floor next the wall will be arranged festoons of fir-leaves, diffusing a peculiar aroma through the apartment.

The Norwegian cotter and his wife have evidently no sympathy with surrounding Sabbath desecration; but, under the shelter of their peaceful home, seek edification from the word of God, or Luther's "postilla." Unmistakably they are Haugians,* and the indispensable copper coffee-kettle on the table not only reminds us of the universal beverage, so nicely prepared in the north of Europe, but indicates the anticipation that company is expected. During the time when the Conventicle law was rigidly enforced against the pietests in Sweden and Norway, various expedients were resorted to in order to secure religious intercourse without violating the law. The "Café Culas" was the most common. Invitations were issued to a circle of pious friends, to come and partake of a cup of coffee, enriched with clotted cream, and accompanied with saffron-cake; and the Christian social party spent their evening in religious enjoyments, the nature of the invitation removing what would otherwise be the illegal character of the gathering.

Greater liberty now exists in Norway, an act of toleration having passed the Legislature there more than fifteen years ago; and in Sweden the Conventicle law has been repealed, so that large meetings are held for religious edification without being molested. These are not confined to cottages, but are held in meeting-houses reared for the purpose by the people; and their influence in promoting the spiritual life of multitudes is great indeed.

The Sabbath afternoon is variously spent in our own land. To multitudes it is in fine weather the time for strolling in fields and lanes, and for thronging the public-houses unhappily allowed to be open on that day. There is, notwithstanding, a great difference betwixt Sabbath profanation on the Continent and with us. Here the profanation, however extensive and deplorable, is at variance with public sentiment, and is avoided by the Ministers of the Gospel, and all who make a religious profession. But on the Continent it is not deemed an inconsistent thing, to appear in the house of God in the morning, and in the theatre in the evening; for the Clergyman can do both, and in both wear his bands without losing caste. One great step towards rescuing the

* See *Christian Miscellany* for March, 1863.

Sabbath afternoon in England from profanation will be taken when the efforts of Mr. Somes and his friends prove successful, and the opening of public-houses on the Lord's-day is declared to be unlawful.

The Sabbath afternoon in England calls up before us the multitudes of children placed under evangelical instruction, and the noble army of Christian volunteers, who willingly devote a portion of the day of rest to the work of winning the souls of the children for Christ. Half a million of scholars, and ninety thousand teachers, connected with Methodism alone, are brought together every Sabbath afternoon to praise, and pray, and seek spiritual blessing. What a power for good exists here; and how earnestly and believingly ought all Christians to pray that God's work may appear unto His servants, and His glory unto their children.

The Sabbath afternoon may be abused by too many lukewarm professors, as a season of mere physical rest, and self-gratification; but all who feel that they are not at liberty to live for themselves, rejoice to recognise in the Sabbath institution an opportunity for usefulness to others, of which they gladly avail themselves. Many a hard-working father thankfully uses the Sabbath afternoon in gathering his family around him to listen to the word of God, and to ponder its teachings. During the six week-days he scarcely sees his beloved children; but God has secured to him one day in seven for domestic religion as well as public worship, and he knows how to estimate his privilege.

The writer knows one mother in Israel, whose "children arise up, and call her blessed," whose practice in training her family has been to gather them around her every Sabbath afternoon; the lesson-book being the holy Scriptures, which make wise unto salvation; and all her children—nine in number—are partakers of God's saving grace, some of them labouring in the mission-field; and they acknowledge, with devout gratitude, the benefits they have derived from Sabbath afternoons so employed.

The Lord's-day is a whole day, and it is *His* day, not ours; the afternoon of that day is as sacred as the morning or evening; and in the same proportion as we sanctify the whole day unto God, will He make it a blessing to us.

TRUST AND HELP.

(*Concluded from page* 167.)

And there was other faith with which Jesus was well pleased. Break manfully through any hindrance in the way of duty, and you will surely find His smile awaits you on the other side; as those faithful men, when they broke up the roof, found the first sight that met them was the upturned face of Jesus, beaming with heartiest welcome. Not alone because of the sufferer's trust, but when He "saw *their* faith," He put forth His power.

Would there not be in the soul of Him, who "Himself took our infirmities, and bare our sicknesses," a strong sympathy with these, whose faithful love came carrying the burden of their friend's affliction? Has He not

always a special welcome for such burden-bearing faith? The believing love which comes to Him loaded with another's want is sure to prevail. But here is much that is mysterious, and beyond the measurement of our little thoughts. The Lord's own work of atonement, whereby He tasted death for every man, is prevailing and sufficient for every man's salvation. Yet how many are unsaved! But even these have, in spite of themselves, received much benefit from the Redeemer's work. All they have known of respite, and striving grace, and holy influence, and space to repent, has come thence. So is it with the laden love which cries like that sorrowful woman: "Have mercy on me, O Lord, Thou Son of David!" Yet the prayer is not for herself but for her daughter. There is nothing unfitting or irreverent in this comparison. For the love of which we speak is the offspring of Christ's own infinite compassion—part of His own work wrought through the agency of sanctified human love.

How much do we owe, many of us, to the kind hands which, with patient endurance, and faithful meeting of difficulties, bore us to Jesus! Loving, pleading, burdened ones, pray and trust on. Your burden shall yet be your blessing. Think of this: if you have to wait with yearning desire for the salvation of those you love, Jesus waits too. His longing for their souls surpasses yours, as far as your love is outmeasured by His own. None of your suffering, or anxiety, or endurance, is separate from Him. All these are His as well as yours. Do you hope to share something of His joy—His Saviour-joy? Do not wonder if you must needs enter, in this one respect, somewhat into "the fellowship of His sufferings." In the meantime know that your faith is no more forgotten or overlooked than it is misplaced.

Let us diligently learn yet one other part of this lesson. As none can carry the sinner to Christ except he choose to come; and as it is the sinner's own will that offers the last and greatest difficulty; let all fathers and mothers begin early with the work of bringing to Christ. Not only once in sacred baptism, or occasionally in holy presentations of prayer; but as those of old time sought to put their little ones from their own arms into His, so make fellowship with Jesus a chief part of your children's nursing. While their wills are so much under your control, train them tenderly, but faithfully, towards Him. Let everything remind them that they wear the sacramental seal of discipleship. The moments in which this work, by God's grace helping you, may be done, are very precious, and very quickly gone.

While you can *carry* your dear ones, bring them to the Lord. When they get strong to run alone, it will be harder to fetch them there.

"When Jesus saw their faith, He said unto the sick of the palsy, Son, thy sins be forgiven thee." This was not what they sought. The man was brought to get his body made whole, and now the Healer is busy with his soul, letting alone the palsy, and forgiving his sins. True; but herein was the Physician going to the seat of the disease. Many times does the gracious Lord delay to grant what we ask, that He may have

opportunity to give what we need. For should He yield all at once the boon we seek, we should be off with our prize, without giving Him a chance of bestowing what we want far more. So, by merciful delay, He will keep us waiting, that He may enrich us the more, and give "exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think."

Which of us, as we read this history, cannot recollect how the Lord has dealt with us after the same fashion. He offered us His heavenly good, and we, following after earthly pelf, refused to heed Him. Then the good we had chosen fell short, and our souls, accustomed to feed on nothing else, were ready to perish. In our hunger, we asked Him to feed us. Mark it well, for it is wonderful: when the very things which we had wilfully used to vex and slight Him failed, we went crying to Him that they might be restored. And, instead of shutting the door in our guilty, selfish faces, He bade us enter. His yearning love cared little what brought us, so that, at last, we came to Him; and He did not upbraid us with the truth, that it was not for His sake, so much as for the "bread enough and to spare," that we first were moved to return. Neither was this all. In the presence of that wondrous love, we found in our want a deeper need. When we cried, "Give us this day our daily bread," we began to feel the pangs of a greater hunger, and all our longing came to be for "the bread of life."

Here, no doubt, lies the key of many an affliction which we call mysterious. If it had served but to drive me to Thee, I will deem it my friend. Had it not been for my palsy, I had never thus lain at Thy feet, drinking in the sweet refreshing of Thy word, "Son, thy sins be forgiven thee."

If this man at Capernaum had been carried home, paralyzed still, but having received that gracious pardon, who could say that the errand, with all its labour and hindrance, had been in vain? When laid down again in the old place of pain, he would have found that, as if angels had been busy there while he was gone, the dreary memories and doleful fears had all been swept away, the bare walls hung with comforts of heaven, and all the place transformed into a temple of grateful praise.

But we must take another view of this scene, and look beyond that face, palsied still, but strangely lit up by the light just kindled in the heart beneath. When Jesus spoke the words of pardon, the silence of the place was stirred by a feeling of indignant surprise. Looking one at another with astonishment, all men round are shocked, and mutter among themselves, that they had been listening to blasphemy.

Up to a certain point, their reasoning was sound. "None can thus pronounce absolution but one who has power to absolve. God alone can forgive sins; and for this man to speak as He has done, is to lay presumptuous hands on the Divine prerogative. He has blasphemed." But, in all this, they shut their hearts against the full claims of Jesus, when those claims went beyond their own measure; and in the Son of Man, they refused to see more than man.

Then Jesus looked round on the crowd of keen-eyed watchers; and, passing through their strong guard of cunning, or hate, or shame, He knew their thoughts. Every murmur was quelled before that look, and amidst the dead stillness, not a syllable of the clear voice was lost: "Whether is it easier to say to the sick of the palsy, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Arise, and take up thy bed, and walk?"

The Lord will not throw away a miracle, or let it stop merely at the blessing of the sick man. He will prepare the way of His truth for every-one who chooses to walk in it. So He gives the lesson of His deed before He does it. The great end of His mission, and the only fame He seeks is to be the Saviour of sinners. He will not be notable only as the Healer of diseases, the Worker of miracles. These acts are to bear testimony on behalf of His greater work. Thus He sends His keen, quiet question through the dull-headed obstinacy of the listeners, if peradventure, there be left somewhere a heart which the truth may touch.

How suitable the inquiry. These Pharisees and Scribes were great in the matter of words, and were wont to balance nicely what a man might, and what he might not say: how far he might go in profession, and where he must stop. Then again, this demand pushed their quarrel with Jesus to a simple issue, sooner than they could have hoped.

"Whether is it easier *to say?*"—not to do; that will come afterwards. But ye understand words and their value. *My* words are never in vain—never go beyond My power. This word of forgiveness, against which ye so indignantly fret, seems easy to be spoken; for none of you can see whether or not it has been effectual. What if I speak again, concerning outward things, in such sort that your dull senses can judge if there be any following sign? If I speak what to you seems harder *to say*, though really easier *to do*, will ye then believe? Ye shall have the sign; and, at least, be left without excuse for your sin in rejecting the Son of Man.

Once more Jesus turns His look upon the trusting sufferer. The same voice which had set his soul free speaks again, in the same calm tones of majestic power: "I say unto thee, Arise, and take up thy bed, and go thy way into thine house." Then the gazers wondered, as they saw a warm flush spread over the shrunken face and pallid brow of the sick man. He starts, and, with a gasp of strange delight, raises himself from his bed, looks with half-fearful joy and love into the stooped face of his Deliverer, and in a moment, with fast-heaving breast, stands upright before them all. Then, bending again, he gathers up his bed in strong, ready arms, and steps forth,—he who had been himself a burden, now happy to bear such a load,—passes down and through the yielding crowd, who hinder him no longer, but shrink back in awe to let him depart, as if a ghost went by: "insomuch that they were all amazed, and glorified God, saying, We never saw it on this fashion."

"That ye may know that the Son of Man hath power on earth to forgive sins."

For us, for you and me, was this wonder wrought, and many another

marvel for the same cause; that we might know what power there is in Jesus, and what loving will, to do for us that which we want the most. Has He given us tokens of His might in lesser things? It is that we may thereby be led on to tax His power for greater blessings.

Gracious Saviour, who dost break a way through my selfish blindness, for the revealing of Thine infinite love!—save me from underrating that love. I can bring nothing proportionate to Thy gift, but the want of it. Give me ever to feel the deepest want, that I may open my heart wide to take Thy richest blessing: that I may not henceforth run after Thee only because I have been filled with the loaves of Thy providing; but that I may always seek first what has cost Thee the most, and in every temporal help and benefit find fresh reason to follow Thee, and trust Thee for spiritual good. Amen.

Hull. G. S. R.

THE HOUSE-CLOCK ON SUNDAY.

(*Concluded from page* 169.)

3. ***Persons may be late in consequence of neglecting a lawful privilege.*** —Along the coast-line of our island home, the volunteers of the artillery-corps emulate the loyalty and zeal of the more numerous rifle-corps to be found in our inland towns and cities. The members of the artillery-corps cannot afford to employ balls every time they use powder, or handle their guns, as, if they did so, they must place an immense weight of iron under old ocean. When, however, they do fight an imaginary foe with heavy shot, their friends may amuse themselves by tracing the progress of each ball as it glances on the surface of the water, and repeatedly springs therefrom, until it finally disappears. It is not often that the target is actually hit. One barrel, properly mounted, serves for many exercise-days. The shot is said to be very satisfactory which passes directly over the target, though without striking it. A French frigate or gunboat, floating in the same place, being so much higher, would not have escaped. A young friend of mine did manage, however, to put the corps to the expense of repairing the target. When it came to his turn to be gun-master, he sent the ball right into the floating barrel. If a Frenchman had been in the place, he would certainly have suffered. We are glad that no Frenchman was there. The good folk along that coast, patriotic as they are, would rather the vessels from France came laden with apples than with powder; and are quite willing that French fishermen should fill their yawls with herrings in sight of our cliffs, if they will only look happy, and be good friends. But, to return to the spoiled target, and within sight of our parish clocks, there is no great wonder that the floating barrel is not often hit. If the gun is directed a hairbreadth too much to the right or to the left, the target is safe. If the gun is elevated too much in ever so trifling a degree, the ball will pass right over; and, if the gun be ever so little depressed beyond the proper place, the ball will come short of the mark. But no such difficulty is presented in the case of those who would be punctual on Sundays. He would be a very stupid gunner whose balls always passed to the left of the target when he knew that, whilst that was accounted a blunder, he was allowed a large margin to the right. In going to chapel or school, we perhaps aim at too great exactitude. There is no offence against propriety in being a

little too soon. We may allow any reasonable amount of margin on that side, and yet lose nothing thereby. Nay, it is an undoubted fact, that by such conduct we shall be actual gainers. The few minutes before the service begins, if rightly employed, will give additional value to every minute after the service has begun. What, however, we have specially to do with just now is, that, by employing our lawful privilege of being too soon, we shall avoid the disgrace and loss attendant on being too late.

4. *Persons may be late in consequence of unwise self-depreciation.*—There are some persons who constantly exist beneath a burdensome, yet cherished conviction of their own importance. They regard themselves as the observed of all observers; and are, on the whole, pleased to be so. Their dwelling is certainly the centre of the habitable earth, to which all roads lead, and where all lines meet. The expression of their opinion, the utterances of their wit, the elegance of their attire, and even the gracefulness of their walk, exercise a mighty influence upon society. They can do nothing without, in their own opinion, making a considerable sensation. As greatness, however, is generally accompanied by its penalties, they believe that any failure on their part would be the occasion of most disastrous results. This self-consciousness of an important personage must be a very uneasy feeling. We would not commend it as an object worthy of pursuit. But it is possible to err in the other extreme. We—at least our conduct—may be exercising an influence far beyond what we suppose. When that kind-hearted lady, Mrs. X——, came into our place of worship during the reading of the first lesson, the good creature, in her lowly-mindedness, had no just idea of the power she was exerting. Being rather later than usual, she seemed a little flushed, and glad to get into the corner of the pew, where she was partially concealed, and appeared to apply herself diligently to enter as soon as possible into the sacred task of the hour. The worthy lady thought not of the impressions she had made. She did not perceive that she had disturbed the minds of several of God's people, who were endeavouring to make the most of the precious opportunity; that she had diverted the thoughts of several other persons, who cared little for sacred things, but on whom the words Divine were fastening; that she relieved the consciences of some late-comers, who had been resolving never wilfully to offend again, but who, seeing so estimable a neighbour as Mrs. X—— later than themselves, re-opened the question for future consideration; that she that morning strengthened the habit long forming in the minds of her dear children, which will prove an injury to them as long as they live; that she so distressed the mind of the Minister, that his voice perceptibly faltered, and some degree of discouragement was experienced by him almost to the close of the service; and that she had grieved Him who has said, "Ye shall keep My Sabbaths, and reverence My sanctuary: I am the Lord." When that ardent and gifted young man, Mr. Q——, arrived at his place in our Sabbath-school just as the reading-books were delivered, he felt rather satisfied that his class had not been kept waiting. The superintendent had apparently been in time to open the school by the usual devotional exercises. Several of the senior teachers had apparently been in time, so as to keep order in the school. His own absence was of little importance. Mr. Q—— would have felt greatly pained—for he is a good-natured fellow—if he could have perceived how much harm he was doing. The scholars in his own class are not generally much trouble during the singing and prayer, for they are not

often there. "As teacher does not think it needful to come so early, why should we?" Teachers younger than himself are forming the evil habit of being late, and shielding themselves by reference to Mr. Q——'s example. The superintendent, and others who are endeavouring to promote the interests of the school, are greatly discouraged. Everything throughout the establishment is somewhat lowered in tone because of Mr. Q——'s want of punctuality. Yet all this time the young man really means no harm, and believes that he is not far from being a model teacher. We commend to all generously-disposed culprits, the cultivation of proper self-respect. Regard your early attendance as of great importance. Suffer not lowliness to occasion lateness. Make it apparent to all, that on the Lord's-day, as well as on ordinary days, you know the value of minutes. So shall we no longer be inclined to regard with suspicion the house-clocks of our parish on Sunday.

B. S.

THE BROKEN ROOF.

In the accounts given of the miraculous healing of the paralytic at Capernaum, both St. Mark and St. Luke give certain details not noticed by St. Matthew; but so very remarkable as to demand a special inquiry. Here, as in many other cases, the chief difficulty in understanding the narrative arises from our want of accurate knowledge of circumstances which would be most familiar to an Eastern mind; and, beyond doubt, we have made the matter worse for ourselves, by our instinctive habit of hanging the chambers of memory with pictures of our own painting. It is by no means easy to free the mind from the influence of those sketches of imagination; and we often surprise ourselves, even in moments of soberest thought, and close study of Scripture facts, by the discovery that we are arranging all the details that come to our knowledge, so that they may group themselves into as near a resemblance as possible to the long-remembered fancies of childhood.

And here, if the digression may be allowed, let an earnest word or two be recorded on the subject of Bible-pictures for children. Many sustain injury through life, perhaps unconsciously, from the effect of an old "picture-Bible." They never recover the loss which they have suffered at the hands of some ideal illustrator, who, regardless of costume, and scenery, and chronology, made a picture "out of his own head." Take two familiar cases coming close together: Ishmael laid aside by his mother to die, and Isaac bound by his father on the altar, were almost invariably portrayed as babies. One of the greatest improvements of later times is in this matter; and it is hard to estimate its value, when we consider how much more readily received than any other, and more permanently retained, are the impressions made through the eye. Let parents and all teachers look to this as a very grave matter, and keep out of their children's way all Bible-pictures, except those which tell the truth.

The circumstances of the miracle here considered, have been grievously misrepresented by artists, who are proverbially bad commentators.

The first and simplest matter is the getting to the house-top. It is taken for granted that all readers of this paper are intimate with the fact that the houses in Capernaum, as elsewhere in the East, had flat, terraced roofs, where people might walk or sit by day, and sleep at night. But the mistake is frequent as to the way of mounting this roof, that it was by steps quite outside the house. Now this is right in one sense, but not as it is generally understood. The Eastern house was, and still is, most literally

"self-contained." To the passenger in the street it showed four walls, one of which was pierced with the doorway, and a little latticed window over, the other three being perfectly blank. The *only* access to any part of the house is by the doorway. The rooms of the house look into the court or yard round which it is built, something after the manner of some of our old inns. The staircase to the roof was outside the house, but within the central court; so that our Lord's warning is quite intelligible, that those on the house-top should not, in descending, pass aside into the chambers of the house, but depart with all speed from the place. (Mark xiii. 15.)

The men, therefore, who carried the paralytic could not reach the roof by its own staircase, for they were unable to pass the door. (Mark ii. 2.) Most likely, then, they availed themselves of the stairs of an adjoining house, and so passed to the roof from another on the same level.

The main difficulty, however, is about this breaking through the roof. Here, again, we must imagine a mode of building very different from our own. The roof was generally formed thus:—First, there were placed across, at proper distances, beams or "ceiling-joists;" across these, again, were laid grass and light brush-wood; and upon all a clayey compost, beaten and rolled so as to keep out—not always effectually—the wet, and to form the hard level floor of the house-top. Now it will be plain that the removal of any part of this would have required another miracle to save the people below from being choked or smothered with the falling earth and dust. It has been alleged that some houses were covered with slabs of stone; but even the displacing of these, with the cement needed to make the joints weather-proof, would have been accompanied by much of the same danger. Still further, it cannot be shown that this mode of roofing was at all common. The other was, certainly, the usual way.

To remove the difficulty various explanations have been suggested; as the following:—That, in the hottest weather, a canvas awning was stretched over the court or open yard, and that this only was withdrawn in the present instance. Or that a light parapet or balustrade, guarding the inner edge of the house-top, was removed so far as to allow of the bed being let down. Or that an opening already existing in the ceiling was enlarged for the same purpose. Without bringing forward the objections furnished by the narrative, to which all of these explanations are liable, let us look at another, and by far the most probable.

In such houses as had more than one story, the rooms on the ground-floor were chiefly used as domestic offices. The chambers occupied by the family, including the large reception-room, or guest-chamber, were on the first-floor, and in many cases opened out on a balcony, or gallery, projecting into the inner court. If we suppose that Jesus now stood on this verandah, which would not be high, the whole house being of low pitch, we can understand how He was in a good position to "preach the word" to all in the house; both those who were in its rooms, and the people who thronged the court. Many of these verandahs are yet to be seen, having a light roof, or pent, made of thin boards, to serve for a sun-shade. In removing some of these boards, there would be neither difficulty nor danger.* This agrees with St. Mark's peculiar expression, "they uncovered the roof *where He was:*" and thus

* St. Luke's phrase, "through the tiling," is not contrary to this explanation; for the word *tiling*, like many similar words, had extended its simple meaning, till it came to describe any covering for which tiles might be employed.

the paralytic would be "in the midst," in the most conspicuous position possible.

THE WESLEYS IN CORNWALL.

"Their lot on earth was mark'd by grief,
A life of toil they pass'd;
But now they taste a sweet relief,
And rest with Christ at last.
They nobly trod the soldier's path,
And many a struggle won;
They fought the fight with vigorous faith,
And now their work is done:
And now the victor's song they sing,
Salvation through their conquering King."

BURKE, in his *Anecdotes of the Peerage*, says, "It has often occurred to us that a very interesting paper might be written on the rise and fall of English families." The character of such papers, however, would very much depend on the stand-point from which such families might be viewed. Papers have been written, with varying degrees of success, on "The Wesley Family." These papers have embraced the constitution, the labours, the glory, and the departure of the members of this family from this life. Some of the writers have succeeded very admirably, while others have only shown that the well was deep, and that they had nothing to draw with. A full and complete paper on "The Wesley Family" is yet a *desideratum*. Whenever such is written, it will show that, although the Wesleys were subjected to many difficulties, and called to pass through many changes, yet the family had no *fall*, but *rose* higher and higher, until one after the other the members ascended to reign with their exalted Lord.

In the old parsonage-house at Epworth there were seen some strange sights, and some strange sounds were heard; there, also, some remarkable events occurred. It may be doubted, however, whether anything ever transpired there that was of so much consequence to England as the birth of John and Charles Wesley.

"Two glorious lamps were lighted now,
To flash across the gloom;
For earth had many a darken'd place,
That sin had stamp'd with venomous trace,
Where now would gleam the torch of grace,
And life with light would come."

John Wesley was born in 1703, and Charles in 1708. In the former were blended, in a high degree, the manly character and persevering habits of the father, with the settled, quiet, and commanding qualities of the mother: whilst Charles "lived and died an eminent example of high Christian experience, sterling worth, and undeviating principle; a man to whom the Christian world will be indebted throughout all generations." The ecclesiastical principles and preferences of the father were received by all his sons; and although they were retained, yet they were greatly modified in the future lives of the two brothers. John Wesley especially excelled as a preacher of God's truth, and as a legislator for God's church and people: he, as a

"Priest, these graces did possess:
Of an ambassador the just address,
A father's tenderness, a shepherd's care,
A leader's courage, which the cross can bear,
A ruler's awe, a watchman's wakeful eye,
A pilot's skill, the helm in storms to ply,
A fisher's patience, and a labourer's toil,
A guide's dexterity to disembroil,
A prophet's inspiration from above,
A teacher's knowledge, and a Saviour's love."

The time of John Wesley's birth was one of sharp controversy among the divines of the Church of England; and some time before he visited Cornwall, there was a cry heard, "The Church is in danger." In the controversy that then raged, Archbishop Wake, Atterbury, and Hoadly took a prominent part; and the result was, that the Church became weak and indifferent, and lost much of its spirituality. Some of the clergy of that period, having met in committee, said, "We cannot, without unspeakable grief, reflect on that deluge of impiety and licentiousness which hath broke in upon us, and overspread the face of

this Church and kingdom, eminent in former times for purity of faith and sobriety of manners." "There is something," said Archbishop Wake, in 1703, "in the nature of controversial writing so corruptive of morality, so apt to destroy some of the noblest graces of a Christian life, that I look upon the case to be much the same in that as in other wars, and that nothing less than an absolute necessity ought to engage a good man in either. What temptations it ministers to pride and passion, to malice and uncharitableness, to falseness and insincerity, I shall not need to say. I would to God our own times had not given us too many instances of it, to the scandal of our religion, as well as to the just censure of those who have allowed themselves such liberties as nothing can excuse."

There was but little, if any, change from this state of things when John and Charles Wesley went to Oxford to prosecute their studies, and prepare for the work of the Christian ministry. These two brothers were converted to God in the same month, (May, 1738,) and within four days of each other. They had travelled far, and preached often, before their conversion; but their labours had been, to a great extent, unsuccessful. Charles Wesley was converted through the instrumentality of a plain, illiterate woman; and John found peace with God while listening to a person reading Luther's Preface to the Epistle to the Romans. After this event, which is the secret of the success that followed their preaching, they had very different views of religious life, and preached after a different manner from what they had previously done, and with very different results. They now regarded their call to preach the Gospel as being more extended in its design than they had been wont to do. John, especially, very soon felt that he could do no other than publish the glad tidings of God's love to all to whom he could gain access. "The world," he said, "is my parish."

"Where'er a human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's gyves,
Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man's birthplace grand;
His is a world-wide fatherland.

"Where'er a single slave doth pine,
Where'er one man may help another,
Thank God for such a birthright, brother:
That spot of earth is thine and mine!
There is the true man's birthplace grand;
His is a world-wide fatherland."

The Wesleys made no arrangement to visit the county of Cornwall until the year 1743. Early in that year Charles intended to have gone into the "far West;" but he went to the North, and did not arrive in Cornwall until the 16th of July. He remained in the locality of the Land's-End nearly a month; and during that time he preached in most of the important places west of Hayle, and in many of the villages that may be found on that "narrow neck of land." In the following August, John Wesley left London, and, passing through and preaching at Taunton and Exeter, he journeyed westward, arriving at Bodmin on Monday, the 29th, just before nine o'clock, P.M. John Nelson, the Yorkshire mason, came with Wesley, and they remained, travelling and preaching in the county nearly a month. In company with these noble men of God there were Mr. Downes and Mr. Shepherd. The former and John Nelson had one horse between them; and they generally commenced their journey, after resting, before Messrs. Wesley and Shepherd. On their journey down, Nelson and Downes were sadly put to for want of food; and Wesley and Shepherd lost their path: the former were relieved by the kindness of an old woman, and the latter recovered their way through the sound of bells. The labours of these godly men, during this first visit, extended from Bodmin to the Scilly

Islands; and various were the effects which these efforts produced. John Wesley had long felt a strong desire to visit the islands of Scilly, and an arrangement was now made for him to sail thither from St. Ives in a fishing-boat. The boat belonged to the Mayor of that ancient borough, and was considered to be one of the best that then existed. Mr. Wesley, however, thought that it was a hazardous undertaking to sail so far on the ocean in a boat. He little thought that a fishing-boat would, in after years, carry a crew from Newlyn to Australia. This has been done, and done safely, and the boat disposed of in that far-off land; and some of her crew returned in safety to this country, while others have made their home elsewhere. On Tuesday, the 13th of September, 1743, John Wesley, John Nelson, Mr. Shepherd, with three men and a pilot, sailed from St. Ives. They soon found that the sea rose, and the waves hung, as it were, over their heads. As they rode on the ocean swell, they joined, with good courage and strong lungs, and sang together with great confidence,—

"When passing through the watery deep,
I ask in faith His promised aid,
The waves an awful distance keep,
And shrink from my devoted head;
Fearless, their violence I dare;
They cannot harm, for God is there."

God was with them, and they took no harm; for, early in the afternoon, they landed at St. Mary's, the chief island of the group. After waiting on the Governor, with the usual present of a newspaper, and also giving him a copy of the "Earnest Appeal," at six o'clock Mr. Wesley preached in the street, to almost all the inhabitants of the town, including sailors, soldiers, and workmen; and he felt that "it was a blessed time," for God was in the midst of them. Wesley preached again the next morning; and, after he had conversed in private with many persons, and had distributed many useful, godly books, he and his companions sailed for the mainland, and reached St. Ives in the evening in great safety. Before he left Cornwall, on this his first visit, Wesley preached in almost every important town and village that lay west of Truro, and finished at Gwennap.

The visits of the Wesleys to this western county were many in number, and extended over a period of more than forty years. From first to last, however, *one object* alone was kept in view; and this was, *the moral and religious welfare* of the people to whom they went. John and Charles Wesley visited Cornwall to teach a *plain scriptural religion*, the essence of which is holiness of heart. They held that the *Bible* is the whole and sole rule of faith and practice; that *religion* is an inward principle, the mind that was in Christ,—a renewal of the soul after the image of God, and that this can be wrought in man only by the power of the Holy Ghost; and that this and all other blessings are received for the alone sake of Jesus Christ, on the condition of the personal trust of him who seeks unto God in prayer. "The Wesleyan Societies," says one, "*were constituted* for the *one* purpose of gathering and retaining converts; and for this purpose, and for spreading its victories, it is a masterpiece of social organization." "Methodism was a *divinely-appointed development of the Gospel*, fraught with momentous ulterior consequences." These consequences, however, all related, in the mind of the Wesleys, to the spiritual welfare of men. As John Wesley was "a man of *one Book*," so was he a man who lived and laboured to bless all men, by turning them away from their sins; and, in the accomplishment of this *one object*, God very abundantly crowned his toil. The author quoted above, (Taylor,) says that "Christian principles, with a discipline efficient for its

purposes, did thoroughly set him (Mr. Wesley) free from the bondage of *every restrictive or self-regarding motive;* and thenceforward as large and warm a philanthropy as human bosom has ever admitted, ruled him supremely." The object which the Wesleys had in view, in all their visits to Cornwall, was the most glorious that can engage the attention, or call forth the efforts, of man. It is usual, when speaking of *glory*, to vaunt military glory at the expense of every other kind. Troops are presented, all arrayed in order, setting out on the march for the battle-field, their feathers and plumes waving, their banners floating in the breeze, while their murderous arms glitter in the sunshine. But there are other kinds of glory, far more brilliant than that which hovers over camps, and over gory battle-fields. True glory is that which seeks the *happiness* of mankind,—that conduct which links man with some great work of utility and benevolence. This honour outlives all others, and shines with increasing lustre from one generation to another; and will survive the ruin of ordinary monuments, whether they are made of marble or brass. The names that come to us from the misty past are those of men who are remembered for what they have done.

"These old names! see how they shine
In these old heavens, like stars, whose rays no age
Can dim, nor boastful art of man supplant,
By lights, the invention of his fruitful skill.
They lighted up the darkness of the ways
By which our fathers walk'd in joy to heaven:
Not now less needful nor less glad their beams.
Say not, our age is wiser; if it be,
It is the wisdom which the past has given
That makes it so; for in these names is written
That wondrous wisdom that has made us wise."

(*To be continued.*)

THE FIRST CONVERT.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF JESSE LEE, THE METHODIST APOSTLE OF NEW-ENGLAND.

(*Concluded from page* 173.)

It is summer again, and a year later. Ladies, children, and nurses are taking their afternoon recreation on Boston-Common, sauntering about, or sitting beneath the trees. Suddenly a man's voice breaks on the ear, singing. It continues; people pause in their walk, turn round, and listen; children still their laugh, and stop their play, then move toward the spot from whence it proceeds, and see a man in a plain garb mounted upon a table, placed under the great elm, singing a hymn. The strain finished, he falls upon his knees, and, thus raised above the people, prays. One has paused to listen,—another: quite a crowd has gathered. One says he is crazed,—an escaped lunatic; but those words that come with a fervour that burn, bear no taint of a disordered intellect. They whisper and wonder. Still the petition goeth up with a power the formal and precise prayers of that time never knew. Then the word is passed that he is a fanatical Methodist: some laugh, some sneer, a few turn and walk away, while, unconsciously, the man prays on.

He begins his sermon, and the crowd increases. He walks the narrow platform of that table, and states the ground of his argument: it is simple, plain. He begins his illustrations; his similes are profuse as perfume on the summer air, and beautiful as flowers; his language, flaming, fluid; his pictures, touching. He warms with his subject; his hearers warm with him; the whisperers in the crowd are hushed; sneerers are silent; and the restless ones on the far-off edges strain their ears, and bend forward to hear.

He has finished. Excited and touched, the crowd drop away to

think and talk of the sermon. There is a troubled something down deep in their hearts, that thrills and quivers as it never quivered under the former teachings of their own pulpits. They drive it away, but it will not be stilled.

As the crowd disperse, the preacher dismounts from the table, and stands upon the green sward. Approaching him painfully and slowly, there comes a lame girl, leading a little child by the hand. He looks at, recognises, and steps forward to greet her.

This girl is Grace White, and the man is Jesse Lee, preaching for the first time in Boston.

It is winter,— a New-England winter. Dark, dreary is the day; the snow falls, and the ground is white with it. Within John White's cottage his daughter Grace lies very ill: she has come home to die. It is almost evening; the room is silent, save for the ticking of the clock in the corner, and scratching of the limbs of the mountain-ash against the window-glass. John White sits cowering over the fire; his wife is at a neighbour's.

Grace is restless; turns feebly in her bed. "Do you think he will come, father?"

"He promised to be here ere night-fall," was the reply, as he approached the bed, and offered her drink of the cup that stood there. She shook her head.

"O, father, this religion has done so much for me! I want to see him, to tell him, that it may be some earnest to him of the harvest to come. I was so rebellious, so proud, before he revealed these things to me, and I saw myself. My life was so dark; and, somehow, our faith seemed so cold and severe that it froze me. I was never warmed, never cheered; things were so strait and stiff, and I longed for sympathy, warmth. Now everything has life and light; there is no repressing, no keeping down. We may give expression if we will,— sing like David, exult like Saul. I have lived in *such* sunshine the last year, that illness and pain were nothing to me."

She sank back; her father sat beside her, and held her hands. An hour passed thus.

"There is someone coming."

She rose up. A horse was heard without; a pause, then a tap at the door, and the latch was lifted, and Jesse Lee entered. After shaking the snow from his hat and garments, he stood at the bedside.

"I am going," she said, in answer to his inquiries; "my maimed body will soon be in the dust; my freed spirit rejoicing with the angels. I sent for you, hearing you were near, to thank you for the glad tidings you have brought me. When first I heard you, I was troubled and roused by your words. It was yonder, in Boston, that the veil was lifted; and when I was permitted to join the little flock that met Sabbath after Sabbath to hear you preach, and sing, and pray, I felt that the Puritan worship might be good for others; this alone was good for me. Once lost, I was found; a captive, I was free."

Her father raised his head, and gazed upon her face, lighted with a sort of glory. She sank back exhausted.

Kneeling beside the bed, the Minister prayed, read, sang, and spoke cheering words.

"Father, you will forgive me?" He had forgiven her long since. Mrs. White came in. "Mother, I love you, mother; and have prayed for you much, although the time was when you were harsh, and I turbulent and unruly; but this has passed. God bless you for your love and kindness to me in these my last days! We shall meet yonder."

The woman sank sobbing on the bed. Solemnly the Minister repeated, "I know that my Redeemer

liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth: and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God."

"That is it," she said, "that is it. See God! see God!"

"Father!" he held her in his arms; she tried to speak—struggled—threw her head from side to side—gasped—fell back, and was gone. Jesse Lee stood by the bedside of his first convert in New England.

"THE WILL OF THE LORD BE DONE."

(Acts xxi. 14.)

My will would like a life of ease,
  And power to do, and time to rest,
And wealth, and health, my will would please,
  But, Lord, I know Thy will is best.

If I have strength to do Thy will,
  That should be power enough for me;
Whether to walk or to sit still,
  Th' appointment of the day may be.

And if by sickness I may grow
  More patient, holy, and resigned,
Strong health I need not wish to know,
  And greater ease I cannot find.

And rest—I need not seek it here—
  For perfect rest remaineth still;
When in Thy presence we appear,
  Rest shall be given by Thy will.

Lord, I have given my life to Thee,
  And every day and hour is Thine,
What Thou appointest, let them be,
  Thy will is better, Lord, than mine.

Scripture Scenes.

NINEVEH.

This famous city, the capital of the great Assyrian Empire, stood on the eastern bank of the Tigris, opposite to the present Mosul. The Bible tells us that the city was a sort of colony from Babylon or Babel. We read, therefore, that "out of that land [Babel, &c., in the land of Shinar] went forth Asshur, and builded Nineveh." (Gen. x. 11.) After this simple statement, the sacred record is for a long time entirely silent respecting Nineveh; which, we may therefore presume, remained inconsiderable for many generations. At length, some fifteen hundred years after the first mention of the place, in the days of Jeroboam II., King of Israel, (B.C. 825,) Nineveh again enters by name on the Biblical record; having meanwhile grown into a mighty power. Nineveh is described in the Book of Jonah, as "that great city," "an exceeding great city of three days' journey," probably in a straight line through the place, as the large cities of Asia stood on a great extent of country, having gardens, and even fields, in the midst of them; and Jonah is said to "enter into the city a day's journey" (chap. iii. 4) before he began to foretell its overthrow; that is, as is most likely, he penetrated into the heart of the place, as being that which was most suitable for delivering his burden. The magnitude of the place may also be gathered from what is said in the last verse of the Book: "That great city, wherein are more than six score thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand; and also much cattle" (grazing). The population of a place must have been immense in which there were no fewer than one hundred and twenty thousand children,—young children the language employed seems to denote. It also appears from the same book, that the state of society was highly complex, organized in divers ranks from the King and the noble to the peasant; and, if we may argue from the exactness with which the number of children is given, we should be justified in asserting that the people were in an advanced stage of civilization, seeing that their social statistics were well attended to and carefully preserved. Civilization, however, had brought luxury, and luxury corruption of morals, for "their wickedness had gone up before God." (Chap. i. 2.) Yet was not their iniquity of the lowest kind, for the Ninevites repented at the preaching of Jonah.

A few years later we find the Prophet

a intrusted with "the burden of
ah." From this book it would
that the repentance of the city,
if sincere, was not durable. Therefore
was the anger of Jehovah about to fall
upon it, and make it a perpetual waste.

The impending destruction of this "great city" was also foretold by Zephaniah, (ii. 13,) and by Isaiah, (xiv. 24,) in language which gives a striking view of its commercial greatness, (it was the entrepôt for the trade of Eastern and Western Asia,) its surpassing opulence, its high culture, its immense population, and deep criminality. (See Nahum iii., and Ezek. xxxi.)

From Strabo we learn that the place was much greater than even Babylon; and from Diodorus Siculus, that it measured four hundred and eighty stadia in circumference, having very high and broad walls, which, aided by the river, rendered it impregnable. This safety was, however, merely imaginary. Sardanapalus, who had a full share of the vices of his subjects, endured in the eighth century before Christ a siege of three years' duration at the hands of the Medes, under Arbaces, which led to the overthrow of the city. (*Diod. Sic.* ii. 26.)

But so large and so powerful a capital was not easily destroyed. Nineveh was the seat of an Assyrian kingdom till the year B.C. 625, when it was taken by Nabopolassar of Babylon, and Cyaxares, King of the Medes, which led to the destruction of the Assyrian kingdom. Nineveh flourished no more. Strabo represents it as lying waste; though in the times of the Roman Emperors some remains of it seem to have survived, as a Nineveh on the Tigris is mentioned in Tacitus, and is characterized as a fort; probably some small fortification raised out of the ruins of the city for predatory purposes.

Christian Missions.

CHRISTIAN FREDERICK SWARTZ.

BY THE REV. GEORGE MAUNDER.

"Let us have another SWARTZ in temper, in manner, in judgment, and in Christian feeling, and I fear not to say, that, under the blessing of God, we may look for a SWARTZ's success."
—BISHOP JAMES.

THE unanimous voice of Protestant Christendom has proclaimed CHRISTIAN FREDERICK SWARTZ as being, beyond question, among the very greatest of modern Missionaries. This illustrious man was born at Sunnenburg, a small town in Germany, on the 26th of October, 1726. Like Samuel of old, he was devoted from the womb, by his affectionate and pious mother, to the service of the sanctuary; and on her death-bed she solemnly adjured her husband and her Pastor to educate the child with a reference to his being ultimately engaged in the work of the Christian Ministry.

Young Swartz was early the subject of deep religious impressions. From a memoir written by himself we learn, that when very young he often sought after solitude, and found much comfort in pouring out his heart to God; and often, he tells us, "when he had done wrong, he was not able to rest till he had implored pardon of God." These religious feelings gradually subsided, and for a season he grew careless about Divine and heavenly things. But the kind attentions and spiritual instructions he received from a Christian lady, and the providential interposition of God in twice visiting him with dangerous sickness, preserved him from relapsing entirely into the world: he maintained the form, though destitute of the vitality, of godliness.

In the year 1746,—in the twentieth year of his age,—Swartz was admitted into the University of Hallé. Here, in the possession of the friendship of Professor Francke, and in the enjoyment of the society of men of learning and piety, he gave his heart in sincerity to God; and became established in the principles and practice of evangelical religion.

It was whilst a student in the University of Hallé that the future destiny of Swartz was fixed. Preparations were being made by the German Professors to print the Bible in the Tamul language. Swartz and another young man were selected to learn Tamul, in order to be able to assist in the correcting. The printing of the Bible was not accomplished; but the pains which our student took to perform his task, and the success with

which his efforts were crowned, induced Professor Francke to propose to him the work of a Missionary. He assented; although an advantageous situation in the ministry in his own country was at the same time offered him by influential parties. The only condition which the embryo Missionary made as to his engaging in the foreign work was, that he might have the concurrence of his father. The old man, after two or three days' deliberation, gave his consent and his blessing; bidding him depart in God's name, and win many souls to Christ.

On the 30th of July, 1750, our Missionary arrived at Tranquebar, in India; and on the 23d of November, following, he preached his first sermon in Tamul. His text on that occasion was taken from the 11th chapter of St. Matthew: "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take My yoke upon you, and learn of Me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For My yoke is easy, and My burden is light." Thus, in his very first sermon, he announced the spirit of the Gospel he was about to preach to the heathen; and in his subsequent course, through nearly half a century, he evinced the truth of his Divine text, both in word and life.

Swartz entered on his career of missionary exertion, which at first consisted principally in catechising, and conversing with the natives in the town and neighbouring villages, with great earnestness and zeal. He early displayed remarkable tact in adapting himself to the circumstances of all classes of the heathen population. One of the chief obstacles to his success, as well as to that of other early labourers in the Indian vineyard, arose from the wicked lives of the nominal Christians around him. One day, meeting a Hindoo dancing-master with a female pupil, he told them that no unholy persons would enter the kingdom of heaven. "Ah, Sir," said the poor girl, "in that case, hardly any European will ever enter it." A native once said to him: "Show us anyone who has embraced your religion, and has been actually saved, and we will believe you." Swartz replied, "God has given you His word; prove and examine it. Such an evidence as you require is not the appointed way of becoming convinced of the truth." The answer was a satisfactory one; yet, nevertheless, the Missionary could not fail of feeling the disadvantage under which he was placed, arising out of the inconsistency of professed Christians.

Twelve years of the life of Swartz thus passed away at Tranquebar. We have little information concerning the events of this period. Few facts of a striking or important character occurred. The bounds of his little Christian church were extended, and some more converts slowly wrested from their superstitions; but this could not satisfy our devoted Missionary, who burned with an ardent desire to increase the number of the Saviour's trophies.

In 1762, Swartz paid his first visit to Tanjore and Trichinopoly, and at the former of those cities was permitted to preach in the Rajah's presence. Those places continued from this time to be the objects of his attention; but it was not until 1766 that he removed to the latter city, where a mission was established by the "Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge;" and over it Swartz was appointed to preside.

On this station our Missionary soon found his labours so extensive, that it became necessary to employ some promising native converts as catechists. With these Swartz took incalculable and unwearied pains. He gave them "line upon line, and precept upon precept;" and, by his own example, taught them how to deport themselves before the multitude. "What an abode," exclaims his biographer, "was the house of this great and good man! He daily assembled all the catechists who were not on stations too far distant, and instructed them how to explain the truths of Christianity, and to address the natives in a mild and winning manner; overlooking the passionate and rough speeches which would sometimes be returned for their love. In the morning the catechists joined with him in prayer, and in meditating on the word of God; after which everyone was directed whither to go that day. In the evening, they gave an account of their labours, relating the encouraging and discouraging circumstances: and the day closed, as it began, with meditation and prayer."

With all ranks of heathens this man of God was accustomed to converse freely. Multitudes would hear him explain Christianity, and would even applaud. It was no unusual thing with them to reply,—"True! what can avail all our images, and our numberless ceremonies! There is but one Supreme Being, the Maker and Preserver of all!" But their convictions ended with their applause.

"In one of my journeys," says he, "I arrived at a large place where the heathen celebrated a feast. I was struck with the excessive crowd which I saw before me. I stood at some distance from them; but I was soon surrounded by a number of people, to whom I explained the glorious perfections of God, and remarked how absurd the worship of images was; and how they dishonoured God by all their idolatry, and enhanced their own misery. I told them, at the same time, what infinite mercy God had shown to lost sinners by sending them a Redeemer, and how they might become partakers of the benefit of redemption. All seemed pleased; acknowledging their folly, and the excellency of this Christian doctrine. Before and after noon, new crowds came near. I spoke till I was quite exhausted."

These labours were not in vain: many of the heathen were brought to embrace the truth; and among them were several deeply-interesting and important cases.

Besides thus preaching incessantly to the natives, Swartz exerted himself to promote the spiritual welfare of the garrison of Trichinopoly, then destitute of a Chaplain. At first, from his imperfect acquaintance with our language, he contented himself with reading, besides the liturgy, a sermon of some evangelical English divine; but he was soon able to preach. The soldiers assembled for some time in a large apartment; but a spacious and handsome church was speedily erected; the expense being defrayed by the contributions of the officers and men. The Governor of Madras, in consideration of the important services rendered by Swartz, conferred upon him, unsolicited, a salary of £100 a-year, with which he built a mission-house, consisting of a hall and two rooms, with suitable offices; and, subsequently, an English and a Tamul school. So indifferent was this good man to the emoluments of his office, that he expressed his intention, with the approbation of the Society, under whose sanction he laboured, to devote regularly one-half of his allowance for the use of his congregation.

"Instant in season, and out of season," was this devoted Minister of Christ in the discharge of the solemn duties devolving upon him. He seems never to have flagged, never to have grown weary in his Master's service. He was always in harness; ever at work; manifesting at all times a directness of purpose and singleness of aim which, whilst it won admiration, secured success. In the Christian church, or by the side of the heathen pagoda; in the school-house among his children, or in the barracks with the military; training his catechists in his own dwelling, or dropping the words of life in the way-side conversation; bending over the bed of the dying, or visiting the Rajah in his palace; this good man might ever be found. Nor did he toil in vain. Much seed was sown; and not a little sprang up, and bore precious fruit. In one case, a sinner, upwards of a hundred years old, became convinced, gave his heart to God, and died in the spirit of Christian faith.

(*To be continued.*)

The Household.

CLEANLINESS.

(*Continued from page* 185.)

The consideration of cleanliness in dress is also of great importance; for it may well be made an excuse for the neglect of proper washing, that it is of no use to have a clean skin when you have to get into dusty old clothes again. Now, if you were really obliged to do so, it would be, if not a sufficient excuse, at any rate a great drawback. It is not a sufficient excuse, because there is no sense in allowing the greater evil, just because you can't avoid the lesser; still there is a

of discomfort in putting on dusty
l clothes after a good bath. The
, therefore, remains for us, Is it an
bility for the poorer classes to have
stock of underclothes as to enable
ten to have the comfort of change?
: you will say it is not, in these
ien our working-people get good
or good work. The slothful, the
dent, the intemperate will never
ney in hand, and they will always
unwashed and slovenly set; not
self-respect enough left to induce
) make a respectable appearance
their fellow-men. But set aside
abits which drain the working-
of all their extra money, and will
ot, by carefulness and economy,
a sufficient sum, after necessaries
ien provided, for the purchase of
and tidy clothing? Calico is
cheap, that for fourpence a yard
a get a good stout material fit
's shirts. The quantity required
only three-and-a-half yards for
ro shirts may be made for half-a-
including the cotton and buttons;
s easy to afford this for the great
of having a change. The under-
; of women is even less expensive:
chemise may be made for ten-
r one shilling; and this being worn
e akin, is the most important to
nstantly changed. Where there
ldren, a managing mother will
ake underclothing for them out of
hich have been saved, or cuttings
e larger garments, for an expense
s too trifling to be felt. Flannel
ost expensive article, and there-
is not easy to have a sufficient
in this; but there is no material
it is more important to cleanse
ully, as it readily harbours ver-
d retains for a very long time any
a of fever it may happen to get
For this reason there is a great
n to having underclothing which
wash, under the idea of its being
, and saving trouble. If you buy
flannel instead of a white, pray
as often as you would the white
Linsey petticoats are much worn
nd they are very useful, as the
l is warm; the dust may easily be
out of it, and thus it may be
kept clean for some time. When it is really dirty, and not only dusty, it will be found to wash quite well. How often do we hear people say, "I get a dark stuff because it doesn't get dirty so soon as a light one!" Now I don't suppose they really think it does not get dirty so soon; but the fact is it does not show the dirt; and therefore they can wear it much longer. Now I would almost go as far as to say, "By all means get something that will show the dirt: let it be seen; and then, perhaps, we shall think of removing it." However, I would not wish to go too far, or to advise the purchase of very light materials, which will not bear a day's dust without being soiled. The dress, after all, signifies less than the underclothes, except in the case of a mother who is nursing; and then washing dresses are always best, as a stuff gown soon becomes unpleasant. A nice covered lilac print is the best material for washing and wear: pink, also, is pretty for children, and washes well if the calico is good. Prints are now made very pretty, and are sold at such low rates that there are few who cannot afford to have one or two dresses; and there is nothing more neat or becoming. How often do we see a girl wearing a filthy white petticoat, with a broad piece of embroidery round the bottom! Surely the wearer would be neater and more respectable for having two good plain petticoats instead of one smart dirty one. We English are in the habit of calling the French people dirty; and of priding ourselves upon being much cleaner than they in our habits. I suppose there is some reason for this assertion; but I only wish you could see the dress and appearance of the working-people in Paris. I am sure you would be as much struck with them as I always am on going into their city. The difference between them and London people is very marked. Here we see a nice little Frenchwoman walking alone in a plain stuff dress, with no flounces, nor fringes, nor ribbons, but fitting closely to the figure, well made, and becoming. The cap on her head is as white as snow; and the border crimped up with taste and neatness. The cuffs on her wrists, of plain linen or muslin, look as if they had just been turned out of the washtub. "O,

but this is a domestic servant, or trades-person, or some one well-to-do," you may say. Not at all: this is some poor hard-working woman, earning her bread by needlework, or by washing, or some such employment. And she is no exception to the general rule: you will meet hundreds such in a walk through the streets of Paris. The labouring men always work in blue-cotton smocks, which can be washed continually. And these people never imitate in their dress the class above them in rank: they have too much self-respect to do so. Their manners and conversation are extremely courteous; and they are wise enough to prefer coarse or plain materials of spotless cleanliness, and neat manufacture, to the filthy finery, the dirty slop-shop flowers and lace of which our English working-women are too fond. And many of those among us, who do not spend their money upon trumpery articles of dress, are yet so careless of their appearance, that they will let their clothes fall into holes, draggle through the muddy streets, and be worn day after day, month after month, without removing the dirt which has collected upon them. Often has a woman said to me, "I have no clothes but what I stand up in." It is certainly a nasty idea that they should never be changed. No doubt there are some in England who fall into neither the one fault nor the other; but they are few: and in France cleanliness is the rule, at least in the outward dress. The French have not such good wages as the English, and the living in Paris is as dear as the living in London; but they are almost free, as a people, from that vice of drunkenness which, with us, is the fatal cause of so much degradation and misery.

But now, perhaps, you will say, "It is not only the expense of good clothing we consider, but the difficulty of getting things washed. We have to fetch up from below every drop of water we use; and a pail of water is a heavy weight to be carrying up constantly, especially if we are at the top of the house." Well, I know it is a great trouble; but, then, what good thing do we ever obtain without trouble? Take the trouble cheerfully, and you will find the reward follow. Children's little clothes can be washed out in a small quantity of water, and with very little labour; and it is important duty to keep them fre clean. Of course there are times will be more a trouble than usual. the mother of a family is ill in be has nobody to help her, things ar lected; or, if she is weak, she fi weight too much for her, and he aches over the washtub. She is t be pitied, for it is weary work pers when the frame is feeble; but tho are anxious to act rightly will ge find some way of doing the dut making it lighter. When we ha learned to look upon every duty, h slight, as done to God, and well-p in His sight, it will lend us an and cheerfulness that will make l delight. If our hearts are truly s serving God,—

> "The trivial round, the common ta
> Will furnish all we ought to ask;
> Room to deny ourselves, a road
> To bring us, daily, nearer God."

Personal cleanliness, then, is a not beneath the consideration of a tian. There is an old English that "Cleanliness is next to godli and there is much truth in it, for man will have learnt to look up body as meant to be the temple Holy Ghost; and will not let it uncared for and neglected.

The word "to wash," is often the Bible as the symbol of inward ing, as in the fifty-first Psalm: me; and I shall be whiter than ....Wash me throughly from iniquity, and cleanse me from my and again, in Eph. v. 25, 26: "Chr loved the Church, and gave Himself that He might sanctify and cleanse the washing of water by the word." holy ordinance of baptism also ha for the outward sign of the cleansing and renewing of the Spi is true that our Saviour rebuk Pharisees for their frequent ceremo washing; but we must understa the rebuke was only called forth b hypocrisy; they loved to make clean side of the cup and the platter, but they were full of extortion and and all uncleanness. They held tions about the washing of cu

vessels. They were in such constant fear of defilement from contact with people and things that they were continually washing their hands; and all the while they took no thought of the defilement of sin, and were full of hypocrisy and iniquity. Let us avoid the fault of the Pharisees; and, while performing the lesser duties, not leave undone "the weightier matters of the law,—judgment, mercy, and faith."

(*To be concluded.*)

Study and Pulpit Thoughts.

THE FEAR OF DEATH.

No. II.

One of the most commanding evidences of the truth of Christianity is the testimony of a renewed and holy life. Such an epistle, written, not in mere lip-profession, but in heavenly tempers and benevolent deeds, can be read and known of all men; and even the most careless and self-absorbed sinner confesses it to be a direct authentication of a Divine religion. Scarcely less commanding is the evidence of a spirit calmly triumphant in the prospect of death. There is so much in death calculated to generate fear in the enlightened mind of any sinner, however self-possessed and philosophic, that, when we behold humanity joyfully bowing its neck to the stroke of the stern and pitiless headsman, we are led at once to presume that some godlike power inspires the noble heroism. Thus it came to pass in days of fiery persecution, that executioners who led the Christians to the block or the wild beasts, were so overcome by the calmness and peace of the jubilant martyrs, that they abandoned their idols and trusted in Jesus; and not a few of them followed their victims to the like death. It was the spectacle of religion triumphing over the fear of death; it was the sight of men and women, and children joyfully singing in the whirl and fury of an Atlantic storm, every moment threatening to swallow them up in destruction, that startled John Wesley, then a self-righteous Missionary, to the conviction that he had not yet attained to the true faith of Christ. It is important, then, not simply for the sake of personal peace and comfort, but also on account of the influence of Christianity on the world, that all believers should be exalted above the fear of death.

We have already glanced at one source of dread,—that which is to be found in mistaken apprehensions of the power of death. Another and much more fruitful source is to be found in *unbelief*.

We do not now speak of unbelief when it holds absolute dominion, for then it either hardens into insensibility, or drives to despair. But we speak of it when its power is broken; when its darkness struggles with the ascending light, as in the early morning. Faith already exists; but it is not supreme and all-pervading. There is conflict, and the battling heart has to cry out, "Lord, I believe; help Thou mine unbelief." This unbelief, in the anticipation of death, frequently distresses with the fear of *bodily pain*. Pain is pain, whether it twitches the body of saint or sinner; and the nerves of a Christian are quite as sensitive to suffering as those of a blasphemer or a worldling. Grace is no anodyne for bodily anguish. Religion has no power to chloroform a dying believer, so as to render him insensible to physical agony. He holds no exemption from the pain that attends the dissolution of the earthly tabernacle; and, therefore, when weak in faith, he is ready to shrink. Nor can the fact be concealed that some forms of disease are as awful in their endurance as many forms of martyrdom itself. Who would not choose to be suffocated in the floods, if die he must, rather than be ground for months in the jaws of a fatal cancer, until his very existence is a torment? Who would not prefer death at the cannon's mouth rather than lie for weeks on the bed of consumption in pain and feebleness, whilst day and night the incessant cough is hacking him to pieces? We need not be surprised that even sanctified humanity should sometimes shrink

from the endurance of such misery as this.

And yet, why should we fear it? Is there any failing in the promise, "My grace is sufficient for thee?" Can any extremity of pain be beyond the helping, soothing power of Christ? Unbelief shuts out of sight the God that can "save to the uttermost;" the omnipotent grace that can gladden the spirit until it sings aloud for joy in the very thick of all death's strife and agony.

G—— was a youth of seventeen, the Benjamin of a large family, and a mother's idol. He had returned home ill from a neighbouring town, and even a mother's love, blinded by affection, could not but see that the fell hand of consumption was fast hurrying him to the grave. Summoned to visit him, we found him lying on his bed, thin and worn, the plague-spot burning on his cheek, the perspiration dripping on his brow, while his eyes looked out with a painful gaze, as if they were being expressed from their sockets. A few words of sympathy drew from him that stereotyped and sadly-overtrue tale of suffering which forms one of the saddest pages in the history of human woe; and then, with gasping breath, he asked us to lay our hand on his throbbing heart. The earnest, childlike simplicity of his request made it difficult to decline; but a strange chill ran through us as we felt the wild and wayward beatings of his heart under his clammy, hurtling ribs, surely telling us that soon it would throb no more. We spoke of Jesus, and salvation, and heaven, and he assured us of his interest in all; but there was a tone in his voice that bespoke a mental reservation, which at that time we endeavoured in vain to reach.

A few days passed, and we saw him again. It was a lovely sick-room; so clean and orderly, and so well supplied with those little comforts which only the loving foresight of intelligent mothers can provide; and yet it needed no prophet's eye to read in the countenance of the suffering youth that anxiety troubled his heart. Assuring us still of his hope in Christ, we asked him if he were afraid to die. The bursting sob, the flooding tears, told at once of his "bondage;" and our heart was saddened to see him crushed with anguish, and trembling in the presence of "the last enemy." The tempest of his grief by and by subsided, and then, with panting breath, he related how that a few days before, owing to some necessary change of his usual position, a fit of cough had been induced, so violent that he was almost suffocated. "Do you think," said he, gasping between every word, "that I shall ever have such another attack before I die? Do you think that I shall be choked to death? If so, I cannot bear it."

The thought was terrible enough, after all the languors, and pains, and faintings of such a disease, to be strangled into eternity. Might not such a prospect have made a spirit older and wiser than his to quail? We sought to comfort him by telling him that such an attack might never return; and, if otherwise, it could only be by the wise and merciful appointment of Him who would also give grace to endure it. We reminded him that Jesus had shrunk from the cup of suffering, but that He ultimately triumphed by submitting His will to His Father's; and then asked him to compare his sufferings, even according to his worst forebodings, with those of Christ. The sufferings of the garden and the cross touched his heart, and his look of unrest and disquiet began to pass away. We bowed the knee in prayer. His fervent "Amens" responded to every petition; and, flinging his long, bony arms around us, he said, "Pray on, pray on; that is it, that is it." His soul was filled with comfort. His fear fled. A heavenly serenity beamed all over his countenance, for God had given him the victory. Mother and son wept for joy. Surely it was "the gate of heaven;" and in a few days, almost without pain or struggle, he passed through into the city and presence of God.

Thus, in not a few instances, the suffering of the final hour is mercifully mitigated, and gently as the low-breathing zephyr bears on its bosom the departing odour of the crushed flower, so death bears home to immortality the departing saint. In other instances disease blunts, deadens the consciousness, and from out of the heavy coma they never awake until they find themselves standing on the

shore of that land where there is no more pain. And in those instances where the final hour is one of intense suffering, and the hand of death is exceeding heavy, even then faith sustains and cheers the soul, until it rises triumphantly above all its pains, and cries, "It is finished;" and gives up the ghost. The church's rolls are full of such noble victories, which may well enhearten us for any death-pangs however severe.

Probably no man suffered more, living or dying, than the holy and gifted Robert Hall. His last paroxysm of pain was dreadful; and his wife, finding him thus racked with agony, exclaimed in intense agitation, "This can't be dying!" He replied, "It is death—death—death! O the sufferings of this mortal body!" But his sufferings were not greater than he could bear; for, on his wife asking him, "But are you comfortable in your mind?" he immediately answered, "Very comfortable; very comfortable." Soon after, he exclaimed, "Come, Lord Jesus, come." He then hesitated, and his daughter anticipated him by saying, "quickly!" and, intimating his assent in a look of heavenly complacency, he soon after entered into rest. Thus can faith triumph over bodily pain in the hour of death; and while we are still passing through the discipline of life, we ought to be carefully nurturing and developing that mighty faith which "can conquer all."

S. C.

Narratives.

THE HISTORY OF ONE DEAF AND BLIND.*

Eyes and ears,—have you both of these, my friends? and do you see with the one, and hear with the other? If so, thank your heavenly Father, and take heed how you use them.

I was staying, a few years ago, at a watering-place in the south, and was led, by God's abundant mercy, to desire to do some work for Him. I had eyes and ears, and He had commanded me to use them in His service, and be thankful.

By one of those wonderful ways in which He so often finds work for His people, He found work for me, and brought it to my very door; for, as it happened, I had learnt how to read the raised letters used by the blind; and this talent, which He had committed to my charge, was now to be returned to Him.

Poor Fanny W—— had eyes and ears, but she could neither see with the one, nor hear with the other: she was deaf and blind.

Her early history is soon told. The child of rather well-to-do tradespeople, she was sent to school, and had just learnt her letters in writing, when she was taken ill of fever, from which she recovered only to find herself both deaf and blind.

The day of her awaking to this knowledge was so vividly impressed upon her mind, with all its horrors and terrors, that when she was telling me of it, some eighteen or nineteen years after, her whole frame shook, and quivered with the recollection of the appalling feeling of desolation which she endured.

Consciousness had returned after the fever and delirium abated; and she, supposing it was night,—all being dark and quiet,—lay still, waiting for morning.

Interminably long seemed that night, without a sound, without a ray of light. She remembered listening for the clock on the stairs to strike: surely an hour must be passed, but no clock struck. Still she waited, and waited, and waited. At last, with a most painful feeling of weariness, she determined to get up, and go to her father and mother's door; for, to add to her discomfort, she could not make out why her sister, who always slept with her, was not in bed.

Throwing off the bed-clothes, in order to get out, she was horrified by feeling, all in the stillness and darkness, a hand laid on her shoulder, but no word or sound. Between terror and weakness the fright was too much for her; and, with a piercing shriek, she fell senseless

* *Eyes and Ears.* London: Rivingtons. 1863.

on the bed; and on coming to consciousness, found herself in her mother's arms. Poor child! instinct told her it was her mother; and, feeling some of her late terror at the stillness and darkness, she put her arms round her neck, and said, "Please mother, light the candle." Her mother kissed her cheek, but never spoke. Again she said, "Mother, light the candle;" and again the poor woman kissed her child, but never spoke. Then poor Fanny, getting more and more frightened, called out for Mary Anne, saying, "Mother can't move, or speak to me; come, Mary Anne." Mary Anne came to her, and took her hand, and she said, "Do light a candle." This time her poor mother, in kissing her, let some tears fall on her cheek. Terror took possession of the poor child: she thought something dreadful was happening in the house, and that they dared not have either light or sound, but she never thought that it was herself; so, sinking her voice into a whisper, she said, "Tell me what is the matter: whisper to me." But still no sound, no answer; she could not see them, she could not hear them.

Then the dreadful truth of her deafness flashed on her mind: it came in listening for her mother's whispered answer; for it struck her that, though so near, she could not hear her breathe.

When this fearful thought came to her mind, in the most piercing accents she cried out, "O, mother, mother! am I deaf?" To fold her closely in her arms was her mother's only answer. "Take my hand, and squeeze it, if I am deaf." This her mother did,—who told me that poor Fanny then lay still without speaking for nearly an hour.

She had been thinking; a recollection of her illness had dawned on her mind, and she had taken in all the trials of her deafness; but that she was blind, also, had never occurred to her.

Again she asked Mary Anne to "please light a candle; for, as she could not hear them, it was so lonely." Another strain to her mother's breast was again the only answer; but no candle came. "Can I be blind too? O, mother! am I blind?" and she felt her parent's breast heave and swell, and throb convulsively. "O! can't I see? Is there light in the room? Tell me, tell me." In this new she had forgotten the old one,—h gotten that she could not hear; b remembering this, also, the poor chi "Take my hand again, and squeez I am blind too." Reluctantly poo W—— did this; and her deeply-t child laid her head on her mother's and sobbed herself to sleep.

Poor, poor child! It was a mer she did not then, and at once, take full misery of her lot. Let us, wh eyes and ears, think of it: seeing a hearing nothing! What a living And yet thus she lived, if life it c called.

Day by day, and hour by hou Fanny began to realize her p Let us thank God that it dawne her little by little. When she take food, how was she to know it could neither see them bring it nor hear them tell her it was there. poor child! How could she und many things? To lie in bed, and s much as possible, was her chief and when they would raise her, s to get her out of bed, she would be to let her lie still. Why did they t take her out, and dress her? Poor they knew it was not well for her main there, but they could not p or tell her this. She could not hear could not write it down for he could not see.

Let us picture this to ourselve minute, and try to realize its d truth. Suppose it had been you But we are spared, we can see an Are we sufficiently thankful for mercies? If not, let us think of th child, and ask God to make us thankful. Do we use these gifts o ing and seeing in His service? or abuse them, by using them only f selves, or in the devil's service, by ing to that which is evil, and l upon that which is vile? Let ourselves these questions; and let u God not only to make us thankf to enable us to use all our powers fo

When I first knew Fanny, sh grown up into a pretty-looking woman, with beautiful eyes to lo and a much more intelligent fac you could possibly have supposed

who had been shut out so long from not only all mental culture, but also from that common knowledge which is gained by merely hearing and seeing things around us.

We can hardly conceive the state of mind of one who, for whole days, day after day, week after week, month after month, and year after year, is deprived of the power of taking in a new thought, or seeing a new thing.

My poor afflicted friend told me that it was like being shut up in a cold, dark box: that at times the feeling was so terrifying, that unless her sister or someone would come and take her hand, she would faint away from nervous horror. Nothing to tell her that there was life around her; nothing to hear; nothing to see; nothing to do; for they could not teach her anything: for, besides not being able to show what they wanted her to do, they could not explain it, for she could not hear. But a little comfort came at last. She had not felt her father's hand for many days; and a dread took possession of her mind that he was ill or dead. She asked after him over and over again, but received no answer. It was then that it struck her to ask them to write in her hand. She had learned to read well at school, and also begun to write. So her sister tried by writing a word; but Fanny had not sufficiently advanced in writing to be able to understand it, so she asked her sister to make every letter separately. This she managed better, and by it received the welcome information that her father was only "gone out." This new means of communication was a great delight; and her sister was kind and patient. By degrees they established a short-hand alphabet of their own, and the poor girl once more knew something of what was going on around her, but it was very little; for, in the first place, her sister was a dressmaker, and went out to work; and, in the next, though they had shortened the way of making their letters, yet each letter had to be distinctly written in the hand, and pronounced by Fanny, before another was made; so that it was a long process to get through a short sentence.

Hearing of her case, I determined if possible, with God's help, to try to teach this poor afflicted one to read.

Having, through her sister, persuaded her to come to our lodgings, my young friend who was with me, and myself, earnestly supplicated the Lord to help us to teach her. I look back, and think how faithful is He that hath promised, who also will perform: for He has said, "Ask, and ye shall have." We asked for power, for grace, for wisdom to teach her, and the Lord gave abundantly, even more than we could ask or think.

Mary Anne having placed poor Fanny on a chair, I went up, and took her hand. Instantly she perceived a difference, and straightway slipped her other hand to my wrist, and felt its width, shaking her head as a sign of non-recognition. Her sister came in to our aid, and spelt in her hand, "Strange lady." I watched her do this; and again taking poor Fanny's hand, I began to write. She was puzzled by my letters, and said, "Please make the alphabet through." I did so, and she corrected me, showing the abbreviations they used for their letters: thus the small stroke across a capital "A" denoted that letter; and the long stroke of small "t" (as when written) stood for it; either the pronoun "you," or the vowel "u" was made by touching her shoulder; and the dot was sufficient for "i." Though this shortened it very much, still it was a long business to spell through a whole sentence, Fanny repeating each letter as you wrote it, and then each word; but she was very quick, very patient, very cheerful, after the first tremor of nervousness at coming to strangers wore off; and she began to talk, asking me my name. I wrote it in her hand, and she pronounced it very fairly, though a difficult one. Then followed questions as to my age; whether I had a father and mother, and how many brothers and sisters. She was much surprised when I told her that I had lost both parents. She said, "Poor thing! poor thing!" and tears came into her eyes. How beautifully was the law of love exemplified in her! With her deep, deep trial, she could yet weep for another; and when I told her that I had a blind sister, she was full of interest, full of questions.

In this way we spent our first evening. She was all anxiety to come again; and, on feeling my wrist, pronounced my name.

My young friend then took her hand, and she felt her wrist, saying as she did so, "Little lady, little lady;" and by that name she always went afterwards.

Poor Fanny! we had talked of her, we had thought of her, and we had prayed for her; we had talked and thought of how little we could comprehend the small amount of knowledge she had acquired, cut off as she was, when six years old, from all means of obtaining it, even as much as a heathen or a savage might obtain, from outward things; then spending eighteen years, and only one person to converse with, and this in so laborious a manner, besides this one person often being engaged twelve hours out of the fourteen.

(*To be concluded.*)

Art and Science.

OUR MICROSCOPE TABLE.

Most persons who have looked through the "wondrous tube," have, at one time or other, witnessed the gorgeous phenomena of polarized light. Nothing that the artist can do, can truly represent the magnificence of many objects when thus seen. But, while brilliancy and splendour characterize this mode of observation, the extreme *delicacy* of many of the tints is not less remarkable; and, by proper management, even with a single object, an almost infinite variety of colour may be obtained. No wonder, therefore, that this particular mode of using the microscope should be so popular as it is; and no wonder, either, that an idea should prevail that polarized light is much more beautiful than useful. It must be confessed that microscopists have, for the most part, been content to enjoy the varied beauty of its effects, and have greatly neglected its practical application. No great use, however, can be made of polarized light, except as a sort of empirical *test*, without a familiarity with the optical principles involved in its phenomena; and although this department of optics is one of the most difficult and abstruse in the whole range of science, yet whoever will take the trouble to master it, will be amply repaid by the intrinsic interest of the study, by the beauty and strangeness of the phenomena with which it is concerned, and by the great practical uses to which, in competent hands, it may unquestionably be applied.*

Briefly stated, the case is this. Polarization divides a single ray of light into *two rays*. These rays pursue different courses, and have different properties. When produced by double refraction, one of them follows the ordinary law of refraction, and is called the *ordinary* ray, while the other is refracted *out of* the usual course, and is called the *extraordinary* ray. These two rays are said to be oppositely polarized. If they are examined by means of a Nicol's prism, (a crystal of Iceland spar so prepared as to *transmit only one* of the two rays,) it will be found that there is a particular position of the prism in which one of the rays will be completely transmitted, and the other completely stopped. If the prism be then carried through half a revolution, the same results will follow. But if it be carried through only a quarter of a revolution, the ray that was transmitted will be stopped, and the ray that was stopped will be transmitted. On carrying the prism through half a revolution from this point, the same results will be obtained. Glass polarizes light, when the ray falls on it at an angle of 56° 45', *with the perpendicular* to its surface. The polarizing angle of water is 53° 11'. Indeed, much of the light that we ordinarily see reflected from windows, sheets of water, and other brilliant objects, is really polarized, though it cannot be thus recognised by the naked eye.

There are various modes of polarizing light, as by bundles of plates of mica, or of glass; plates of agate, or of tourmaline; crystals of Herapathite, &c.: but the usual apparatus supplied with the microscope, consists of a Nicol's prism, in a revolving fitting, to be received below the stage; and another Nicol's prism,

* For a general idea of the more important principles concerned, see Woodward's *Familiar Introduction to the Study of Polarized Light*; the *Essay on Light* in Professor Miller's *Chemical Physics*; and Dr. Pereira's *Lectures on Polarized Light*.

which may either be used in the compound body, where it has the advantage of not contracting the field, though considerably diminishing the brilliancy of it; or it may be placed (as it usually is) over the eye-piece, in place of the ordinary cap; in which position a more brilliant, though smaller, field is obtained, and there is greater facility for the rotation of the prism. The lower prism is called the polarizer; the upper, the analyzer. As a large portion of the light is stopped out in its passage through these prisms, a very strong and brilliant light should always be employed with the polariscope.

Many objects having the property of double refraction display, when examined under the polariscope, the most gorgeous colours, which change with the revolution of either the polarizer, the analyzer, or the object itself. But where the power of double refraction is too small to produce these colours, they may often be obtained by laying a slide containing a thin film of selenite beneath the object. For an explanation of the cause which produces these colours, we must refer the reader to Mr. Woodward's little book. Suffice it to say here, by way of correcting a popular error, that it is altogether distinct from the prismatic decomposition of light; this latter depending on the *different refrangibility* of the several colours which make up white light; while the colours of polarized light depend on what is called "the law of *interference*."

By the marked action of doubly-refracting bodies on polarized light, the presence of such bodies is readily detected; when, if examined with ordinary light, they might easily escape notice. Thus we recognise at once silica, raphides, (crystals found in some kinds of vegetable cell,) starch-grains, hairs, spicules, &c., in organized structures; certain peculiarities in the structures themselves, —as inequalities of density, elasticity, and thickness; many adulterations and impurities in food and drugs,—as of alum in bread,* and quinidine in quinine; the presence in urine of phosphates, and carbonates of lime and magnesia, and of alkaline phosphates, sulphates, and urates. But the peculiarities of different bodies under this mode of examination can only be studied by actually *making* such examination. So much for the practical. As to the beautiful and curious, some of the most noteworthy objects are,—the circular crystals of salicine, cinchonidine, and magnesio-sulphate of copper; crystals of chlorate of potash, nitrate of potash, alum, sugar, &c.; siliceous cuticles of Equisetum, Deutzia, and many plants of the grass tribe; scales of Eleagnus; hairs of rat; scales of fish; palates of Gasteropods; (a branch of the snail family;) sections of horn, shell, teeth, &c. Many of these are dull and most uninteresting objects when viewed by ordinary light; and very marvellous is it to note the change not only in the play of the investing colours, but in the appearance of the structure itself, as soon as it comes under the influence of polarization.

Another very desirable addition to the microscope is the Parabolic Illuminator. The most ordinary form of it is a paraboloid of glass, with the apex cut off; and this blunted extremity ground out into a hemispherical cavity. In the centre of the cavity is fitted a stop, which cuts off all direct light from the object. The apparatus fits into a tube below the stage, or into a secondary stage, as the case may be, and can be used with any object-glass except the very high powers; but it requires to be moved nearer to the object, the higher the power employed. The plane mirror should always be used, and if the illumination be unsatisfactory, the light must be concentrated upon the mirror by means of the condenser. The light enters the base of the cone in parallel rays, but the central rays are stopped out altogether, and the remainder, being reflected out of their straight course at the curved surface of the glass, are thus made to converge upon the object, which is most brilliantly illuminated from every side; while the rays are projected upon it, or rather across it, at such an angle as not to enter the object-glass at all. The result is an apparently luminous object upon a black ground; an arrangement by which silicious and other structures are seen to great advantage.

* A friend of ours, some little time ago, being dissatisfied with a recent purchase of wine, submitted it to the test of the polariscope; and found sufficient evidence of the presence of alum, to condemn both the Port and the merchant who sold it.

Here, for instance, is one of the suckers of a specimen of Holuthuria, better known as the sea-cucumber. Longitudinal and transverse sections of the skin show abundance of spicules which are disposed in no regular order; but in the suckers they take a circular arrangement, forming a sort of rosette of crystal flint, which, viewed in the ordinary way, shows very indistinctly through the fleshy covering; but with the black-ground illumination the rays strike upon the clear edges of the spicules, and each one is seen outlined in brilliant light, with a sharpness that not only makes it a pretty object, but leaves a definite impression on the memory. On another slide is a minute annelid; and here, certainly, we see that the Paraboloid may be put to real, practical service; for, while it is difficult by transmitted light to detect any difference in the structure of the œsophagus, as compared with the intestinal tube which joins it, and of which the latter appears to be a simple continuation, yet, by the dark-ground illumination, the different character of the two structures is unmistakable, and cannot escape the most careless observer.

The shells of the smaller Foraminifera, with their often-curious and always graceful forms, are by this means seen to much advantage. Still more beautiful are the shells of Polycystina, inhabited by the same low organisms, and formed on the same general plan as those of the Foraminifera. Both groups exist in such countless numbers as to cover—we might almost say to form—a large proportion of the sea-bed; and they are scarcely less widely distributed on land. The infusorial earths of Bermuda and Richmond, (the seat of the Confederate government,) certain rocks of Sicily and Greece, and especially a rocky stratum in the island of Barbadoes, abound in them. The slide now on the stage contains specimens from the latter locality; and, under a curious old-fashioned objective (of about half an inch focus) of unknown origin, and which does not look worth five shillings, we have as pretty a sight as the eye can well look upon. The diversity of form is, perhaps, the first thing that strikes the attention; but this, though considerable, is not so great as it seems to be. Some are merely imperfect specimens, others are shells of the same pattern in different positions, and thus seen from different points of view; still there are seven or eight species very well represented. The most numerous are nearly the shape of a bishop's mitre; others resemble the skeleton of one of the Pedicellariæ of the star-fish. Other shapes bear more fanciful resemblances. In any collection of war-clubs from the South Seas, there is pretty certain to be one particular pattern,—evidently a favourite. The long, straight, smooth handle grows gradually thicker towards the bent extremity, which swells out into a circular disk, with a sharp beak projecting from the face of it. The edge of the disk is certain to be neatly carved, and very often the space between that and the angle also. Now, if the New-Zealanders had possessed microscopes, and had studied the Polycystina, we should have said that they had simply copied one of these minute shells; for here is the club, carving included. Some, again, are circular, with elaborately-sculptured disks, and plain, projecting rays. These simple projections are a characteristic of the group, and are often strangely placed. Seeing how exquisite is their general finish, we cannot be surprised that for some time the tenants of these wonderful structures were placed high up in the various systems of classification. They have, however, been reduced to their true and very humble position; and are now placed in the same category as the sponges.

* * *

The Portfolio.

GEMS IN OLD SETTINGS.

TAKE HEED HOW YE HEAR.

A SERVANT coming from church, *praiseth* the sermon to his master. He asks him, "What was the text?" "Nay," quoth the servant, "it was begun before I came in." "What was, then, his conclusion?" He answered,

efore it was done." "But Preacher in the midst?" s asleep in the midst." there are that crowd to get h, but make no room for get into *them;* commend to other men's ears, but not to their own hearts. sound, but not sound doc- is the least part of their *thaniel Shute.* 1627.

T AND REMEMBER.

ly be said that we have but bad memories; quick ad retentions. Not a nation n hears so many good ; a nation under heaven s them. Many arts are ; us: of quick-reading, of where, by Brachygraphical ey will take a sermon t there is one art, it were wished that some good body it to us. It is the Art of Memory; that, as sermons are taken word for word in our papers, so they might be written, sense for sense, in our hearts.—*John Squire.* 1637.

GOD CARETH FOR HIS CHILDREN.

THEY that work in gold or silver, let fall many a bit to the ground; yet they do not intend to lose it so, but sweep the shop, and keep the very sweepings safe, so that that which they cannot at present discover, the finer brings to light. Thus the world is God's *workhouse;* many a dear child of God suffers, and falls to the ground by banishment, imprisonment, sorrow, sickness, &c.: but they must not be lost thus. God will search the very sweepings, and cull them out of the very trash, and preserve them. What though they be slightly set by here in this world, and lie amongst the pots, no better accounted of than the rubbish and refuse of the earth? God will find a time to make them up amongst the rest of His jewels. —*Samuel Fawcet.*

Memorials of the Departed.

FARRY, was born at Holcot, age in Northamptonshire, t, 1795. His parents were eople, but strangers to vital aving had no one rightly to ul, and to lead him to Christ, nder that, in childhood and uld have wandered from the happiness. In 1840, how- s induced to attend the hapel, Moulton; and, while sermon from Luke xiii. 28, y convinced of sin. With art, and contrite spirit, he d renounced his sins; and, the promise, found mercy ving, and received the Spirit whereby he was able to cry, er." About this time his and found mercy at the . From the period of his to the last hour of his life, d a close walk with God. e a sun, lighted up and he did. For several years ffice of Chapel-steward; the which he discharged with fidelity, doing all to the glory of God. He was warmly attached to the cause of God; and, as far as his means would allow, supported it to the end of his life. During his earthly sojourn, he had to taste the cup of sorrow. It pleased God to visit him with years of heavy affliction; but all was sanctified. Divine grace was sufficient; his strength was as his day. Patience had its perfect work. At the remembrance of God's goodness, his soul often overflowed with gratitude. As the last enemy approached, Christ became more and more precious. He often exclaimed, "I am nothing;" "Christ is my all." For some time before he died, his every breath became prayer and praise. When in the valley of the shadow of death, he exclaimed, "It is light! Jesus is coming to meet me!" He then said,—

"'I'm a poor sinner, and nothing at all,
But Jesus Christ is my all in all.'

His praise shall continually be in my mouth." And in this state he continued, until his voice was lost in death. He died, December 10th, 1860, in his sixty-sixth year.

Occasional Notes for Readers.

Our readers will be rejoiced to learn that another book from the racy and prolific pen of the Rev. Benjamin Smith has just been issued by the Methodist Book-Room. *The Power of the Tongue; or, Chapters for Talkers*, like Mr. Smith's other works, is rich in analogy and illustration; while all his lessons are carried home by a self-evidencing power and the force of a manly common-sense. A new edition of his *Vice-Royalty; or, Counsels respecting the Government of the Heart*, so full of wise and timely counsel to young men, was published last month.—The Rev. Frederick W. Briggs has brought out a new and enlarged edition of his valuable treatise, *The Two Testimonies: or, "The Oracles of God" and "The Law written in the Heart" compared:* to which he has added, *The Last Objections of Rationalism; being a Reply to Bishop Colenso's "Pentateuch and Book of Joshua Critically Examined."* The whole is now in a form much more suitable to such a work than the pamphlet-form in which the earlier portion of it first appeared. It will, indeed, be prized, not only by the young men to whom it is affectionately inscribed, but also to all other classes who think. — "Adeline," in her *Ch Manor*, has drawn with terrible ness a heart-rending picture o desolation which came upon l hearts by one son lying in a drunl grave, and another, in a felon's brought there by crimes committed the influence of drink.—The Tract S has completed the valuable editio *John Howe's Works* by Henry Ro by the publication of the sixth vo —Gall's *Interpreting Concordance New Testament; showing the Greel ginal of every Word: with a Gl explaining all the Greek Words of th Testament, and giving their Varied derings in the Authorized Version*, be found to be a volume of highest in promoting an acquaintance wit meaning of the Divine word among familiar only with the English to —Mr. Dickinson, of Farringdon-s London, is about to publish, at a ver cost to subscribers, the racy volu Trapp *On the New Testament.* A price is to be increased on public those who wish to possess the should at once send in their names.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of De
Beale, Francis,	Fowey,	St. Austle,	22	April 29th, 1
Bell, Mrs. Mary,	Stockport,	Stockport,	29	May 8th, 18
Boyes, Mrs. Fanny,	Pocklington,	Pocklington,	90	March 21st,
Buttle, Mrs.,	Thixendale,	Pocklington,	39	Dec. 5th, 18
Collins, Mr. William,	Altrincham,	Altrincham,	59	May 6th, 18
Crowle, Jane,	Coombe,	St. Austle,	32	April 17th, 1
Davies, Elizabeth,	Neath Abbey,	Neath,	21	May 10th, 1
Gray, Mrs. Mary,	Thornton,	Pocklington,	80	Nov. 17th, 1
Gunton, Dr. David,	Soham,	Ely,	48	Feb. 20th, 1
Hare, Mrs. Mary,	Balk,	Thirsk,	68	May 8th, 18
Harrison, Mr. Samuel,	King-st., Belper,	Belper,	81	May 3d, 186
Holbrook, Mr. John B.,	Milford,	Belper,	48	May 8th, 18
Johnson, Mr. Joseph,	High-Catton,	Pocklington,	42	Nov. 11th, 1
Johnson, Mrs. Eliza,	High-Catton,	Pocklington,	37	Dec. 27th, 1
Mills, Mary Ann,	Cwmafou,	Neath,	26	April 13th, 1
Todd, Mrs. Catherine,	Leppington,	Pocklington,	63	Dec. 26th, 1
Whittley, Mrs. Mary J.,	Market-Weighton,	Pocklington,	30	Jan. 8th, 18

J. Roche, Printer, 25, Hoxton-square, London.

THE ADMINISTRATION OF THE LORD'S SUPPER IN A NORWEGIAN FARMHOUSE.

THE particulars given in the June Number respecting the Sacrament in Sweden may be regarded as sufficiently explaining the doctrine of the Lord's Supper in the Norwegian Church, and the elements used in its administration. The print justly represents the official dress of the Norwegian Pastor; and he is distinguished from his Swedish brother in office by the ruff round the neck, and the loose cloak, rather than gown, which covers his body. The lighted candles do not form part of the ceremonial; for it is nearly seven o'clock in the evening, and they are needed for their proper use. The Norwegian ritual is more decided on the subject of absolution than that of Sweden. It reads thus: "Seeing that ye from your hearts repent of your sins, and with a firm faith flee to God's mercy in Jesus Christ, and also promise that by God's grace you will diligently seek hereafter to live a better and more Christian life, I declare hereby to you all, in the name of God and my office, according to the authority God Himself has given me to forgive sins on earth, the forgiveness of your sins, in the name of God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. Amen. God, who Himself has begun the good work in you, may

He perform it until the day of Jesus Christ, and sustain you in a firm and living faith unto the end; for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen."

Immediately preceding these words, the rubric directs that the Priest shall not pronounce this absolution, desiring, nor with any conditions, but with certain and firm decision.

This form led to the separation lately, from the Norwegian Church, of a remarkable man, a few particulars concerning whom will be an appropriate exposition of our picture.

The Rev. G. A. Lammers, when first appointed Rector of Skien, in the south of Norway, had no personal knowledge of salvation. Highly gifted, and a superior scholar, his sermons, like those of Dr. Chalmers previous to his conversion, were nevertheless considered to be dull and dry by his parishioners, who manifested no anxiety to listen to them. It pleased God, however, through the instrumentality of one of his own flock, to enlighten the mind of the accomplished and earnest Pastor. His preaching and parochial labours now assumed a new character; and his church became crowded, not only by the more regular attendance of the parishioners, but by the addition of numerous strangers, who came great distances to listen to him. The Holy Spirit confirmed the word preached by Lammers with signs following, and a considerable number were brought to Christ. Meetings for edification and prayer were organised, and willing co-workers aided in promoting the success of the zealous Pastor's devoted labours. Mr. Lammers soon found himself in difficulties with his fellow-clergymen; and he foresaw the possibility of his expulsion from the National Church, though he resolved to continue there as long as possible, that the responsibility of separation might not rest on him. In preparing for a probable event, he at one time entertained the thought of forming religious societies after the example of Wesley, and "the rules of the Society of the people called Methodists" received due attention from him. He soon saw that he could not continue to use the form of absolution preceding the administration of the Lord's Supper; and in January, 1855, he forwarded a memorial to his Diocesan on the subject. He argues that the Reformers, in retaining absolution, connected therewith private shrift, or confession; and that, unless he had an opportunity by the latter of knowing the state of each communicant, he could not, without violence to his conscientious convictions, continue to use the form. He requested, 1st. That he might have permission to admit to the Lord's table those members of the congregation whom he could not, according to law, reject, without previous shrift, address, or absolution. 2d. That he might be allowed to deliver an address from the altar to such, in which the words of the form would be expounded and suitably used to exhort to self-examination, closing with a general desire that all who are penitent may receive absolution.

On the 7th of March he received a reply, stating that a report on his memorial would be requested from all the church authorities in the land; but that meanwhile no changes must be permitted by Mr. Lammers in the mode of administering the Lord's Supper. The Rector, on the follow-

ing week, requested that until a decision had been come to, a Curate might be appointed to release him from the duty of administering the Sacrament; but this not being granted, Mr. Lammers forwarded his resignation. Previous to this step, he met a number of Clergymen in Christiania, to discuss the question, "How far is it possible, in our present circumstances, to exercise church-discipline?" The zealous Rector of Skien urged the importance of strict church-discipline, acknowledging, at the same time, the difficulties in the way of carrying it out; but declaring that it is a mark towards the attainment of which the church ought earnestly to strive. Another distinguished Clergyman took the opposite ground, and would not have any external discipline in the church, the declaration of Scripture by the minister being sufficient.

Pastor Lammers on separating from the National Church in Norway, availed himself of the act of toleration, and founded on the 4th of July, 1856, "the Free Apostolical Church in Norway." "The church is composed of persons who earnestly *seek* the salvation of their souls, know nothing for righteousness and salvation but the Lord Jesus Christ, and Him crucified; and desire to be obedient to His Gospel in faith, hope, and love. They wish, therefore, to use aright the word of God's grace, and the Sacraments, for their own edification, and as a testimony to others; and herein to be faithful to all truth in love. But whilst they cannot see how they can continue in the State church, in which, according to their conviction, neither the right proclamation of the word, nor the care of the Sacraments as Christ has commanded and ordered exist or can be maintained; they have by their conscience been necessitated to separate from the State Church and unite together as a free Apostolical Christian Church, according to the liberty granted by the Norwegian Dissenters' law, of July 16th, 1845."

The simple and scriptural rules of this Church are before me, but would occupy too much space here. Lammers' influence was for a time very great, and the writer heard him repeatedly in 1859, with unfeigned pleasure and much profit; and had he adhered to the principles of the Lutheran Church, carrying them out in the exercise of godly discipline, he would no doubt have rallied around him the pietism of Norway, including the Haugians, and have become the head of a mighty spiritual movement. He adopted, however, the opinion that baptism ought not to be administered to infants; and yet he could not unite with the Baptists, who had by this time become a considerable body in Sweden; for he held that baptism administered in infancy must be recognised as baptism, and by no means repeated. He was thus in a false position; and after considerable anxiety of mind, he sought, a short time ago, re-admission into the Norwegian Church as a private member.

We cannot as Methodists be sufficiently thankful for our godly discipline as well as our evangelical doctrine. The late Dr. Cunningham remarked to the writer some years ago, during the height of the storm through which we were passing, "You are contending for the supremacy of that which is spiritual in the church of Christ; may you faithfully maintain it!"

Our power is great; not national, not ecclesiastical, not material, but spiritual: if we degenerate spiritually we forfeit all power; but if we progress in spirituality, we shall be mighty through God. G. S.

A VISION OF ST. MACARIUS.

A MAN'S mind must need to be shut up close a long while, and kept on very low diet, before he can accept *The Lives of the Saints* as altogether desirable food. There is much in them, no doubt, that is excellent and nutritious, but the difficulty is to get at it; and, in the process of winnowing, the heap lessens so quickly, that you begin to fear that the result is not worth the pains. But have patience. Consider that in all earth's fields there grows no good corn without some covering husk. In the case of these Lives, it must be remembered that you have not only the natural chaff and beard, but the added sweepings of a time in which religious husbandry had so fallen off, that there was grown more offal than corn, insomuch that each grain is imbedded in much rubbish.

But it is not wise or well to sneer, therefore, at all the store, as if it were but husks for swine to eat. Again, have patience. Ply the broad shovel in primitive fashion. Let in the sunshine and the honest wind of heaven. Toss and turn the dusty heap, and the free, fair breeze will waft away all that is worthless; and you shall find left on the floor a recompense for all the trouble, and that which may be gratefully wrought into the substance of your daily bread.

In those times of bad tillage just spoken of, the sacks of men's credulity were so large and ill-fashioned, that the bare grain of a few good lives would have been unnoticed, and shaken out into forgetfulness. Moreover, it is easy to see that, in those days, piety was so rare a growth, and so utterly unlike everything else in common experience, that, merely for its own sake, it could hope to win but little reverence; and thus the historians of religious lives deemed it necessary to add the more telling garniture of marvel and miracle. Nay, there is room for suspicion that the bestoried saints themselves, moved by the same reasons, were not wholly blameless of a little pious knavery, which would, of course, be all the more successful as the people were more ignorant, and, therefore, more credulous.

We wish now that all this might have been otherwise; for we find it so hard to realize the likeness in the exaggerations of the caricature. And we are sure that, could we only know the exact truth concerning many of these men, we should, making allowance for many of their own gross blunders, greatly revere and love them.

Let us gather a few profitable lessons—some by way of warning, but many of example—out of much fabulous and exceedingly foolish stuff, which monkish chroniclers have told concerning one, St. Macarius.

He was a good tradesman of Alexandria, in the early part of the fourth century. Whether his religion interfered with his business,—he was a confectioner,—and things got burnt while he was meditating, cannot

now be known: But can there be a doubt that, if he had kept to his shop, we should never have heard of him, though he had reached the summit of holiness? The smell of conserves and spices would, to monkish sense, have quite overpowered the odour of sanctity.

Upon this very point, as to the possibility of serving God best where He has placed us, and, by holy living in the world, kneading the good leaven into the lump, instead of stealing it away to ferment in useless separation, one of the most famous saints in the Calendar got a good lesson. St. Anthony, against whom the devil seems to have had a peculiar spite, after having fought through every temptation and foiled the masterpieces of the enemy, heard, in the desert, where he was living a secluded and mortified life, a voice from heaven, saying, "Anthony, thou art not so perfect as is a cobbler that dwelleth at Alexandria." Whereupon the saint went forth to the city, and found the more perfect man, and questioned him concerning his manner of life, and received answer: "Sir, as for me, good works have I none, for my life is but simple and slender; I am but a poor cobbler. In the morning, when I arise, I pray for the whole city wherein I dwell, especially for all such neighbours and poor friends as I have; after, I set me at my labour, where I spend the whole day in getting my living; and I keep me from all falsehood, for I hate nothing so much as I do deceitfulness; wherefore, when I make to any man a promise, I keep to it, and perform it truly. And thus I spend my time poorly with my wife and children, whom I teach and instruct, as far as my wit will serve me, to fear and dread God. And this is the sum of my simple life."

Well, Macarius believed that he had a call beyond tarts and comfits, and went into the desert, farther and farther, and pinched himself in food more and more; until, in the name of religion, he ate raw herbs most inhumanly, and, for service, committed gradual suicide.

It were vain to repeat all the wondrous stories which have been told of this herbivorous saint; or it might be rehearsed at large how he astonished his more carnal brethren, by subsisting throughout Lent on a few cabbage-leaves; and how, having thoughtlessly killed a gnat which bit him, he betook himself to a certain swamp, and, by way of expiation, exposed his body for six months to the stings of very venomous flies which swarmed there; both of which tales speak more for the strength of his stomach and toughness of his skin, than for the soundness of his brains.

There is one of his temptations worth recording, were it only to show how cleverly the devil juggles with men, the goodness of whose intentions is thwarted by the slenderness of their wit. It was strongly suggested to Macarius that he should quit his lone cell in the desert, and go to Rome and minister to the sick in the hospitals. Surely none but a hermit given to much grazing, would have found in this suggestion a trap of the evil one, persuading him to seek the praise of men: for verily he would have done more good, and served God better, by sitting up all night to give a sick man his gruel, and speak to him words of heavenly comfort, than by a whole year's cabbage-eating in the wilderness.

But our title promises a vision; and, as it was a most sensible and instructive vision, it is well worth a record here. A revelation came to Macarius during prayer; when he beheld many evil spirits busy among the worshipping monks. They held down the eyelids of some with heavy drowsiness, not to say slumber. Into the minds of others they injected distracting and worldly thoughts; so that the good saint saw, beneath many a cowl, a heart occupied with very carnal and undevout meditations. But some of the brotherhood, by the exercise of a supernatural power dwelling in them, baffled all the attacks of evil, and kept their minds pure; while the rest, who dallied with the tempters, soon became the victims of their wiles. The service ended, Macarius, with many tears, told the monks what he had seen; and gave them many warnings and lessons concerning distractions in prayer.

You will discover at once that the saint needed no extraordinary illumination to see the bad spirits at work; and that his simple and pious lecture on wandering thoughts needed to be dressed up thus attractively to save it from being lost sight of altogether. Let us, for the sake of the good kernel, put up with the trouble of stripping off the legendary husk; for we will not choke ourselves by trying to swallow it.

There they are at the eyes and ears of the worshippers; gently stroking down sleepy eyelids, and drawing away the thoughts up and down the earth. I am not gifted like St. Macarius, or I could tell—good friend, *you* know what I could tell—about this very matter last Sunday.

These vagrant thoughts are a sore trouble and mischief, causing much sin. When they are allowed, it is as if an offering were brought into the temple, and, during the most solemn service, the ministers left the altar to make sport for themselves outside. They bring us to treat the all-seeing One as Michal served Saul's messengers, passing off a dressed-up, decently-clad image for the living man. Though our service should be, in its form, beautiful as an alabaster-box, and in its matter excellent as oil of spikenard, a few of these dead flies will spoil the sweet savour; and what will the beautiful box be counted of, when it serves but to carry an ill odour?

St. Wulstan, Bishop of Worcester, the last of the Anglo-Saxon saints, when preaching against the sin of greediness, confessed that once, when officiating in a religious service, his mind was wholly distracted from the solemn worship by thoughts of a goose, which was then being roasted at home for his dinner.

Do you say, How silly a thing to work so great mischief? Nay, in no matter can we so ill afford to despise little things. Hold but a little thing close to your eye, and it will hide from you the greatest mountain. Trifles! Tell me, can anything, however important, be esteemed other than a trifle in comparison with those infinite interests which are involved in our worship? And again, tell me, can the smallest thing be deemed contemptible if it serve to hide my God from me? In our worship, how do great things sink into trifles by comparison! How do trifles become terribly important in their results!

Learn one thing well of Macarius and his vision. Not to monks only, or chiefly, but to every true worshipper, there is given an inward supernatural power, whereby they can at once repel every disturbing temptation. This is no matter for dalliance or parley. These vagrant sins must be speedily dealt with. Such snakes' eggs are quickly hatched, and must be trodden on at once. At the first, the victory is easy; or, better still, we need not even fight. A child's hand may bolt the door against a giant; but a strong man will hardly thrust out the foe, when he has crossed the threshold.

Meet, then, every seductive thought with a special effort of devotion. If the heart be not fixed, the mind is sure to stray. Your thoughts run in the track of your desires. Let Him, whom you worship, have all your love, and He will certainly have your meditations also.

Hull. G. S. R.

THE WESLEYS IN CORNWALL.

(*Concluded.*)

THE *reception* that was given to the Wesleys when they visited Cornwall was very various; and, indeed, by all who knew the county, this would have been expected. There lived in Cornwall persons whose characters, in relation to vital religion, differed so much from each other, that it could not have been supposed that all would receive the Wesleys after the same manner. As it was in apostolic times, so it was in this later period. Some said, "What doth this babbler say?" others said, "We will hear thee again on this matter;" while some others received the word "with gladness and singleness of heart." In "the dark ages," the inhabitants of this western peninsula manifested very great respect for religion; for amongst them primitive British Christianity found an asylum. To this the names of many of the towns in the county bear witness. Their termination has a religious signification,—as Padstow, Michaelstow, and Morwenstow, each of which points out a *station for prayer*.*

In such a locality, then, it must be thought that the people would be somewhat inclined to devotion. It was so from early times. A son of Solomon, the King of Cornwall, called Keby, as far back as A.D. 369, devoted himself entirely to the study and teaching of Christianity. He travelled into France, and spent many years at Poitiers, studying at a school which was remarkable for the number of its learned professors, and was presided over by the famous Bishop Hilary. The Prince was ordained a Minister, and appointed Bishop by Hilary; and he returned to Cornwall to devote his life to the service of religion. He is supposed to have established himself at Tregoney; and, while living there, he obtained the reputation of being remarkably holy. At Kea, near Truro, the church is said to have taken its name from this royal Bishop. This Prince and Minister did not remain in Cornwall long, but went to Ireland, where he spent four years, and then retired to the Isle of Anglesea. The King of this island presented him with a castle, which was afterward called "Keby's Castle:" here this devoted man ended his days. From the sanctity of his life, the headland near to which

* *Life of Rev. A. Clarke, LL.D.* By Etheridge, p. 77.

he lived was called "Holy-head," a name which it still bears.*

The spirit of devotion, which had thus manifested itself, lingered in the breasts of the Cornish, and developed itself in superstition, and many strange ways, for a long, long period; nor was it quite extinct when the Wesleys visited the county. There was, however, but very little vital religion among the people; and wickedness greatly abounded. There was no Conference held in the Wesleyan Connexion until 1744; but, before that period, Mr. Wesley had called into the work of preaching some "assistants." Two of these were fixed in Cornwall; and, when Charles Wesley first came into the west, he was met at St. Ives by Mr. Shepherd and his colleague. A Society had, before this time, been formed at St. Ives; and when John Wesley came, he was gladly received, —they took him into Society. This little band, numbering about one hundred and twenty, nearly one hundred of whom had found peace with God, formed the nucleus of the Methodist Societies in Cornwall. Thus some of the Cornish people gave the Wesleys a hearty welcome; and, on the occasion of John Wesley's second visit, he was received at St. Ives, at the house of John Nance, by many who were waiting for him; who together gave thanks unto God.

There were other persons, however, who received these godly heroes with indifference and unconcern: of whom Mr. Wesley says, "There is not so much as a shaking among them; much less is there any breath in them." "They showed huge approbation, and absolute unconcern."

The most prominent feature in the reception given to the Wesleys in Cornwall was, for some considerable time, *persecution*. This was, at first, in some places harmless, and in others ridiculous. An entry in the old book belonging to the parish of Illogan shows that nine shillings were spent at a beerhouse in Pool, in connexion with driving Charles Wesley out of the parish. The second night that John Wesley spent at St. Ives was made remarkable by the singing of a ditty under his window. Some lady of the town had composed, and some persons sang,—

"Charles Wesley is come to town,
To try if he can pull the churches down."

The persecution, which thus began in loud huzzas and harmless wit, very soon became violent; and the mob broke into the place where John Wesley was preaching, creating great disturbance, roaring, and striking those that stood in the way, as though "Legion" himself had possessed them. Mr. Wesley received, at this time, a blow on the side of the head; after which he reasoned with the ringleader until he grew calm, and promised to quiet his companions. During the period which intervened between John Wesley's first two visits to Cornwall, the news reached St. Ives, that Admiral Matthews had beaten the Spaniards in battle; and the people, as a manifestation of their joy, pulled down the Methodist chapel. "Such," says Wesley, "is the Cornish method of thanksgiving. I suppose, if Admiral Lestock had fought too, they would have knocked all the Methodists on the head." Thus persecution, led on in many instances by the Clergy, and in others by the so-called gentry of the county, met this servant of God in almost every place: sometimes it was mild in form, but often cruel in the extreme. At St. Ives, a mob, having been greatly excited by a sermon delivered in the church, gathered at the house of John Nance, who was one of the early converts, and a faithful friend of Mr. Wesley; they threatened to pull down the house, and did actually break down the boards that were nailed against the windows,—the

* *Smith's Religion of Ancient Britain, pp. 173, 174.*

mob shouting during the time, and calling out, "Bring out the preacher!" The Mayor, however, came, and the mob was dispersed. War against the Methodists raged in the west, after Mr. Wesley himself had, a second time, left the county. One of the "assistants" whom he left in Cornwall says, "The devil rages horribly, and both at Crowan and at St. Ives the mob triumphs over us," threatening to break open the doors of the houses where the Society meets. "The main cry of the mob was after the preacher, whom they sought for in every corner of the house, swearing bitterly that they only wanted to knock him on the head, and then they should be satisfied."

The *reason* of all this persecution was the misapprehension of the object of Mr. Wesley's visit, added to the determined animosity of the human heart to vital religion; with which must be joined man's dislike to be disturbed in his course, or to have his evil ways exposed to his own view. Some said that Mr. Wesley had been seen in France with "the Pretender;" others, that he had brought "the Pretender" with him into Cornwall, under the name of John Downes. In the eastern part of the county, people said that John Wesley—the real John Wesley—was dead; and that he merely called himself by that name. In the west, some said that John Wesley was in prison, in London; and one Clergyman informed his congregation, "that Mr. Wesley had sent down for a hundred pounds; and that it must be raised directly." At St. Just, the great objection to the Methodists was, that "the man," Edward Greenfield, "was well enough in other things; but his impudence the gentlemen could not bear: he says he knows his sins forgiven." For this cause he was condemned to banishment or death.

The effect of all this opposition was, a "shaking among the members of Society in some places, whilst in others it stirred up men of the baser sort to do great mischief;" and it moved some "persons of unquestioned sense and learning" "to speak evil of this way." After awhile, however, persecution abated, and in some places ceased. At St. Ives, in one year, the change was so great, that it led Mr. Wesley to ask, "What have we done that the world should be so civil to us? This is now a peaceable, nay, honourable, station. They give us good words in almost every place." Long before Mr. Wesley ceased to visit Cornwall, he said of Helstone, there is "not a spark of that bitter enmity to the Methodists, in which the people here for many years gloried above their fellows." Mr. Wesley continued his visits until he could say that peace and quietness prevailed in all the towns of Cornwall; "and," added he, "I need scarce add, that the people are very serious; for such are all the congregations in the county of Cornwall." "Now, high and low, few excepted, say, 'Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord.'"

The *effects* that followed Mr. Wesley's efforts in Cornwall were good beyond all description. Very many persons were converted to God. Many passed away home to the mansions of bliss, and found their Father's house. The word of the Lord was not bound; neither was the work of the Lord stayed. To not one visit of the Wesleys to Cornwall can we look, without seeing that "the Lord" was "working with them, and confirming the words with signs following." They preached with power; and the word ran, and was glorified.

"Round went the message, over rock and plain,
Like burning words from lips of prophet old;
Priest, king, and lord opposed the voice in vain;
It would not be controll'd.

"Wide o'er the land went forth the new-born day,
Bright'ning alike the cot, the hall, the throne;
Long years of darkness vanish at its ray,
Ages of night have gone."

South-View. N. J.

MAKING LIGHT OF IT.

To make light of an invitation to a royal feast is something which seldom happens. Yet this is the sin of those who disregard the invitations of the Gospel. Those who do this avowedly, and with offensive words, may not be so numerous now as formerly; but how is it as to conduct? Does not this prove, in the case of thousands, that they make light of the Gospel, and all its precious promises? There are many ways of doing this. We make light of the Gospel when we are captious about the message of salvation, or disposed to evade the issue by criticisms on the manner or style of the messenger. We make light of it when we invent excuses for neglecting it, when we plead the allurements of pleasure, the engagements of business, or the cares of domestic life. We make light of it, also, when, with the fairest speeches touching the claims of religion, we still neglect the great salvation; promising ourselves and others that we will attend to it at some more convenient season, when we are older, are less harassed, more at leisure, or in circumstances conceived to be in some way more favourable.

On the other hand, we may know that we are not making light of the King's invitation, when we are anxious to be in a situation where we shall be most certain to hear it; when we listen to it with pleasure, and resolve to accept it just as it is given. We may know this, also, when we are disposed to think much about it, examine ourselves with reference to it, our readiness to make such sacrifices as may be necessary to our acceptance of it. Are we ready to give up all our worldly interests, if that should be necessary? Do we actually and daily forsake those things which would hinder us from following Christ? If so, to strengthen these good dispositions, let us reflect upon the guilt they incur who do make light of the Gospel invitation, inasmuch as it comes from the King of kings, and is offered to those who had no reason to expect it. Let us further meditate upon the greatness of the distinction which, without any merit of our own, God has been pleased to bestow upon us. And let us give diligence to make our calling and election sure; that, at the last, an entrance abundant may be administered to us into the everlasting kingdom of our Lord Jesus Christ.

A NEGRO WEDDING ADDRESS.

THE following admirable wedding address by a Negro is from a new book, entitled, *My Southern Friends*, by Edmund Kirke, author of "Among the Pines." For homely truth and touching pathos it has rarely been excelled.

My chil'ren, love one anoder; bar wid one anoder; be faithful to one anoder. You hab started on a long journey; many rough places am in de road; many trubbles will spring up by de wayside; but gwo on hand an' hand togedder; love one anoder; an' no matter what come onter you, you will be happy; for love will sweeten ebery sorrer, lighten ebery load, make de sun shine in eben de bery cloudiest wedder. I knows it will, my chil'ren, 'case I'se been ober de groun'. Old Aggy an' I hab trabbled de road. Hand in hand we hab gone ober de rocks; fru de mud; in de hot, burnin' sand; ben out togedder in de cole, an' de rain, an' de storm, fur nigh onter forty yar; but we hab clung to one anoder; we hab loved one anoder;

and fru eberyting, in de bery darkest days, de sun ob joy an' peace hab broke fru de clouds, an' sent him blessed rays down inter our hearts.

We started jess like two young saplins you's seed a growin' side by side in de woods. At fust we seemed way 'part, fur de brambles, an' de tick bushes, an' de ugly forns—dem war our bad ways—war atween us; but love, like de sun, shone down on us, an' we grow'd till our heads got above de bushes; till dis little branch an' dat little branch—dem war our holy feelin's—put out toward one anoder, an' we come closer an' closer togedder. And dough we'm old trees now, an' sometime de wind blow, an' de storm rage fru de tops, and freaten to tear off de lims, an' to pull up de bery roots, we'm growin' closer an' closer, an' 'nearer an' nearer togedder ebery day. And soon de old tops will meet; soon de ole branches, all cobered ober wid de grey moss, will twine round one anoder; soon de two ole trunks will come togedder an' grow inter one for eber,—grow into one up dar in de sky, whar de wind neber'll blow, whar de storm neber'll beat; whar we shill blossom an' bar fruit to de glory ob de Lord, an' in His heabenly kingdom for eber.

Yas, my chil'ren, you hab started on a long journey, an' nuffin' will git you fru it but *love*. Nuffin' will hole you up, nuffin' will keep you faithful to one anoder, nuffin' will make you bar wid one anoder, but love. None ob us kin lib widout it; but married folks want it most ob all. Dey need it more dan de bread dey eat, de water dey drink, or de air dey breafe. De world couldn't gwo on widout it. De bery sun would gwo out in de heabens but fur dat. An' shill I tell you why? You hab heerd Massa Robert talk 'bout de great law dat make de apple fall from de tree, de rock sink in de water; dat bines our feet to de round 'arth so we don't drop off it as it gwo fru de air; dat holes de sun an' de stars in dar 'pointed places, so dat, day after day, an' yar after yar, dough dey'm trabblin' fasser dan de lightnin' eber went, dey'm right whar dey should be.

He call it 'traction, an' all de great men call it so; but dat ain't de name. It am love. It am God; fur God am love, an' love am God, an' love bines de whole creashun togedder. An' shill I tell you how to do it? Does you see dis hand? how I open de fingers; how I shet'm up; how I rise de whole arm? Does you see dis foot, dat I does wid jess de same? Does you see dis whole body, how I make it, in a twinkl'n', do jess what I like? Now, what am it dat make my hand move, an' my whole body turn round so sudden, dat I'se only to say, "Do it," an' it'm done? Why, it am me. It'm me dat libs up yere in de brain, an' sends my will fru ebery part,—fru ebery siner, an' ebery muscle, an' ebery little jint, an' make'm all do jess what I like.

Now, man am made in de image ob God; an' dis pore, weak ole body am a small pattern ob de whole creashun. Eberyting go on jess as it do. Eberyting am held togedder, an' moved 'bout, jess as it am; but it'm God dat move it, not me. He libs up dar in de sky,—which am His brain,—wid de stars fur His hands, de planets fur His feet, an' de whole univarse fur His body; an' He sends His will, which am love, fru ebery part ob de whole, an' moves it 'bout, an' make it do jess as He likes.

So you see it am my will sent fru ebery muscle, an' ebery little siner, dat moves my body. So it am His will sent fru what de 'stronomers an' de poets call de heabenly ether, dat moves His body, which am de 'arth, an' de sun, an' de stars, an' you an' me, an' ebery libin' ting in all creashun. His will move 'em all; an' His will am love. An' don't you see dat you can't do widout His love? dat it am de bery breaf ob life? dat, ef it war tooken 'way from you for jess one

moment, you'd drop down an' die, an' nebber come to life agin,—no, not in dis worle, nor in any other worle?

It am so, my chil'ren; an' de more you hab ob dat love de happier you'll be, de more you'll love one anoder, de easier you'll gwo fru you' life, de more joyfuller you'll meet you' death, de happier you'll be all fru de long, long ages dat'm comin' in de great yereafter. Den, O my chil'ren! love God, love one anoder. You can't be happy widout you love God, an' you can't love Him widout you love one anoder.

THE POWER OF A LIGHT SIN.

SAILING once along a Highland loch, observes Dr. Guthrie, where the crag goes sheer down into the water, our attention was turned by the boatman to an immense table of rock. Tilted up on its narrow edge, it stood there threatening destruction to anyone who ventured below it; appearing ready to topple over at the touch of an infant's finger, and leap with a sudden plunge into the bosom of the lake. How came this gigantic stone to assume that upright attitude? No brawny arms of shepherd-lads had raised and balanced it there. No earthquake, rolling along these mountains, and turning its stroke upwards, as earthquakes sometimes do, had started this mass from its bed, and poised it so. Nor had the lightning, leaping from its cloud on the mountain summits, struck the crag, and, splitting it, raised this giant fragment from its bed. That was the task of a much more quiet, feeble, simple, and secret agent. When Jehovah revealed Himself to the prophet, it was not in the earthquake, or in the roaring hurricane, or in the blazing fire, but in a still, small voice; and the power that rent that solid rock, and raised the mass tottering on its narrow base, was of a kind as quiet, gentle, and unobtrusive. Borne on the wings of the autumn wind, or dropped by a passing bird, a little seed had fallen into a crevice of the rock. Sleeping the winter through, but finding shelter and congenial soil, it sprang with the spring; and, fed by dews and rains, the tender shoot grew. In time it lifted up its head, and spread its branches above and its roots below, worming them into fissures, wrapping them round and round that stony table, which, as they grew and thickened, it raised slowly from its bed. And then, one day, when the seedling had grown into a tree, a storm, acting on leafy branches that caught the wind like sails, turned that tree into a lever, and heaving on the rock that had received the seed into its heart, and the fatal embraces of its roots, raised the massy table from its bed, and poised it on the edge of the dizzy crag; and there it stood erect, waiting another storm to be hurled into the mossy waters of that wild, dark, mountain lake.

As that shall fall, so fell Demas from his lofty place; so have many fallen; ay, and so, unless we are restrained and sustained by the grace of God, the best of us would fall. It is not the world, observe, nor its money, nor its honours, nor its enjoyments, that the Bible condemns, but the love of them. Beware of that! At first it may seem little, small as a tiny seed; but let it get a lodgment within you, and, fed by indulgence, it grows there so silently, perhaps, that while it is worming itself deeper in, and wrapping its strong roots round and round your heart, you may never suspect the hold it is getting of you. That appears when the hour of temptation comes, whatever form it may assume, and the man falls, to the astonishment of many, perhaps to his own. When persecution came upon the church, how did it act on Demas? As the storm on the rock that had lodged the seed in its bosom, and which, but for the tree that sprang from it with widespread branches and embracing roots,

had stood unmoved by tempests, let them blow their worst. Turning Demas into a beggar, casting him into prison, or bringing him to the scaffold, persecution might destroy what of wealth, pleasure, health, and life was his; but had he not loved them, allowed them to take root in his heart, and occupy the place that belonged to God, persecution had never destroyed him. Never; and when Paul the apostle stood with his grey head before the crowd that had assembled to see him die, Demas had been at his side, one chain of love, as of iron, binding them; as they had fought, they had fallen together; their blood had mingled in the same stream; their heads rolled on the same scaffold: one chariot had borne both martyrs to the skies; and over their mangled remains, carried by devout men to burial, a weeping church might have raised one monument to their memory, its inscription these words of David: "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

It is another part of that lament which best suits this case of Demas: "How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!" He was laid in an apostate's grave, not excepting a drunkard's, the most hopeless of any; and, ere we close it over him, let us, like soldiers marched at a military execution by the dead body of a comrade who has been shot for treachery, take a look of this unhappy, guilty man. He loved the world; and what has it brought him to? What is that world to him now, for which he denied his Saviour, and forsook His servants? What now profits him a world, for which he bartered his immortal soul? He was a preacher; nor the last who has turned back in the day of battle, and abandoned his principles when they had to be suffered for. He had been a preacher, perhaps an eloquent one; but he never preached a sermon such as he preaches now, himself the sermon, and these words his text, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him."

THE SPIRIT TESTIFYING OF CHRIST.

"When the Comforter is come, whom I will send unto you from the Father, even the Spirit of truth, which proceedeth from the Father, He shall testify of Me." (John xv. 26.)

"By one offering He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified. Whereof the Holy Ghost also is a witness to us." (Hebrews x. 14, 15.)

A PRINCIPAL part of the Spirit's work is to testify of Christ. He has done this in the word, every part of which has direct or indirect reference to Christ. The testimony of Jesus is the spirit, or soul, of prophecy: prophecies without Christ are like a body without a soul. The spirit of prophecy is the testimony of Jesus. The types and shadows of the law, the predictions of the prophetic page, the psalms and songs of the Bible, are all impregnated with Christ. But in the New Testament, especially, the Spirit has testified of Christ: there He bears witness to His birth, baptism, miracles, claims, sufferings, death, resurrection, and triumphant ascension to glory. He testifies still in the word and ordinances, by the voice of the preacher, and by His power in the conscience. He bears witness for Christ, and testifies of Christ, in the believer's heart. He testifies to His divinity, and to the glory of His person, as God and man, the one all-glorious Mediator. He testifies of the merit of His blood, the perfection of His righteousness, the love of His heart, and His readiness to save sinners, even the very chief. He testifies of the exact suitability of Christ to meet every case, suit every tried saint and troubled sinner, and to

be the eternal Saviour of all them that obey Him. Let us, then, recognise, realize, and reverence the Holy Spirit, as the almighty testifier to the glory, worth, and excellency of the Lord Jesus. Spirit of God, testify in our hearts, and to our consciences, of the glorious Person and perfect work of Jesus! O for the testimony within, corresponding to, and confirming the testimony of, the written word!

GOD'S WAYS.

If you give up, says Edward Irving, the doctrine of the Spirit's influence upon the heart because you perceive it not, I see not but that you should give up the doctrine of Jesus Christ's being the Son of God, which rests upon no foundation of sense or feeling, but upon revelation alone. The doctrine, likewise, that God is reconciled to men by the death of His Son, which no man believes from having seen God smile upon him, or heard God speak him kind, but from having it revealed by the same blessed personages who have likewise revealed that the Spirit helpeth our infirmities, and showeth the things of Christ unto our souls.

No one having the name of Christian, not even Unitarians themselves, who would steal the fire from off the altar of our heavenly temple, and leave it a cold, unhallowed desolation; yet not even they refuse to acknowledge that God rules in the earth, raising up and pulling down; that He hath the times and seasons of human life in His hands; that He feeds our prosperity, makes our adversity bare; gives and takes away, and is to be acknowledged with reverence in all our lot. This presence of God, through providence, Christians of every name believe. Now, may I ask how they come by this belief? Have they seen God going to and fro upon the earth? Have they seen His bared arm, or heard His uplifted voice? What evidence of sense have they, or evidence of internal feeling? for they do not feel a God touching their hearts with joy, or infusing the poison of sorrow. When the devil smites the four corners of their house, as he did Job's, or their camels, or their sheep and oxen, how come they to know that it is God who trieth them for their good, except by revelation early instilled into their minds, and therefore almost instinctively believed?

If, then, the truth of God's presence and presidency in our worldly affairs find for itself universal belief amongst Christians, though resting upon revelation alone, and having no foundation either in sight or perception, upon what plea will they reject the doctrine of the Spirit's presence and presidency in the great world of grace, if it be found revealed with the same distinctness? There ought, therefore, to be no preliminary objection taken to it upon the grounds of its not being perceptible; but the Scriptures should be searched whether it be so or not.

Rather, upon the other hand, because it is not perceptible, we should entertain it as more akin to the other operations of the invisible God. For, exalt your thoughts a little, and conceive the ways of God; look abroad over the world, and what do you behold? Noiseless nature putting forth her buds, and drinking the milk of her existence from the distant sun. Where is God? He is not seen, He is not heard. Where is the sound of His footsteps, where the rushing of His chariot wheels; where is His storehouse for this inhabited earth; where are the germs of future plants, where the juices of future fruits; and where is the hand dividing its portion to every living thing, and filling their hearts with life and joy? Lift your thoughts a little higher; behold the sun. Doth he, when preparing to run his race, shake himself like a strong man after sleep, and make a rustling noise, and lift up his voice to God for

a renewal of his exhausted strength? Doth the pale-faced and modest moon, which cometh forth in the season of the night, make music in the still silence to her Maker's praise? Do the stars, in their several spheres, tell to mortal sense the wondrous stories of their births? Turn your thoughts inward upon yourselves, and say if your manly strength did grow out of infant helplessness, with busy preparations and noisy workmanship, as the chiselled form of man groweth out of the quarried stone. In the still evening, when you lay you down wearied and worn out, doth your strength return during the watches of the sleepy and unconscious night by noise and trouble, as a worn-out machine is refitted by the cunning workman? Tell me how intelligence grows upon the unconscious babe? where are the avenues of knowledge, and by what method doth it fix itself? Yet, though God maketh not His arm bare through all the earth, and hath no heralds of His praise stationed in the lofty heavens; and though, in the wondrous recesses of human nature, His presence be nowhere sensibly felt, yet who doth not believe that "the earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein;" that "the heavens declare His glory, and the firmament showeth His handiwork;" that He hath breathed into our nostrils the breath of life; and that the inspiration of God hath given us understanding?

PUBLIC CHARITIES.

The following particulars concerning Public Charities belonging to London, either as confined in their operations to the metropolis, or having their chief centre fixed therein, are taken from the last edition of Low's *Charities of London*:—

14 General Medical Hospitals; 66 Hospitals, Infirmaries, and other Institutions for special medical purposes, mostly receiving in-patients; 39 Dispensaries; 12 Institutions for preservation of Life, Health, and Public Morals; 1 Foundling Hospital; 22 Hospitals and Penitentiaries for Women; 16 Relief to Prisoners, Reformatory, and Refuge Institutions; 29 for the relief of street destitution, and specific claims; 21 Homes for Needlewomen, Servants, &c., and otherwise aiding the Industrious; 9 Benevolent Pension or Annuity Funds; 14 Societies and Funds for the benefit of poor Clergy of the Established Church; 6 for Protestant Dissenting Ministers; 72 Professional and Trade Provident and Benevolent Funds; 21 various funds arising from City Company and Parochial Trusts; 1 Special National Fund (Indian Famine); 4 Ditto, now closed, but producing Income; 124 Colleges, Hospitals, Almshouses, and other Asylums for the Aged; 16 Charities for the Blind, Deaf, and Dumb; and 1 for poor Cripples; 31 Societies and Funds promoting and aiding Schools, including 9 Associations for Adult instruction, partly self-supporting; 14 Asylums entirely maintaining and educating 1,986 Orphan Children; 20 Asylums wholly maintaining and educating 2,894 Children; 11 Bible and Religious Book Societies; 6 Church and Chapel Building Funds; 26 Mission, Visiting, Reading, and Teaching Funds; 6 Auxiliary to Irish Societies; 7 Sabbath Observances and Protestant Influence Societies; 25 Foreign Missionary Funds and Societies; 4 Miscellaneous Societies.

Of all these Charities, the oldest is St. Bartholomew's Hospital, which was founded by Rayhere, in the year 1123, "for the continued relief and help of a hundred sore and diseased." It has since increased to five times its original extent. Of all the Institutions enumerated above, 423, about two-thirds, have been established during the present century; and of these, again, 144 have come into being since 1850.

The aggregate income of all was, in 1861, £2,441,967, of which £1,600,594 was produced by voluntary contributions; the rest by dividends, property, &c. During the severe winter ending in March, 1861, the sum of £58,000 was sent to the different police-courts for distribution among the poor. In addition to this, it must be remembered that the average

annual Parochial Relief amounts to £545,037, for the actual maintenance and relief of the metropolitan poor.

HEAVEN AND EARTH.

THERE are no shadows where there is no sun;
There is no beauty where there is no shade;
And all things in two lines of glory run,
Darkness and light, ebon and gold inlaid.
God comes among us through the shrouds of air;
And His dim track is like the silvery wake
Left by yon pinnace on the mountain lake,
Fading and re-appearing here and there.
The lamps and veils through Heaven and Earth that move,
Go in and out, as jealous of their light,
Like sailing stars upon a misty night.
Death is the shade of coming life; and Love
Yearns for her dear ones in the holy tomb,
Because bright things are better seen in gloom.

Scripture Scenes.

TYRE.

THE original position of this famous city was on the eastern coast of the Mediterranean, about midway between Egypt and Asia Minor, near the north-western frontier of Palestine. It was a colony of Zidon, and was founded very early.

In the eleventh century before the advent of Christ, the Tyrians had become famous for skill in the arts. About 1142, B.C., their King Hiram sent cedar-trees to Jerusalem, and workmen, who built David a house. A generation later, when Solomon, preparing to build the temple, sent to the same monarch for similar assistance, he said to him, "Thou knowest that there is not among us any that can skill to hew timber like unto the Sidonians." (1 Kings v. 6.) He also sent and fetched Hiram out of Tyre, a widow's son, filled with cunning to work all works in brass. In subsequent ages, every King coveted a robe of Tyrian purple; and Ezekiel speaks of "the multitude of wares of its making,"—"emeralds, purple, and broidered work, and fine linen, and coral, and agate."

The commerce of Tyre was commensurate with its manufactures. Situate at the entry of the sea, it became a merchant of the people for many isles. It was inhabited by seafaring men, and was styled, by way of eminence, "the merchant-city," whose "merchants were princes, whose traffickers were the honourable of the earth." (Isai. xxiii. 8.) In Ezekiel, Syria, Persia, and Egypt, Spain, Greece, and every quarter of the ancient world, are portrayed hastening to lay their most precious things at the feet of Tyre, who sat enthroned on ivory, covered with blue and purple from the isles of Elishah; while the Gammadims were in her towers, hanged their shields upon her walls round about, and made her beauty perfect.

Near the close of the eighth century before the Christian era, Shalmaneser, the King of Assyria who captured Samaria, was led by cupidity to lay siege to Tyre. He cut off its supplies of water which aqueducts had furnished, but wells within the walls supplied their place; and at the end of five years he gave up his blockade as hopeless.

It was against a city such as this, so confident, and to all appearance so justifiably confident, of sitting a queen for ever, that several prophets, particularly Isaiah and Ezekiel, fulminated the terrible denunciations of the Lord. They prophesied that it should be overthrown by Nebuchadnezzar, that it should revive, but at length be destroyed, and never rebuilt.

Before a generation had passed away, according to Josephus and others, Nebuchadnezzar came up, as had been predicted, (Ezek. xxvi. 7—13.) making a fort, casting a mount, and lifting up the buckler. At the end of thirteen years, (about A.M. 3422,) he took the city, and Tyre was forgotten seventy years, as had been foretold by Isaiah. (xxiii. 15) In the year B.C. 332, Tyre, which had been rebuilt on an island half a mile from the shore, and had again become a flourishing emporium for all the kingdoms of the world upon the face of the earth, "and heaped up

silver as the dust, and fine gold as the mire of the streets," was assailed by Alexander the Great in the midst of his Oriental career of conquest. It sustained a siege of seven months, and was at length taken only by means of a mole, by which the island was turned into a peninsula, and rendered accessible by

land forces. In constructing this mole, Alexander made use of the ruins of the old city, and thereby fulfilled two prophecies. (Ezek. xxvi. 12, 21.) So utterly were the ruins of old Tyre thrown into the sea, that its exact site is confessedly undeterminable.

Narratives.

THE HISTORY OF ONE DEAF AND BLIND.

(*Concluded.*)

FANNY'S ignorance, and likewise her knowledge, were equally subjects of amazement with us. Sometimes the most simple word in our English language was unknown to her, chosen by us, perhaps, for its simplicity, while a more complex one, which we were driven to use instead of the simple one, was perfectly intelligible; and the word which she did not know was seldom either a noun or an adjective, but more frequently an adverb; which was of course more difficult to explain or change.

Her sense of touch was good, but taste was entirely gone, as also smelling.

Out of the five senses, only one left! My friends, especially my young friends, think of this, when you walk out into the balmy fresh country air, laden with the scent of new-mown grass, or lilacs, and other sweets, and thank God with your whole heart that He has spared you this sense; and, when you enjoy the food He has provided for you, do not forget that unless He had spared you the faculty of "taste," you would have none of this enjoyment; and O, do not, do not forget that eyes and ears are His gift; that at any moment for our misuse of them, or even our non-use of them for Him, He can take them away! Remember the talent hidden in a napkin, and the command, "Take from him that which he hath." Let us not provoke the Lord, who gave us these good gifts, to deprive us of them.

Fanny's voice, too, was wonderfully affected by not hearing,—at times a high pitch, at times a low deep tone; but there was always cheerfulness in it.

When we found her apparently quite at ease, I asked her if she would like to learn to read? She said she feared she could not. I told her my sister had learnt: then she was quite willing. "But," said I, "we must pray for help." When she did not understand anything, she would shake her head, and still hold out her hand,—this she did now. I repeated the sentence, and she then said, "I don't know what you mean." We found that this poor young woman did not know the use and power of prayer. Greatly it astonished us, and how it could be we were some time in finding out. She had learnt to read, had begun to write, and yet knew nothing of prayer. When we knew more of the family, we were not astonished. Her parents were well-to-do, but a godless couple. She had been sent very early to one of those schools—of which I fear there are still some few remaining—where the Bible and prayer were unknown; and she failed to learn at school what she had not been taught at home. Her sister, who was kind, gentle, modest, and unassuming, was also sadly ignorant in regard to religion; yes, far more ignorant than the youngest of our infant-school scholars.

In as few words and as simply as I could, I told Fanny of a God in heaven, who made her, and to whom she must pray for all she wanted. She seemed not only aware of the existence of God, but she believed in Him. Then I told her of our sinful nature, and of God's love in sending His Son to die for us; so that if we believe in Him and love Him, He will take our sins upon Himself; and that God will accept us for His Son Jesus Christ's sake, who is the sinner's Friend. Then we wrote in her hand a little prayer, and asked her very often to pray, "Lord Jesus, make me Thy true child; be my Friend, and help me to read and understand about Thee."

Every evening we wrote some plain,

simple text in her hand, which she repeated to us the next evening; and in teaching her to read we always chose one of these texts which she had learnt.

It seemed, before we began, an almost hopeless task to think of conveying to her mind the characters which stand for letters in the blind reading; but it did not prove so at all. Putting her finger on one of the most simple ones, I wrote in her hand that that stood for M, and then made her find me another; then I put her finger on O in the same way, and S and T followed. Then finding these all united in one word, I told her to read it. She felt, and named each correctly, and discovering that it spelt "Most," she quite screamed it out in her pleasure: and thus she went on from time to time, overcoming one difficulty, then another, till she could read the texts she had learned, and finally the whole Scriptures. The empty heart, the unoccupied brain, had now food and work in abundance. With the faith of a little child she received "the truth as it is in Jesus." He had heard her prayer; He had heard ours; He was indeed her "Friend." And though it was some little time before we could teach her about the Holy Spirit, His work, and His offices, He had Himself been teaching her; and she was beginning to bring forth the fruits of that teaching, in love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, and meekness.

Her father and mother, who knew not the cause of it, nevertheless saw that there was a great change; a very great one. They used to say, "She is so patient now, never puts herself about; and is so loving to us, and so anxious to get us to heaven."

With so few things entering her heart, those which did, remained their abidingly: thus she retained with wonderful tenacity every text we had told her, every precept we had taught her. And so it was with persons. When Fanny was sitting with us one day, Dr. M—— came to see me: he had attended her when she had the fever, and became deaf and blind; but she had never met with him since. I asked him to take her hand, and see whether she would recognize him. As usual she felt his wrist, then raising her head and her eyebrows,—her usual way of showing astonishment,—she exclaimed, "Dr. M——! Dr. M——!"

The one sense left to her was, as is usual under such circumstances, strengthened by the loss of the others. A day or two previously to this she had found out that I was not well by the measurement of my wrist; on shaking hands with her, she felt it, as usual, and shook her head very sadly, saying, "Middling well; indeed you must have the doctor."

Her belief, too, in what was told her was as strong as the faith of a little child: the fact of the ever-loving presence of our Saviour was never doubted; and so fully did she realize it, that I have heard her literally talking with Him.

Never afraid of being alone now, she would sit with her raised Bible on her knee, and, perfectly unconscious of anyone being present, would read a verse, and talk with her Lord about it.

I went in one morning when she was thus alone, and before I had time to reach her hand, and let her know that someone was in the room. She had spoken to Him about the verse she was just reading,—it was the fifteenth chapter of St. John, the fourteenth verse: "Ye are My friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you." Looking up as though her Lord stood by her side, she said, "O, I like to hear You say that: You only told me before that You were my Friend, the sinner's Friend. I did not know that we were friends of Yours." Then turning it into a prayer, as she had been taught to do, she said, "Teach me, O Lord, to do the things which You command me."

Such prayers as these were not likely to remain unanswered. No, I am convinced that they were answered to the full. Unless the Lord had intended mercy to her soul, like Manoah's wife, "He would not have shown her these things:" but His time was come to make "darkness light before her;" and great was that light. His time was also come that, having revealed Himself to her on earth, He should take her to fill the place He had prepared for her.

We left H——, and received several letters from Mary Anne, written by Fanny's express wish, to convey to us some of the love and gratitude that swelled

her heart towards our Lord, and us whom He had sent to her. It was wonderful how clearly she understood the truths she had received; and yet I should not say wonderful, for the Holy Spirit had taught her. She never seemed to confound the relative positions of ourselves and our Saviour. Though we were to strive to be holy, yet she perfectly understood that all our salvation was His. And though she felt deep gratitude to us, for having taught her to read, and opened a new life to her, yet she rapidly passed over her thanks to us, to give praise to Him who had sent us.

Her illness was short; death came somewhat suddenly upon her. We had received a most loving, touching letter from Mary Anne, with tender, grateful messages; and shortly another followed it, to say that our young friend was gone to her rest.

The Lord's time was come to teach her; the Lord's time was come to take her.

Like the vivifying power of the northern sun, when it shines on the cold barren tracts of that land lying so long in darkness, was the vivifying power of the Sun of Righteousness shining on her hitherto darkened heart and mind. As flowers and seeds rapidly spring up and ripen in the north, so did the fruits of the Spirit rapidly come to perfection in her heart through Christ.

I have since heard more particulars of her illness and death.

As long as she was able to read, her Bible was her constant companion; and her sister said that she spent almost all her day in reading it, and talking with Christ; that her happiness seemed unbounded. When any of them came to her side, she would say, "Do listen to this," and would read some favourite passage.

They returned to me the Bible I had given her. Full well it tells of favourite pages pored over and over, felt over, and prayed over.

When no longer able to hold her book, she would still keep up her conversations with Christ; and for the few days that she was thus ill, she was most earnest in supplicating Him to bring her sister, and father, and mother to Himself. And she felt sure that they would be brought; for had He not said to her, "If ye abide in Me, and My words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done unto you?" This promise she had pleaded; and she knew that "He was faithful which promised."

And Fanny entered into her rest. The blind eyes were opened, the deaf ears unstopped: she is now with her Lord, seeing Him face to face, and hearing Him with the "hearing of the ear." She has seen her Lord, in whom her soul delighteth; she has found the Saviour to be all that He promised, "the Friend of sinners."

And we, too, have seen the goodness of the Lord: we have seen His love to this poor afflicted one; we have seen Him smite, but heal; we have seen Him lay low and raise up, and we have seen Him true to His word and His promise, "I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." (Isai. xlii. 16.)

Christian Missions.

CHRISTIAN FREDERICK SWARTZ.

BY THE REV. GEORGE MAUNDER.

(*Continued.*)

No man in India ever united in himself, to the extent that Swartz did, the confidence both of native and European. He was employed on one occasion (as being the only individual whom both parties could trust) by the Governor of Madras, to undertake a confidential mission to Hyder Ali, a celebrated Indian Prince, with whom our connexions at that time were somewhat critical. He consented to engage in this mission, because it was for the purpose of preserving peace, and would afford him opportunities of proclaiming the unsearchable riches of Christ in places not otherwise likely to be visited. He took every opportunity of proclaiming the truths of the Gospel during this expedition

and was received with civility by Hyder, who expressed his willingness to maintain peace with the English. Subsequently, however, Hyder Ali invaded the East India Company's territories, and the war was prosecuted on both sides with considerable vigour; but so highly was Swartz respected by the invader, that he gave orders to his officers to leave him unmolested, and to treat him with respect and kindness. "He is a holy man," said this heathen despot, "and means no harm to my government." He was generally allowed to pass without difficulty through the midst of the enemy's encampments; and even when it was deemed necessary to detain his palanquin, the sentinel was directed to assign as a reason that he was waiting for orders to let him proceed. On two remarkable occasions the value of Swartz's services were experienced by the English government, when his influence with the natives procured an ample supply of provisions to the fort of Tanjore, after famine had commenced its terrible ravages, and when no efforts of the other Europeans could in the least avail.

On another occasion we meet with a remarkable proof of the confidence which was placed in the honour and integrity of our illustrious Missionary. The Rajah of Tanjore, when on his death-bed, summoned Swartz into his presence, and, in the most solemn manner, made him guardian of the heir to the throne he was about to leave. By the Hindoo law, a prince who has no children, has the right to adopt a successor, to the exclusion of his other relatives. Some years before, the dying Rajah had adopted a boy, and he loved him with the fondness of a father; he now pointed to him eagerly, and, addressing Swartz, said, "This is not my, but your, son. Into your hands and care I deliver the child." The Missionary hesitated, but ultimately accepted the charge. He advised the dying man to name his brother, Ameer Sing, regent of the kingdom. He did so, and shortly afterwards expired. Ameer intrigued for the throne, and treated the rightful heir to it with great harshness; but that youth, through the good offices of Swartz, was delivered from his captivity in the palace, and was ultimately established in the possession of his kingdom.

In the year 1793, during the progress of a bill through the House of Commons for the renewal of the East India Company's charter, Mr. Montgomery Campbell, who had been private secretary to the Governor of Madras, took occasion to assail the operations of the Missionaries in India, and threw contempt upon all the efforts that had been made for the improvement of the Hindoos; remarking, that the converts in general were notorious for their profligacy. He, indeed, spoke in praise of Swartz's personal character; but this was felt to be but a poor compensation for the gross misrepresentations of his speech. Our Missionary wrote a masterly reply to this attack, exhibiting in a most telling and impressive manner the obligations both of Europeans and natives to the Missionaries. In answer to Mr. Campbell's charge, that the converts were in general of low caste and immoral, Swartz replied, "It is not true that the greater part of those people who have been instructed are *pariahs*. Had Mr. M. Campbell visited, even once, our church, he would have observed that more than two-thirds were of the higher caste; and so it is at Tranquebar and Vepery. Our intention is not to boast; but this I may safely say, that many of those people who have been instructed, have left this world with comfort, and with a well-grounded hope of everlasting life." In conclusion, he says, "One thing I affirm before God and man, THAT IF CHRISTIANITY, IN ITS PLAIN AND UNDISGUISED FORM, WAS PROPERLY PROMOTED, THE COUNTRY WOULD NOT SUFFER, BUT BE BENEFITED BY IT. I am now upon the brink of eternity; but to this moment I declare, that I do not repent of having spent forty-three years here in the service of my Divine Master." The author of the misstatements afterwards apologized to Swartz for having made them.

Human arithmetic cannot calculate the sum-total of good accomplished by this single-minded and earnest man. The results of his labours are manifest at the present hour. In the summary of his achievements furnished in the inscription on his monument, we read: "Among the many fruits of his indefatigable labours, was the erection of the Church at Tanjore. The savings from a small salary

were, for many years, devoted to this pious work, and the remainder of the expense supplied by individuals at his solicitation. The Christian seminaries at Ramnadporam, and in the Tinnevelly Province, were established by him. On a spot of ground granted to him by the Rajah Serfojee, he built a house for his residence, and made it an Orphan Asylum. Here the last twenty years of his life were spent in the education and religious instruction of children, particularly those of indigent parents, whom he gratuitously maintained and taught." His converts have been estimated as having been between 6,000 and 7,000 in number.

During the greater part of a long life, Swartz enjoyed a vigorous state of health. The following extract from one of his letters, written in 1795, shows a mind and body that as yet felt little decay:—"I am now in my sixty-ninth year, yet I am still able to perform all the functions of my office. Of sickness I know little or nothing. How long I am to stay, my Preserver only knows. Should I presume to rely on my own virtue, I must soon despair. How many thousand benefits have I received! Still I must say, 'Forgive, forgive all my iniquities.' Whether I shall write again is uncertain. Death has lost its sting; that is, its power to hurt me. Come, thou eternity! to whose brink I now draw nigh: when shall I be perfectly wise, holy, and happy; when shall I live for ever?"

But the time was approaching when even "the strong man" must bow himself. In the latter end of the year 1797, the fatal illness commenced. For several months the venerable Missionary suffered much, but never did a single murmur escape his lips. The Rajah Serfojee, whose guardian he had been, and whose interests he had taken every opportunity to promote, paid him a visit, and received from him a dying charge, in which he was exhorted to exercise justice, practise kindness, protect the Christians, and turn from idolatry to the service of the living God. Soon afterwards, one of his friends, observing him apparently lifeless, began to sing a favourite hymn, and finished the first verse. On commencing the second, to his astonishment and delight, the sufferer revived, and with a clear voice accompanied him to the conclusion. Not long after, he breathed his last, on the 13th of February, 1798; in the seventy-second year of his age. His funeral took place next day, in the presence of the Rajah, most of the European gentlemen, and a large number of native Christians, inconsolable for the loss of so valued a friend.

Swartz never married; and he has left on record his decided disapprobation of a Missionary's entering into the connubial state, at least till he has learned the language of the people among whom he is sent to labour, and fully entered upon his work. He adds, that if a Missionary will marry, he ought to be well assured of the real piety of his wife, who otherwise would prove an impediment to him in the discharge of his duty.

(*To be continued.*)

The Household.

CLEANLINESS.

(*Concluded.*)

I WILL now proceed to say a few words upon the scarcely less important subject of the cleanliness of the dwelling. The preservation of health depends, in a vast measure, upon the purity of the air breathed; and it is clear that the air cannot be pure in the midst of dirt. If a room in which people are always living be not constantly scrubbed and ventilated, it must become impregnated with foul smells. Now, a bad odour is always a symptom of something being near us which is injurious; and it is a most happy arrangement of Providence that we should have our sense of smell offended, in order that we may be led to remove the injurious substance. If foul matter might accumulate without being an offence to our senses, we should be apt to let it remain till it poisoned the whole air.

Unfortunately, however, some people do not seem to be unpleasantly affected by foul smells. Whether it is that they have been brought up in the midst of them, and from long habit really do not perceive them, or whether from laziness they have taught themselves not to care, I know not; but certain it is that they will live day after day in rooms which it makes one almost sick to enter. It is really dreadful to think of the risk to which they expose themselves and their children by living in such an atmosphere; for dirt is the ready and ever-active promoter of disease. There is, no doubt, great temptation to those who live in towns, and have but one room, and are without the conveniences of a country cottage, to allow things which ought to be removed to remain in the room; but still, if they would consider the evil consequences of so doing, they would surely be wiser. It may seem a small thing to you to let your slops remain unemptied; cabbage-water, stale fish, or decaying meat lie in the back-yard; but, if all your neighbours in the street do the same, the result is that a great quantity of putrid matter is allowed to poison the air. It is the landlord's duty to see that the yard is kept free, and the dust-bin and other places cleared out at proper times. There is often neglect in this respect; and those who live in kitchens are oppressed with disgusting and unwholesome smells. The exercise of trades or occupations producing noxious smells, which affect the inmates of the house, or the neighbouring houses, is a subject for complaint to the inspectors of nuisances. They will at once set about remedying the evil. It is not of such things that I would speak, but of the unwholesomeness and dirt of separate rooms, from mere neglect and untidiness of the inmates. Typhoid fever, that terribly fatal disease, is the direct result of poisoned air. It always fastens itself upon some place where filth and decaying matter are allowed to accumulate. And when once it has fixed itself in a spot, it will spread right and left with fearful rapidity. Then people are shocked and alarmed; but they do not reflect that they themselves have occasioned the calamity. They have courted and invited the malignant disease to them by making for it a nest of corruption, to which it readily flies. They can only see in it "the visitation of God;" and truly in one sense it is a visitation, a penalty which their own negligence of God's beneficent laws cannot fail to bring upon them by the very nature of those laws.

Not only typhoid fever, but also cholera, typhus, and scarlet fever are encouraged by dirt and bad air. True, they do not only attack low neighbourhoods: they attack the rich as well as the poor; they fasten themselves in the country lanes as well as in the crowded streets. But this is no argument against what I am saying; for the disease has been first fostered by a foul atmosphere, and then has spread from victim to victim. In the houses of the rich and great you may find the same disregard to the laws of health, —to free ventilation, draining, and cleanliness,—as in those of the poor; and with them it is even less excusable. In the country, too, people are often as careless as in towns; and their neglect will as surely bring its punishment. In a cottage, with every advantage of pure, fresh air, you will see pig-stuff lying under the windows, refuse and dead animal or vegetable matter rotting in a heap at the back-door, and making the breezes of heaven of no effect.

Fevers, as already said, are the result of a tainted atmosphere; and each one who lets foul matter remain about, is doing his part to produce them. Not a very exalting work, certainly, to be attracting disease and death! We are filled with admiration when we read of the labours of minute little insects, which we cannot see without a microscope, building up whole islands by their united efforts during many years: we think how wonderfully beautiful it is that such small means should accomplish such great ends. But our feelings are somewhat different when we contemplate the spreading disease which is the result of the little neglect of many people.

But contagious disorders, although he most startling, are not the only, nor perhaps the worst, results of continual breathing of impure air. The constitution, in time, becomes thoroughly weakened, and predisposed to most complaints, —nervous disorders, consumption, and

rheumatic fever. Children, especially, are sufferers from want of fresh air and exercise. It goes to one's heart to see the poor little things shut up day after day in a close, confined room, reeking with bad smells, the dust lying thick on walls and furniture, and the window being seldom opened. No wonder the little creatures look sickly, wearied, and unhappy. Many of them die early, and many of them live on, the victims of disorders brought about in this way. Scrofula in its numerous distressing shapes, swellings of the glands, water on the brain, diseases of the hip-joint, attack their feeble frames; and not only do they themselves suffer, but if they chance to survive the sorrows of their childhood, they transmit a weakened constitution or scrofulous habit to their offspring. Thus the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation.

A room, to be kept wholesome, should be frequently washed with soap-and-water. When it is the sleeping-place of a family, as well as their home in the day-time, it is clear that it cannot be kept sweet and wholesome without. The walls and ceiling, also, should be brushed, to remove the dust, which, if allowed to remain, soon gives a close, unpleasant smell to a room. The window should be opened every day, winter and summer: it is absolutely necessary after a room has been slept in. Nor is the window alone sufficient: the door must be placed open for a short time, for without a draught through the room, the bad air will not be driven out. In hot weather, inclination will lead anyone to open the window; but it is equally necessary in the winter to let fresh air into the room daily; and the early morning is the best time. Care should be taken, however, not to sit in the draught, or leave children sitting in it, as nothing is more dangerous. The most common fault with people is that of leaving slops in the room for hours together: these, of course, are giving out injurious vapours all the time. I knew one young person into whose room I could never go without a feeling of disgust. It was a very small room, and the window was seldom opened. She and her husband and three children lived and slept there; and, at whatever time in the day I happened to pay her a visit, I always found the bed down, the sheets tossed about, and of a filthy colour. Heaps of soiled clothes would be lying in a corner: all the slops would be unemptied. The poor children were always sickly-looking and wretched, as well they might be. It is to be hoped there are but few people, however poor, belonging to the working-classes, who are so regardless of decency and cleanliness as this young woman: still, there is great negligence, though not of such a gross nature, in many. The habit of leaving dirty clothes for a long time unwashed in the room must produce a bad smell.

Another direct punishment of filth, besides the dire one of fever and sickness, is vermin.

* * * *

The vermin which infest the human body are to be found only on those who are themselves filthy in their habits. Soap-and-water is a sovereign remedy against such things, for they will thrive only on unwashed skins, and in dirty-smelling clothes. They are a disgrace to any working-people; for, in this climate, it is always by their own fault that they have them.

We have so far been looking upon cleanliness only as it affects the health and bodily comfort; but there is another aspect in which we must regard it. Inattention to cleanliness will be certain to lower the moral standard. Take a room where everything is filthy and untidy: should we expect to find its owners moral and decent in character, just and true in their dealings, gentle and kind in their words? We cannot believe that if God were feared and honoured there would not be more cleanliness. If we ask, in such a house, where the Bible is, we shall most likely find either that there is none, or that it is stowed away into the back of a drawer, or lies unopened and covered with dust on the shelf. No; "where the Spirit of the Lord is," we shall surely find more of order, more of cleanliness, more of every good work. If homes were made by the women of England what they should be, we should not see so much frequenting of public-houses by the men. The breathing of a close, impure

atmosphere creates the craving for an unnatural stimulus, and drives many to the gin-palace. Soap-and-water is cheap enough, and the time will not be thrown away that is spent in making a cheerful home.

Wives and mothers, I would urge it upon you as a Christian duty, to leave nothing undone that can promote the comfort and well-being of home-life. Remember that every little duty rightly performed is a service acceptable to God, who taketh account of all your actions. Cleanliness is not the least among your many obligations; for it is of more importance than you think, in helping to preserve a pure and healthy tone of mind in the sight of God and man.

Art and Science.

OUR MICROSCOPE TABLE.

The marine aquarium is an inexhaustible storehouse of objects for the microscope, and shall furnish us with the subject of our present paper. A pair of forceps take up the object, which is placed, with a drop of water, on the lower glass of the live box, and the cover is then carefully put on until the drop flattens out over the greater part of the disc. Placing it on the stage, and then very carefully bringing down the tube, and focussing with the fine adjustment, what do we see? A large worm, you say, and a number of little flask-shaped bodies that are motionless. Well, the "worm" has certainly a long and active body; it moves incessantly; and now it has coiled itself up, serpent-fashion. Still, a worm ought to have a head and a tail at least, to say nothing of appendages; and with this hint you will, of course, notice that both the extremities are ruptured, and although there is active movement, it is uniform, and evidently involuntary; and, moreover, along its whole length there is no evidence of parts or members, the structure being uniform throughout. Indeed, the entire contents of the body consist of the little flasks before mentioned. This is no worm, but a fragment of one of the nettling-threads with which everyone who has kept sea-anemones is familiar.

But an object has just come into the field, which may as well be disposed of before we proceed further. It is a transparent bag, filled with a granular substance, and moves along very deliberately. It is of no definite form; in fact, its shape changes constantly. A portion of its substance is projected in some given direction, but very slowly; and, as the prolongation increases, the granular specks are seen to pour along it, (just as peas in a scantily-filled sack will roll with each change of position,) until the space is filled up, and a fresh projection, perhaps in the opposite direction, succeeds. These changes of shape are continually going on; and any particles suitable for food, that thus come in contact with the animalcule, are embedded in its substance, the fit material is absorbed, and the refuse is then thrown out again. Every part is equally capable of serving as feeler, mouth, stomach, and intestine,—certainly a convenient, as well as independent, sort of life. This is the Amœba, one of those elementary forms which long stood doubtfully on the border-land which separates the animal from the vegetable. The principal reason for noticing it is, that though so totally different in appearance, it is, nevertheless, not distantly related to the beautiful Foramenifera and Polycystina, referred to last month. Imagine an *Amœba* enclosed in a many-chambered shell, with numerous external apertures, and, further, that through these openings the substance of the animalcule protrudes in glutinous, many-branching threads, and you have at once a Foramenifer.

But to return to the anemone. Although these creatures abound on all our shores, and, therefore, have long been familiar objects, it is only recently that their internal structure has been understood. Standing low in the scale of life, they were supposed to be little more than fleshy sacs,—mere stomachs with a fringe of feelers. But modern research has shown them to possess a very respectable organization. They have not only the obvious

tentacles, or feelers, a mouth and a stomach, but, in addition, an internal skeleton, or supporting framework, of muscular tissue; an organized fluid which takes the place of blood; a true muscular system; a rudimentary liver; reproductive apparatus; and a mechanism for offensive or defensive purposes, elaborate out of all proportion to the rest of the structure. And it is to this armament that we wish to direct attention. The members of one branch of the family especially, (the Sagartiadæ,) are of an irritable disposition, and on very slight provocation discharge from minute pores in the skin, and often from the mouth as well, white threads, which continue to roll out, in astonishing profusion, long after the annoyance has ceased. In fact, *S. dianthus*, the largest and handsomest of the tribe, has been known to throw out these threads to such an extent as to be buried in them, and to look like a ball of tangled cotton.

It is a fragment of one of these, snipped off with a pair of scissors, that is now on the stage. It seemed, at first sight, a cylinder, but is only an imperfect one,—a flat band, both edges of which turn over upon themselves. We see that it is itself a simple transparent membrane, enclosing long, oval bodies in countless numbers. A slightly-increased pressure upon the cover forces out many of these capsules, chiefly at the ruptured ends of the band; and each one shows, more or less clearly, something coiled within it. A little more pressure again, shows what that something is. For in many cases the cell is now ruptured, and a wire is shot out swift as light. The eye cannot follow the movement, and only sees that what was a blank space a moment before, is now occupied by the discharged filaments. A little patient watching, however, will, perhaps, show the contents of one of these miniature bombs only *partly* discharged, and, as the process is completed, the point will be seen to run along as a crack will sometimes run up a pane of glass.

It needs the deep eye-piece and first-rate illumination to see clearly with the quarter-inch; but we can make out quite distinctly that the wire is barbed for part of its length. It is an extraordinary object, this fringe of darts twined round a *lengthened* spear. Over and over again we see it,—in some, perhaps, more clearly than in others; but that is the result of position. Nevertheless, there are several of a different pattern; so different, that on seeing one end only, we can recognise it before the other end comes into view; and, as fresh portions of the band are brought into the field, this becomes still more evident. If you are fortunate enough to possess a one-sixth or one-eighth object-glass, by all means make use of it, and you will see much more distinctly the peculiarities of each, and may, perhaps, discover a third pattern; and yet all these have come not only from the same individual, but from the same band, and have lain together side by side. There are also differences in the form of the capsules themselves, as well as in the armature of the contained wires, furnished by the different species of the anemone; but they are all formed on the same general plan.

The largest *cnidæ* (as the oval bodies are called) are not found in the largest anemones. The little *Corynactis*, though not nearly the size of a split pea, is furnished with *cnidæ* much larger than those of *S. dianthus*, though the latter is a monster of six, eight, and even twelve inches in height. The stony corallines, which are only small, are similarly favoured; and in these and *Corynactis* the structure of these curious bodies has been most satisfactorily observed. It is certain that the contained wire is not simply emitted, but is everted,—protruded by being turned inside out, like the finger of a glove. The barbs are not set directly upon the wire, but upon a band; and this latter is coiled round the wire, in corkscrew fashion, for a greater or less distance; while the barbs are set in single, double, or treble rows, according to the species of anemone furnishing the example. Simple contact with an opposing body causes the capsules to burst, and the barbed darts bury themselves in numbers in the offending substance, while some poisonous fluid is at the same time injected into the wound. The same mechanism exists in the whole of the Meduse, or jelly-fishes, which are intimately connected with the zoophytes. It has also been lately discovered in some species of marine worms, and may yet be met with in quarters little suspected.

It is marvellous to find, in a creature of

such low organization as this simple zoophyte, a mechanism so elaborate as this, and especially in such profusion. This, indeed, is the greatest marvel of all. No one who has not seen it for himself can have an idea of the manner in which every portion of the containing band is filled—packed is the word—with these vesicles. There are many hundreds of thousands in an inch of the thread, and the threads lie densely packed within the body of the creature. The tentacles are also crowded with them, and they exist also in other parts.* The quantity thus stored up is almost inconceivable, and only a fraction of them could be exhausted by any possible requirements. The "prodigality of Nature" is a favourite phrase. We would rather say that the creating Hand has left its perfect impress on all it has touched, and has redeemed from our contempt, and even indifference, the most degraded forms of life. Sometimes it is intimate structure, as in this case, that is the attesting seal; sometimes it is external adornment, equally lavish, as in the microscopic shells lately noticed; but there is ever something to show to the reverent observer unmistakably whose is the "image and superscription."

* For ample details of what is here but very slightly sketched, see the Introduction to Gosse's *History of the British Sea-Anemones.*

Readings in History.

INCIDENTS IN THE CRIMEAN WAR.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

When our soldiers observed the approach of the Head-quarter Staff, they looked eagerly into the group that they might see if amongst the plumed horsemen the Chief himself [Lord Raglan] were coming; and the moment they got a sure sight of the frock with the half-empty sleeve, it came into their hearts to offer to their General that which is of other worth than vulgar treasures; nay, that which in common times the world cannot give. They brought him the greeting which a proud soldiery can bestow upon their Chief in the hour of victory, and upon the field of battle. Begun at first by one corps, taken up by the next, and then by the next again, the cheers flew on from regiment to regiment, and tracked the Chief in his path, till all along, from the spurs of the Telegraph Height to the easternmost bounds of the crest which had been won by the Highland brigade, those desolate hills in Crim Tartary were made to sound like England. And the sound travelled back to the plateau on which the French were halted, and descended also the slopes where our dead and wounded lay thick. There, many a red-coat, so wounded that the roar of artillery and the tramp of battalions had become to him mere idle sounds, would yet find his heart stirred anew by the English cheers on the heights, and would raise himself on his arm, and strive so to use his last strength that, in the swelling tumult of the voices above, his own faltering "hurrah" might be one. —*Kinglake's Invasion of the Crimea*, vol. ii., pp. 497, 498.

THE CHOLERA IN THE BLACK SEA FLEET.

The "Britannia" alone lost 105 men. The number of those stricken, and of those attending upon them, was so great, that it was impracticable to carry on the common duties of the ship in the usual way; and, if the disease had continued to rage with undimished violence for three days more, there would have been the spectacle of a majestic three-decker floating helpless upon the waves, for want of hands to work her. This time of trial proved the quality of those who remained unstricken. There was a waywardness in the course of the disease, on board the British ships, for which it is difficult to account. It spared the officers. On board British ships of war, the seaman is accustomed to look to those who command him with a strong, affectionate reliance; and now the poor sufferers, in their childlike simplicity, were calling upon their officers for help and comfort. An officer thus appealed to would go and lie down by the side of the sufferer, and soothe him as though he were an infant. And this trust, and this devotion were not always in vain. Even against malignant cholera the officer seemed to be not

altogether powerless; for partly by holding the tortured sufferer in his kind hands, partly by cheering words, and partly by wild remedies, invented in despair of all regular medical treatment, he was often enabled to fight the disease, or to make the men think that he did.—*Ibid.*, vol. ii., p. 134.

A PIOUS SOLDIER IN ACTION.

THE colonel of the regiment (the 95th) was wounded, and Champion took the command. He was a man of great gentleness and piety; and, if he was not highly endowed with intellectual gifts, he was able to express the feelings of his heart with something of a poetic force. His mind was accustomed to dwell very much on the world that lies beyond the grave; and in the midst of this scene of carnage he gained, as it were, a seeming glimpse of the happy state; for when the younger Eddington fell at his side, Champion paused to see what ailed him; and, looking upon his young friend's pale face, he saw it suddenly clothed with "a most sweet expression." It was because death was on him that the blissful look had come. In the mind of Champion the sight had a deep import; for he was of the faith that God's providence is special; and to him the beautiful smile on the features of the dead was the smile of an immortal man gently carried away from earth by the very hand of his Maker.—*Ibid.*, vol. ii., pp. 329, 330.

The Portfolio.

GEMS IN OLD SETTINGS.

"COALS OF FIRE." (ROMANS xii. 20.)

A MALEFACTOR, in birth and person a comely gentleman, was sentenced to death by a judge deformed in body. Hereupon he turned all his prayers unto heaven into curses and revilings of the judge, calling him a stigmatical and bloody man. The patient judge, for that time, reprieved him: still he continued the same language of invectives and blasphemies against him. The next sessions, being brought again to the bar, the judge asked him if his choler were anything boiled away and spent. But then he redoubled his railings; yet he reprieved him again, as loth to let him die in so uncharitable and desperate condition of soul. Before the third assizes, he sent for him to his chamber in London, and asked him if he were yet more pacified. Still nothing came from him but words of inveterate rancour. Whereupon said the judge, "God forgive thee: I do;" and withal threw him a pardon. Whereat he was so astonished, that, being hardly recovered from a swoon that he fell into, he refused the pardon for his life, unless the judge would both pardon his malice, and admit him into his service. He did so; and found him so faithful, that dying, he gave *him the greatest* part of his estate. Here, now, was extreme evil overcome with extraordinary goodness; a conquest without blood, the best of all victories; love overcoming evil with good. This is to be like God, whose image we bear in our creation, and to whose image we are restored in our redemption.—*Thomas Adams.*

A GRACIOUS YOUTH AND A GOOD MANHOOD.

THERE was an abbot of this land, which desired a piece of ground that lay conveniently for him. The owner refused to sell it; yet, with much persuasion, was contented to let it. The abbot hired it for his rent, and covenanted only to farm it with one crop. He had his bargain, and sowed it with acorns; a crop that lasted three hundred years. Thus Satan begs but for the first crop. Let him sow thy youth with acorns; they will grow up with thy years to sturdy oaks, so big-bulked and deep-rooted, that they shall last all thy life. Sin hath a shrewd title when it can plead prescription; and Satan thinks his evidence as good as eleven points at law, when he hath once got possession. Let him be sure of thy youth, he will be confident of thy age. He well knows that the blossoms in the spring are the fruit in autumn; and that in thy youth thou art not cloth, but wool; so

that the deepest purple sins are those which are dyed in the wool.

Let thy soul, therefore, like Gideon's fleece, drink up betimes the dew of grace. For younger years, well led, are as the sweetness of a rose, whose smell remains in the dry leaves. Take, then, the first opportunity of God's gracious motions and monitions; or, if thou have omitted the first, embrace the second; or, if many have passed by unanswered of thee, embrace the present invitation, and even *now*, with faith and repentance, turn unto God thy Maker.—*Thomas Adams.*

TRUST NOT THE WORLD.

THERE is a facetious story of a copyholder dwelling on the seaside, near Plymouth, who, perceiving that divers of his neighbours trading to sea came home gallant and rich, and lived in a plentiful manner, would by all means to sea too. He puts off his stock, makes money of all that he had, and leaves his wife and children with friends. His trading was into Spain: the freight returned was in figs. A great flaw of wind comes; the ship was in danger; she must be lightened. Overboard go the figs. The poor man cries out, "O, there go my oxen, my sheep, and all that I have in the world!" Home he comes poor; his neighbours pity his folly; one lends him an ox, another a horse. After some few years he picks up his crumbs again; and being at plough on a very fair day, cries "HQ!" to his boy that did drive, and standing still, looks on the sea; and, seeing it very calm, said, "A wannion on you! How is't you look so smooth now? You long for more figs, do you? Your fair looks shall never deceive me again, I warrant you. Drive on, boy."

Thus the world is like unto the sea, very uncertain; there's no trusting it; like that sea mentioned in the Revelation, a glassy and crystalline sea, brittle as glass. Where it is most shining and resplendent, there it soonest cracks and breaks asunder; gulling with its transparency; ebbing and flowing according to the influence of its lunary mistress; one while lifting up to heaven upon her billows, and anon sinking down her favourites as it were to hell.

ONE SIN SPOILS ALL GOODNESS.

AN instrument, if one only string be out of tune, although the rest be well set, yet that one keeps such a jarring and harsh sound, that the lesson played thereon will relish as unmusically in a skilful ear, as if all the strings were out of tune. And thus if a man should abstain from swearing and drunkenness, yet if he were given to lust, or if from those three, and yet addicted to covetousness, it comes all to one reckoning. Let every man, therefore, look into his bosom sin, observe diligently that one jarring string, and never leave screwing and winding of it up till it be brought into right tune. And if that cannot be effected, break it, pluck it out. For God will have a complete, harmonious consent,—a resolution for universal obedience,—otherwise no acceptance.—*Thomas Cheshire.* 1641.

"THY WILL BE DONE."

THERE is mention made of a good woman, who, when she was sick, being asked whether she were willing to live or die, answered, "Which God pleaseth." "But," saith one that stood by, "if God should refer it to you, which would you choose?" "Truly," said she, "if God should refer it to me, I would e'en refer it to Him again."

Here, now, was a good woman and a good resolve well met. And it were to be wished that there were many such in these loose, licentious times of ours, that would not be almost, but altogether, persuaded to lay aside themselves and their self-will, and in all occurrences of time, and all occasions of interest, (whether public or private,) to lie down in the dust, and to submit to the good will of God, whether it be for good or evil that shall in this life happen unto them.—*Ralph Venning.*

CHRIST A SURE PAYMASTER.

IT is reported of a certain godly man, that living near to a philosopher, did often persuade him to become a Christian. "O, but," said the philosopher, "if I turn Christian, I must or may lose all for Christ." To whom and to which the good man replied, "If you lose anything for Christ, He will be sure to repay it a hundred-fold." "Ay, but," said the

philosopher, "will you be bound for Christ, that if He do not pay me, you will?" "Yes, that I will," said the other. So the philosopher became a Christian, and the good man entered into bond for performance of covenants. Some time after, it so fell out that the philosopher fell sick on his death-bed; and, holding the bond in his hand, sent for the party engaged, to whom he gave up the bond, and said, "Christ hath paid all; there's nothing for you to pay: take your bond, and cancel it."

Thus it is that Christ is a sure, willing, able paymaster. Whatsoever any man ever did for Him hath been fully recompensed; and put the case so far, that a man should be a loser *for* Christ, yet he shall be no loser *by* Christ: He will make amends for all in the conclusion.—*Ralph Venning.*

TEMPORAL BLESSINGS THE EARNEST OF ETERNAL.

The Jewish Rabbis report (how truly it is uncertain) that when Joseph, in the times of plenty, had gathered much corn in Egypt, he threw the chaff into the river Nilus, that so flowing to the neighbour cities and nations more remote, they might know what abundance was laid up, not for themselves alone, but for others also. So God, in His abundant goodness, to make us know what glory there is in heaven, hath thrown some husks to us here in this world, that, as tasting the sweetness thereof, we might aspire to His bounty that is above, and draw out this conclusion, to the great comfort of our most precious souls,—that if a little earthly glory do so much amaze us, what will the heavenly do? If there be such glory in God's footstool, what is there in His throne? If He give us so much in the land of our pilgrimage, what will He not give us in our own country? If so much to His enemies, what not to His friends? —*Nathaniel Waker.* 1629.

COMFORT NEAREST, WHEN AFFLICTION IS HIGHEST.

It may seem a strange course, in the eye of common reason, which Christ took at the marriage-feast in Cana of Galilee. The guests wanted wine; He bid fetch water. Cold comfort, wha was expected, to call for water; all that, wine was then nearest, w waterpots were filled with water the brim.

So oftentimes comfort is then to us, when our afflictions are highest. God works by contrari light out of darkness at the creatic out of death, glory out of shame the redemption; the blind man' out of clay and spittle; yea, hea of hell; for when He brings His into heaven, He throws them fir into hell, first humbles them, a exalts them. It is not, then, for to be discouraged, though Chris never so much water upon thei look, what their water is, that sha wine be; what their crosses, suc comforts: (Psalm xc. 15.)—*J Dyke.*

WRESTING SCRIPTURE.

Sentences in Scripture, like horse-tails, concur in one root of and strength; but being plucked by one, serve only for springes and —*Dr. Donne.* 1620.

CRAFTY TEMPTATION.

In the midst of my morning pra had a good meditation, which since forgotten. Thus much I remembe —that it was pious in itself, but per for that time. For it took mu my devotion, and added nothing instruction; and my soul, not intend two things at once, abate fervency in praying. Thus snate two employments, I held neithe Sure this meditation came not fro who is the God of order: He u fasten all His nails, and not to d one with another. If the same me return again when I have leisu room to receive it, I will say it is sending, who so mustereth and mar all good actions, that, like the sol His army, mentioned in the prophe ii. 8,) they shall not thrust one a they shall walk everyone in h path.—*Dr. Thomas Fuller.* 1660.

Memorials of the Departed.

FRANCES ELIZA BARNETT, was born at Stickland, near Blandford, July 12th, 1843, and was blessed with pious parents. She was grateful to God for this blessed privilege, and during her last illness expressed her belief that her conversion, instrumentally, she owed to her parents' prayers. When about fifteen years old, she joined the Wesleyan-Methodist Society, August 8th, 1858. During some services held at Milborne Port, commencing in January, 1860, an outpouring of the Holy Spirit was experienced. These services were continued for many weeks with most blessed results. Fanny attended these means of grace; and one Thursday evening, whilst praying in the Wesleyan chapel, God spoke peace to her soul. The witness of the Spirit was clear, powerful, unmistakable. With joyous delight she sang,—

"My God is reconciled,
His pardoning voice I hear,
He owns me for His child,
I can no longer fear;
With confidence I now draw nigh,
And, Father, Abba, Father, cry!"

Her class-leader witnesses that her course from her conversion was upward, heavenward. She attended the Sunday-school on Sabbath mornings as a teacher of little girls, and on the afternoons as a learner in a Bible-class of young men and women at a private house. In both these engagements, and in the weekly meetings of the teachers for mutual instruction, she entered with a heartiness and cheerful intelligence, that pleased and encouraged those with whom she was associated, and led them to expect that a long career of usefulness was before her: but infinite wisdom and mercy, had otherwise determined. She died, after a short illness, happy in God, July 18th, 1860.

GOD sometimes destroys in order to save. The outer man is suffered to decay that the inner man may be renewed. The body perishes that the soul may live for ever. JOHN MAJOR, who died at the early age of twenty years, was thus dealt with by his heavenly Father. He was born of parents who honoured God, and daily sought His blessing to rest upon their household; but, though they took every means in their power to bring their son to a knowledge of the truth, all their efforts apparently failed. He grew up without religion, and in this state left home and became an apprentice to a draper in Northwich. He was naturally of a thoughtful and reserved turn of mind; and it was subsequently evident that he had obtained more correct views of saving truth than any other human being was aware of. When he became communicative, it was surprising to find how much he knew, and how greatly he had been interested in the doctrines and privileges of our holy religion. For a length of time it seemed scarcely possible to talk to him on the subject of personal religion. When spoken to, he assumed the appearance of the utmost indifference and unconcern. It seemed as though he would allow no one to meddle with *his* spiritual concerns. But the Lord, who loved him, seeing that the ordinary means had become ineffectual, smote him in mercy. The earthly house was shaken, and his friends began to see that his probation here was not to be long continued. He returned home to his father's house to die. His former Pastor was earnestly assiduous in his endeavours to lead him to Jesus. But the shyness and reserve natural to him was, for a season, a great hindrance. When, however, his hope of life diminished, he was led to express a greater concern for his soul, and to tell how frequently the Holy Spirit had striven with him when sitting in the chapel at Northwich. The class-meeting, held in his father's house, became to him a means of grace exceedingly profitable. Prayer was heard in his behalf. About three weeks before he died, after a cousin, who had often prayed with him, had again poured out earnest supplication, he began to praise the Lord with uplifted hands in a manner most unusual. Although for some days previous to this, he had been unable to rise without help, he now got

out of bed, dressed, and came down stairs, to the amazement of his friends. Joy beamed in his countenance, his tongue was loosened, and he could tell what wonderful things God had done for his soul. He even desired to depart. On his master coming to see him, he testified of God's love; how He had made his bed in his affliction: and then he said, "I hope to meet you, Sir, in heaven." There was a thorough change in him. He never seemed tired now of talking with God's people about his own salvation and assured hope of heaven. He died at Cholmondeston, trusting in the atonement, August 21st, 1860. — And now, dear reader, perhaps you are the unconverted child of praying parents. You have been proof against their kind entreaties; you have steeled your heart against the influences of the Spirit. This short account has been written for you. Our dear young friend was saved as by fire. O! shall it be that similar measures must be taken with you, before you are brought to Christ? Be entreated at once to turn to God, and to consecrate your youthful powers to Him.

Mr. Thomas Hubbard, of Stoke-Ferry, in the Downham Circuit, was born in the year 1836. From childhood he was a regular attendant at the Wesleyan Sabbath-school. In these early days the Holy Spirit strove powerfully with him; but it was not until he was fourteen that he experienced a change of heart, through faith in Christ. He at once became a member of the Wesleyan-Methodist Society, and subsequently a teacher in the Sabbath-school, and a tract-distributer; evincing in the performance of these works of mercy a fidelity and zeal prompted by love to God and perishing souls. When about eighteen years of age, he removed to Lynn. There his consistent earnestness, and manifest love to souls, won the esteem of the friends, and suggested the propriety of his being employed in preaching the Gospel; for which work he sought, by persevering study and prayer, to prepare himself, although his early educational advantages were not great. After passing through the usual term of probation and examinations, he was received as an accredited Local-preacher, in January, 1857. On the suggestion of the Ministers and other friends in the Circuit, he offered himself as a candidate for the Wesleyan ministry. At the annual District-meeting in May, 1858, at which he was recommended to the Conference, his reply to the inquiry, "If approved, are you willing to be employed in any part of the world, or do you restrict your offer?" clearly manifests the spirit by which he was actuated in this step. "Here I am," he said, "at your command, and in God's hands; send me where you please." He became a Missionary-student in the Theological Institution, at Richmond, in the following September, and resided there eighteen months; but illness brought his studies and his life to a sudden and unexpected termination. For some time after his return home, a hope of restoration was cherished. His strong desire was to resume those studies which had become his delight; but principally that he might carry the glad tidings of salvation to the benighted heathen. It soon, however, became apparent that an inscrutable but all-wise Providence had otherwise determined. His sufferings at times were excruciating, and the assaults of Satan fierce; yet he was enabled to rejoice in Christ, saying, "Praise the Lord, I am now in the valley, but shall soon be home." His Bible was his constant companion, and when all other books had lost their interest, he drew from it sweet encouragement and comfort. He was conscious to the last. His prospect of heaven was unclouded. One of his favourite hymns was,—

"Jerusalem, my happy home."

And thus rejoicing in hope of a glorious resurrection, he died, October 24th, 186[illegible] aged twenty-four years. In writing his bereaved family after his death, t[illegible] Rev. A. Barrett said that, "He had e[illegible] deared himself to us all by his amia[illegible] and Christian deportment, and his cond[illegible] as a student."

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BUNYAN'S BIRTHPLACE.

We have sometimes heard Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress* spoken of, for its excellence, as "The next book to the Bible;" although the same claim has been by some persons made for the Book of Common Prayer, and by others for Wesley's Hymns. The distance between God's book and the best of human writings is so immeasurable, that it would be difficult—if possible at all—to determine what book comes "next the Bible;" and if judgment were pronounced, it would, perhaps, be as difficult—if possible at all—to secure universal acquiescence in the decision. But whether the *Pilgrim's Progress* be entitled to this high distinction or not, certain it is that, all things considered, it is a most extraordinary production, and unquestionably the most popular religious work in the English language. Although the population of Great Britain in Bunyan's days was not, probably, one-eighth of what it is at present; and although the number of readers in those less-educated times was, very likely, not one-twentieth of the present number, yet, during the life of the author, more than a hundred thousand copies of the book were sold; besides several translations made into foreign languages. The editions which have been since published are too numerous to ascertain; and, as we write, new issues are being poured out by the press. During the two

centuries that have passed away since Bunyan was sent to the "Den" on Bedford-Bridge, where he dreamed his immortal dream, what hundreds of pretentious works by divines, historians, poets, novelists, and essayists, have been published, and are now forgotten! When the Bedfordshire tinker wrote his allegory, Gilbert Sheldon was Archbishop of Canterbury, and Sir William Davenant was Poet-laureate. Where now is cherished the memory of the munificent hierarch, except at Oxford? and by whom, in these days, is Charles II.'s knighted laureate read? While they are unremembered, the name of their persecuted contemporary has become a household word. It is appalling to think of the rapidity with which great reputations die, and are buried. Who, now-a-days, reads Blair's *Sermons*, or Catherine Macaulay's *History of England*, or Miss Burney's novels, or the poetry of Roscommon, or of three-fourths of the writers who find a place in Johnson's *Lives?* And oblivion is sure to overtake hundreds of the popular works that now have, or have had, the greatest run at "Mudie's." It is only a few authors in a century to whom the description of Pope is applicable:—

> "Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
> As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow."

The test of two hundred years has vindicated the right of John Bunyan to be classed with those writers to whose fame time adds lustre. His *Pilgrim* may be found amongst English homes of every class; from the cottage of the peasant to the palace of the Queen. In the nursery it is pored on wonderingly by the child, fascinated with its stories of giants, lions, and hobgoblins; and it is read with pleasure by the hoary-headed saint, not far himself from "the celestial gate." The delight of plough-boys and colliers, it extorts the homage of men of genius and taste. Its clear style, idiomatic English, surprising fancy, picturesque descriptions, lively dialogues, and keen wit, give to it attractions that have captivated scholarly minds, which cared nothing for its scriptural doctrines and evangelical tendencies. Its snatches of verse are doggerel and prosaic enough; but its prose is exquisitely poetical. Hazlitt pronounces it to be poetry of the highest order; and a still more eminent critic classes Bunyan with Milton in imaginative power. The *Pilgrim's Progress*, it is said, was one of the few books which Dr. Johnson wished longer; and its humble and unlettered author has found admiring biographers in *littérateurs* so famous as Robert Southey and Lord Macaulay! No apology to our readers is needed for dwelling, through a few papers, on the career of so extraordinary a man.

Not quite two miles from the town of Bedford stands the ancient village of Elstow. It contains a venerable abbey-church, and, like the hamlets of "Old England," sports a village-green; but it is neither picturesque, nor otherwise attractive. It is one of those quiet, unprogressive places, which, for the lack of bustle and glitter, a cockney would call "stupid." And yet, ever and anon, strangers of distinction from London, from Edinburgh, and even from New-York, may be seen walking on the green,

sketching the old church, entering the belfry gateway, and gazing with interest upon the site of a demolished cottage! These are visiters to the "haunts and homes" of genius, who have come to see the place where John Bunyan was born, the green on which he played at tip-cat, the church where he attended public worship in his youth, and the belfry where, with others of the village *athletæ*, he indulged, many a time, in his favourite exercise of bell-ringing. Little did the crones of Elstow think on that day, in the year 1628, when they learned that the wife of neighbour Bunyan, the tinker, had given birth to a son, that through that event their little village was to become famous throughout this and other lands; attracting the notice of tourists, writers, artists, and antiquarians. The old cottage in which the great allegorist was born was destroyed some years ago; but not before a sketch of it was made by the then Curate of the parish.

John Bunyan was of very humble origin. "My descent," he says himself, "was of a low and inconsiderable generation; my father's house being of that rank that is meanest and most despised of all the families in the land." It is certain that his father was a travelling tinker; and it has even been surmised that he was a gipsy; but of his connexion with that strange race there is no evidence whatever. He is said to have been honest and industrious; and, although a member of a craft vagrant in its habits, yet he had at Elstow a settled residence, and had his son taught reading and writing at the village-school. In all these respects, Bunyan's father was most dissimilar to "the vagabond and useless race." The gipsies, moreover, are generally low of stature, tawny in complexion, with hair and eyes as black as jet; but John Bunyan was tall and strong-boned, of ruddy complexion, and reddish hair. The idea of a gipsy descent would never have been conceived by anyone, were it not that the tinkers of that age led a vagrant life, formed an hereditary caste, and, like the gipsies,—with whom they were so liable to be confounded,—had their rude encampments in green lanes, and made free, now and then, with the poultry of neighbouring farmyards. Bunyan himself, at one time, wished to establish in his own favour proof of a Jewish descent. We know not that he had any wish to be considered of Egyptian blood, from which the gipsies are popularly supposed to have sprung; nor of Hindoo lineage, to which this strange people more certainly belong. His ambition was to be a Hebrew of the Hebrews; and, as such, he anxiously desired some proof that he was a descendant of Abraham. This strange wish originated in the false notion, which for a short time he entertained, that all Israelites will be saved.

The year in which Bunyan was born was one of some importance in English history. Then assembled the patriotic Parliament which extorted from Charles I. the recognition of the important constitutional instrument known as the "Petition of Right;" and which may be regarded as the second *Magna Charta* of English liberty. The Puritan party, which contended so strongly for the evangelical in the Church, and for the constitutional in the State, were then numerous and influential. In that

year, Laud, afterwards so noted, was translated from the see of Bath and Wells to London; and the royal favourite, the shallow and mischievous *parvenu*, Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, fell by the hand of an assassin. Coke, the Ex-Chief-Justice, re-entered Parliament; Hampden was returned for Wendover; Cromwell entered the House of Commons for the first time as a Member, and thus began his eventful public life; and Milton, at Cambridge, with the clustering locks and beautiful countenance which gained for him the title of "The lady of his college," wrote Latin verses with classic elegance, and took out, in this very year, his B.A. degree. The tinker's babe at Elstow became afterwards no otherwise connected with these great men and great events, than that he reached, like some of them, the rank of genius; and became an actual combatant in the civil wars under the first Charles, and a victim of the terrible re-action against religion and liberty under the second Charles. But more of this next month.

THE WRONG SIDE OF THE HEDGE.

WALKING out in the country a little while ago, I was overtaken by a heavy storm. The wind, blowing fiercely from the north, carried with it a mingled mass of rain and snow. The rain appeared to race along rather than fall, and the man or beast was to be pitied who stood exposed to its fury. As I trudged on, employing my whole strength in keeping up my sheltering umbrella, I spied a flock of sheep in a field next the road. They looked miserably drenched, and from my heart I pitied them. They had huddled themselves together, and had taken refuge under a bank at the meadow-side. This was not to be wondered at, for in such a storm a small degree of instinct would lead them to the nearest shelter. But there was one thing that did surprise me, and gave me subject for thought for some time after. It was this: the foolish sheep had taken shelter on the wrong side of the hedge, and were exposed to the full rage of the tempest, while not very far off was a place from which they might have defied the storm. A lesson for me, thought I, as I journeyed on. And I have thought of it often since.

When I see a number of poor Papists rising early on the Sabbath to attend morning mass, I feel much as I did when looking upon the simple sheep. I see them eager to make confession to the Priest, or do the penance he lays upon them. I hear them praying hard and long to the blessed Virgin, and to the saints in the calendar. "Ah, brothers!" I think, "the storm is coming on; some of you feel the approach of the blast, and are making for a place of shelter. And you do well. Refuge is to be found in prayer, confession, and the pleadings of an Advocate. But you are moving in the wrong direction. You are taking shelter from the coming storm; but it *is on the wrong side of the hedge!*"

I have seen a man labouring to convince himself that there is no God, and that religion is a delusion. He toiled to make himself a believer in all unbelief, and laboured hard to invent new arguments, or to make the old ones more worthy of belief. And when I saw him sweating his brain to build up a Babel-tower of

which should reach even to
, I said, "Well, friend, I see
receive the rising of a storm.
nderstand this restlessness and
of yours. You anticipate a
t some day, and are anxious
a shelter. You are running
refuge of strong opinions. It is
have shelter; but, friend, you
ng to the wrong place. You
osing the most exposed position.
e taking shelter on *the wrong*
the hedge!"

ow a man who believes every
the Bible, and who is seeking
n, but in the wrong way.
I doubt not, perfectly sincere,
lly anxious to be in possession
with God. He feels a refuge
ed from the storm of indigna-
d wrath, which God will one
ur on sinners. And he seems
at times, that if he is saved
t be through Christ. He is
in all his endeavours: I often
; him. Diligent in all the
of grace; he listens to the word
ie, and reads it prayerfully in

He gives his goods to feed
or, fasts, prays, and aims to
in good works. He strives
y to make his life square with
irements of the word of God.
these things he trusts. By
ood deeds of his, he hopes to
he favour of God. As I look
, I say, "Ah, brother! you
! the coming storm; you are
making religion the object of
arch. You are setting a good
before multitudes who 'care
e of these things.' I am glad
your want of a shelter, and
perceive your earnest endea-
gain it. But, O! brother, you
e grand mistake. The way to
pted of God is not to make
'righteous first, but to come as
e ungodly. You are anxious
r yourself; but you are hiding
e *wrong side of the hedge!*"
thus with many. "Being ignorant of God's righteousness," they go "about to establish their own." But which is the right side, the true hiding-place from the storm? And how may we get there? Here is the whole answer: "He that believeth" on the Son of God "hath everlasting life, and shall not come into condemnation; but is passed from death unto life." This is the only way to find refuge. If we deny the existence of God, and the truth of the Bible, His existence remains the same, the truth speaks the same to condemn us, and the storm will beat over us just the same. If we seek shelter behind any set of forms, any good works, any religious duties, they can never save us from God's wrath, or secure to us His favour. Only in Christ can we be saved, and only by simple faith can we be united to Him. "He that believeth"—and he alone—"shall not be confounded."

Presteign. I. E. P.

A GOOD CHOICE; AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

AWHILE ago, a case of conscience was submitted to a learned divine; and the answer he gave was, "Do your duty, and don't trouble yourself about the consequences: for we are responsible for duty, but not for its issues." If that was good advice, then, clearly, we should rather ask, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" than, "Is it likely to be advantageous to me if I serve God?" For we are bound to do the will of God, and should choose to do it, irrespective of benefit. We may, indeed, be sure that duty will not lead to disaster; but we may not defer duty till we have weighed the consequences, and refuse to make a decision for fear of inconvenience. Duty is ours: its issues must be left with God. Our responsibility extends no further than our obligation. By doing our duty we may cause annoyance to other people, give pain to those whom we

love, provoke opposition, and so be the cause of intense suffering; but the fear of such consequences is not to deter us from entering upon the path of duty. The only case in which there is room for doubt is, when duty in one respect appears to clash with duty in another. A child, for instance, is bound to obey its parents; but there may arise a case in which to obey a parent would be to disobey God. And yet we cannot admit that it is seemly for children to set themselves up as judges: generally, of course, they must receive the decision of their parents as to duty. If, however, an extreme case arises, it is to be dealt with on the principle that parents may not command what God forbids, or forbid what God commands; and if they do, it is the duty of children to obey God rather than their parents; for no child is under obligation to disobey God. Such cases have arisen; and children have had to make choice as to whether they would obey God or their parents. One such case we wish to put on record; for it is very instructive, and may be of service to young people who, having irreligious parents, are often perplexed as to the course they should take.

Mary —— was the child of parents who knew not God. She was a beloved child, and had never known harshness. In her fourteenth year, a girl-friend invited her to the Methodist chapel; and in that first service she was convinced of sin, and led to resolve upon a full and immediate surrender of her whole self to God. She was in earnest for salvation; and, happily, someone observed her marked concern, and led her to class. Her name was entered on the class-book: it was not long ere she believed it was entered in the book of life. Believing on the Lord Jesus, her sins were forgiven, and she entered the Divine family, a joyous child of God. All this, however, had happened without the knowledge of her pare length, by some means unk Mary, they heard of her at at the Methodist chapel; and her father called her to him, a if what he had heard were t once she admitted the fact. said her father, "I will not a to be a Methodist; and I in your ceasing to attend the "But, father," she rejoined, become a member of the Soc cannot leave the chapel." you," said he, "one month the matter over; and if, at t that time, you persist in goin the Methodists, you shall l house." "Father," said she affected, "it requires not a decide; my mind is made up I cannot give up my religio not leave the chapel." He too, had made up his mind t should be no religion in hi and, though he had loved M much, he bade her get rea part, and actually drove h home. She was supplied wit ple change of clothing; and her small bundle under her started from her father's h seek hospitality at her aunt's. fourteen or fifteen miles ha walk; and she knew not, as whether her aunt would rec At length—weary, worn, and —her journey ended; and sh the house of her relative, to soon told her sad tale. "Y my child," said her aunt, house and home. I am a M and, as your father will not live with him, I shall be l have you live with me. I can have the privileges, for of which you have permitted to be driven from home. W but your father may rele awhile? but, any way, you be homeless for religion's sa far all was well; she could say, "When my father

mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up." Her name was at once entered among the people of God in her new place of abode; and she was welcomed as a youthful sufferer for conscience' sake. Everything that her personal comfort required was supplied; but there was one thing that troubled her. Her persecutor was her father. And this trouble she took to God, day by day, for two years, during the whole of which time her father treated her as though she were dead. But she continued instant in prayer; and the more she prayed, the deeper was her conviction that she was right in the course she had taken. At length, one day, a letter came from her father,—for Mary's aunt had taken care to let him know where she was,—stating that she might come home if she liked, and that no obstacle would be put in the way of her going to the Methodist chapel. Her aunt was not very willing to part with her; but she advised Mary at once to accept her father's invitation, and return home. Mary went back to her father's house; and when she entered, he said, "I am glad you have come home. You may go to chapel if you wish: I shall not interfere with you again." "Thank you, father," said she; "I am happy to come home. Perhaps, now, you and mother will go to chapel with me." "I will," said he. "And so will I," said the mother. Mary's joy was almost more than she could bear: she had not expected such an answer to her prayers. The next Sunday she and her parents were seen together in the Methodist chapel; deep convictions had seized those parents' souls; and they both united themselves with the Methodist Society, and sought and found the pearl of great price. Her early choice, firm decision, fixed principle, willingness to suffer for conscience' sake, and earnest prayer triumphed, and were the means of saving her family. Shall not this girl be mentioned in the great day as worthy the rewards of true heroism?

THE DYING THIEF.

WHO was this thief, and how did he become a thief? We cannot tell; but this we know, that he was chief among sinners,—one whose life had been spent in deeds of wickedness, and whose crimes had brought him to a premature and ignominious death. So desperately depraved was he, that even a wicked world could no longer allow him a place in its society. Nor did he complain of their conduct as being unjust; but, on the contrary, approved of it, when he said, "We indeed suffer justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds." Whether, therefore, he was Jew or Gentile, we know not; but this we know, this we find placed beyond a doubt, that "whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved;" as, no sooner did this thief make his prayer to Jesus, than Jesus said unto him, "To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise." (Luke xxiii. 43.) O, wonderful! All here is wonderful. It is a fountain opened, sending forth its streams of mercy, of joy, and of blessedness, which knows no bounds or limits but the length and breadth of human woe. It is a tree of life, shedding its life-giving fruits in the darkest haunts of death. It is an ark speeding its course over the wrecking billows of sin and misery, to the rescue of the lost and perishing.

"And Jesus said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise." This is as the pole on which the brazen serpent was lifted up; but better far, it lifts a Saviour up to immortal souls, to save them from worse than serpent's sting, —the "worm" that knows no death, the fires that shall for ever burn, the flames that shall never be quenched. O, precious words! And far more precious He who spoke them! "A

present help;" a mighty, all-sufficient Saviour, "full of grace and truth," as is seen in the character of him to whom these words were spoken; for they were addressed, not to a saint, nor to a sinner in common with other men; but to a chief of sinners,—an accursed, crucified, dying thief. It was to him Jesus said, "Thou shalt be with Me in paradise." "To-day shalt thou be with Me;" not on a cross of shame and death, as here, but "with Me in paradise."

O, the extent of Divine mercy! We see it, Lord; we see it, and we adore! Verily, Thy ways are not as our ways, neither are Thy thoughts as our thoughts. Therefore, the thief, the robber, the miserable outcast, even to him was the gracious promise made, "To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise."

But the case of this thief is not the only instance showing the extent of Divine mercy. No, glory to God! it is not. Earth and heaven are full of examples of the infinite goodness and grace; and could we but obtain a sight of the "crown jewels" of Him who died "the King of the Jews," and now reigns King of saints, and King of nations, and see the Manassehs and Sauls, the Magdalens and prodigals, the thieves, the robbers, and the varied wretches of whom they have been composed, and also the vastness of their numbers,—"not to be numbered,"—then should we be able to form some faint conception of the extent of Divine mercy. That day will show it, when He shall come to be "glorified in His saints," by their countless numbers, and the refuse materials and dross out of which He formed them.

What did mercy find this thief? A vile, forlorn, degraded, guilty, dying outcast, ready to drop into an eternal hell. What did mercy make him? A child, a son of God, an heir of glory. Where did mercy find him? On a cross of pain, ignominy, and death. Whither did mercy carry him? To the heavenly parad Christ's own personal paradi the extent of Divine mercy! T a thief from a cross of shan death, to a crown, a paradise, t own paradise. Amazing mercy great thy heights and d Eternity alone can show t extent.

Jesus said unto him, "T shalt thou be with Me in par O, all-precious Christ! comin Thy lips, these words break th take off the lock, remove the from off the fountain's mout proclaim salvation free—O, ho when a dying thief may .cor take of its waters freely. A grace! 'tis heaven let down, with man! The vilest of our a thief upon a cross—may h blessings freely; may be with in paradise.

O Christ of love and gra such as he may come to The and be welcomed, who nee away? who need despair?

O, boundless grace! O, free! free as the air we breat light we see; as the waters mightiest river, free for all to And all who see it know it i and never call in question thei to drink thereof. This, O fellow is all our hope as sinners. Salv blessings are free as water; you, free to me; and all may and live. In proof of this, s from heaven cries: "Ho, ev that thirsteth, come ye to the and he that hath no money; co buy, and eat; yea, come, buy w milk without money and v price." Again: "The Spirit a bride say, Come. And let hir heareth say, Come. And let hi is athirst come. And wh will, let him take the water freely."

And who that reads this, bu see how these sweet invitati Divine mercy are confirme

illustrated in the case of the dying thief? For what price could he bring, what claim could he make, or what plea offer in his own favour? He brings none, offers none, but confesses his sin; and we know who hath said, "If we confess our sins," God "is faithful and just to forgive us our sins." Ah, reader! if this thief was heard, whom will God refuse to hear, who comes to Him, as did he, ready to perish? None. He never has, never will, while it is written, "It shall come to pass, that whosoever shall call on the name of the Lord shall be saved." This thief found it true, and so shall everyone who comes to Christ as did he.

"Come, sinners, to the Gospel feast;
Let every soul be Jesu's guest;
Ye need not *one* be left behind,
For God hath bidden *all* mankind.

"Come, all ye souls by sin opprest,
Ye restless wanderers after rest,
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In Christ a hearty welcome find."

"To-day shalt thou be with Me in paradise." O Calvary! O Calvary's dying Saviour! what charms are Thine, and ever shall be, unto that penitent thief's ransomed spirit! Thy charms, to all eternity, shall last in never-fading freshness. May Calvary, and Calvary's dying Saviour, have equal charms, now and for ever, to all who may read this article! Amen.

THE TEXT ON THE GATE-POST.

It was a glorious summer's day; and, leaving the thronged town in which I lived, I was tasting the rich enjoyment of a walk into the country. The village to which business led me was not far distant, when I paused to rest awhile. Many long miles stretch themselves between that place and my present abode. Yet I have the spot present at this moment to my mind; and though years have passed since the time of which I write, the remembrance of that walk is with me as though it were but yesterday. A cloud of dull smoke in the distance marked the locality of the old town I had left, and I could almost hear the hum of its busy trade. But I was out in the "God-made country;" and while the sun was shining brightly overhead, and the happy birds were making melody among the trees, I was slowly treading the turnpike-road. The townsman feels a strange relief when out in the open country, and breathes more freely, as though his heart were lightened of some oppressing load. And so felt I, that happy summer day. A white gate presenting itself by the roadside, I turned to rest awhile. I had soon climbed its topmost bar, and, with closed eyes, had abandoned myself to thought. When I raised my head to look around, my attention was arrested by some lines written on the gate-post beside me. They were written with pencil, and in a bold hand; and, looking at them, I read with surprise, "*The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.*"

It seemed strange to read that glorious text in such a place. Not a human creature was in sight. There were the grand heavens above, and the beautiful world around, speaking loudly of the wisdom and benevolence of the Creator; but that single sentence seemed fuller of solemn discourse than all beside. It told of a love in God far surpassing that made known by the voice of nature; of a sinfulness in man that marred the harmony of God's glorious world, and changed a paradise into an abode of woe; and it called up in the mind the whole plan of salvation through the precious blood of Christ. But written in such a place! I could not but ask myself, as I read the writing, "Who could have written it here?"

It might have been the work of some person laden with heavy sorrow on account of sin. The word of God had, perhaps, at length made its voice heard

in his heart. The light of the blessed Spirit, shining in upon his darkness, had revealed a depth of awful corruption, and made known the terrible danger to which he stood exposed. It may be that for some time his soul had been oppressed with the heavy load of conscious guilt; and, perhaps, for weeks or months he had been groaning for deliverance. I can think of him as he stands on that spot, greatly troubled in spirit, and wearied in mind with his unavailing search for rest. I can think how his awakened conscience lashed him with her accusations, and the voice of the broken law frighted him. Perhaps, as he stood on this ground, and leaned upon this gate, his mind was dwelling upon the word of God, passing from one text to another, trembling now as he thought of some awful threatening, and now looking wishfully to some blessed promise of peace. Had he just before been directed to that glorious passage in St. John's Epistle? Had some godly man been speaking to him of the fountain of Christ's blood? Or was it the voice of God's own Spirit that forced his attention to the text? Perhaps he was dwelling upon it at that moment with a partial apprehension of the fact, that hidden in that passage was the truth that should save his soul. It may have been so; and perhaps, even while his fingers traced the words on the wood, his soul saw the Saviour, in whose blood is redemption. Perhaps in that moment the voice spoke up in his spirit:—

"'Thy sins are forgiven, accepted thou art!'
He listen'd, and heaven sprang up in his heart."

"*The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin!*" The words may have been written there by some young convert, fresh in the enjoyment of God's pardoning love. His mind for months, perhaps, had been shut up in darkness; and through many long days and weeks he had "groaned, being burdened." The sighing prisoner had felt his chains, and l for freedom. He had been mad scious of the dreadful corrupti his nature, and had wearied h in his struggles for rest. And l found it. Perhaps, only a few or weeks before, the load had removed; and his exulting pardoned and renewed, had ri the wings of faith to heights of communion. The love of God, its joyful freshness, had been abroad in his heart by the Holy and the name of his newly- Saviour was every moment near lips. I see him now. It is th bath afternoon, and the joy-b his soul are ringing peals of t giving as he walks along. The overhead are brighter, the fiel greener, the birds warble more s because he loves his God; and der not that, as he stands by th he traces on the painted woo words which gave him peac which are the title-deeds of his tion: "The blood of Jesus Chri Son cleanseth us from all sin."

Perhaps the hand of a pe believer wrote these words. well imagine them to be the w such a one. He has, perhaps, fo been rejoicing in God his Savio through much temptation and sition has hitherto held on his But, amid the joy of his fell with God, there has been one el of bitterness,—the presence dwelling sin. His spirit ha grieved to find the intruder heart he had consecrated Saviour. And because of it mourned long and deeply. His hitherto have been successful keeping down the rising rebellio unavailing to destroy it. Yet fully convinced that it is God to make him entirely holy, so t may love the Lord his God with heart, and mind, and strength has oftentimes taken the ma God, praying the prayer of the

tent King: "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me." And his mind is just now waking up to the fact, that not by his own struggles, but through the application of Christ's blood, he is to be purified. He is standing by the gate, musing upon Christ's saving power, and praying for the purity his heart longs to possess. Ah, brother! God will yet save thee. The darkness shall pass away, and the light of His full salvation shall dawn upon thy soul. "*The blood of Jesus cleanseth!*" Yes, keep it in thy heart, and on thy lips, and write it there before thee by the wayside; for that word of truth is thy hope: "The blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

What are the thoughts of the passers-by, as they read these words? Perchance some busy man of the world may pause as he hurries along, and read them aloud. With what sound of strangeness will they fall upon his ear! Waking up, perhaps, for a moment, an echo within,—

"Something unearthly, which he dreams not of,
Like the remember'd tone of a mute lyre,"—

reminding him of days long past, when his heart was tender, and his desires heavenward. These words may arrest his attention, and writing themselves upon his memory, may prove effectual to the saving of his soul. "Is not My word like as a fire? saith the Lord; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?"

Haply some believer, sorely tempted and tried, may pass this way. Harassed by a thousand earthly cares, and assailed by a host of inward foes, he may be just ready to yield to the enemy, and cast away his confidence. May not these words, catching his eye as he passes along, pour fresh life into his soul? No room for despair while the blood of Jesus is speaking in heaven, and is powerful to cleanse the soul from all sin!

Or perchance some aged saint may pass by, and read the writing. I see him now, that old, grey-headed man, leaning on the staff of his age, and bending beneath the weight of years. "A little longer," I hear him say, "and this wearisome journey will be ended; and, through God's wonderful mercy, I shall rest for ever." I see him pausing by that gate to rest awhile, and recover his breath. Courage, old pilgrim! you are not far from home. But his dim eyes have caught sight of the lines. Can he read them? Ah, yes! I know it by that happy smile, and those eyes uplifted to heaven. I know the old man is praising God. And I hear him say, as he passes on refreshed, "Yes, it is even so; it is blessedly true: 'the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin.'"

And I, too, was refreshed. Thanks to the man who pencilled there the blessed words. He fulfilled an ancient law: "And these words which I command thee this day shall be in thine heart.....And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and *on thy gates.*" They are glorious words: "*The blood,*"—of the great sacrifice once offered,—"*of Jesus Christ,*"—the expected Messiah and Saviour of men,—"*His Son,*"—God's Son, His well-beloved, eternal Son,—"*cleanseth us,*"—who by simple faith rely upon the atonement, and *now*, if we can but believe,—"*from all sin,*"—past and present, guilt and pollution. O what a blessed *all* is this! If Satan and sin have fully corrupted the soul, Christ can fully save it. He is now present to save. He speaks to the hungerer after righteousness, "Surely, I come quickly." May our hearts reply, "Amen. Even so come, Lord Jesus."

"Take the dear purchase of Thy blood:
Thy blood shall wash us white as snow,
Present us sanctified to God,
And perfected in love below."

Hay. I. E. P.

THE HYDRA.

Both in respect of what it is, what it can do, and what it can bear, the hydra is among the oddest and most interesting of creatures. His very name is an oddity; but in this matter he is not alone. Science has often dealt exceeding foolishly in the matter of names, when, passing by the homely and befitting title, it has conferred a pedantic and fanciful epithet, which, having the air of much knowledge, really serves to cover much ignorance.

According to old mythology, the hydra was a dire monster, a huge serpent with many heads, which the strong god, Hercules, slew. This dragon had the power of self-healing to so great a degree, that the lopping off of one of his heads put him to very slight inconvenience, as another grew in its place forthwith. Now the creature which to-day bears the name of "hydra" is so tiny a monster, that a whole family may live, and move, and multiply, under the green umbrella of a duckweed. Furthermore, it has no head at all; but it has the faculty of very quickly making up any lost portion of itself; and the severed part, as we shall presently see, is turned to very good account.

The hydra may generally be found in ponds and shallow, gently-running streams, attached to dead leaves or sticks, or the slender rootlets of the duckweed. Do not expect anything very demonstrative or startling. Fish up a dead leaf from the bottom, and examine it carefully. You notice some little jelly-like specks sticking to it, varying from one-twentieth to one-tenth of an inch in diameter. Drop the leaf into a bottle of water, and let it stand. Very soon those tiny pimples of jelly grow and stretch into delicate stems, bearing a crown of thread-like rays, spread out in a star-form, or gently waving about, or hanging motionless. These filmy rays, or tentacles, vary as to number and length in the different species, ranging from six to twelve; some sorts having them shorter, and some much longer, than the extended body.

As you watch the slender form thus displayed, you cannot imagine anything more feeble and frail, and you are disposed to ask, Does the delicate creature feed? I answer, Yes: voraciously. But surely its nourishment must be of the finest and most exquisite. You shall see.

In the same bottle with your captives you notice many little creatures, about the size of a small pin's head, swimming in every direction. They are libellously called "water-fleas," and are really insects encased in a beautiful shell (*Entomostraca*). Now examine this hydra with a moderate magnifying power, and you will find two of these insects in his interior; and that he has bolted them, not only whole, but alive, is shown by the fact that you can yet see their gills busily working. How came they there? Surely this is as great a mystery as the problem which, it is said, once puzzled an English king, to wit, how the apples got into the apple-dumplings. The fine, thread-like arms of the hydra are not such feeble appendages as you would suppose. See, that vigorous young water-flea comes spinning along at a most reckless pace, and carelessly hits one of our friend's tentacles. In an instant, as if by magic spell, he is fixed motionless. All this is clear enough; but how it is brought about remains a mystery, although a great deal of learned guessing has been brought to bear upon it. One thing is manifest; that the catching process is very swift, and, I imagine, very uncomfortable. I have several times watched a lively, blundering, big-headed tadpole touch one of these little creatures, and start off as if he had been stung, as perhaps he had. It is said that even fish will not eat the hydra; and one observer states that he has more than once torn away a worm from their tails; but, hard as

worms are to kill, it has always died soon after, though without any visible injury.

However offensive and fatal these polypes are to their neighbours, they seem to have no power to injure each other. Thus two of them will get hold of the same red worm, one at each end. Forthwith the slow but sure process of swallowing goes on, until the two operators meet half-way. Can you fancy a more awkward state of affairs? For remember, each has sucked in his half of the prey without crushing or chewing it. Sometimes the difficulty ends by the worm breaking; but should it bear the pull without giving way, you may expect a treat. For awhile the rivals remain still, mouth to mouth, like wrestlers, each waiting for an advantage. Presently one sees his chance, and deliberately closes upon his foe. Yes, there is no mistake; the wretched cannibal is drawing in his fellow-hydra, dinner included. Without hurry and without failure, the swallowing goes on until the victim has been thoroughly taken in, and may be seen close packed in the transparent body of his swallower. But do not waste your pity upon the prisoner, for he will come to no harm. Not choosing to run the risk of being digested with the worm, he disgorges his half, and presently finds himself set free; and soon, with outstretched tentacles, is setting up the catching business again on his own account.

The hydra, in common with several other soft-bodied aquatic animals, can walk on the surface of the water; that is to say, as it attaches itself to any substance, so it can hang head downwards, while its other end, called out of compliment a foot, is so brought to the surface as to spread itself dry to the air, and thus form a float buoyant enough to support the whole body. On the same principle, if you are very gentle about it, you can lay a dry needle on the water so that it will float. Wet either one or the other ever so little, and down it goes.

The multiplying of these polypes is also worthy of note. They do not restrict themselves to one mode. First, they avail themselves of an altogether common process, something after the fashion of fishes, except that the same individual both deposits and fructifies the ova. This quiet and homely way of propagation, however, seems to be limited to the winter, when infant polypes might be frozen up, or pricked with ice-needles. When the spring brings warm sunshine, it effects as great a change in the pond-world as upon dry land. And while everything under the water is becoming quickened and beautiful, and even the dull mud is all alive with the lovely breathing-plumes of gnat-larvæ, then our hydra yields to the gentle spell, and comes out in its own original way. It takes to *budding*. A small hydra sprouts from the parent's side, and grows like a branch, until big enough to set up for himself; whereupon he is detached; and, falling or floating somewhere, there fixes himself, spreads his tentacles, and annoys or swallows, as the case may be, any living thing that comes within his reach.

But the most wonderful capability of this wonderful little being has yet to be described. Put one of the beautiful green species (*Hydra viridis*) under a microscope, and mark how exquisite is the structure of its outspread tentacles, all set with tiny gems. Let me assure you that if you were to nip off all those rays, it would be no more to the hydra than the cutting of your hair is to you; nay, long before your locks grew again, the little fellow would have his apparatus once more complete. Carry the cutting a little further, and divide the hydra into two, three, four pieces. What a ruin you have wrought! But wait awhile, and

watch. Instead of having destroyed one polype, you have made one into four; for each shapeless morsel gradually changes and grows, until it displays itself with all the form and attributes of a perfect hydra.

After all, the question waits for an answer, Of what good is this strange creature? Our knowledge must be vastly extended before we can find the reply, in this as in many other cases. We see the general sum of resulting good, and believe that each creature does its part; but we have no skill to apportion to each its own share, or trace every line of individual influence through the infinite complexity of the Divine order.

Here, also, is the Lord's word fulfilled: "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." In wandering along, now climbing, now wading, beside the stream that winds, chafing, murmuring, fretting, laughing, amongst gnarled tree-roots, and lichened rocks, and mighty boulders, down the heart of some deep glen, I have come upon a place where, stooping to thrust my way through the thick-grown copse, I have been brought face to face with a sight of beauty, such as if a man see and drink in all its influence, he is blest indeed. Where the bright water trickled over the face of a stone, and the wayward hazel-roots knotted themselves in their bravery of moss, and the manifold loveliness of timid little flowers, which the world's stare would never see, grew in chorus beneath the shade, and praised the Lord; then have I asked, Why all this? No path lies this way. Scarce another human eye than mine has marked this spot. Perhaps not another. At that thought my soul grows very reverent and very thankful. What am I that my Lord should thus deal so bountifully with me? And praising flowers, and moss, and wreathen roots, and dripping stone bid me do my own work well, *that my* life may make time with all their song. They tell me that not a leaf grows or falls, not a feathery frond of moss creeps over the stone, but it has its own set work to perform in the economy of the universe, and that the hazel which shades their home has its part to fulfil in God's purposes, as truly as had that tree whereon my Lord did die.

And the little hydra has its witness to bear, and its day to serve. It needed Almightiness to set one gem-like point on its little form, as much as to "roll the stars along:" and not one of those points has been set in vain.

My friends, I wonder whether inquiring angels have ever looked in curious surprise at you or me, and asked, "Of what use is this creature?"

Hull. G. S. R.

ONLY BELIEVE.

THERE are many who grope blindly after Jesus, and are long on the way. Perhaps you have met some of these: you can see it in their faces; they have an anxious, desponding look. Your pity has prompted you many times to think, and sometimes to speak out, "My dear friend, what is your grief?" And you have had for answer, "Sir, I would see Jesus! O that I knew where I might find Him!"

I met with one of these lately. Some questioning was necessary to find out the hindrance.

"What keeps you from Christ?"

"I don't know."

"Have you ever tried to come to Him?"

"O, yes; many times. Several times I thought I had found Him, and had given myself to Him; but I don't think so now."

"Why don't you think so now?"

"Because I don't love the Bible; I don't take any interest in it; I don't love prayer. There is no change in my life."

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, not by faith, but by sight.
friend, this is natural
t it is not God's way. You
aved in that way, but only
th in Christ. Christ de-
trust, for He gave Himself
he innocent for the guilty.
the famine of your soul,
before you, saying: 'If
any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink.' 'Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out.' 'Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest,' —rest unto your souls.

"You think you are to be pitied because you cannot see your way quite through all this, and cannot realize the consequences of doing this before you have done it. No, you are to be blamed; not blamed because you cannot see, and do not feel, the consequences of an act you have not performed; but blamed because you do not give your trust and love to Christ. You trust me, though you know very little of me; you have love and confidence for the servant who brings you the message, but none for the Master who sends him. You are not required to trust and love without knowledge; the most ample knowledge of your Lord is given to you.

"Do you call for proof that He is good and loving? 'I lay down My life for the sheep.' That He is pitiful? 'I have compassion on them, because they are as sheep without a shepherd.' That He will pardon? 'Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the sin of the world;' 'I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more.'

"Would you be encouraged by instances of Christ's readiness to save? Remember the leper, the sick of the palsy, the storm on the lake, the possessed with devils, the blind and the lame, the ruler's daughter, the Syrophœnician woman, the centurion. Did not the blind receive their sight? the lame walk? the deaf hear? Were not the lepers cleansed, and the dead raised up? Had not the poor the Gospel preached to them? Is it hard to love and to trust such a Benefactor as this?

"ONLY BELIEVE. Only commit your soul to Jesus, trusting Him with it, making no demands. Give yourself

to Him, stipulating for nothing. When questions arise in your mind, give yourself to Him again. Are you joyful? give yourself to Him. Are you sorrowful? give yourself to Him. Are you blind? give yourself to Him. Leave all to Him. And remember, His answer is in His Word."

"A SOFT HAND ON MY HEAD."

"When I was a little boy," said a good man, "my mother used to bid me kneel beside her, and place her hand upon my head, while she prayed. Ere I was old enough to know her worth, she died, and I was left too much to my own guidance. Like others, I was inclined to evil passions, but often felt myself checked, and, as it were, drawn back by a soft hand on my head. When a young man, I travelled in foreign lands, and was exposed to many temptations; but when I would have yielded, that same hand was upon my head, and I was saved. I seemed to feel its pressure as in the days of my infancy; and sometimes there came with it a solemn voice, saying, 'Do not this great wickedness, my son, nor sin against God.'"

Christian mother, have *you* taken your children aside, and prayed fervently with them and for them, one by one?

THE WILD ROSE AND THE CORNFIELD.

A PARABLE FOR THE SICK.

The corn was rising day by day
From the once fallow field;
The sustenance of human life
Lay in its grain conceal'd;
It stood erect, as if it knew
It had a work for man to do.

Soft rains of spring had nourish'd it,
The summer winds had blown,
The sun had sent its radiance down,
As for the corn alone:
For sun, and breeze, and falling shower,
Were hastening on the harvest hour.

A rose-tree from the hedgerow gazed
Upon the rustling wheat;
Its buds were fair to look upon,
Its open'd flowers were sweet:
White, snowy white, pale pink, and r
In wavy bowers it bent its head.

The child came near and clapp'd its ha
To see the blossoms there;
The maiden paused, then thought of
Who fashion'd it so fair;
The poor blind man pass'd by, and cri
"How sweet, how sweet this hedge
side!"

But the rose droop'd, and sadly sigh'd
"Alas! my lot, how vain!
The cornfield has a mission given,
The hungry to sustain.
What work is mine? what use am I,
Save but to blossom and to die?"

She did not know that all the while,
Lives had been cheer'd by her,—
And hearts to whose necessities
'Twere joy to minister.
She did not know that she could teach
Lessons the cornfield fail'd to reach.

O, sick ones! often like the rose
You mourn your useless lot;
While work, high blessed work, is yours
Although you know it not:
Unconscious work, which all must do,
But none so much as those like you.

Is not the love, and faith, and hope,
Of those who near you stand,
With watching eyes, and open hearts,
Committed to your hand?
Will not the Spirit's graces shed
A perfume round your weary bed?

And the beauty of a patient life,
Than wild rose lovelier far,
Some thoughtful eyes will look upon,
And follow like a star:
And by the living pattern given,
Some hearts be surely won to heaven.

And when the light of heaven shall flas
Upon the life gone by,
These hours of sickness, clear and brig
Shall stand before the eye,—
More rich, more fruitful in their store,
Than years of health which went befor

Scripture Scenes.

ZIDON.

This was one of the most ancient cit
in Phœnicia. Justin derives the na

from the Phœnician word for *fish*; but Josephus from *Zidon*, the eldest son of Canaan. It was situated in the allotment of the tribe of Asher, but never conquered; (Judges i. 31:) on the contrary, it was sometimes a formidable enemy.

(Judges x. 12.) Even in Joshua's time it was called Zidon-Rabbah, or Great Zidon. (Joshua xix. 28.)

It had a very commodious harbour, which is now nearly choked up with sand: it was distant one day's journey from the fountains of the Jordan, and, according to Strabo, 400 stadia from Berytus, and 200 stadia from Tyre. It was noted, in very early times, for its extensive traffic (Isaiah xxiii. 2; Ezek. xxvii. 8) and manufactures, particularly glass. Frequent reference to it occurs in Homer. The best vessels in the fleet of Xerxes were Sidonian.

Its modern name is Saide. In Hasselquist's time its exports to France were considerable; but at present its traffic is chiefly confined to the neighbouring towns. The population is about 15,000.

Christian Missions.

CHRISTIAN FREDERICK SWARTZ.

BY THE REV. GEORGE MAUNDER.

(*Concluded from page* 246.)

FEW men have ever left behind them a name held in greater reverence and veneration than did this man of God. One of his brother Missionaries, speaking of him, says: "His unfeigned piety, his real and conscientious attention to every branch of his duties, his sincerity; in short, his whole demeanour filled me with admiration. Many an evening spent in his company passed away as if it had been but a single moment, so exceedingly interesting proved the conversation of this truly apostolic man, and his relations of the singular and merciful guidance of God, of which he had experienced so many proofs throughout his life, but particularly during the dreadful wars in India." Dean Pearson, one of his latest biographers, bears testimony that "simplicity, moderation, self-denial, activity, regularity, patience, kindness, courtesy, cheerfulness, pervaded his every thought, word, and action." Bishop Heber remarks, "Swartz was really one of the most active and fearless, as he was one of the most successful, Missionaries who have appeared since the Apostles. To say that he was disinterested in regard to money is nothing; he was perfectly regardless of power; and renown never seemed to affect him, even so far as to induce an outward show of humility."

Monuments were erected to the memory of this prince of modern Missionaries by the Rajah of Tanjore and the East India Company. The former, executed by Flaxman, was placed in the chief city; the latter, intrusted to the talents of Bacon, appears at Madras. Both had reliefs, representing the death-bed of the saintly patriarch, who was surrounded by his brethren in the Mission, and some of the orphan children of his school. The Rajah likewise wrote some lines to his memory, which are at least curious:—

"Firm wast thou, humble and wise,
Honest, pure, free from disguise,
Father of orphans, the widow's support,
Comfort in sorrow of every sort.
To the benighted, dispenser of light,
Doing and pointing to that which is right:
Blessing to princes, to people, to me;
May I, my father, be worthy of thee!
Wisheth and prayeth thy Sarabojee."

But perhaps the most interesting memorial of the worth of this good man was the fund of between eight and ten thousand pounds, which he bequeathed for the benefit of the Tanjore Mission, and its branch at Tinnevelly. This large sum was the result of the accumulation of his salary as Chaplain to the garrison; and the revenue arising from it is still applied to the support of the stations in Southern India.

The slightest particulars having reference to so distinguished a man are fraught with interest. We therefore give the following description of his appearance and mode of life, as furnished by a friend who became acquainted with him soon after his first establishment at Trichinopoly: "His garb, which was pretty well worn, seemed foreign and old-fashioned; but in every other respect his appearance was the reverse of all that could be called forbidding or morose. Figure to yourself a stout, well-made man, somewhat above the middle size, erect in his carriage and address, with a complexion rather dark, though healthy, black, curled hair, and

y, engaging countenance, expres-
unaffected candour, ingenuousness,
nevolence; and you will have an
what Mr. Swartz appeared to be
sight.* He obtained of the com-
g officer—who, perhaps, was or-
to furnish him with quarters—a
a an old Gentoo building, which
t large enough to hold his bed and
; and in which few men could
ıpright. With this apartment he
ıtented. A dish of rice and vege-
dressed after the manner of the
, was what he could always sit
lly down to; and a piece of dimity
lack, and other materials of the
ıomely sort, sufficed him for an
supply of clothing."

ddition to the important spiritual
of the labours of this holy man,
irect political influence he exerted,
mere force of high and elevated
an principle, and uniform consis-
of character, was most beneficial.
ıareer," says Carne, "was of great
ting aid to the interests of the East
Company, and the stability of their
on, as well as to the ascendency of
ı character over the minds of the
ı. By them he is not, and never
e, forgotten. He was the first
ıan who attained that commanding
ıce over their feelings and conduct,
he never used but to the best pur-
* The following instance of the
ır power wielded by Swartz, even
he had ceased to live, is given on
ıthority of the writer just quoted:
ıtleman," says he, "who occupied
h official situation in India, and
l Tanjore, informed me that he had
conversed with the Rajah, in the
f whose palace is the monument of
ı. 'There,' said the Prince, point-
ing to it, 'is the image of my father.' Every morning, as soon as he is risen, and before he goes to his *durbar*, or "council," he enters the hall, approaches the tomb, folds his hands on his breast, and bows before it. It is to be observed that the Prince is no Christian, and still adheres to his Hindoo belief. No regard, therefore, for the faith which the deceased inculcated had any share in these feelings: they were the fruit only of the simple and fervent remembrance of his virtues. It is also the Rajah's desire that his people shall remain true to their ancient religion. He inculcates this both by word and example; yet he is surrounded by his courtiers and officers, and many people, in the great hall, at the very time he pays his daily reverence to the tomb of the Missionary.

"Does not this refute, more clearly than a thousand arguments, the objections raised against the diffusion of Christianity in the East? What a beautiful and beneficent influence is here, over which time and death have no power! Will not these people hand down to their children's children the name of the man who thus walked among them, and tell the tale of his saving the famished, of his wresting them from the tyrant's grasp, and making their burdens light? It is said that the religion of Christ will unhinge the minds of the people, and shake their allegiance to their European rulers; but, had the Government of India many such agents and ministers as Frederick Swartz, it would find their example of more avail than the mountain-fortress, or the armed battalion. Wherever Christianity is so illustrated among the heathen, its fruits will be the same, on the ruler as well as on the slave."

Swartz's mental powers and literary attainments were very respectable. He understood so as to converse with ease in the Persian, Moorish, and Malabar tongues, as well as in Portuguese and French.

* his description of Swartz's person was fur- while he was yet in the prime of life. His came white at a comparatively early period, made his appearance more impressive.

The Scripture Expositor.

No. CXXIX.

The wicked are like the troubled sea, it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked. (Isaiah lvii. 20, 21.)

The sea, we know, is subject to several

motions. An inward boiling and unquietness from itself; its ordinary fluxes and refluxes from the influence of the moon; many casual agitations from the violence of the winds, and from its own waves, one wave precipitating, impelling, and repelling another: so are the hearts of wicked men, by the foaming estuations, and excesses of natural concupiscence, by the provisions and materials of sinful pleasures, by the courses of the world, by the solicitations and impulsions of Satan, by a world of hourly casualties and provocations, so tempestuous, that they always cast up mire and dirt. Now, in the dispensation of the word by the ministry of a weak man, Christ stilleth the raging of the sea, quells the lusts, correcteth the distempers, scattereth the temptations, worketh a smoothness and tranquillity in the soul of a man. Surely, when this is done, the soul cannot but stand amazed at its own recovery, and admire that wonderful and invisible Power which could so suddenly rebuke such raging affections, and reduce them into calmness and beauty again. "What ailed thee, O thou sea, that thou fleddest? thou Jordan, that thou wast driven back?" (Psalm cxiv. 5.)—*Reynolds's Explication of the Hundred and Tenth Psalm*, p. 138. *Edit.* 1642.

No. CXXX.

"*For all seek their own, not the things which are Jesus Christ's.*" (Phil. ii. 21.)

Here is little seeking of Christ among you, saith the Apostle. The worship and service of Christ, the honour and interest of Christ, are little regarded. There is a general neglect of them. None,—that is, there are scarce any among you,—none, in comparison, that mind the things of Christ. But why is Christ so neglected? Why? because every man is for himself; and all seek their own; that is, their outward and earthly things. Their own things? Why, are not the things of Christ so much their own as the things of the world? Are thy carnal friends more thine than Christ is thine? Are earthly possessions, thy earthly pleasures, thy meat, and thy drink, and thy money, the things of thy body, more thine than thy soul, and the concernments of it? Thou art a pitiful Christian, if the things of Christ be not more thine than the things of this world; if the things of Christ, and thine own things, be not the very same. Yet thus our fleshly hearts count our carnal things are our own things; and the more we seek our own, the less the things of Christ. The most careful worldling is the most careless Christian. —*Alleine's World Conquered*, pp. 26, 27. *Edit.* 1668.

No. CXXXI.

"*The first man is of the earth, earthy.*" (1 Cor. xv. 47.)

In his creation he had an earthy body; and by sin he is become to have an earthy soul. Sin was his fall from heaven to earth, as in his choice he made for himself. He chose an earthly inheritance: so in his temper, and disposition, and tendency, his very nature now inclines and bends towards earthly things. His soul, as well as his body, lusts after and feeds upon dust.—*Ibid.*, p. 36.

Our Country.

THE CORNISH COAST.

No. IV.

"Scenes must be beautiful, which, daily view'd,
Please daily, and whose novelty survives
Long knowledge, and the scrutiny of years;
Praise justly due to those that I describe."

HAVE you a steady head? Are you quite at home in the saddle? Is your horse trusty? Come, then, let us be off *from Cawsand to Looe*, by the way of Battern Cliffs, or "Battern Cleaves," as the folks of the neighbourhood will call them, claiming the right of holding to their own plural forms. And I am sure one may freely acknowledge their right, and admire their taste; yes, and their wisdom too, for they prove wise enough to be satisfied with the privilege of calling things by the names which their fathers, grandfathers, and great-grandfathers gave

them. Provided that every man may enjoy the right of ruminating in the free air, and of giving just expression to proper thoughts, without the interference of police; and provided, at the same time, that every woman may be the queen of her own cleanly-kept hearth, and have her periodical indulgences of innocent gossip without the danger of losing caste; what care they about the "people's charter," about the "elective franchise," or "universal suffrage?" No; like wise and good creatures, they leave all the squabbling over such "rights" to the swarms who get brain-stricken by political heats, or to the sickly crop of fools which springs up every seven or ten years, under the artificial influence of money-speculation. No; my old friends who people the Cornish sea-board shall not be robbed of their right to call things by their ancient names. Let us be off, then, for what I, as well as they, rejoice to know as Battern Cleaves.

One could never mount the western heights, and pass on without casting down a blessing from his heart upon dear old Millbrook, nestling at the head of her glassy creek, on the northern side of the Maker peninsula, watched over by mountain-slopes of golden furze and terraced orchards, and with nothing to break her peacefulness save the whispers of her own streamlet, as it salutes the tide. To me, however, the richest beauty of Millbrook was the beauty of ripe, mellowed, Christian character. How many happy hours have I spent drinking in the light shed upon my soul, as if reflected from heaven, by the few aged saints with whom I used to commune, as they waited in perfect peace to be called from the little paradise of their cottage-gardens to the rest of another Canaan! The plaintive feeling with which I once parted from them will never be forgotten. There appeared to be no promise of a spiritual progeny to take their place when they were gone; and I looked back upon their quiet homes for the last time, murmuring within myself, after the style of that ancient chant, "Help, Lord; for the godly man ceaseth; for the faithful fail from among the children of men." Nevertheless, my complaint was to be turned into praise; for the venerable Christians lived long enough, after all, to see very many of their youthful neighbours range themselves on the side of their Divine Lord; and the final joy of their pilgrimage was to move towards their reward from amidst the prayers and psalms of a new Christian generation. Yes, so it is; the religious history of many a quiet hamlet on this coast may throw light upon the inspired utterance, "Thou shalt arise, and have mercy upon Zion," when "the time to favour her, yea, the set time, is come..... This shall be written for the generation to come; and the people which shall be created shall praise the Lord."

Our upward road tries the mettle of one's horse, doesn't it? But who can help leaping in his saddle when gaining the summit, and the eye lets in upon the soul the full joy of a first glance along the grand sweep of Whitsand-Bay? What a glorious crescent of bright sands! How beautifully the blue, transparent waters unfold and refold their silver fringes upon the gemmed ground-work of the beach! How soothing is the distant sea-music, as it is echoed into one's very soul from the long succession of jutting promontories, verdurous seaside hollows, outlying crags, and caverned peaks! Onward! ever keeping within sight or sound of the waves. One would like to linger a little at Crafthole, and think of the times when I was cheered with "songs in the night," strangely mingled with the noise of wind and storm, as they swept through the open street of the village, or beat, and whirled, and whistled among its shelterless homes; or when I used to fling off my dripping cloak, and take a place at the hospitable miller's fireside, for a homely chat, or to join the household at evening prayers around that snug little hearth down yonder by the orchard at the head of the creek, under the level of the mill-pool, and so quietly sheltered by the hills. But no; away now towards the west! See! there is St. German's Beacon. Ah! placid, leafy, storied, hallowed St. German's! how many sacred records of memory unfold themselves at the mention of thy name! and by-and-by there must be a word or two about thee.

Now then, are your saddle-girths tight? Are you firmly seated? Have a care of

your bridle; for here we must go over the edge of the cliff, down the open face of the slope. What! down that zigzag, little better than a mountain sheep-path? Yes, verily, down there: down, down! and then a sharp turn, where the corner overhangs the waves, and there is barely room for your horse to wheel; and now another turn, till the path sweeps along at the base of the hill, and passes Down-Derry, a name given to a few cottage-dwellings perched side by side just above the level of the breakers, where they smiled somewhat complacently upon the wayfarer from amidst cultured patches of shrubs and flowers, as if they felt that it was pleasant to be set there as witnesses that human industry, contentment, love, and peace can make homes for themselves anywhere and everywhere, even on the wild rocky margin of the pathless and changeful deep. I trotted past those retired thresholds very gently, feeling as if English homes claimed some higher tribute from one's soul when, like these, they courted so near and confident a fellowship with our kindred and guardian sea. My heart offered silent homage in passing, and soon I was at a full gallop across the open beach at Seaton; and then, dashing over the old bridge which spanned a stream that played merrily with the pebbles on its way towards the tide, my good steed carried me up once more to the breezy heights, above the grassy and furze-decked seaward clefts, and knolls, and shelvings of Frogmoor, since then transformed into the picturesque cottage-grounds of Murrayton. On descending from these, the horse's hoofs clattered across another little strand, the ancient Millendreath, where the sea-breeze whistled to the ivy as it crept over the crumbling buttress of a deserted lime-kiln, and a streamlet and the waves were uniting their voices in an evening lullaby for the children of the lonely mill at the head of the marsh. Now, up the cliff once more, and once more down again, along Playdy-beach. Up again, but with careful rein; for the path was narrow, and winding rather frightfully on the edge of the shelvy, crumbling precipice. Now, however, the road became like an undulating trench just within the margin *of the* cliff, with an opening here and there, affording enchanting peeps at the mighty waters, or glances into the sounding depths, where the waves were whispering or murmuring among caverns and sandy hollows. It was a quiet, sheltered way; here, on the one hand, and there on both sides, richly adorned with mosses creeping over the face of the rocks. Where it opened on the sea side, the steep went fearfully sweeping down, or gigantic outstanding rocks confronted the waters, clothed down to their wave-beaten foundations with rich furze-blossom, broken with little terraced spots of culture, and having their uppermost peaks peopled with flocks of glossy choughs rejoicing in their exaltation and freedom. Along the edge of the path there were lovely entanglements of hawthorn, honeysuckle, sloe, and wild-apple trees, forming a shelter for an equally lovely, though miniature, entanglement of tiny flowers, ferns, and creepers. There, in rich and harmonious companionship, were primroses, arums, veronicas, harts'-tongue, spleenwort, ivy, strawberry-plants, geraniums, foxglove, wild sage, stitchwort, daisies, luxuriant beds of navelwort, stonecrops, wild hyacinths, ragged-robins, and violets. Does anybody want to see a fair specimen of a roadside wild-flower garden on the Cornish coast? Then let him wind his way from Playdy-beach to Looe as the spring is putting forth promises of summer.

My horse and I came out, at length, on a more open mountain-path, overhanging the romantic bay and beach of the ancient port, and affording a look-out upon its guardian island. On turning a bend of the way around a jutting mass of rock, I found myself at the extreme point of the majestic headland which shelters and adorns the eastern side of the harbour. There, stretched below, was East-Looe reposing on an ancient delta at the river's mouth, with her picturesque net-work of narrow streets, and the old, embattled tower of her chapel on the strand looking out upon the waves, as if it would bless the townsfolk with double service, calling them to God's house while they were on shore, and silently acting as a friendly beacon for their guidance on the sea. On the opposite side of the land-locked haven there was West-Looe, once known as

ort-Bighan, "the little
nbedded in its fruitful
', which swept up west-
iver-side, and was grace-
rom sea-winds and storm
rell of the promontory,
uties, bending over its
s, were mirrored in the
e, as it flowed within
r lengthened jetty and
he freshets of the val-

ıws that ever blessed my
s mortal pilgrimage, none
pired a sweeter sense of
anquil beauty than did
f the little towns on the
ng was the more intense,
at my contemplation was
saddle, which, of all tra-
ıs to me most perfect in
easingly associating the
and the sweets of repose.
t-knowledge of social life
growing friendship with
s, tend in the least degree
ful and happy impression
ved when first I lingered
from the heights above
ıe soon learnt to venerate
was old-fashioned enough
uiet, as still to be haunted
icipal memories, and tra-
s of early political influ-

Let a reverent step be
r of the primitive Town-
ooe, or on the steps under
he Court-House tower in
ı on the west side, and
emed to call up whisper-
ıry de Bodrigan, who, in
dward I., "certified his
et and Fair at East-Looe,
rank-Pledge, a Ducking
and Assize of Bread and
t the merchant ship-owner
ı representative to a coun-
ter, in answer to a sum-
ward III., and who, in
the Member from the
orough of Polruan, was
nty-four days in going to,
returning from Westmin-
ds twelve shillings;" or
e of Her Majesty Queen
h enlarged the importance

of the little eastern town in 1572, and brought up Thomas Stone and Thomas West to take their seats for Looe among her dutiful Commons; or about the royal favour of Edward VI., who gave to West Looe the right of electing two Members of Parliament; or about the honours of incorporation during the twenty-ninth year of Elizabeth, when East and West Looe began to boast of charters and seals; the one rejoicing in the sign of an armed man, with a bow in his right hand, and an arrow in his left; and the other giving out the impression of her merit by the token of a ship with three escutcheons on her side, intended, perhaps, as a memorial of her naval prowess; "one of her ships," as Carew says, "successively retaining the name of 'The George of Looe' ever since the first so called did a great while sithence, in a furious fight, take three French men-of-war." The famous "George" was, it may be, one of the twenty brave ships which Looe manned with 325 of her seamen in the year 1347, when London could not muster more than twenty-five vessels, and 662 men, towards the naval levy for the reduction of Calais. But ah! times will change.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world."

Elective rights were lost from both sides of the Looe river in 1832, that time of

"strange harmonious inclination
Of all degrees to reformation."

Of all degrees? No, not quite all; for there were a few of the best degree in Looe who took no part in our modern harmonies of "inclination" to "reform" everything but self. These were fine, true, old English Conservatives: not blindly set against all healthy changes, nor selfishly tenacious of their caste privileges and exclusive charters; but rather quietly reverent of ancient groundworks, strong in the principle that long-tried plans should not be given up until we have a sure hold upon something better; and, at the same time, chivalrous in their love and duty to the honour of their country. But all these antiquated virtues could not save them from the

popular rage for "changing times and laws." It was not that they had forfeited their municipal inheritance by losing the essential qualities of English freemen and electors; but that their political patrimony was needed towards a present supply for the restless, heaving swarms which had gathered in other quarters so thickly as to endanger the vitals of the State, in the absence of other prey. Political mania is a hungry and fussy thing; and, until the infected multitude can be fairly dispersed, so as to let the mischief work itself out, they must have diversion for their diseased fancy, or some ready occupation for their clamorous maw.

With all her social and municipal virtues, (and they were many,) Looe had, I remember, some rather curious relics, which used to bear witness that, like many other incorporations of human excellence, she had both her personal graces and her collective wisdom tested and exercised by occasional outbreaks of masculine perversity, and by some few womanly examples of that ancient evil which "setteth on fire the course of nature." There was the only specimen I ever saw of a permanent pillory, fixed over the entrance-porch of the Guild-Hall; an interesting memorial of times when those who "held the sword" did not hold it "in vain;" having wisdom and common sense enough to deal stoutly with embodiments of vice, and to adapt their penal inflictions to flesh and blood in all cases where little or nothing but flesh and blood were left open to the touches of correction. We had not then begun to drift towards that climate of public refinement and tenderness, in which crime gets the comfort of a premium, and where to secure the safety of the virtuous many is practically declared of less importance than to hold the liberty of the subject sacred in the vicious few, who have rendered themselves incapable of everything but an abuse of freedom. One may profitably quote a passage about the Town-Hall of West-Looe from an old local historian, the windows of whose antique dwelling used to overhang the narrow street, and call forth a feeling of veneration as I passed under their shadow:—

"Adjoining the stairs of this
says he, "are still to be seen the
of a cage for scolding women; bu
credit of the sex, it has not been
late years. East-Looe had a simi
within a few years since. The
stance within memory of its eve
used is the following: Hannah W
Bessy Niles, two women of fluent t
having exerted their oratory o
other, at last thought it prudent
the matter in dispute to be decide
Mayor. Away they posted to h
ship. The first who arrived ha
begun her tale, when the other
in in full rage, and began hers l
The abuse recommenced with re
vigour. His worship (Mr. John
ordered the constable to be call
each of the combatants thought
tagonist was to be punished;
event proved that each though
When the constable arrived, his
pronounced the following comm
him: 'Take these two women
cage, and there keep them till th
settled their dispute.' They wer
diately conveyed thither, and aft
hours' confinement, became as q
inoffensive beings as ever breath
were then liberated to beg Mr.
pardon.

"Cages for scolding women," s
old writer, "are not, I believ
common. Indeed, I never saw
of any but in these towns; nor
collect of ever reading of this
punishment. The tri-bucket, or
stool, seems to have been the
chastisement formerly; and each
towns had one of these instrume
Since writing this, I find the
Penzance were formerly privileg
the like comparatively elegant
punishment,—a cage."

It could be wished that one ha
or two at command, now and
the benefit of those who seem
that it is an essential part of their
to turn their busy tongues again
body but themselves; or those w
gossip leaves dirty stains upon
mory of many a gracious charac
public and private; stains wh
never cease to be eyesores to
until the day when Divine ju

ever vindicates the righteous, and gives to every tongue its own reward. "What reward shall be given or done unto thee, thou false tongue? Even mighty and sharp arrows, with hot burning coals."

East-Looe. W.

Life-Lessons.

"SUDDEN DEATH, SUDDEN GLORY."

The Rev. Mr. Hall, of Arnsby, Mr. Evans, of Foxton, and Mr. Christian, of Sheepshead, three eminently pious Ministers of the Gospel, attended a Ministers' meeting at Mr. Woodman's, Sutton, in the Elms, Leicestershire. The day was solemn, and the discourses delivered were very interesting and appropriate. In the evening these Ministers spent their time together in the most agreeable conversation. Amongst other subjects, one of them proposed for discussion that passage in Job ix. 23, "If the scourge slay suddenly, He will laugh at the trial of the innocent." Deep seriousness pervaded the conversation, while each Minister gave his thoughts on the text. When it came to Mr. Christian's turn to speak, he dwelt on the subject with an unusual degree of feeling. He considered it as referring to the sudden death of the righteous, and was expatiating very largely on the desirableness of such an event, and the happy surprise with which it would be attended, when, amid a flood of rapturous tears, he took his flight from the world while the words were yet faltering on his tongue. Edmeston, the poet, wrote the following beautiful lines on this solemn event, and called it

"A REAL OCCURRENCE IN A CIRCLE OF FRIENDS."

Which is the happiest death to die?
"O!" said one, "if I might choose,
Long at the gates of bliss would I lie,
And feast my spirit, ere it fly,
With bright celestial views:
Mine were a LINGERING death without pain,
A death which all might love to see;
And mark, how bright and sweet would be
The victory I should gain!

"Fain would I catch a hymn of love
From the angel-harps that ring above,
And sing it as my parting breath
Quiver'd and expired in death;
So that those on earth might hear
The harp-notes of another sphere,
And mark, when nature faints and dies,
What springs of heavenly life arise;
And gather, from the death they view,
A ray of hope to light them through,
When they shall be departing too."

"No," said another, "so not I:
"*Sudden* as *thought* is the death *I* would die:
I would suddenly lay my shackles by;
Nor bear a single glance at parting,
Nor see the tear of sorrow starting,
Nor hear the quivering lips that bless me,
Nor feel the hands of love that press me,
Nor the frame with mortal terrors shaking,
Nor the heart where love's soft bands are breaking.

"So would *I* die!
All bliss, without a pang to cloud it;
All joy, without a pain to shroud it;
Not slain, but caught up, as it were,
To meet my Saviour in the air!
So would I die!
O how bright
Were the realms of light
Bursting *at once* upon my sight!
Even so
I long to go:
These parting hours, how sad and slow!"

His voice grew faint, and fix'd was his eye,
As if gazing on visions of ecstasy;
The hue of his cheeks and lips decay'd;
Around his mouth a sweet smile play'd.
They look'd,—he was dead!
His spirit had fled,
Painless and swift as his own desire:
His soul, undress'd
From her mortal vest,
Had stepp'd into her car of heavenly fire,
And proved how bright
Were the realms of light
Bursting at once upon the sight.

Methodism.

THE CITY OF CHESTER AND METHODISM.

"I doe love this antient cittie;
We never tread upon it but we set
Our foot upon some reverend historie."

The traveller will find nothing like Chester in all England besides. Whatever his mental taste, he may gratify it here. The antique, the curious, the rare, the beautiful, and the romantic abound. It is, too, one of the high places of mediæval Christianity. The city is built on the charming Dee, a river deified by the ancient Britons. Imperial Rome at a very early period made it a colony, and the Anglo-Saxon Kings regarded it with right royal favour. The Conqueror's nephew, Hugh Lupus, had his court and camp here; and it was the key to the subjugation of Wales, and to its union with the English crown. Loyalty was ever a characteristic of its inhabitants, and long did they withstand the Parliamentary forces. On the 24th of September, 1645, King Charles entered the city, amid the loud huzzas of the citizens. On one of the wall-towers he stood and witnessed the sanguinary battle of Rowton-Common, which ended in the defeat of his army. Still the massive walls enabled the inhabitants to set the besiegers at defiance, till, reduced to the necessity of feeding upon their horses, and every kind of domestic animal, they negotiated for the surrender of their beloved city, and then commenced a new chapter in their history.

We love old places. In them are seen the rough, colossal conceptions of the men who built our old English walls and castles. Their ideas of strength, like those of the builders of ancient Babylon and Nineveh, are represented in the massive ramparts by which they environed themselves. Chester is the only city with its walls entire. To see them, to walk round them, is worth travelling from the antipodes. Sea or landscape scenery is insignificant before these grand productions of olden times. Let who will choose the monotonous beach of some loudly-lauded watering-place, to us there is no promenade equal to the proud old walls of Chester. The circle of the city, "as it once was," may be traversed on their top. Now the look-out is upon luxuriant orchards and cultivated gardens; anon houses rise high on one side, and lie fifty feet down on the other. Now the eye looks out upon some principal thoroughfare, "filled with an ever-shifting train;" immediately the vision is intercepted by the dull walls of grotesque, antique dwellings. The men of Chester are justly proud of the Phœnix-Tower, which projects from the walls, and is based upon solid rock. Over its entrance is the inscription, full of suggestiveness to the student of history, "King Charles stood on this tower, September 24th, 1645, and saw his army defeated on Rowton-Moor." The Watch-tower, too, rises above the walls; and not far from a split section of the original Goblin's Tower presents itself for inspection. Other objects of interest to the antiquary are Bonewaldesthorne's and the Water Towers, built nearly six hundred years since, and connected by a flight of steps and an embattled terrace. From the walls, too, may be seen the noble Infirmary and City Gaol, the beautiful Roodeye, or meadow, eighty acres in extent, the grand old Castle, "which was a castle before the Norman conquest, with its Assize Court, and armory of thirty thousand stand of arms." Close by roll past the waters of the classic Dee. There is the glorious old Dee-Bridge, with its seven arches, built by command of Edward I., nearly six hundred years ago. Yonder is the exquisite, gossamer-like suspension-bridge, leading over to the Queen's Park. Now the walls rise high above the streets and public footpaths beneath, and are reached by means of an immense flight of steps, called "the wishing steps," particularly popular with children, from a traditional belief that "whoever shall run up, down, and up again, without breathing, shall have whatever he wishes." In the walls are several gates, one of which, the Pepper Gate, originated the proverb which the

ıl reader has often heard: "When ɔed is stolen, lock the stable Once upon a time,—it is useless to when,—a daughter of the Mayor ɔster, while playing with other s in the Pepper-street, was taken stolen, by some young man, doubt- her own consent; upon which this nt personage, in his anger, ordered tes to be closed. Henceforth it common, when precautions were fter the mischief was done, to say, n the daughter is stolen, lock the -Gates." But every inch of these ıld ramparts abounds with interest. Chester-Rows have been an object ction to every lover of antiquity s visited "the city of a hundred es." Everything about them re- the observer of a thousand years ıt every step the mind is in contact e men of long-departed centuries. re the work, in all probability, of l Romans, when they lived here from their own country. In ɔerhaps, is a fair representation of tibule, or portico, of many a classic . Underneath one of them is an ıman bath, which has survived terations and destructions which ɔen perpetrated upon the doings of rong-minded and strong-sinewed

scription of these venerable Rows ɛn attempted by various authors, ı and foreign. One popular writer, npting to describe them, represents senger's footway as being "right h the first-floor fronts of the " We prefer the representation scholarly Wesley, given with his conciseness and clearness, as ɔd galleries, which run through in streets, on each side, from east t, and from north to south; by means one may walk both clean ry, in any weather, from one the city to the other." Let the imagine some one of the old es of our country extended to the of a street, the pews of the gallery d, the back walls constituting the of spacious and elegant shops, ɛrs walking to and fro on the with the sitting-rooms of the ɛrs over their heads, and shops underneath their feet, and the whole frontage presenting every possible architectural device of every possible age and people, and he will be able to form some idea of these charming Rows. Here the pedestrian may luxuriate in the simple exercise of a promenade, or in admiration of well-stocked, and sometimes magnificent shops, or in contemplation of the constant streams of life passing in the crowded thoroughfares beyond.

The streets and churches of Chester furnish matter for richest enjoyment. Is it possible for us to be misunderstood when we say that houses and places of public worship are full of mental and religious philosophy? All buildings are but material representations of the ideas controlling the minds of their originators. However, we confess to a few pet notions about the men of olden times and their doings. "Men are men" through all time, and the capacities of mankind are not greater in one age than in another. The mechanical inventions, the scientific discoveries, of modern times are not the result of enlarged mental capacity. Newton's discovery of the principle of gravitation was not the result of industry or will. It was an inspiration. He could not help discovering it. It came from a higher source. God governs the world, and He develops truths, principles, facts, for the accomplishment of His own purposes; while man remains the same through all ages in the essential characteristics and capabilities of his nature. The men who built the streets and churches of Chester, while lacking the mechanical genius of modern times, knew well what to do to meet the requirements of the age in which they lived. They were men robust in body and mind; men of strong masculine conceptions; and, according to the light they had, scrupulously adhered to the practices of religion. Their hope was in Christ; and though they built upon that foundation, "wood, hay, stubble," they themselves, we hope, "were saved, yet so as by fire."

The *via principalis* of Chester is the Foregate and Eastgate street, along which the Roman cohorts once tramped heavily; with streets branching on either side, where cowled monks and veiled nuns

once performed their devotions. The high cross at the end suggests memories of the times when prayers were offered at the bull-baiting, which was a popular annual exhibition, in which all classes took ignorant delight. Close by is the site on which tradition says the Roman Prætorium once stood, and on which the Mercian Countess Ethelfleda afterwards raised a sanctuary to the honour of St. Peter and St. Paul. Northgate and Watergate streets are fine specimens of olden times. In the latter is "God's Providence House," once occupied by a gay family of rank, the only house in the city which escaped the fearful and destructive plague in the seventeenth century. Here, too, is Bishop Lloyd's house, a masterpiece of eccentric art; the panels of the rooms adorned with every kind of strange device, representing the scenes of Old-Testament history, and the outside pillars with the most indescribable forms of man, and beast, and reptile. Weaver-street conducts to the celebrated spot where stood the church and monastery of the White Friars, whose spire served as a landmark to mariners as they steered their vessels up the rolling billows of the Dee, when the mighty Liverpool was but a small fishing-village. The old chapel of Matthew Henry, built in 1700, is near. The Yacht Inn is a rare specimen of an ancient hostelry. Dean Swift lodged here on one occasion, and invited the clergy to a sumptuous dinner; and his invitation not being accepted, he wrote with his diamond ring on a pane of glass in the window,—

"Rotten without, and mouldering within,
This place and its clergy are both near akin."

The Cathedral has a history of its own. In the days of pagan Rome, there stood on its site a temple dedicated to Apollo; and previously to that, tradition has it, a temple built by the Druids. More certain, however, it is that twelve hundred years ago an abbey was built here by Wulferus, King of Mercia, for his daughter, St. Wurburg, and other ladies, who desired to give themselves to a conventual life. The Church of St. John was founded only a little later by Ethelred, while on a visit to his virgin niece, St. Wurburg; and the venerable ruins of this and other churches converse with the intelligent student from the long, long by-gone days, when in the Chester city the "saintly race of monks"

"sang and laugh'd,
And the rich wine quaff'd,
And lived on the daintiest fare."

Methodism, in its origin, was an interposition of God. An agitation of the public conscience, leading to a change in the heart and life of thousands, cannot be accounted for on ordinary principles of philosophy. God's moral government of the world alone explains it. The religion of His Son, by which He saves, presents itself in an infinite variety of phenomena, according to the material upon which it exercises its power. No form of Christianity has furnished a chapter of illustration on this subject so copiously elucidated as Methodism. Its founder visited every county, and every class of society; and the effects produced still retain, to an interesting extent, their original characteristics. In Staffordshire, the neighbourhood of Bristol, Newcastle, and other places, where the collier-hordes were brutalized by sin, the arm of persecution was strong, and its spirit malignant and persevering. The battle was fierce, and the heroic champions of truth endured sufferings severe and protracted. Their record, for exciting interest, furnishes more heart-stirring recitals than any volumes of modern romance.

(*To be continued.*)

Anecdotes.

SIMPLE TRUST REWARDED.

The Rev. Luke Wiseman related, at a meeting recently held in London, an *incident* which occurred when on a Missionary deputation in Cornwall. Amongst those who were there assembled at tea to meet the deputation was a person called James ——, a man of ex-

traordinary Christian worth, though somewhat eccentric in character. From what I had heard, said Mr. Wiseman, I had a great desire to see him. I expected to see him all radiance and smiles; but he was not in his element that day, and he sat gloomy and sorrowful. He came up to me, and said, "I believe, Sir, you are the deputation; I should like to speak to you outside the chapel." Of course I went out, and there he told me that his two sons went with two other lads to work in the silver mines in Mexico, where they managed to pray, and keep a pure faith, in the midst of a Popish and benighted population. He said he wrote to them on Good Friday, asking for a subscription of five shillings from each, which he hoped to have ready in the shape of a golden sovereign for the Society by that day, if Providence prospered his endeavour. He said the letter he expected was a fortnight over-due; and then he added, "As you are the deputation, I thought to ask your advice, to know if you thought I ought to advance the money myself." I replied that, as he was a poor man with a large family, I did not think he was called upon to advance the sovereign; that the mail might have been delayed; and that, if the money came somewhat later, it would do as well for the Society. "But," said he, "I have prayed, and I really believed I just should have the money by this day." Just then, the sound of the mail-car was heard, and the horn was blown. James went into the street, and the postmistress, putting her head out of the window, called to him, and said, "James, here is a letter for you." It was from Mexico. It contained an order, not for five shillings, but for ten shillings, from each of the four lads. James got it cashed by the agent of the mine. He came to me with two sovereigns, his eyes sparkling with joy. Here was an example of a great many Christian virtues, and I leave you to point the moral of the tale, merely adding, "Go thou, and do likewise."

THE CONTENTMENT OF A GODLY BLIND MAN.

In his journal of a tour through Scotland, (1796,) the Rev. C. Simeon, of Cambridge, relates:—"Went to see Lady Ross's grounds. Here, also, I saw blind men weaving. May I never forget the following fact: One of the blind men, on being interrogated with respect to his knowledge of spiritual things, answered, 'I never saw till I was blind; nor did I ever know contentment when I had my eyesight, as I do now that I have lost it. I can truly affirm, though few know how to credit me, that I would on no account change my present situation and circumstances with any that I ever enjoyed before I was blind.' He had enjoyed eyesight till twenty-five, and had been blind now about three years." "My soul," Mr. Simeon adds, "was much affected and comforted with his declaration. Surely there is a reality in religion."

The Portfolio.

GEMS IN OLD SETTINGS.

THE TRUE CHRISTIAN A PARADOX.

That which others fear, fly, and abhor, he courts, desires, and welcomes. That which is their funeral is his nuptials; for death doth not kill, but translate him: it doth not execute, but remove him. He dies daily, and so doth not die at all, but depart: his sleep is a short death, and his dissolution is but a long sleep. Death, which is a destructive deluge to the wicked, is only an ark to him, preserving and carrying him safe to Mount Ararat, heaven; and there it both lands and leaves him.—*Thomas Goddard.* 1661.

ILL-GOTTEN GAIN.

Misers' wealth seldom prospers. Warriors, statesmen, merchants, and lawyers, all have originated great and flourishing houses; but misers are rarely the patriarchs of families of enduring prosperity. The same remark may be

made in reference to those who gathered gain by the slave-trade: they never flourished. It has been ascertained as a positive fact, that no two generations of a slave-dealer's race ever continued resident on the estate acquired by the unholy pursuit of their founder. A similar observation applies, to a certain extent, to the profits of the usurer. A very learned friend of mine, deeply versed in the vicissitudes of genealogy, assures me that he never knew four generations of an usurer's family to endure in regular, unbroken succession.—*Sir B. Burke.*

OUT OF DEBT, OUT OF DANGER.

Sir Thomas More, whilst he was a prisoner in the Tower, would not so much as suffer himself to be trimmed, saying, "There was a controversy betwixt the King and him for his head, and till that was at a happy end, he would be at no cost about it." Let us but scum off the froth of his wit, and we may make a solemn use of it. For certainly, all the cost we may bestow upon ourselves, to make our lives pleasurable and joyous to us, is but mere folly, till it be decided what will become of the suit betwixt God and us; what will be the issue of the controversy that God hath against us, and that not for our heads, but souls; whether for heaven or hell. Were it not, then, the wisest course to begin with making our peace, and then we may soon lead a happy life? It is said, "He that gets out of debt grows rich." Most sure it is that the pardoned soul cannot be poor; for, as soon as the peace is concluded, a free trade is opened between God and the soul. If once pardoned, we may then sail to any port that lies in God's dominions, and be welcome, where all the promises stand open with their treasure, and say, "Here, poor soul, take full lading in of all precious things, even as much as thy faith can bear and carry away."

GREAT THANKS FOR LITTLE GRACE.

As soon as ever Moses with his army was through the sea, they strike up before they stir from the bank-side, and acknowledge the wonderful appearance of God's power and mercy for them, though this was but one step in the way. A howling wilderness presented itself unto them, and they not able to subsist a few days with all their provision, for all their great victory; yet Moses, he will praise God for this handsel of mercy. Now this holy man knew how to keep credit with God, so as to have more, was to keep touch, and pay down his praise for what was received. Thus it is with thee, O thou poor, weak, trembling Christian! If thou wouldest have fuller communications of Divine strength, own God in what He hath already done for thee. Art thou weak? Bless God thou hast life. Dost thou, through feebleness, often fail in duty, and fall into temptation? Mourn in the sense of these; yet bless God that thou dost not lie in a total neglect of duty, out of a profane contempt thereof; and that, instead of falling through weakness, thou dost not lie in the mire of sin, through the wickedness of thy heart. Art thou not of that strength of grace to run with the foremost, and hold pace with the tallest of thy brethren, yet art thou thankful that thou hast any strength at all? Although it be but to cry after them whom thou seest to outstrip thee in grace, this is worth thy thanks, though it be but a little strength of grace that God is pleased to afford thee.—*Gurnall.* 1650.

THE SINNER'S INABILITY.

Remember, says Dr. Bonar, that what you call your *inability*, God calls your *guilt;* and that this inability is a *wilful* thing. It was not put into you by God; for He made you with the full power of doing everything He tells you to do. You disobey and disbelieve *willingly.* No one forces you to do either. Your rejection of Christ is the free and deliberate choice of your own will.

That inability of yours is a fearfully wicked thing. It is the summing up of your depravity. It makes you more like the devil than almost anything else. Incapable of loving God, or even of believing on His Son! Capable only of hating Him, and of rejecting Christ! O dreadful guilt! Unutterable wickedness of the human heart!

Is it really the *cannot* that is keeping you back from Christ? No; it is the *will not*. You have not got the length of the *cannot*. It is the *will not* that is the real and present barrier. "Ye *will not* come to Me, that ye might have life." (John v. 40.) "Whosoever *will*, let him take the water of life freely." (Rev. xxii. 17.)

If your heart would speak out, it would say, "Well, after all, I *cannot*, and God *will* not." And what is this but saying, "I have a hard-hearted God to deal with, who will not help or pity me?" Whatever your rebellious heart may say, Christ's words are true, "Ye will not." What He spoke when weeping over impenitent Jerusalem, He speaks to you: "*I would*, but *ye would not*." (Matt. xxiii. 37.) "They are fearful words," writes Dr. Owen, "'*Ye would not*.' Whatever is pretended, it is *will* and *stubbornness* that lie at the bottom of this refusal." And O, what must be the strength, as well as the guilt, of this unbelief, when nothing but the almightiness of the Holy Ghost can root it out of you!

Memorials of the Departed.

"HOLINESS, happiness, and usefulness" constitute the brightest ornaments of a rational and intelligent creature. They are the immediate production of the regenerating and sanctifying influences of the Holy Ghost. However great these embellishments may be in life generally, they never appear with greater interest and attraction than in the vigour of youth, when the passions are most clamorous, and the world appears most fascinating. The life of MARY M. WINGATE, aged twenty-six years, late of the Portland Circuit, and who quitted the present scene September 28th, 1860, to a great extent illustrates this fact. At the age of eighteen she united herself to the disciples of the despised Nazarene. Shortly after her union with the Methodists she obtained the "pearl of great price," and for eight years adorned her profession by a life of consistency and zeal. Although retiring in her disposition, yet the Sabbath-school found in her, as a teacher, a pattern for punctuality; the Missionary cause, one of the most efficient collectors; and the Bible Society, one of its warmest advocates. Wasting consumption was the instrument appointed to bring her down to death. In the early stages of the disease, a natural clinging to life seemed to conceal from observers her joyous hope and future prospects. But as death and the grave claimed her as their prey, she became more and more communicative as to her state, frequently observing to those around her dying bed, "All is well! Victory, victory, through the blood of the Lamb!"

DIED, in his sixty-sixth year, November 28th, 1860, at Mountmellick, Ireland, MR. ROBERT HONNER. He was born March 10th, 1795. He was the son of pious parents. In the year 1810 the first Sabbath-school established in Mountmellick was opened in the Wesleyan chapel; and, with his brothers and sisters, he attended twice each Sabbath-day, and thus received religious instruction, the beneficial results of which he realized through life. In 1814 he was convinced of sin, and his need of a Saviour. At once he joined the Society. Often did he retire to the fields alone, and sometimes with another young man, to agonize in fervent prayer for pardoning mercy. After some time he was enabled to believe to the salvation of his soul, and obtained the assurance of God's forgiveness through the death of His Son, by the witness of the Divine Spirit. In 1829 he married. At once the family altar was raised; and through life, feeling it alike a duty and a privilege, he punctually offered up the morning and evening sacrifice of praise and prayer. He was most careful to train up his children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. By precept and example he led them to live for heaven. He took the word of God for his rule of life. He highly esteemed the means of grace which Methodism afforded, and which, by

prayerful attendance, he found to be indeed wells of salvation to his thirsty soul. Thus he continued to walk in the ways of the Lord until his death. In the Sabbath-school, where he received so much good, he took a deep interest, and became, successively, a teacher, and then superintendent. He endeavoured to do good in every way, and was for many years a useful prayer, and class, leader; he was "diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." When he came to be a dying man, he proved more than ever the reality of religion; and blessed God for that reality, and for Wesleyan Methodism, the instrumental means of his salvation. Whilst a Methodist from principle and choice, he was not sectarian: he sincerely loved all who loved his Lord and Saviour.

Occasional Notes for Readers.

A NEW edition of BAXTER'S beautiful treatise on the *Saints' Everlasting Rest*, abridged by JOHN WESLEY, is now published at the Book-Room. Those who have compared the original work with this abridgment, cannot fail to be struck with the superiority of the latter over the original. The skill displayed by the Founder of Methodism in his masterly and judicious handling of this work is something marvellous; and forms, perhaps, the most striking exception in our language to the general unsatisfactory character of abridgments.—The REV. WILLIAM W. STAMP has laid the Connexion under great obligation by the valuable addition which he has made to the local accounts of Methodism, in his deeply-interesting history of *The Orphan-House of Wesley; with Notices of Early Methodism in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and it's Vicinity*. The volume will commend itself, not only to those in the immediate locality, but to everyone, everywhere, who would know the facts connected with the founding of the great work of God in these lands by the apostle of Methodism and his coadjutors.—The issue of the cheap monthly parts of DR. GEORGE SMITH'S valuable *History of Wesleyan Methodism*, continues regularly to be published.—JOHN WESLEY'S *Sermons* are to be had in the tract form, in 12mo. and in 8vo., at the Book-Room, where, alone, purchasers are sure of an accurate and carefully-edited edition. At very little cost these most precious expositions of saving, experimental, and practical religion may be placed in every home where Methodism is prized; where their perusal would be found at once an antidote to error and a safeguard to truth.—The REV. DAVID HAY'S *Brief Memorial of the late Rev. Joseph Edge*, exemplifying a striking instance of entire consecration to God and His church, is a precious addition to the memorials of the sainted dead which enrich the annals of Methodism. Its brevity is its only drawback.—We warmly commend to the notice of our readers the REV. THEOPHILUS WOOLMER'S *Hand-Book of Methodism*, which briefly, but clearly and fully, gives the information respecting our constitution, institutions, funds, and offices, with which every Methodist should be acquainted.—We are glad to see that a new and much-enlarged edition of *All for Jesus*, by the REV. JAMES NANCE, has been issued. Its very earnest and pointed appeals well merit the extensive circulation it has secured.—The REV. HENRY BLEBY'S Sermon on Galatians i. 1, entitled, *True and False Apostles: or, The Teaching of the New Testament concerning Apostolical Succession*, contains a powerful, because scriptural, argument against the arrogant pretensions sometimes put forth to the possession of exclusive ministerial power.—*Courtship and Marriage*, by the REV. JOSEPH BUSH, is a seasonable, judicious Lecture, given in the author's best and raciest style. It cannot be read without profit.—MESSRS. CASSELL are bringing out a marvellously beautiful edition of Bunyan's immortal work, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, to be completed in sixty penny numbers.—A volume of a new *Critical, Experimental, and Practical Commentary on the Bible*, has been issued by MR. COLLINS, of Glasgow. It is the fifth, and contains the Gospels, by the REV. DR. DAVID BROWN, Professor of the Free Church, Aberdeen.

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BUNYAN'S WIFE INDUCING HIM TO READ.

THE contrast between the early and later years of John Bunyan's life is very remarkable. No one who had known the young tinker of Elstow —foremost in the rude sports of the village, the ringleader of its vice and ragamuffinism, the swearer of enormous oaths—could have anticipated that so rough and unpromising a youth would become a powerful preacher of the Gospel, the writer of sixty distinct publications, the greatest master of allegory in the English language, and a brave confessor, suffering bonds and imprisonment for the truth.

Lord Macaulay, in his biography of Bunyan in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, and in his essay in the *Edinburgh Review*, defends his hero against the other biographers of the great dreamer. He thinks that on the subject of Bunyan's early wickedness they have all been misled, with the single exception of Mr. Southey. Ivimey is censured for speaking of "the depraved Bunyan, the wicked tinker of Elstow;" and Ryland still more for calling him "a practical atheist; a worthless, contemptible infidel; a vile rebel to God and goodness; a common profligate; a soul-murdering, soul-damning, thoughtless wretch." Even Southey does not quite escape, but is reproved for going the length of designating the

young swearer "a blackguard." Instead of being anything like this, we are told that he was "a young man of singular gravity and innocence." In these different accounts, if Ryland's is too low, and requires qualification, Macaulay's is far too high an estimate. But it is characteristic of the moral judgments of literature to deal tenderly with the vices of genius, and to wink at crimes, when associated with superior talents, as mere *foibles*, and sins as nothing more than *peccadilloes*. Thus History, overlooking the immoral and scandalous connexion formed by England's greatest naval hero, describes the great Commander as having had "a constant sense of religious duty," and as "distinguished from the first by an early and manly piety." Thus, also, the purest prose-writer of the last century is generally portrayed as a paragon of Christian excellence, although it is known that he frequently tarried long at the wine. In the same spirit, the Satanic sin of ambition is named, apologetically, "that last *infirmity* of noble minds." Now, as of old, in the moral adjudication of mere literature, the accusing spirit blushes as he delivers in the sins of genius; and the recording angel blots out with his tears what he writes down with his pen. The sins which Theology proposes to cleanse with the blood of Christ, Literature attempts to wash out with the tear-drops of a conniving pity. Hence the exculpatory way in which two of Bunyan's biographers have spoken of the vices and follies of his youth. Southey will have it that Bunyan was never a vicious man; and Macaulay speaks extenuatingly of his addiction to swearing as "a bad habit," of which he was cured by "a single reproof;" and, further, that the worst that can be laid to his charge is, that he was guilty of "dancing, ringing the bells of the parish church, playing at tip-cat, and reading the history of Sir Bevis of Southampton."

The author of *The Pilgrim's Progress* himself has left us a remarkable autobiography, to which he has given the long title: *Grace Abounding to the Chief of Sinners, in a faithful Account of the Life of John Bunyan; or a brief Relation of the exceeding Mercy of God in Christ to him; namely in His taking him out of the Dunghill and converting him to the Faith of His Blessed Son Jesus Christ. Here is also particularly showed what Sight of, and what Trouble he had, for Sin; and also what various Temptations he hath met with: and how God hath carried him through them all.* In this little book he tells us that he had "but few equals, both for cursing, swearing, lying, and blaspheming the holy name of God;" and that he was "the ringleader in all manner of vice and ungodliness." He was not, it is true, either a drunkard or a libertine; and hence, judged by a certain standard, he is pronounced guiltless: but he had himself such vivid perceptions of the guilt and heinousness of sins of the heart and imagination, as to indulge in those self-reproaches which have appeared so morbid to some of his admirers. What were deemed unimportant trifles by them, were to him like the burden which crushed and oppressed his own Pilgrim. But Bunyan's estimate of his state is truer than that of his eulogists. If only drunkards and libertines are to be deemed wicked, how can Satan himself, with his uncorporeal nature,

be condemned? Those who defend Bunyan against his own accusations may be credited with generous intentions; but are not to be commended for lowering the high morality of the Sermon on the Mount, or for narrowing the commandment which is exceeding broad.

The days in which the young blasphemer used "hell's horrid language" on Elstow-green were troublous times in England. The country was divided into two great parties,—the Royalists and Parliamentarians,—who fought their differences, not in "the strife of tongues," but in the deadlier strife of swords. The Cavaliers and Roundheads had been at war a few years, when Bunyan became a soldier at the age of seventeen. He served in the memorable campaign of 1644 and 1645, and was a combatant at the siege of Leicester, where he had the remarkable escape which he thus describes: "When I was a soldier, I, with others, were drawn out to go to such a place to besiege it; but when I was just ready to go, one of the company desired to go in my room; to which when I consented, he took my place, and coming to the siege, as he stood sentinel, he was shot in the head with a musket-bullet, and died." This was not the only providential deliverance which he had had in his wild and reckless youth. Twice he narrowly escaped drowning: once in the Ouse, at Bedford; and again in a creek of the sea during some of his rambles to the maritime counties. Another risk which he daringly ran showed that he had the fearlessness suited to the military character, whether he had the other qualities or not. "Being in the field with my companions," he records, "it chanced that an adder passed over the highway; so I, having a stick, struck her over the back; and having stunned her, I forced open her mouth with my stick, and plucked her sting out with my fingers; by which act, if God had not been merciful to me, I might, by my desperateness, have brought myself to an end."

Bunyan does not tell us on which side he fought in the civil wars. He is generally represented as a soldier of the Parliamentary army; but it is more probable that he was in the Royalist ranks. The Roundheads were generally men of religious feelings and Puritanical sentiments; and it is, apparently, this fact which has misled the biographers of John Bunyan. Nor is it a matter of wonder that they should have concluded, *à priori*, that the Baptist sectary, incarcerated for preaching at conventicles,—the author of publications surcharged with the doctrines of Puritanism,—should have fought against prelacy and arbitrary power. They forgot, however, that the stripling tinker of Elstow knew nothing of religion, and cared nothing for Puritanism, when, at the age of seventeen years, he entered the army; and that he could then out-volley, in shocking swearing, the profanest trooper amongst Prince Rupert's roystering dragoons. If the remarkable escape, when the "bullet" found its "billet" in his substitute, took place at Leicester, as alleged, then, as one of the besiegers, and not one of the besieged, he must have belonged to the army of the King. His experience in this important campaign, on whichever side he fought, supplied him with imagery and allusions in abundance for his second great allegory, *The Holy War*.

The siege of Leicester, in which the Royalists were successfu
soon followed by the battle of Naseby, in which they were defeate
the power of the unfortunate Charles overthrown. Bunyan ret
from the wars apparently no better for his soldiering. His next ste
to marry. His bride was as poor as himself; but she was the ch
godly parents. Her father bequeathed to her, at his death, all he h
leave her,—the memory of his own good name, and two little book
Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven, and *The Practice of Piety*.
"household-stuff," they had not, according to the bridegroom's ac
"so much as a dish or a spoon" between them. Religious peopl
sometimes ridiculed for giving tracts to the poor, instead of sixpen
buy tobacco or beer. Those whose only way of "caring for the po
by finding fault with other people's gifts, would, no doubt, sneer a
legacy left by the tinker's father-in-law to his daughter; and yet
two small volumes have redeemed her memory from oblivion,
damsels dowered with gold and gems are forgotten and unknown.
good woman urged her husband to read; and, by her entreatie
"again recovered that art which he had almost lost." She told
moreover, as only a loving wife can, of her godly father and his holy
until his imagination was excited, and his heart impressed, by the affe
tale. Who is not willing to bless the memory of Bunyan's wife?
for her promptings, her husband would have forgotten the little lea
he had had; and but for her humble marriage-portion of two book
should never have been instructed by his glorious dreams. Bunyan
The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven; and posterity, as one of the re
is blessed with *The Pilgrim's Progress from this World to that whic
come.*

THE PROGRESS OF METHODISM IN CORNWALL.

"It prosper'd strangely, and did soon disperse
Through all the earth:
For they that tried it did rehearse
What virtue lay therein;
A secret virtue, bringing peace and mirth
By flight of sin."

"ACCORDING to the joy of harvest!" There is a fulness of meaning in these words. They bring great consolation, and a powerful stimulus, to the heart of Christ's workmen. They suggest that a better day is coming; a day when "the plowman shall overtake the reaper, and the treader of grapes him that soweth seed; and the mountains shall drop sweet wine, and all the hills shall melt;" a day God's servants "shall plant vine and drink the wine thereof; shall also make gardens, and e fruit of them." Whilst, however is to be fully realized in the f there have already been seen o earth some scenes that nearly rea the Prophet's description. "I member," said a Minister, preaching, "that when I was young, I was sent with an brother to work on my father's One day, when I did not under what we were doing, we plant great number of apple seeds. I some of the seeds, and dropped th the places prepared for them. rolled on, I grew and became a the seeds also grew, and have be

a fruitful orchard, and I have stood in autumn beneath the flourishing trees, and have plucked and eaten the fruit of my own planting." Thus, literally, he made a garden, and ate the fruit thereof. Others have done so in the sense in which the words are used in "THE BOOK."

The late Rev. Joseph Entwisle was once walking down one of the streets in Liverpool, when a tall gentleman placed his hand on his shoulder, and said,—

"Do you remember me, Mr. Entwisle?"

"No, Sir; I do not remember to have seen you before."

"Do you remember walking, many years ago, on the terrace of the Kingswood School, and teaching a little boy these lines,—

'Whate'er thy age would reap, thy youth must sow;
For the great seed-time of thy life is now?'"

"O, yes; I remember it well."

"I am that little boy. These lines were blessed to me. They led to my conversion, and I am now a Minister of the Gospel." Thus the good man planted a vineyard, and drank of the wine thereof: he sowed the good seed, and he reaped his own harvest; yea, he rejoiced before the Lord, "according to the joy in harvest."

The progress of Methodism in Cornwall very strikingly illustrates the same sentiments. The men that sowed the seed also reaped an abundant harvest. They continued to sow, and to reap, to the end of life; and, since that, other men have entered into their labours. The work of the early Methodist Preachers in Cornwall, was especially toilsome. They often found that the clearest understanding, and the strongest intellect, could do but little toward making men's hearts holy and upright: it required more than thought; there was hard work to do, and then God's blessing to be secured. Their labour, however, was "not in vain in the Lord." God's seed produced God's harvest; and great joy had the reapers.

The career of the two Wesleys, and especially that of John, proves that great men are seen in what they do, rather than in mere thinking. As a man, every man is great; for he that possesses the power of a soul, is a great being. True greatness lies in the force of soul, the force of thought, and in moral principle and love; and this may be found in the humblest condition of society. A man's greatness lies in what he is, not in his surroundings, or possessions, but in his character. In relation to others, and to the business of life, he is the greatest man, who chooses right with a strong determination; who endures the strongest temptations, and resists them; who bears the heaviest burdens, and complains not; who is calm in storms, and firm amidst threatenings and scorn; who labours to do good in spite of all opposition, and falters not in toil, but relies on truth, on virtue, and on God. Thus did John Wesley, and he proved himself to be the world's benefactor, and God's holy apostle to Cornwall. In him we see,—

"What is noble! 'tis the finer
Portion of the mind and heart;
Linked to something still diviner
Than mere language can impart:
Ever prompting—ever seeing
Some improvement yet to plan;
To uplift a fellow-being,
And, like man, to feel for man!
That is noble, that which places
Truth in its enfranchised will!
Leaving steps—like angel traces—
That mankind may follow still!
E'en though Scorn's malignant glances
Prove him poorest of his clan,
He's the noble—who advances
Goodness, and the cause of man!"

Methodism is in the highest sense a system that aims at, and in its workings accomplishes, the advancement of all that ennobles the human race; uplifting men from sin and woe, and spreading abroad in the earth knowledge, purity, freedom, and

happiness. The history of this system is, therefore, worthy of the highest intellect, and of the most devout regard. Methodism bears the impress of a great mind; it had its origin in a good heart, and it has been owned of God beyond all parallel. This method of spreading holiness throughout the land has failed in no place where it has had a fair trial. It has succeeded in Cornwall, perhaps, beyond most other parts of the country. Methodism came into existence in Oxford. It arose out of a felt religious want. The light, the life, and the zeal of the Church of England were low; and some young men were led to meet together for converse, and for prayer. In after years, when the wants of a rapidly-increasing population could not be adequately met by the existing ministry, and when infidelity and sin threatened to inundate the land, then Methodism came forth to stay the evil, and to bless mankind. This system has been from the first "a child of Providence." It was fostered and guided by the hands of some of the best men that ever lived; and it grew up under the paternal care and unceasing watchfulness of the ever-vigilant Wesley himself. In all his movements, John Wesley appeared to feel that one of the vineyards of the Lord had been let out to him to keep. He laboured, therefore, that this part of the Church should be "an orchard of pomegranates, with pleasant fruits." He felt that the keeper was to bring to the Proprietor, "for the fruit thereof, a thousand pieces of silver," and take for himself "two hundred." The glory belonged to God, the owner of all, and unto Him John Wesley gave it; whilst great was his own joy in seeing the prosperity of Zion. His language at all times was,—

"My remnant of days
I spend in His praise,
Who died the whole world to redeem:
Be they many or few,
My days are His due,
And they all are devoted to Him."

There can be no doubt that th
sermon, which Mr. Wesley's ass
preached in Cornwall, produced
considerable effect, of one ki
another. But when that first s
was preached, is not very well k
The Wesleys themselves, on
arrival in Cornwall, found some
verts, and said unto them, as di
unto the Ephesians, "Have y
ceived the Holy Ghost sinc
believed?" The great bulk o
people, however, were living in
darkness, great sin, and much n
The labours of the Methodist Pre
were adapted to the Cornish cha
they met the demand of the p
and proved to be of great b
Believers were quickened; s
were converted; and thus an im
was given to Methodism in th
west, by the first, and by every
sequent, visit of the Wesleys to
wall.

The scenes that were presen
the Wesleys, in connexion with
labours in the west, were stirri
not always encouraging. The
to whom they came were impr
though unconcerned. They
very many of them at least, will
hear the Gospel; and some of
were turned from sin unto God.
Wesley's labours, on his first v
Cornwall, were concluded at Gw
in a somewhat remarkable ma
Very early on the morning o
twenty-first of September, 17
company of tinners awoke hi
their singing. These men had col
for the purpose of having one
religious service, before the
man went from among them.
of them came from far; Mr. W
rose, and at five o'clock preac
them from "Believe on the
Jesus Christ, and thou shal
saved:" and "they all dev
the word." This great and
man then left the county for
tol, and the miners went
way,—

"Deep in the bowels of the earth,
Their daily work to find;
This lot—the Author of their birth
God's providence assign'd."

And yet these men of toil and privation felt, and could continually sing,—

"O God, if Thou Thy grace impart,
Praise cheers our murky way;
If Christ be present in the heart,
Our darkness turns to day."

(*To be continued.*)

THE BELIEVER'S PRESENT REST.

In the fourth chapter of the Epistle to the Hebrews, St. Paul uses the word "rest" in two senses. He says in the ninth verse, "There *remaineth* a rest to the people of God." In the third verse we read, "We which have believed *do enter* into rest." In the former verse the Apostle speaks of heaven, the future and glorious inheritance of the saints, the "inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away." This is, in the highest and most perfect degree, a place and a state of "rest." All that vexed, and oppressed, and tempted on earth will have passed away. From pain and sorrow, from fear and sin, the released and triumphant believer will for ever "rest."

But even here,—

"before we rise
To that immortal state,"

there is a rest into which we are brought; and it is of this rest that the Apostle speaks in the second verse, which we have quoted. Already, "we which have believed do enter into rest." Even now the renewed heart rejoices in the deep quiet and repose of the "peace which passeth all understanding." This is its *present* "rest and inheritance." The "still small voice," yet withal "that a mighty voice," has pronounced its gracious absolution, "Thy sins be forgiven thee;" and has also bestowed its gracious benediction, "Go in peace." In this indwelling of the "Spirit of adoption, whereby we cry, Abba, Father;" in this personal consciousness of God's favour and fatherly love; in deliverance from the sore bondage of sin, wherein we served and suffered under so heavy a yoke; in daily victories over the world, the flesh, and the devil, truly "we which have believed do enter into rest." "If the Son make you free, ye shall be free indeed."

In like manner, amidst "the cares of this life,"—cares of losses and disappointments, and perplexing dealings of God's providence; amidst outward trouble and tumult, there is a rest and refreshing in which the soul gratefully says, "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures; He leadeth me beside the still waters." Even as it is written, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on Thee: because He trusteth in Thee." Not that nothing will ever occur to bring sorrow or anxiety. No! It is not here that God will "wipe away all tears," and "make all things new." But there is such a deep, real, trustful repose on God; such a reliance on Him, and filial confidence in Him, as all-wise, all-powerful, and all-loving; such a sense of strength, and consolation, and sufficiency in Him, that "we which have believed do enter into rest."

So fully did St. Paul enter into this rest, that he said, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content." And O, what a testimony to the reality and blessedness of this rest when, bleeding, and hungry, and faint, in the dark, dreary prison of Philippi, that same Apostle and his "companion in tribulation" rose above weariness and pain, and at midnight "sang praises to God!" Well might Paul say, "We which have believed do enter into rest." He

not only preached this as a truth of "sound doctrine;" he enjoyed it as a possession of personal experience. He had the "witness within himself." And still this is a faithful saying. Only bear in mind what is said about *believing*. Unbelief effectually bars all admission to this rest. Look away, altogether away, and for ever away, from self. You are sinful, weak, helpless; Christ is your Saviour. "His blood cleanseth from all sin." His "grace is sufficient for you." He is "mighty to save." Then look simply to Jesus, even as He bids you: "Look unto Me, and be ye saved." Perfect trust in Him will bring perfect rest in Him. So our poet well puts it:—

"For ever here my *rest* shall be."

Not merely my *place* shall be, where I shall find safety; but my "quiet habitation," where I shall find peaceful repose.

"For ever here my *rest* shall be,
Close to Thy bleeding side."

Lord, increase our faith, and so evermore give us this rest!

STORY OF A MAN WHO WOULD, AND DID, GET ON.

"Don't fret, you are sure to get through; nobody ever stuck fast," said an old man once to a complainer. "Only *go* on, and you will *get* on."

Easily said, is it not? But how if some people do stick fast, cannot get through, and, as the saying is, progress backwards? Certainly a man may get through his fortune, his opportunities, his chances of success, his comforts, yea, his life: but it may be "getting through on the wrong side." Of course such a man does not stick fast; it would not be amiss if he did; for then he would lose no more. We have all known "fast men" who would, and did, *go* on, but still they did not *get* on; for all their gains were losses, their speculations failures, and their movements in the wrong direction. There is a way which seems right unto a man, but the end of it is death; and it is most undesirable to go in that way. There is a way which has not seemed to have many attractions, which comparatively few have been inclined to try; but it may be safely recommended as the good old way. It is thus described:—"Honour the Lord with thy substance, and with the firstfruits of all thine increase: so shall thy barns be filled with plenty, and thy presses shall burst out with new wine." Serve God with your property, devote your all to Him; and, as you give to God, and work for Him, you will be sure to get on. We will relate a story of a man, who, on these principles, would, and did, get on.

Jonathan A—— was born in Yorkshire, and the main advantage he had from his parents was, birth in England, care for his physical wants in infancy and childhood, and introduction to the world of business by apprenticeship. He had no instruction in religion; no special attention was paid to his morals. The world was before him, and he had to make his way through it as best he could. Property he had none. He began business with no other capital than a knowledge of his trade, and a determination to go ahead. Happily, two favouring circumstances occurred just as he was starting in life: he was converted to God and joined the Methodist Society, and he married a young woman who was also a pious Methodist. The only fortune his wife brought him was in herself; and a real fortune she was, for she did him good, and not evil, all the remaining days of his life. She seemed as if she had been made on purpose for him; she made his interests invariably her own. Well, he had a trade and a wife; and if neither he nor his wife had money, they were young, able, and willing to work, and not afraid of hard fare. They resolved not to tolerate laziness, ungodliness,

stefulness. A small village
ge parish was their chosen
f business, and they were soon
to take an apprentice. The
n which they worshipped was
er village, two miles away;
gh two miles is not a great
, yet it was not agreeable to
entirely, and to go for
from one village to another.
lass-meeting, which of course
l on the spot, it soon became
y to have preaching on one
he Sabbath; and that created
or full Sabbath services, and
ional visit from the Preachers
eek evenings. Several others
led to Jonathan and his wife
ers of Society, and they were
inion that an evening service
greatly serve the cause; but
ulty was to provide a bed for
cher. The thing was talked
ely: it was a public want;
day Jonathan said to his
I wish we could entertain the
r; then we should have the
so much needed."

can," said she. "Ask him
and I will contrive."

ever knew a woman to fail, in
upon which she had set her
r lack of ability to contrive?
acher was asked, invited to
n's house, and slept there,
as yet there was no spare bed.
hus the good woman had con-
the Preacher was to occupy the
l she and her husband would
the room which served as
oom and kitchen. And this
nce was so well managed, that
t had to be repeated for months,
n and his wife were the only
who knew of it. No good
ve come of their telling how
ntrived; but good unantici-
me of the contrivance. From
on which they began to
n the Preachers, they were
upon as respectable, rising
and, as their neighbours
freely visited their shop, they obtained the means of setting up the long-desired spare bed, and got a good business reputation besides. Their first gains were given to God, and they were unmistakably getting on. They did not make haste to be rich; their principles kept from them the gains of dishonest dealing; but they prospered safely, soundly, virtuously. Slowly they acquired property, for as they got they gave; and though prudence did not permit them to give all beyond a bare subsistence, piety suggested the impolicy of hoarding. So soon, therefore, as they could, they doubled the class contribution, gave more at the public collections, and began to subscribe to connexional funds. When it became necessary to have a chapel in their village, they subscribed largely; and, having obtained the requisite permission, Jonathan left his wife to attend upon the business, while he and another went abroad begging for the house of God. The chapel was built; Jonathan had now a good village trade, and he again increased his class contribution, gave still more at the public collections, and began to think of having a complete Methodist establishment in the place. Year by year he grew in public estimation; he was an excellent leader, a teacher and manager in the Sunday-school; he contributed comparatively large sums to the Methodist trust-estates in his own Circuit; and gave, and legally settled, a small property to the Methodist connexion for ever. He lived comfortably and respectably, helped his needy relatives, became the confidential adviser of those above him in the social scale, and in his old age was respected and beloved by all who knew him. He was a lover of all good men, but to the Wesleyan-Methodists he was devotedly attached; and, for many years, his house was the home of the Preachers. Whoever came to preach God's most holy word was sure to

t with a hearty Yorkshire wel-
e. Many men have made money
ter than he; few men have done
much good, gained so fair a position,
nd got so good a name, with such
mall means. When his income,
from all sources, was not more than
sixty pounds net per annum, he gave
as follows: sixpence weekly and ten
shillings quarterly to his class, his
wife giving fourpence weekly and
eight shillings quarterly; one guinea
each to the Missions, and ten shillings
each to the Worn-out Ministers' Fund,
per annum; besides subscriptions to
other Methodist funds. He was ever
ready, ever willing. Methodism, he
said, was his mother; and he would
do all he could for her while he lived,
and make her his heiress. His was a
long, happy, useful, and prosperous
life. Even Methodism has not had
many such noble-minded, liberal sons
as he. He began well, went on pro-
perly, and, having lived to see the
desire of his soul accomplished, sped
away to bliss not long ago. Nor did
his loving, faithful, devoted wife
tarry long; she soon rejoined him in
the skies. To literature and fame
Jonathan A—— was unknown; his
name is not inscribed on the page of
history; but he will be long remem-
bered as the godly man who would,
and did, get on.

W. H. BAMBRIDGE.

FILL YOUR OWN PLACE.

It takes all sorts of characters, says the late Professor Wilson, to complete this world-drama, and somebody must act them. In other words, I believe that every man has his place in the world; and that he was made specially for that place. It is only by earnestly filling that place that he fulfils his destiny, and answers the end for which God created him. Confusion and disappointment only arise from [illegible] to get into some other place [illegible] were in-tended. The range of our choice is limited by the character and the faculties God has given us, and the circumstances by which He has surrounded us, and which have modified that character, and developed those faculties. Each man is created with certain possibilities which determine the direction he must go, and the height to which he may rise. We need not, therefore, remain in doubt as to our duty. Our path lies so plainly marked out for us, that it is easy for us to find it if we choose. Our work is so near us, that we need not seek long for it, if we have willing hearts and willing hands to do it.

"No man is born into the world whose work
Is not born with him; there is always work,
And tools to work withal, for those who will."

The same Power that created you, and trained you for your work, has brought that work to you. Do not go out of your way to seek for something grand and imposing to do, but take up at once the simplest and plainest duty that lies before you, and you will not go wrong. Do not stand waiting for signs and wonders to reveal to you what God would have you do, but listen to the voices within you, and around you, calling you to work. Trust those voices, and have faith in humble things; then God will seek you, and light and strength be given to you [illegible] your path opens wider and high[illegible] before your advancing footsteps. believe God calls men to humble du[illegible] as well as great ones, for to Him duty is equally great; and woe be [illegible] him who disregards that call. are willing to recognise this c[illegible] the ministry; then why not [illegible] other pursuits of life? Is pre[illegible] the Gospel the only duty G[illegible] cognises? It is because we [illegible] God to manifest Himself lightning and the thunder, fail to hear His voice in ev[illegible]

and in the indication of circumstances about us, and thus go astray, groping our way blindly, and stumbling on through life in darkness and doubt. No man ever accomplished much who had not this idea of a vocation, who did not feel that he was called of God to do that very thing.

THE LATE SENIOR MINISTER OF IRISH METHODISM.*

JOHN FOSTER, in one of his *Critical Essays*, in reply to the question, "What is the object, what the law, of biography? why should a formal exhibition be made of any man's life or character?" thus replies:—"Not for mere amusement; for that purpose, an ingenious fiction might do better. Not merely to make it or keep it known that such a person has existed; that a certain human conformation of qualities and faculties, under an individual name, has had his allotments under the sun, in assigned time and place; thus to stand recorded, as one matter of fact among innumerable others." That able writer then proceeds to indicate the following, as among the chief uses of biography:—"1st. To assist the study of human nature, as exemplified and illustrated by the particular specimen, in which we may verify certain principles available to a general theory. 2d. To bring before us, not dry abstract discourse, and vague generality, but morality alive, the qualities of humanity, warm, embodied, and in action, bearing with them, or on them, the palpable tokens of their good and evil, and uttering an earnest voice to deter or persuade." In like manner, Johnson, while expressing an opinion that there has rarely passed a life of which a judicious and faithful narrative would not be useful, remarks respecting those who imagine themselves writing a life, when they exhibit a mere chronological series of actions, that frequently "more knowledge may be gained of a man's real character by a short conversation with one of his servants, than from a formal and studied narrative thus written, begun with his pedigree, and ended with his funeral."

We fully concur in these judgments of the worthlessness of bare biographical facts,—names, dates, places, events,—viewed separately from principles and doctrine. Biography, to have any ethical value, to be applicable to any of the purposes of life, should not only have an individual characteristic verity, but it should illustrate some principle, and teach some lesson; it should connect itself with some system of belief, some philosophy of life; it should set forth character in its causes, its elements, its practical results. And, in all these respects, religious biography, when a faithful and authentic delineation, has a transcendent importance, inasmuch as it touches the deepest chords of the soul; it takes hold of the great principles of our nature; it deals, not with its phenomena, not with its physical and circumstantial elements, but with its vital, substantial, everlasting realities; it links itself with interests which know no limits but eternity.

Perhaps there is no church of modern times so rich as our own in records of Christian wisdom and worth, of holy living and dying; nor do we regard it as a feature of which we need to be ashamed, that, in the more permanent religious organs of our Body, such prominence should be awarded to this department of Christian literature. It is our pleasing task to introduce another name to the fair roll of noble men and women—true Christian worthies—"a choice, peculiar race"—that adorns the annals of Methodism; to point out another bright particular

* *Memorials of the Rev. William Crook*, late Senior Minister of the Irish Methodist Conference. Edited by his Eldest Son. London: Sold by John Mason.

r amid the clustering constellations
glory that shed their lustre upon
ır church history.

The Rev. W. Crook, who died in
he full triumph of faith, on Sabbath
evening, May 4th, 1862, in the
seventy-eighth year of his age, and
in the fifty-eighth of his ministry,
was for more than half a century a
laborious and devoted Minister of
Christ, in connexion with the Irish
Methodist Conference. In association
with a band of distinguished Christian
teachers and labourers, he bore no
mean part in the early evangelical
enterprises in that land which God has
blessed, but man has blighted; that
land whose wealth has been turned
into poverty, and whose verdure has
been turned into barrenness, by the
withering and desolating curse of Popish
tyranny and oppression. The story of
his happy, useful, and blameless life,—
of its toils, and trials, and triumphs,—
and of the rapturous death which
crowned its close, is exquisitely told
by his eldest son, himself an eminent
Minister in the church of his beloved
and sainted father, in the small
volume to which we now call the
attention of our readers, and which we
cordially recommend to all those who
prize the acquaintance of a life
well spent, or a life well written.
We can only enrich our pages with a
few extracts.

In describing the general features of
his character, the vigorous Editor of
the *Irish Evangelist* thus writes:—

"Without at all saying that I am a believer in the doctrine of some in our day, that there is a correspondence between the type of the outer and that of the inward man; that the salient features impressed by the hand of God upon the body, point, in every instance, unmistakably to the general lineaments traced by the same hand upon the mysterious inhabitant within; I think that in my father's case the idea would hold good. You would never imagine, as you looked at him, that he was a poet, as we popularly understand the term; or a philosopher, richly endowed with that enviable power that reads the future in the present; or invested with that keen analytic faculty which so proudly distinguished Foster; or marvellously eloquent; or what we understand by a genius; or made to order, or to sell in any particular market. And he was none of all these. He had a character of his own, moulded by the forming hand of God,—a character that would have borne the same essential features, had he lived five hundred or a thousand years ago. Its salient points would strike you the moment you looked him in the face. His appearance at once suggested the impression of great strength, robust health, marvellous vitality, and manly simplicity and plainness. And these characteristics, so legibly written by the hand of God upon the outer man as to be known and read by all men, were the leading features of the inner man,—of his mind and heart,—underlaid his entire ministerial life, and appeared in everything to which he put his hand.

"In a PHYSICAL point of view, God had been most bountiful to him. Probably no man ever brought a finer constitution into our Itinerant work. To use Mr. Reilly's expressive phrase, 'it was like granite.' I should think that for fully half a century (with the exception of an attack of cholera in Tralee) he never knew what it was to be ill. I honestly believe that he never missed an appointment during nearly half a century of Itinerant life; but, with the punctuality of the sun, was at his post, utterly regardless of wind or weather. During the principal part of this period he rode in the saddle, and was drenched amid the mountains of Kerry, Wicklow, and Connaught, a thousand times, and yet escaped unhurt. His mother lived to between ninety and a hundred; and I believe as fully as that I pen these lines that, but for the prodigal way in whic he drew upon the resources of that nob physical frame with which G endowed him, he might have lived bless his family and the church that loved for a quarter of a century to co Let no man say that this would impossible, seeing 'that a man is imm till his work is done.' I have al

thought that this celebrated maxim was more remarkable for sound than for good sense. What, after all, does it mean more than this—that a man lives until he dies?—a fact which I suppose but few will think of calling in question. Some will, perhaps, think, that as a Minister retired from our active work, he lived long enough. I, for one, beg leave to think, that there are no men we are less prepared to spare than some whom we call 'old men.' I beg leave further to commend to the attention of those who seem to think that the sooner an 'old man' or a Supernumerary dies the better, the following extract from one of the ripest thinkers of our day:—'It is said that God raises up others in our place. God gives you no title to say this. Men, such men as I have in my mind, are valuable in proportion to the time they are here. They are the older, the better, the riper, and richer, and more enriching. Nothing will make up for this absolute loss of life. For there is something which every man who is a good workman is gaining every year, just because he is older, and this nothing can replace. Let a man remain on his ground during half a century or more; let him be every year getting fuller and sweeter in the knowledge of God and man, in utterance and in power—can the power of that man for good over all his time, and especially towards its close, be equalled by that of three or four young, and, it may be, admirable men, who have been succeeding each other's untimely death, during the same space of time? It is against all spiritual, as well as simple, arithmetic to say so.'*

"Further, paradoxical as it may seem, I am inclined to think that if he had had a much feebler constitution, or two or three sharp fits of illness, he would have lived far longer. Here, again, I am most happy to fall back upon the opinion of the same most eminent man. Speaking of his father, the late accomplished Rev. Dr. John Brown, of Edinburgh, his gifted son says: 'I have said that he was never ill. This was all the worse for him; for, odd as it may seem, many a man's life is lengthened by a sharp illness, and this in several ways. In the first place, he is laid up, out of the reach of all external mischief and exertion; he is like a ship put in dock for repairs; time is gained. A brisk fever clarifies the entire man, if it is beaten, and does not beat; it is like cleaning a chimney by setting it on fire: it is perilous, but thorough. Then the effort to throw off the disease often quickens, and purifies, and corroborates the central powers of life; the flame burns more clearly; there is a cleanness, so to speak, about all the wheels of life. Moreover, it is a warning, and makes a man meditate on his bed, and resolve to pull up; and it warns his friends, and likewise, if he is a Clergyman, his people, who, if their Minister is always with them, never once think he can ever be anything but as able as he is.'" †

The more prominent characteristics of his mind are thus sketched:—

"I have said that the leading feature of the mind of the subject of this sketch was strength. He had not many advantages in the way of early education, and no one would think of claiming for him a thoroughly trained and educated mind; but the native strength of his mind developed itself in its own way, and was recognised by all who knew him. For example, it was seen in the manly independence with which he examined all points of theological opinion, as well as all questions of church-government, and other weighty questions, which thoroughly stirred his soul. I do not know any great question on which he thought that he should have a decided opinion, which he had not thoroughly studied,—looking at it in the light reflected upon it by various minds, of different degrees of power and culture, and on which he had not his mind finally made up. It was seen, again, in the *tenacity* with which he held what he regarded as truths and principles. He left nothing undone to find out what was the truth amid a chaos of conflicting opinions; and once thoroughly satisfied, that point was held with a death-grasp ever after. It was seen, again, in the generous indignation that burned in his soul against what he regarded as false

* *Dr. John Brown's Letter to Dr. Cairns*, pp. 105, 106.

† *Ibid.*, pp. 99, 100.

teaching of every shade and variety. Regarded from this point he was, above any man I have known, what the late Rev. Richard Winter Hamilton would call 'a good hater.' False teaching of every kind he exposed in public and in private with all his heart, and without the slightest regard to consequences.

"Perhaps not less remarkable was the *healthy* tone of his mind. Here I might enlarge very much, but I shall merely glance at two points,—his freedom from all eccentricity and 'hobbies' of every kind, and his thorough sympathy with the progressive element in the world and in the church. He had no hobbies or crotchets that I am aware of, and no eccentricity that calls for a single word of remark, except, perhaps, the point alluded to by my friend, Mr. M'Kay, his passion for buying books, would by some be regarded in this light. I rather think that my mother regarded it as anything but prudent to sink so much money from year to year in books, and, perhaps, I might think so too. But, in justice to him, it is fair to say, that he sunk no money in strong drink, tobacco, snuff, or other pet indulgences of any kind, any one of which would, perhaps, have consumed quite as much money in the same extended period of time. And, again, right or wrong, he thought that there was no atmosphere in the midst of which a child could grow up, so mightily influential in moulding his character as that of books. Hence his study, containing many thousand volumes of all sizes, and on every conceivable subject, (except novels—I don't think he had a single novel,) was open to us every hour of the day, except when he was particularly engaged, and uniformly when he was from home. As I think now of the many, many happy hours we spent as children in the 'study,' playing with the books, and in after years reading many of them, is it any wonder that I should feel disposed to deal very gently with so agreeable and unselfish a form of eccentricity as this?

"I have spoken of his sympathy with the progressive element in the world, and in the church. This was so prominent as to strike everyone that came in contact with him, and deserves a fuller notice in this little tribute to his m than I have space to give up to now. The majority of old men the past; their sympathies, ideas, of thought, are all with the pa they look with a certain deg jealousy, if not with suspicion, up change of tactics demanded by th gressive character of the times in we are called to live, as compare the past.

"Many of these, like the hero in smith's *Schoolmaster*, who

'Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd ho were won,'

will tell what they did in days of meantime, ignore altogether the cha the battle-field since they were ; and raise the cry, (I have som thought that it was learned by l *within*, rather than without,) former days were better than the do not mean to say that this characterizes all old men, or ev majority of them; but I have me it sometimes in the ministry, and and again in venerable private m of the church. And I here regist result of my observation durin fourteen years of my public life: never yet known a progressive old like the late Rev. Henry Deery, venerable subject of this sketch; who were thoroughly in sympathy the glorious times in which it i privilege to live—who would not such a sentiment with a generous in tion. On the contrary, those i ministry, and out of it, whom I heard 'croak' after this fashion, parties who stood still while the and the church were in motion all a them; whom the wave of progres behind a quarter of a century stranded high and dry, like a ves wreck falling to pieces with the dr —'a spectacle to angels and to men

Mr. Crook is peculiarly happy i description of the intense and uberant *vitality* of nature w marked his honoured father.

"To him, life was not a kin higher vegetation, a holiday, or a but LIFE,—something worthy of

name,—a battle and a victory! Some time, prosaic reader will probably smile as he reads this, and say, 'Think of associating poetry with the name of the late Father of the Irish Conference!' And why not? 'My wife,' said Goethe, 'does not *write* poetry, she LIVES it;' and the poetry of *action* against the poetry of sentiment, fifty to one any day! A dreaming sentimentalist, like Shelley, or Moore, or Burns, may write what the world calls good poetry, and *be* a wretched piece of doggerel, when tested by the standard of moral verse. Give me the man whose life *is* a noble epic, without a single line requiring either explanation or apology, and who teaches his fellows to *live* poetry rather than to write it. This is the type of man the age is calling for, and these are the men that, in the literature of the skies, are named poets.....In this point my father was, perhaps, more remarkable than any old man that I have ever known. It was seen in his every movement, and pervaded his entire religious and ministerial life. Perhaps the highest proof of this is seen in the way the *spring* of it endured to the very last. No student or young Minister could feel and manifest a keener interest in the work of the church in our day,—in the new germs of life, new forms of thought, new modes of work, starting into being all around him,—than this veteran, who had grasped the sword for well-nigh sixty years, and was now about to lay it aside for ever. Never, at any period of his life, was there a fresher or more genial and healthy spring in his nature, than the week in which he died. To be with him, when on the margin of fourscore, would give new inspiration to many a man who, in point of years, was but budding into life. Those who knew him well, will forgive me when I say, that above most old men whom I have known, he might have sat for the following beautiful portrait of a 'green old age,' with which I close this part of my sketch. 'Age,' says Ossian, 'is dark and unlovely.' No; not always. It might be so among 'savage clans and roaming barbarians,' before they had received 'the elements of knowledge and the blessings of religion.' But age, with us, is often a refreshing and a beautiful sight. There are old men and old women that look as bright and brisk as their grandchildren. It is delightful to see a man who, having passed the previous stages of life with credit and honour, approaches the last, and goes through it with contentment and cheerfulness. Look at him. There's a good deal of many of his wonted attributes about him yet; force in his intellect, freshness in his feelings, light in his eye, and vigour in his limbs! He reviews the past without pain, and without complaint. He is not querulous, selfish, misanthropic. He does not confound and frighten the young by constantly telling them of 'the howling wilderness' into which they have been born, and of the wretched thing they will find life to be. He has not found it anything of the sort. The world has proved to him a very pleasant place, and life an interesting, though eventful, journey. Life did not turn out, perhaps, just what he fancied and dreamt about as a boy, or even as a man; it became a rougher, but withal, a better and a nobler, thing. He does not, therefore, attempt to touch too rudely the dreams of the young enthusiasts about him. He listens to them with interest and pleasure; sometimes with a significant but loving silence, sometimes answering and encouraging with genial sympathy. He does not destroy their hopes and anticipations; for while he feels that they will probably be fulfilled in a way somewhat different from what is projected, he feels, also, that they may *be* fulfilled, and that life may become to his successors what it has been to him. His hoary head is a crown of glory; his name fragrant as incense. He stands the centre of a large and widening circle of descendants; children and children's children gather about him. He did not live without the exercise and solace of the affections. He loved and married, had wife and home, sons and daughters, with the usual mixture of the cares and satisfactions of domestic life; and he is rich now in the bright beings that sparkle around him in the fading twilight of his protracted day, and who at once adorn the scene, and dilate the heart. It is a fine thing to see old age thus crowned and blessed; the man happy in himself, satisfied with the world, thankful to have lived;

looking to the past without shame, and to the future without fear. . . . . Yes; 'children's children are the crown of old men,—THE GLORY OF CHILDREN ARE THEIR FATHERS.'" *

(*To be concluded.*)

"WHOSOEVER."

A SAILOR, who had been piously trained in early life, but for many years had been the victim of all manner of profligacy, at length, while at sea in the Pacific ocean, was thoroughly awakened and convicted by the Spirit of God. One night, after turning in, his terror rose to such a pitch, that he dared not shut his eyes, lest he should awake in hell; but at length he was overcome with fatigue and weakness, and fell asleep. While in this condition, he dreamed of being in India, (he had been formerly,) and hearing a Missionary preach on the solemn words, "How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?" he was so moved by the words that he tried to run away, and in the effort awoke.

Then, as he says, "the perspiration was pouring from my forehead, and as I was in the greatest agitation, I opened again God's word, for I had no other comforter. I read the third chapter of St. John, and there I saw what I needed. I must be born again. I read on, and came to the sixteenth verse, 'God so loved the world, that He gave His only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' I was struck by these beautiful words. Does that include me? Yes, I thought; 'whosoever' means me: I will venture on this love. I tried to give God my heart; and there, in that midnight hour, far away on the billows, I cast my poor guilty soul on His mercy, and, while pleading this precious word, I felt peace and comfort within me."

* BINNEY'S *Is it Possible to Make the Best of Both Worlds?* pp. 38—40.

"HUSH! HEAVEN!" †

"HUSH! heaven!" he whisper'd so
and clear,
As notes angelic caught his ear;
Then, quitting earth and mortal clay,
His spirit soar'd to heavenly day.

"Hush!" stay your sorrow, loved one
stay,
I would not linger by the way;
For death for me has lost its sting;
I hear the welcome of my King.

"Hush!" from the everlasting hills
The glorious trumpet-echo thrills;
The mighty Conqueror leads the band,
And I must ready waiting stand.

"Hush!" 'tis the song of lasting peace
All struggles now for ever cease;
Each bitter pang, each weary sigh,
My Saviour reckons from on high.

"Hush!" sin can ne'er distract me more
I'm treading close on Canaan's shore;
O earth, be still! for I would fain
List to this new and wondrous strain.

"Hush!" 'tis a charmed spirit swell,
Of sweetest chords: no tongue can
tell
To earth the grandeur of its flow;
'Tis "heaven!" then life was closed
below.

The gates of pearl wide open flew,
The Lord of glory shone in view;
His gaze of wondrous love and light
Enrobed the saint in glory bright.

He fled! to join the brilliant throng
To add fresh triumph to the song;
But ere the link to earth was riven,
Death was dissolved in tasting heaven.

† The Last Words of the late Bishop of Durham, the Honourable H. M. Villiers.

Scripture Scenes.

CENCHREA.

CENCHREA was one of the two harbours of Corinth, a city so renowned in ancient times for its numerous colonies and riches. The city itself was situated on the isthmus which joins the Morea, or as it was known in ancient times by the name of the Peloponnesus, to the continent of Greece. Cenchrea was on the eastern side, about seventy stadia from the city

It was from this port that St. Paul sailed for Ephesus, as we read in Acts xviii. 18. The other harbour, on the western side of the isthmus, was called Lechæum. In our next number we propose to give an account of Corinth itself.

Our Country.

THE CORNISH COAST.

No. V.

"A well there is in the west country,
And a clearer well never was seen;
There is not a wife in the west country
But has heard of the well of St. Keyne.

"An oak and an elm tree stand behind,
And beside does an ash-tree grow;
And a willow from the bank above
Droops to the water below."

Did you ever dream that you were winging your way most pleasantly through the balmy air, amidst perpetual variations of sea and land, mountains, valleys, lakes, and streams? That dreamy joy has sometimes been mine, at all events; and few things, in that way, are more grateful to one's memory than those flights of the soul during the mysterious hours of sleep. Nor have I ever, while wide-awake, realised nearer approaches to that ethereal kind of enjoyment than when I used to be inspirited by the sea breeze, while wandering with light easy steps through the all but endless variety of scenic changes which distinguish the neighbourhood of Looe. Those who devote themselves to dulness may, if they please, keep up the fashion of getting through "the season" by jostling their like-minded neighbours on some dirty sand-bank; or by keeping their feet warm, in tread-mill style, within the asphalted or paved purgatory of some artificial promenade; or by performing objectless paces to and fro on the timbers of some long, wearisome pier; or by going round and round, and in and out, and round again, day by day, among the Lilliputian water-works and rockeries of some manufactured spa; but let me have those ceaseless unfoldings and renewals of enchantment which seem to vary and deepen their charms at one's every step, to freshen one's spirits, and to give some new and renewing sense of beauty to one's soul at every turn he takes during his pilgrimage on the banks of the Looe. Let me ramble through "Shutta-lane," now rejoicing over the luxuriant little wildernesses of wood-sorrel in delicate bloom, and now leaning over the fern-clad wall to lose one's-self in many dreams, while the eye reposes on the sparkling river below, as it comes down gracefully laving the foliage of the interwoven hills. Or let me creep musingly up "Cripple-lane," turning now and then to catch some witching peep at the dark blue ocean from between the headlands, to see the sunlight playing on one hill-side, or the shadows passing over the copsy bosom of another, until I find my way up to St. Martin's Church, which, with its venerable grey single-turreted steeple rising above the quiet leafage of the grave-yard and the parsonage-grounds, lies at the head of one of the branching valleys which wind upwards from the river-side towards the heights of Bin-down. No soul responsive to nature can ever forget the alternations of deep stillness and peaceful swells of feeling which pass over it while, resting on a tomb-stone amidst the dews of the morning, it listens to songs from the blackbird and thrush; songs such as, it once seemed to me, are scarcely to be heard anywhere else. It was music, I remember, which appeared to deepen my sense of the mysterious beauty of that prophetic utterance, "Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust: for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead!"

Then, again, let me saunter at curfew-time on the old bridge,—now, alas! gone for ever,—when its quaint line of arches, so like, and yet so unlike, one another, are tremulously pictured in the calm, glassy river, which began its gentle play among their piers in the time of Edward III.; and there let me wait to see Orion and the Pleiades quietly hang out their sparkling watch-lights over West-Looe dell, as if they were glad to take their turn as its nightly guardians, while it grew dim beneath the gathering mysteries of human slumber. Or let my skiff float up the "West river" with the flowing tide; the gentle action of the oars now and then breaking the stillness as we pursue the sinuous channel; now under the shadows of copsy slopes; now

around a bright green point; now beneath rich upland meadows, overlooked by a shepherd's cottage; and now along by the banks of a reedy marsh, where the note of the rising heron is answered from the woods above by the plaint of the wild pigeon. Or let me land at "Watergate," and after a refreshing draught from the little clear rivulet which runs down the dell to mingle with the greater stream, and a few words about something good and happy with the simple folk who spend their contented life in the cottages nestling in the creek, let me mount the wooded hill-side, till I come out on the sward within sight of Trelawney. Noble old Trelawney!

Let me gaze again as I have gazed aforetime, and think of the strange mystery of human life. Where are the generations of those who have called thee by their own names? This has been, by turns, the land of the Bodrugans, the Champernowns, the Herles, and the Bonvilles. Ah! there must have been mourning, bitter mourning, in chamber and hall once, when, on the last day of December, 1460, Lord Bonville saw both son and grandson fall at the battle of Wakefield, and was himself beheaded within two months after the lights of his house were quenched!

I have enjoyed moments of quiet contemplation in the old hall, with the fine portrait of Sir Jonathan Trelawney before me. That was the Bishop of Winchester, one of the seven whom James II. had better not have meddled with; the one whose lodgment in the Tower, as the story goes, called out the old spirit of the Cornish boys for a rescue.

"And shall Trelawney die?"

No, never! True it is, as Edward Trelawney's epitaph in the parish church, dated January 7th, 1630, says,—

"We wander, alter, dy.
O, what a bubble, vapour, puff of breath,
A nut of worms, a lump of pallid earth,
Is mud-wald man: before we mount on high,
We cope with change, we wander, alter, dy."

True it is, also, that the queer but honourable memorial of Henry V.'s favourite, Sir John Trelawney, has disappeared with the picture of his royal master from the old gate at Launceston,—though I remember the words: they shall not die if I can help it.

"He that will do ought for mee,
Let him love well Sir John Trelawnee."

True it is, moreover, that every one of Sir John's descendants has not had so rare a compliment from his Sovereign; nevertheless, the name and honour of Trelawney are still fresh and green. Lift up your voices again, old Cornish boys:—

"And shall Trelawney die?"

No, never!

But where next? Let me take a turn a little further inland, and make for ancient Duloe. There is its venerable church yonder, looking out from its bold, cultivated height, openly claiming to be the ecclesiastical keeper of the pastoral valleys and slopes around it, with its spire awkwardly stunted, as if, like some short, thick, dwarf-headed oak-tree on a weather-beaten promontory, it felt and wished to express the feeling that high places and changeable winds are not favourable to lofty attainments or permanent consistency. Stay, I must go aside into this meadow to see a mystery. What is it? Why, a circle of great stones rising out of the sod, or half sunk in the earth, leaving you to wonder whether they are rock-giants of early times in the act of rising to scare the race of moderns, or whether they are memorial relics which have lost their meaning, and are shrinking slowly down to hide their seeming purposelessness from vulgar eyes. How many mysteries twine and intertwine about them! How many questions they silently suggest, without giving one shadowy indication of a reply! The blocks are composed of white sparkling quartz. Such gigantic unbroken masses of quartz I never saw anywhere else. There is no visible clue to their primitive bed that I could discover within a very wide circle around them. From what depths were they raised? From what distance were they brought? By what mode of transit? Who can tell? Deeper questions arise. In what age of the world were they set up? By what race of men? Deeper still: why were they placed there? Nine of them there were; three times three. The most perfect is nine feet high, six feet in

breadth, and three in thickness; three, twice three, and three times three; and all in a circle! What did they mean? What doctrine, what fact, what mysteries of devotion, did they set forth? Deeper still: have they a meaning now for any intelligent visiters? Are there any spiritual living creatures to whose mysterious approaches they are still instructively responsive? No voice answers me. Away, then; let me go to the well of St. Keyne. The little antique sanctuary of the saint, with its Norman arches dimly lighted from its small narrow windows, and its eastern gables overshadowing rich clusters of Lent-lilies and wild hyacinth plants flourishing among the tombs, looks forth with venerable quietness from amidst the foliage which crowns a commanding hill; and from the parapet of the tower what a glorious succession of valleys the eye rejoices over! How rich they were when I saw them last with copses in their bright spring dress, luxuriant woods putting out their fulness of beauty, slopes of yellow furze, orchards, cottage-gardens, and meadows, laughing as if they felt happy in the renewal of their life. And there was ancient Liskeard in the distance, sitting in queenly style on her verdant upland, with her vapory robes gathering brightness beneath the dark blue shadows of Caradon, and her pleasant and revered memories kindly telegraphing to my heart. But who was St. Keyne? Tradition says—and she says many worthy things, though she speaks without a book—that St. Keyne was beautiful in her youth, and was courted by many princes as the promising daughter of Braganus, a British King of the fifth century, but that she loved religious contemplation too well to give herself to ordinary life. Pilgrimages to St. Michal's Mount, prayers in her cell, charities among the people, and meditations by her darling well-spring, made up the joy of her mortal existence. Her memory seems like balm to some people, to me among the rest; but, alas! to have the bitterness of gall for others, Norden, the old topographer, to wit. "Her well," says he, "is a spring rising under a tree of a most strange condition, for beyinge but one bodie, it beareth the branches of four kindes, oke, ashe, elm, and withye. This Kayne is said to be a woman saynte, of whom it taketh name; but it better resembleth Kayne the devill, who had the shape of a man, the name of an apostle, the qualitie of a traytor, and the handes of a bryber."

You are hard and unamiable, friend Norden; I fear you had not said your prayers on the morning of your visit to the well. My friend Carew was of another spirit; and I like to hear good-tempered people talk about saints.

"I will relate to you," said the kind-hearted surveyor, "another of the Cornish wonders, viz., St. Kayne's Well. You must understand that this was not Kayne the Man-queller, but one of a gentler spirit and milder sex—to wit, a woman. He who caused the spring to be pictured, added this rhyme for an exposition:—

"'In name, in shape, in quality,
This well is very quaint;
The name to lot of Kayne befell,
No over-holy saint.

"'In shape four trees of divers kinds,
Withy, oak, elm, and ash,
Made with their roots an arched roofe,
Whose floor this spring doth wash.

"'The quality, that man or wife
Whose chance or choice attaines
First of this sacred stream to drink,
Thereby the mastery gains.'"

It might be a curious problem for the exercise of some subtle and restless argument-drivers, how came it that one whose saintship was founded in perpetual virginity should endue her favourite spring-water with the virtue of giving matrimonial mastership to that one of any young married couple who first tasted it after the solemnities of the nuptial altar-service? Perhaps her sympathy with her own sex led her to do her best to secure for everyone of her married sisters who was quick enough to claim it, the privilege which, for reasons best known to herself, she never herself aspired to,—that of being her husband's master in the form of a wife. Without settling the question, or being in the least degree disturbed by it, I always enjoyed a pilgrimage to the well of St. Keyne, and never visited it without taking a draught of its delicious water. It was approached, I remember, by a lane which led down the hill-side from the church; and the last time I was there, that lane

decked with primroses and
d the flowery bespanglement
lery were so pure and bright
become an approach to the
ing which had supplied a
nt with her daily beverage,
t forth the consecrated waters
ning her spiritual children.
es of an earlier time had been
r by a November storm in
her generation of five had
and reached maturity since
f these only two, an oak and
e left when I pulled up my
prang off to look into the clear
th the old stone archway, and
rorthy beast refresh himself,
night not, for his part, drink
ial authority or command.
1 for a trot back to Looe,
gh the woods along the bank
. Hark! the wood-pecker is
isten to that delicate echo of
note! Who would exchange
the healthy perfumes, the
nd instructive shades and
of this solitude, for the
d most luxurious scenes of
resort? Do you want
, holy luxury? Then come
what the Looe folk call
l;" and while the cease-
of the waves is upon your
ur eye on the evening star
ncing over West-Looe Down,
it intensifies its lustre as it
ouch the "Giant's Hedge,"
ous mound near the summit,
many ages has been silent
passing questions about the
eared it. That evening star
t be thought to indulge some
th the past; it glitters over
the old earthwork as if it
throw some light upon its
on the history of the mighty
ot have left their prints on
the once-embattled hill. "The Giant's Hedge" is probably a remnant of Roman military works. "There were giants in those days!" In the days of the Roman legions there were giants. Giants! Yes, and many-headed giants were those same ubiquitous Roman legions. Now see! The moon is silvering Ram-Head in the distance; and now is throwing a broad line of mild glory from the sea-offing to the beach, as if she were preparing a triumphal pathway for some heavenly procession, or carpeting the ocean with light before the steps of Him whose "way is in the sea," and who orders His "path in the great waters." It is so, verily; and if one may judge from the softer and yet richer tone of joyfulness with which the hushed billows utter their voices as they lovingly salute the sparkling shingle, or swell around those islet rocks, and adorn them as with successive creations of silver blossom, the mighty deep surely feels the passing majesty of the God who made it. It is a moment of solemn joy. Bend your uncovered heads! "Stand in awe!" and let our voices fall into the chant which now comes swelling on our inward ear from the bosom of an ancient church, "Whither shall I go from Thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from Thy presence?....If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall Thy hand lead me, and Thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from Thee; but the night shineth as the day....I will praise Thee. ....Marvellous are Thy works....How precious also are Thy thoughts unto me, O God! how great is the sum of them! If I should count them, they are more in number than the sand: when I awake, I am still with Thee."

Bodmin. W.

Narratives.

OF THE PENINSULAR WAR.*

r of 1825 was fast approach-
eeting a pious soldier of the
third regiment of foot-guards in London, he kindly and respectfully inquired, "Would you like, Sir, to attend our soldiers' prayer-meeting this evening?" "Where is it held?" "In Strutton-

* *Church in the Army.*

Ground, Westminster." "I shall accompany you with pleasure." I was led to an upper room, large and capacious; and, to my very great surprise, I found about thirty horse and foot soldiers, and some of their wives, with one or two pious sailors, also assembled. I was most kindly received into this company of good soldiers of Jesus Christ, and being instantly recognised by many, I was asked to conduct the meeting; but, as I was anxious to observe what method a body of pious soldiers brought together had been led by Divine grace to adopt, I said, "O no; I will sit in this corner, and you will very much oblige me by conducting the service in your usual way, and at the close I shall be most happy, as a humble follower of the Lord Jesus Christ, to pray with you." Three of the soldiers in turn gave out a short hymn, and after each had done this, all fell upon their knees, while he who had announced the hymn proceeded most solemnly and appropriately to implore the Divine blessing upon all sailors and soldiers, and their families, throughout the whole world.

I rejoiced that I was in a corner, where I could secretly and silently pour out my soul to God. The scene—the singing, the persons, the locality, and the surrounding indistinctly-smothered sighs of so many contrite hearts—was really altogether overwhelming to my soul. Westminster I had intimately known from a boy, and this part of it in particular; and a more horribly depraved neighbourhood for military licentiousness and drunkenness the whole world could never produce. Hence, what most astonished me was, where and how those fine cavalry and infantry soldiers from Knightsbridge and Westminster could have gained all that knowledge of Christ's salvation and the Bible, which they so copiously expressed.

At the conclusion of the last soldier's prayer, a sailor from the Thames stood up, and related his many hair-breadth escapes from death, in the battle off Cape St. Vincent, on the 14th of February, 1797, with Admiral Sir John Jervis and Sir Horatio Nelson. He then described, in a very interesting manner, his conversion to God by a sermon on the deck of a ship, in one of the tiers of shipping in the Thames. A few verses were sung, and he prayed. After prayer, a humble, pious soldier gave out a hymn he had learnt in military terms. I did not catch any more of it than the last two lines, which will be afterwards mentioned.

After they had sung, the soldier who was now leading their devotions said, "Comrades, please to sit down, and I will furnish you with some particulars that may be profitable to us all, respecting the last two lines we have just been singing. Some of you have heard me say, that during the last war I belonged to a foot regiment, in which there were a few Christian soldiers, who loved the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity, and were not ashamed to confess Him before men, whether soldiers or civilians. William, my beloved friend, was one of that number." (The soldier wept.) "Excuse me, comrades; you know it is no disgrace to a British soldier to shed a tear over the memory of a loyal, converted, and faithful comrade. O! his memory is dear to me, for he was a friend indeed, and such a friend as I hope to meet in the world of glory. Our regiment was in barracks at Portsmouth and other noted places, and we met as regularly as we could for prayer and praise; and, as William generally conducted the meetings, he would often close the services with holy joy and rapture, singing,—

'Then we'll *march* up the heavenly street,
And *ground* our *arms* at *Jesus' feet*.'

"When Lord Wellington took the command of the British army in the Peninsula, our regiment was ordered to embark for Lisbon, in Portugal. We had many blessed meetings on board, amidst all the scoffs and sneers of swearing sailors, who wondered to behold privates in a depraved regiment come out from among their poor thoughtless comrades and worship God as we did, I trust, in the beauty of holiness. After running over the Atlantic, we disembarked at Lisbon, and were ordered to Belem Tower. Here we had many opportunities, in that superstitious, dark country, of proving that Jesus Christ is in every place, and is specially present with any

two or three soldiers, as well as other sinners, who are gathered in His name, to strengthen each other's faith, and hope, and joy in believing. We have often stolen away to a retired spot near Belem Tower, and William would cheer us all up by saying, 'Fear not, comrades, whether we live or die, in camps or hospitals, or on the field of blood itself, we'll sing with joy,' and here he repeated his favourite lines.

"William would often address us at the close of the meeting, saying, 'Ah! comrades, we shall soon have done with marching and counter-marching, with fatigue-parties and trenches, with fields and camps, and blood and slaughter; and then, O then, to depart and be with Christ! O, what glory!—washed in His precious blood, justified by His glorious righteousness, and accepted in the Beloved. O comrades! look up, for your redemption draweth nigh.'

"At length we were hurried, pell-mell, into the battle of Barrosa. It was a day that will long be remembered by every survivor. At the close of the bloody conflict, our company had advanced at some short distance from the field of battle, and when the word was given to halt, a soldier ran up to inform me that my cousin was badly wounded, and bleeding on the field. I asked permission of our captain to fall back, and get my cousin into some hospital-waggon to save his life; and as I was threading my way between dead horses, and dead and dying soldiers, a dragoon who knew our praying company galloped past me, and called out aloud to me on the field of battle, as he sprung over the dead corpses, 'Briery, there's your comrade William dying by the side of that dead horse,' pointing with his sword to the spot. I instantly hastened thither, and found him lying on his back, with his right hand upon his left breast, and the paleness of death spread over his anguished features.

"I eagerly grasped his left hand, and called out, 'William, William, comrade William!' He opened his dying eyes, and looked upon me, and exclaimed, faintly at first, 'Ah! comrade, is that you? How could you have found me out in this slaughter-house of groans and blood? You have only just come in time.' I grasped his hand with affection as a friend and brother in the Lord, and as the tears rolled copiously down my cheeks, (for even war, you know, with all its horrors, cannot destroy a soldier's best feelings of humanity and tenderness to a beloved Christian friend in the agonies of death,) I said, 'Where are you wounded, William?' He rolled on in anguish, and replied, 'O! I've a musket-ball through my left breast, and I feel it will not be long before my soul will leave this frame. Life is ebbing fast, and stingless death, through Christ my Lord, is coming upon me.' 'Are you in much pain, William?' He pressed his hand to his breast, and cried out with bitter anguish, 'O comrade! the pains of my body are greater than I can possibly express.' I paused and wept over him, and waiting a moment until he could recover, as his breath became shorter, while the blood was oozing out of his wound, I said, 'William, how is it with your soul? Are you happy in the Lord? Is Christ now precious to you? We have fought in many battles, we have marched over many a waste howling wilderness, we have encountered many enemies, we have held many blessed meetings in Spain,—you often told us the Lord was with you, in camps, in trenches, on guard, or on the march. Is Christ with you now, William? Is your soul comfortable in the enjoyment of His love and the foretaste of heaven?' To my great surprise, he made a strong effort, and sprung up so as to occupy a sitting posture, partly leaning on my shoulder, and taking his hand from the wound, while the blood squirted out upon a dead horse, he lifted up his hand to heaven, and cried out, 'Ah! comrade, the joys of my soul are greater than all the pains of my body. Yes, indeed, He is precious, and I now prove that, having loved His own, He loveth them to the very end. Adieu, comrade; I am now indeed going to be with Jesus.' And then, waving his hand and gazing around him, he cried out with a peculiar tone of voice that I shall never forget, while I held my hand to his wound, —'Farewell marches and trenches,—farewell fatigue-parties and midnight revellings of drunkard comrades,—farewell fields of battle, and

blood, and slaughter,—and farewell sun, and moon, and stars,—and'——He paused, almost exhausted with his feelings; but turning to me, he cried, 'Yes, farewell, beloved comrade in Christ Jesus; meet me in glory: for O! in a few minutes more my soul must depart, and then, yes—

> Then I'll *march* up the heavenly street,
> And *ground* my *arms* at *Jesus' feet.*'

His head sunk upon my shoulder; and suddenly the bugles sounded to call in stragglers from the field on some special duty. I was compelled hastily to run to our company, and fall in for duty, but after firing a short time at some renewed attack, we grounded our arms; and in a little while, a soldier from the field came up to me, saying, 'Briery, I dug a small pit, and have just put your comrade, William, into it. He was a good fellow: I could not bear to see him lie without a grave.' Ah, comrades! I was immediately like David when he lost his friend and brother in the war, and I cried out in his mournful language of deep sorrow, 'How are the mighty fallen in the midst of the battle! O Jonathan, thou wast slain in thine high places. I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan: very pleasant hast thou been unto me: thy love to me was wonderful, passing the love of women. How are the mighty fallen, and the weapons of war perished!'"

The soldier finished his simple and heart-affecting tale, and we all kneeled down, while he poured out his soul before God, for the army and the navy in particular, that sailors and soldiers might choose William's God, and enjoy William's triumphs, as they were infinitely greater on the field of death than those the Duke of Wellington enjoyed, in quitting that field for all the glory that could be conferred on him by his country.

"*I can't*" has ruined many a man; has been the tomb of bright expectation and of ardent hope. Let "I will *try*" be your motto in whatever you undertake; and, if you press onward, you will steadily and surely accomplish your object, and come off victorious. Try, keep trying, and you will win.

Methodism.

THE CITY OF CHESTER AND METHODISM.

(*Concluded from page* 284.)

The records of early Methodism in Chester are, however, destitute of those exciting incidents which abounded amidst the masses of brutalized humanity in many parts of the kingdom. From the commencement, with but few exceptions, Methodism has received attention and respect from the citizens. The fact is, its preachers worked upon a better, that is, a more cultivated material; and to the present day there is a refinement and courtesy among the trading and religious Cestrians strikingly manifest to those who have lived in localities where Methodism has gained its present commanding position by coarse and hard-fought battles. At the first visit of Wesley in 1752, he preached near St. John's church, when the people "behaved with the utmost seriousness." The following morning, and again at four o'clock in the afternoon, he preached to larger congregations, "among whom were abundance of gentry. One man screamed and hallooed as loud as he could; but none seconded or regarded him; the rest of the congregation were steadily serious, from the beginning to end." We do not wonder at the preacher next morning "walking round the walls of the city," doubtless enjoying their witchery; and then preaching, in the evening, "in the square, to a vast multitude, rich and poor; the far greater part, the gentry in particular, were seriously and deeply attentive; though a few of the rabble, most of them drunk, laboured much to make a disturbance." Is it not worth something for a people to be able to say, "Our fathers never persecuted Wesley?"

Well, it is certainly refreshing to look back upon the sunny spots of that won-

There were more good
hen, than some modern
ild lead us to imagine.
record of the great evan-
n to which he listened in
urch a fortnight later,
visit to Bristol, a dis-
oken out: "I am sorry,"
godly pastor, "that such
l be committed, particu-
arish where I have been
y years, and to how little
ill remove as soon as
om a place where I do so
, what an account have
ho have either occasioned
such proceedings! May
they may repent in time,
now what spirit they are
ay, before it is too late,
d love the truth as it is
preaching of such a man
art of the city, for years
m entered it, must have
l bearing of richest fruit.
an likely that here were
rt were Protestants when
power. Three centuries
circumstance transpired,
this view, at a tavern in
t Row. Dr. Henry Cole,
I's, was charged by Queen
nmission to persecute the
s, and he lodged at this
his way. During a visit
f Chester, he exultingly
his bag a box containing
exclaiming, "Here is what
retics of Ireland." The
er, who had heard the con-
exquisite tact, took the
t from the box while the
mpanying the Mayor to
1 its stead placed a pack
the *knave of clubs* upper-
an left for Dublin, and
at the castle, astounded
il by producing his sup-
n. He immediately re-
of great excitement for
" but before he could
again Mary died. This
dy was not alone in the
loubtless, but one of many
t in sympathy with the
th and righteousness, and
who exerted an influence which was seen and felt in the reception given to the Methodist preachers, when first they proclaimed their mission. The effect of her conduct too, on a thousand important interests, it is impossible to calculate.

Methodism at once took root in Chester. A noble band supported it. The names of Bennett, Walker, Lowe, Bowers, and others, gave it strength and development.

The first chapel, the octagon, now in the possession of the Calvinistic Methodists, was built in 1765; and in 1811 the spacious chapel in John-street was erected by the Herculean efforts of a band of men, whose children and grandchildren are now, in 1863, nobly supporting the cause entrusted to their keeping.

In an age when our youth are in danger of losing power and enterprise, it is refreshing to refer to those who nobly sustained the rising cause of Christ during that memorable period. Every church has had its moral heroes, but none more abundantly than Methodism. They possessed the great qualities of firmness, decision, perseverance, and self-sacrifice in a degree which dims the glory of the mighty ones of the world's battle-field. Some of these have no name on earth; but their record is on high, and their work produced the happy circumstances amid which we live. The first preachers appointed to the Chester Circuit, now just ninety-eight years ago, were men of sterling worth; generals who led on a small but enthusiastic and resolved band to the help of God against the mighty. Decision in the church will ever succeed. A hundred years ago, among the Chester Methodists, were the wife and daughter of a captain, who had been brought under the saving influence of religion, and who bore nobly the persecutions of an otherwise estimable husband and father. Resolved on subduing what he considered an unreasonable fanaticism, he removed his home to a distance of some twelve or fourteen miles. Still undaunted, these devoted women walked, each returning Sabbath, through cold, and storm, and tempest, to Chester in time for the morning five-o'clock prayer-meeting. Through good and evil report they served their Divine Master, and thereby left to the Cestrian Methodists in their example a legacy

more elevating and blessing than broad acres, or thousands of gold. This was the character of the original Methodists in Chester generally. They were men of God, earnest in doing good; and in the society of the present day are many whose work will soon be done, but who inherit their spirit, and whose example reads lessons of stimulating influence to the ardent spirits rising up around them.

The men who raised the old buildings and walls of Chester are long since gone. They acted a part in the world's drama. Their works are seen at every step, and the wish rises from the heart, that they may never be destroyed. The early Methodists, too, who preached a free salvation in the city, have passed away. They are dead.

"They sleep their last sleep,
They have fought their last battle,
No sound can awake them to glory again."

Once they marched forth at the sound of their Captain's voice. We feel a hallowed pride in pointing our rising hosts to them. No faint heart beat in their bosoms; no doubt darkened their brow. Onwards they marched; up the rugged steeps they climbed; down into the dens of crime, and the abodes of poverty, they went. Every movement was a victory. They built up the church to which we belong. But the tongues that made vocal the streets of the crowded city, and the lanes of the retired hamlet, are silent in death; while the sanctuaries and examples they left call loudly for earnestness and devotion in their youthful successors, to whom is entrusted that cause which they toiled and suffered to sustain.

Chester. J. F. M.

The Household.

HOW MOTHERS MAY FAN THE MISSIONARY SPIRIT.

Mr. Melville Horne, in his sermon before the Society for Missions to Africa and the East, thus applied the text, Luke xi. 27. Meditation on the wonders of the cross, familiarized and wrought by the Holy Spirit into the temper of our minds, would spread the Spirit of missions far and wide among the clergy and laity. Our very women would catch the sacred fire, and glory in the welfare of the cross. Christian matrons! from whose endeared and endearing lips we first heard of the wondrous babe of Bethlehem, and were taught to bend our knee to Jesus; ye who first taught these eagles how to soar, will ye now check their flight in the midst of heaven? "I am weary," said the ambitious Cornelia, "of being called Scipio's daughter. Do something, my sons, to style me the mother of the Gracchi!" And what more laudable can inspire you than to be the mother of the Missionaries, confessors, and martyrs of Jesus? Generations yet unborn shall call you blessed. The churches of Asia and Africa, when they make grateful mention of their founders, will say, "Blessed be the womb which bare them, and the breasts which they have sucked."

EFFECT OF RELIGION.

At ——, in Yorkshire, after a handsome collection, on the preceding evening, had been made for the Missionary Society, a poor man, whose wages were about twenty-eight shillings per week, brought the next morning, at breakfast-time, a donation of twenty guineas. The friends hesitated to receive it, doubting whether it was consistent with duty to his family and the world to contribute such a sum; when he answered to the following effect:—"Before I knew the grace of our Lord, I was a poor drunkard. I never could save a shilling. My family were in beggary and rags; but since it has pleased God to renew me by His grace, we have been industrious and frugal: we have not spent many idle shillings, and we have been enabled to put something into the bank; and this I freely offer to the blessed cause of our Lord and Saviour." This was the second

donation of the same poor man, to the same amount!

PUNCTUALITY.

NOTHING begets confidence sooner than punctuality. In business or religion it is the true path to honour and respect, while it procures a felicity to the mind unknown to those who make promises only to break them, or suffer themselves to be so entangled in their concerns, as to be incapable of being their own masters. Whoever wishes to advance his own interest, and to secure the approbation of others, must be punctual. "Punctuality," says Dr. Johnson, "is a quality which the interest of mankind requires to be diffused through all the ranks of life, but which many seem to consider as a vulgar and ignoble virtue, below the ambition of greatness, or attention of wit; scarcely requisite among men of gaiety and spirit, and sold at its highest rate when it is sacrificed to a frolic or a jest."

Foreign Travel.

BUXTON (CANADA WEST).

ITS ORIGIN—PRESENT STATE—AND PROSPECTS.

(*Continued from page* 180.)

SHORTLY after the passing of the Fugitive Slave Bill, which deprived the slave refugees of all safety in the United States, a general movement was made by them towards Upper Canada. This sudden accession roused the latent jealousy of the white settlers into active hostility, which was just at its height when Mr. King arrived with his charge. Animated by a noble Christian philanthropy, which led him to regard these outcasts as men and brethren, he had previously designed a plan for the amelioration of their social condition, and the elevation of their moral and intellectual character. He designed to provide the adults with a home, and the youth with the means of Christian Education, by forming a settlement in which land should be granted to them on easy terms, and provision made for their spiritual wants, as well as their mental development. From his long acquaintance with them, he was convinced that, if placed in favourable circumstances, they would support themselves as readily as other emigrants coming into the province without means; refuting the popular charge that they would not work, except under the terror of the lash.

The rumour of Mr. King's design having preceded him, he encountered the most violent opposition. Threatening letters were sent to him, and a public meeting from three counties was convened by the Sheriff, to influence popular feeling in order to prevent his designs being carried into effect. Only one man was found to lift up his voice in that assembly, willing to give a home in their midst to the wanderer!

A committee was appointed to watch Mr. King's proceedings; and petitions were sent to the Commissioner of Crown Lands, earnestly demanding that no grant should be made to him. A less resolute spirit must have retired before such obstacles; but, assured of the righteousness of his cause, he gathered new stimulus from difficulty, and securing the co-operation of Lord Elgin, then Governor-General of Canada, he succeeded in carrying his point; and thus saved Britain the disgrace of refusing that asylum to the outcast which it has long been her glory to afford. A grant was made of a tract of land which had been selected and approved by competent judges, and which was pronounced one of the most desirable in the province: it consisted of nine thousand acres, which were divided into lots of fifty acres each. The angry and excited mob on several occasions made attempts on Mr. King's life; but the Power which stilleth the raging of the waves interposed signally for his preservation, so that his opponents were obliged to be content with sneering at a work which they could not overthrow.

It was in December, 1849, that Mr. King, who had been appointed agent of

the Elgin Association, fixed his residence on the settlement to which the name of "Buxton" was given, in honour of that friend of humanity, Sir T. F. Buxton. His house had been built, and occupied for several years, by a white settler. It is a long, low building of log, and was, at first, of most unpretending appearance; but buildings which were for a while used as church and school-house have since been incorporated with the dwelling-house; and a gallery in front, shaded by luxuriant grape-vines, a belfry rising high above the house, the long avenue of shady trees leading up from the road, and the tasteful white fences with which the premises are inclosed, have contributed to give to the whole, when seen against the brilliant blue sky, and embosomed in the rich green foliage of a Canadian summer, a picturesque and charming aspect. More recently, a church, school-house, and post-office have been erected on the premises immediately fronting the main road.

The angry excitement aroused by Mr. King's coming into the district had tended greatly to awaken popular interest among coloured people in his projects, and very shortly a number of the fifty-acre lots were disposed of to actual settlers, at two dollars and a half per acre, to be paid in ten equal annual instalments, with interest; the whole being paid up, the settler to receive a title to the land in fee-simple. Many have already fulfilled these terms, and received their deeds; others are expected to do so shortly. It was also required that each settler, on entering his lot, should immediately put up a house, not inferior to a prescribed model, which was of log, twenty-four feet long, eighteen feet wide, and twelve feet high; to be set back thirty-three feet from the road, and inclosed in front with a picked fence. Any who wished were at liberty to make their houses as much larger and better as they chose, and in many cases did so. Some came with nothing but their strong arm to help them; others had acquired a little property, and commenced at a much greater advantage: the former had literally "to take their bread out of a stump," and hard enough their work proved. The land was heavily timbered with elm, hickory, oak, maple, and ash, which must be hewn down, consumed, and the brushwood cleared out, before an ear of corn could be raised. The land being level, and the soil clayey, it was necessary to open numerous ditches in order to carry off the water to the creeks, which, when properly kept open, supply sufficient drainage.

The parallel roads or concessions, which intersect the settlement at intervals of two hundreds acres, existed only on the charts; and the towering giants of the forest, which had so long held undisturbed possession, would not yield an inch except to the fatal stroke of the axe. The difficulties were, indeed, great. Each man, however, understood, on coming in, that all he was to receive was the opportunity to make a home, and acquire independence. "Work or sink" was the motto; and results abundantly testify that almost all adopted the former alternative.

Meanwhile, in furtherance of the moral interests of the settlers, a Mission was formed, supported by the "Canada Presbyterian Free Church;" and Mr. King, being a Minister in that body, was appointed to the charge. Schools were opened, in which, in addition to the ordinary branches taught in the day-schools, opportunities were afforded for acquiring a knowledge of the classics and higher branches of literature, to such as might aspire to the professional or scientific walks of life. These schools have generally been very numerously attended; many have received in them the elements of a sound education, and are now holding positions of usefulness in various parts of the world; but the attendance fluctuates greatly from distance, bad roads, inclement weather, scant clothing, and, more than all, from the stern necessity of work, which, at all busy seasons, drafts off every pair of little hands that can possibly do a turn in the fields, or mind the house while the mother is working on the farm, or making black salts. Three other school-houses have since been erected in the more remote parts of the settlement, conducted on the "Common-School" system of the country. The church, in good weather, is well attended; and a large number of the hearers are church-members. The Sabbath-school and Bible-classes are also well attended.

The Methodist and Baptist forms of

, in which more freedom and
are allowed to the hearers, are,
, better suited than Presby-
n to the impulsive and demon-
feelings of the African. A large
, therefore, are attached to these
ations; and, as perfect liberty
afforded them, they have erected
of their own. A very large pro-
of the population are to be found
abbath-day attending some place
ip.

rs continued from the first to
every year. In 1855 a good saw
t mill was put up, by means of
bundance of excellent timber was
; so that the erection of good
roceeded more rapidly than before.
ensuing year, a brick-yard and
factory were added; likewise a
two-story brick hotel, and a good
ouse, intended for a private
-house; and a new branch of
was opened, which has already
f the greatest possible advantage:
e making of black salts, (already
o,) which are prepared from the
various kinds of timber, and are
ds disposed of to the manufac-
f potash and pearlash. The only
incurred is the purchase of a
tle for boiling. By this means,
work of clearing the land has
atly stimulated, and vast quantities
, which must have been other-
sted, have been converted into an
of high commercial value, and
an important source of wealth to
the community. Last year there were exported from the settlement to Montreal, three hundred and fifty barrels of pearl-ash; and, with proper stimulus, the quantity may be increased annually for many years to come. Dry weather is necessary for the operation; and during the summer season, materials being plenty, and the art very simple, there is scarcely a family that has not its shed on the skirts of the forest, where the great iron pot is suspended over the fire, which, as a certain temperature must be kept up, requires to be watched constantly; and in this work the women and children are chiefly employed.

In-doors, many are engaged in preparing and spinning flax for garments; and there is no doubt that this most desirable branch of industry will shortly be practised to a much greater extent. The hindrance, hitherto, has been the impossibility of raising sheep on damp or newly-cleared lands. This obstacle is becoming less every year; and we have good hopes of seeing, erelong, the every-day garb of the community entirely of their own manufacture. The land, on the older clearings, is already fit for raising flax and tobacco. Several of the settlers are well acquainted with the cultivation of these plants, and the mode of preparing them for use, or for the market, and are proposing to devote a considerable portion of their time and land to these purposes.

(*To be continued.*)

Anecdotes.

VANITY OF INTELLECT.

truly humbling to the pride of
see to what a state of mental and
ruin he is brought by the lapse

Sir Isaac Newton, that won-
cholar, of whom it is said that he
ed the whole human race in
and who, if anyone can be
styled great and illustrious, is
ntitled to these epithets, when in
ining years he was requested to
some passage in his chief mathe-
matical work, could only, as it is reported, say that he knew it was true once. A circumstance in some degree similar is related of that celebrated military commander, the first Duke of Marlborough, who flourished about the same period. When the history of his own campaigns was read to him, to beguile the tedious hours in the evening of life, we are told, so far were his intellectual faculties impaired, that he was unconscious of what he had done, and asked in ad-

miration, from time to time, "Who commanded?" Here, then, not to cite more examples, we have fresh proofs that "all the glory of man," even in what he is most especially apt to value himself, is but "as the flower of grass."

THE CHRISTIAN'S WALK THE TRUE TEST.

A CANDIDATE for admission to church-membership under the Rev. Rowland Hill, being required to give some account of his first impressions as to the evil of sin, and the need of the Gospel, related a dream by which he had been affected and led to serious inquiry, to the hearing of sermons, &c. When he had ended, Mr. Hill said, "We do not wish to despise a good man's dreams by any means; but we will tell you what we think of the dream, after we have seen how you go on when you are awake."

The Portfolio.

GEMS IN OLD SETTINGS.

MERIT-MONGERS CONDEMNED.

A GARDENER offering a rape-root (being the best present the poor man had) to the Duke of Burgundy, was bountifully rewarded by the Duke; which his steward observing, thought to make use of his bounty, presented him with a very fair horse. The Duke, being a very wise, discreet man, perceived the project, received the horse, and gave him nothing for it. Right so will God deal with all merit-mongers, that think by their good work to purchase heaven; which cannot be, the work being finite, the wages infinite: so that merit must needs be a mere fiction, sith there can be no proportion betwixt the work and reward. There is, indeed, mention made of a mercy-seat in the temple; but there was never heard of any school of merit, but in the chapel of Antichrist.—*Trapp.* 1656.

TIME, DAY, AND NIGHT.

Two horses free, a third doth swiftly chase;
The one is white, the other black of hue;
None bridles have for to restrain their pace,
And thus they both the other still pursue;
And never cease continual course to make,
Until, at length, the first they overtake.
The foremost horse that runs so fast away,
It is our time, while here our race we run;
The black and white presenteth night and day,
Who after haste, until the goal be won;
And leave us not, but follow from our birth,
Until we yield, and turn again to earth.
—*Geoffrey Whitney.* 1589.

Memorials of the Departed.

STEPHEN CALVERT was born at Hutton Rudby, in the Stokesley Circuit, in the year 1793. In the twenty-third year of his age, at the opening of the Carlton Chapel, he was convinced of sin; and, being earnestly advised, by the Minister under whose discourse he had been so deeply impressed, to lose no time in becoming a member of Christ's church, on the Tuesday following he joined himself to the Methodist Society, and continued to enjoy its privileges to the end of his life. His distress of mind, on the removal of "the veil," was great; and no rest could he obtain until by faith he fled to the sinner's Friend, in whom he had redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins. Renewed by the Spirit of God, his life became conformed to the will of God. The beauties of holiness shone forth clearly in his daily deportment, and he stood high in the esteem of all who knew him. His master, exemplary for integrity and kindness to

i he employs, had Stephen in his
r twenty-eight years, and speaks
in respectful terms. "There is
' he says, "in whose praise I
ak with more confidence, without
f falling into an unjust eulogium,
ephen Calvert. As a servant,
uld not have been a more faithful
l as a man, I never met with one
considered a more truly sincere,
and earnest Christian." In 1828
ne the leader of a class, and was
rized in that office by tenderness,
and assiduous and prayerful at-
to its duties. In 1835 his name
l upon the Circuit Plan. He
iligently to understand the mean-
od's holy word, and then to give
ionately, pointedly, and fully to
rs. He was conscientious in his
i to his appointments. In the
the Lord he took great delight;
believed that for several years in
m he read the New Testament
upon his knees. Thus he sought
hroughly furnished unto all good

The public means of grace were
of much spiritual profit to him;
hough never a robust man, after
s of the day were over, on the
y evenings, instead of seeking
his own abode, he repaired, when
racticable, to the sanctuary of the
He believed that in its hallowed ser-
could, at the same time, find both
l relief and spiritual invigoration,
ore readily than he could by any
nents to which he might direct his
n at home. He was a frequent
f the sick-chamber, and no disease,
r infectious, deterred him from
counsel and consolation to the af-
nd dying. He was a great admirer
the Bible, and of the Missionary
, and his simple but valuable ad-
on behalf of both of those Institu-
ill not soon be forgotten. He was
ed of sin, and he preached his first
at Carlton; and in the same chapel
t public effort was made. At the
ncement of 1860 he became infirm,
nearly twelve months his suffer-
re considerable. But not a mur-
muring word escaped his lips. In patience he possessed his soul. He had little, if any rapture; but he had what is equally valuable, unbroken peace. To a friend who called to see him he said, "I have none but Christ to look to now, but I find Him to be all-sufficient. He has been with me in many difficulties, and He will not leave me now." Such was the general tenor of his experience. The generous kindness of friends greatly affected him, and for them he frequently implored the blessing of heaven. His anticipations of "home," and of meeting with many beloved friends, cheered him on his way; and he sought and obtained a meetness for it. In his last moments he was perfectly calm and collected; and whilst a young friend was holding him in his arms during the final struggle, he entreated him to repent and believe in Christ. Such were his last words; and his spirit passed peacefully away to join the redeemed in heaven. He died December 18th, 1860.

Joseph Kaye was born at Long-Marston, near York, July 21st, 1806. It was on his twenty-third birthday that he received the saving grace of God, and for thirty-two years he was a consistent member of the Methodist Society. His spirit was gentle, and his habits retiring; and whilst his piety shone brightest at home, his godly walk won respect and confidence out of doors. He took the Bible for his guide and companion, and read it much and often, and daily strove to square his life by its laws. Mr. Kaye was a man of great power in prayer. He felt most of all about his own family; he lived to see his five children saved, and joined to the church of their fathers. Two days before his death, he told his leader that the last month had been the best and brightest of his life, and added, "For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." On the morning of January 4th, 1861, whilst dressing, he received the summons to depart and be with Christ, and in an hour he was gone. As to his body, Mr. Kaye died half-dressed; but his soul was found ready for the journey, "having on the wedding garment."

Occasional Notes for Readers.

The List of Scripture Lessons, in the Old and New Testaments, for the use of Wesleyan-Methodist Schools and Families, for 1864, has been prepared with the usual care, and is now ready for circulation. Great advantage to Sunday-schools has resulted from the use of *The Wesleyan Sunday-school Teachers' Class-Register*, as it was improved two years ago. That for 1864 will be found carefully prepared upon the same plan, which has been universally approved by those best acquainted with school-management. Full, plain, pointed, and practical *Exercises on the List of Scripture Lessons* will appear monthly, as usual, in *The Wesleyan Sunday-School Magazine, for* 1864. Good service would be rendered to sound scriptural instruction, if these valuable aids were in more constant use in families, as well as in schools.—The Rev. W. J. Shrewsbury has given the result of many years of diligent and prayerful study in his *Notes on Ezekiel*, which are both *critical and expository*; and are enriched by quotations from the Dutch translation of the Bible, with which the venerable author became acquainted when pursuing his labours as a Missionary in Africa.—The admirers of the simple and telling rhymes for children of Ann and Jane Taylor will be delighted with the original pieces published by Houlston and Wright, with the same object, under the title of *Jottings for Juveniles*, by Josephine, and written in the same delightful spirit and style of verse: they beautifully inculcate the blessedness of doing good.—*Old Jonathan* successfully maintains the high character it has acquired by its spirited woodcuts, and by the high religious, practical, and spiritual tone of its articles.—*The Gardener's Weekly Magazine, and Floricultural Cabinet*, published in monthly parts, is a singularly cheap horticultural journal, which only needs to be known to command a largely-increased circulation.—Wilmshurst's *Bible Exercises for Schools and Families*, sold by Aylott and Son, contain judiciously-selected Scripture references, systematically arranged, accompanied by ruled paper, for the purpose of being written out, and so impressed on the mind of the youthful writer.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Booth, Addison,	Spalding,	Spalding,	21	May 21st, 1863.
Brown, Mrs. Skelton,	York,	York,	43	April 9th, 1863.
Buttery, Ann,	Ollerton,	Worksop,	28	Feb. 16th, 1863.
Cottam, James,	Edwinstowe,	Worksop,	38	June 24th, 1863.
Day, Henry,	Edwinstowe,	Worksop,	33	May 16th, 1863.
Harris, Mrs.,	Moulton,	Spalding,	77	June 9th, 1863.
Hind, Mrs.,	Spilsby,	Spilsby,	27	March 20th, 1863.
Meek, Mr. John,	York,	York,	70	Aug. 14th, 1863.
Noble, Mr. John,	York,	York,	74	May 29th, 1863.
Sinkinson, Anthony,	Cockermouth,	Cockermouth,	43	Nov. 22d, 1862.
Smith, Mrs.,	York,	York,	74	Aug. 20th, 1863.
Thompson, Robert,	Swinefleet,	Snaith,	86	July 31st, 1863.
Turner, Samuel,	Worksop,	Worksop,	71	June 16th, 1863.
Whitley, Miss,	York,	York,	87	July 27th, 1863.
Witham, Elizabeth,	Edwinstowe,	Worksop,	69	March 21st, 1863.
Woombill, John,	Walesby,	Worksop,	54	Feb. 27th, 1863.

J. Roche, Printer, 25, Hoxton-square, London.

Bunyan listening to Godly Women at Bedford.

BUNYAN'S CONVERSION.

Bunyan had reached manhood, had returned from the wars a
sbanded soldier, and had entered into the marriage-state, before there
ere any indications of the great change by which the sinner was
ansformed into a saint. The influences which led him to abandon sin
d seek salvation were, remarkably enough, brought to bear upon him
ainly through the agency of women. First, there was his young wife,
godly parentage, with her dowry of two religious books. Having
en prompted by her to resume his almost forgotten art of reading, and
ving listened to her reminiscences of a pious home, he ceased to be the
igleader of "the roughs" of Elstow. Secondly, there was the "loose
d ungodly wretch" of a woman, whose reproof of him for swearing
d, singularly enough, the effect of driving him from that shocking
bit. To be told by such a person that his oaths made her tremble, so
rought upon his mind, that from that hour he ceased to swear. And,
irdly, there were the "three or four poor women" at Bedford, whose
nversation gave him such clear light on the Gospel salvation.

The ex-soldier, having taken up his old trade, was walking through

the streets of Bedford in search of cans or kettles to mend, when his attention was arrested by the talk of some women sitting outside a door in the sun. Their conversation was not of the execution of King Charles, nor of the establishment of the Commonwealth, nor of the greatness of Cromwell; it related altogether to spiritual things. Bunyan, who at this time was outwardly reformed and piously disposed, although as yet ignorant of the way of salvation, having already the reputation of being a "brisk talker in matters of religion," drew near to join in the conversation, but soon found himself out of his depth. Man's lost estate by nature, the new birth, the work of grace in the saved soul, the love of God in Christ Jesus, the worthlessness of human righteousness, Satanic temptations, Divine supports, and Gospel promises, were the topics on which these holy women conversed. "Methought," said Bunyan, "they spoke with such pleasantness of Scripture language, and with such appearance of grace in all they said, that they were to me as if they had found a new world."

At this time Bunyan was a religious formalist, and regularly attended the village church at Elstow. His veneration for the person and office of a Clergyman was not only profound, but superstitious. Although the Long Parliament had abolished Episcopacy, and substituted the Presbyterian Directory for the Book of Common Prayer, yet the officiating Minister appeared to the imagination of the praying tinker unshorn of a single sacerdotal lock. To him, in another sense than to Milton, "New Presbyter was but old Priest writ large." Even the parish clerk, (an official with a generally execrable elocution, and not very self-denying piety,) was held by him in august veneration, for his intimate connexion with holy things. In addition to attendance upon church, the Scriptures were studied by the new devotee; but, in his half-enlightened state, he confined his attention almost exclusively to the historical parts of the Old Testament. His outward reformation, moreover, was so thorough as to be a matter of remark and wonder to the whole village. A reproof from an unexpected quarter cured him of swearing. A sermon which he heard in Elstow Church on the evil of Sabbath-breaking awakened his conscience on another besetting sin; and although he managed, the very same Sunday, to "shake the sermon out of his mind," and to engage in a game of *cat*, yet he was again alarmed by something like a voice from heaven, calling to him, "Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?" To such an extent had he forsaken outward sin, and assumed a religious decorum, that when he heard the three women speak on the new birth, he had the reputation of being a very godly man. Great was his astonishment and humiliation, then, when he discovered by their conversation that as yet he had neither part nor lot in the matter. "I felt," said he, "my own heart began to shake; for I saw that in all my thoughts about religion and salvation, the new birth did never enter into my mind; neither did I know the comfort of the word and promise, nor the deceitfulness and treachery of my own wicked heart."

Bunyan was so affected by what he heard from these poor people that he sought frequent opportunities to converse with them on the deep things of God. In contrasting his own wretched state with their condition of peace and happiness, the imagination that subsequently produced the *Pilgrim's Progress* began thus early to allegorize: "I saw as if they were on the sunny side of some high mountain, there refreshing themselves with the pleasant beams of the sun, while I was shivering and shrinking in the cold, afflicted with frost, snow, and dark clouds. Methought, also, betwixt me and them, I saw a wall that did compass about this mountain. Now through this wall my soul did greatly desire to pass; concluding that if I could, I would there also comfort myself with the heat of their sun.....At the last, I saw, as it were, a narrow gap, like a little door-way in the wall, through which I attempted to pass. The passage being very narrow, I made many offers to get in, but in vain. At last, with great striving, methought I at first got in my head and shoulders, then by a sideling striving my whole body. I was exceeding glad, and went and sat down in the midst of them, and so was comforted with the light and heat of the sun."

This vision of "the glorious dreamer" was eventually realized in his own religious history; but not without spiritual conflicts and mental sufferings, which lasted for several years, and by which he was almost driven to despair. His sense of personal guilt and pollution was such, that he thought none but Satan could equal him for inward depravity. He concluded that God had abandoned him, and that he was given up to the devil and a reprobate mind. After a short interval of hope he was again involved in horrible darkness; "after which," he says, "whole floods of blasphemies against God, Christ, and the Scriptures were poured upon my spirit, to my great confusion and astonishment." Thus he was plunged into black despair; and thought that as a child is kidnapped by a gipsy, and carried off perforce from parents and home, so the devil was bearing him whither he would not. "Kick sometimes I did," he records, "and also shriek and cry; but yet I was bound in the wings of the temptation, and the wind would carry me away." Even in prayer he occasionally fancied that Satan was behind him, pulling at his clothes, and crying to him, "Fall down and worship me." Having emerged from this darkness, and enjoyed an interval of sunshine in his soul, he was assailed with a temptation more horrible than any before: this was to sell Christ. For twelve months the frightful suggestion dogged him like a fiend. "I could neither eat my food," he says, "stoop for a pin, chop a stick, or cast mine eye to look on this or that, but still the temptation would come, 'Sell Christ for this, or sell Christ for that; sell Him, sell Him!'" With this the enemy kept up a running fire, and hundreds of times, in rapid succession, the words came hurtling like arrows, "Sell Him, sell Him!" To which the poor scared and tempted one replied, "I will not, I will not, I will not; no, not for thousands, thousands, thousands of worlds!" He had been in the civil wars, but they were nothing to this conflict. At last, one morning under a terrible assault, in

which, "Sell Him, sell Him, sell Him!" fell upon him thick as hail, after responding, "No, no, no," as fast as he could speak, he felt the words, "Let Him go if He will," pass through his mind. Instantly he was seized with horror. He thought that he was like Judas; that he had sinned the unpardonable sin; that he was a second Esau, who had profanely sold his birthright. The appalling passage in reference to the latter, "Afterward, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected: for he found no place for repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears," he applied to himself. In his subsequent prayers and efforts to find mercy, that dreadful saying met him. It was as the flaming sword that turned every way to keep the tree of life. He dreaded these words, he tells us, "more than an army of forty thousand men." For years he had been in spiritual distress, and it was two years and a half more before deliverance came; when, at last, he was enabled to rejoice in Christ as the Rock of his salvation.

During most of this long period of spiritual gloom Bunyan sat under the ministry of Mr. Gifford, the Pastor of the Baptist congregation at Bedford. To this good man he was introduced by the godly women whose conversation first enlightened him on the subject of the new birth. He also applied himself diligently to the study of the holy Scriptures, especially the Pauline Epistles, for which before he had no taste or inclination. The wonder is, then, that with religious people to advise him, an evangelical ministry to direct him to Christ, and the Bible in his hands, he should have been so long a time seeking before he found salvation. And stranger still does it appear, that he was deterred by passages of the Book which is able to make wise unto salvation through faith which is in Christ Jesus. These texts were, of course, misunderstood; and it was by a candid examination of them he discovered, at last, that "those most fearful and terrible scriptures looked not so grimly as before I thought they did."

Bunyan assigns, in his *Grace Abounding*, the probable causes that kept him so long in his miserable state. But there was one cause which he does not mention, which may strike some readers of his book; that is, *the peculiarities of the theological teaching to which he attended*. That theology was evangelical, in that it taught human depravity and guilt, the atonement of Christ, justification by faith, and regeneration by the Spirit. But while the true Gospel was preached to Bunyan, it was presented under repulsive aspects, and with restrictions which, it may be supposed, occasioned much of his perplexity. A Methodist would have assured him that Christ died for *him*, because Christ died for *all*; but he was told that Christ died only for the elect. Hence, instead of coming at once to Jesus by simple faith, he sought some evidence that he was one of the favoured few for whom the precious blood was shed. Thus he confesses: "I began to find my soul to be assaulted with fresh doubts about my future happiness, especially such as these: 'Whether I was elected; but how if the day of grace should now be past and gone?'..... 'Why then,' said Satan, 'you had as good leave off, and strive no further;

r indeed, if you should not be elected and chosen of God, there is no hope your being saved.'" A Methodist would have told him that when the ospel was preached to him, he was thereby called by the word of God; d that his inward desires for salvation were evidences that he was called the Holy Spirit; but the Puritan theology of his day spake of an ffectual calling," and he feared he had not this. "I was at a very great nd, not knowing what to do, fearing I was not called; for, thought I, if e not called, what then can do me good?.....I cannot now express th what longings and breathings in my soul I cried to Christ to call me." t, whatever might have been the cause, or causes, that so long delayed conversion, every reader of his matchless allegory will rejoice that n Bunyan, like his own *Pilgrim*, came to the place where there is a e; and that he was "called, and chosen, and faithful."

T. M'C.

THE SCHOOL IN THE HOUSE.

A WELL-ORDERED Christian family furnishes such means and opportunities for forming the youthful mind as nowhere else exist. For real iciency, what school can compare with the domestic hearth? It has ry element of success. There is the combined influence of father and ther, the mutual influence of parents and children, of brothers and ters, of older and younger. Then, especially during the long winter enings, is leisure for communicating instruction in a great variety of ms,—by reading, by anecdotes, by conversation, by questions and wers. And, apart from all direct attempts to instruct, there is a ntinual forming and assimilating influence, as deep and strong as it is ttle and unostentatious, distilling upon the household from day to day, e the blessed rain of heaven upon the tender grass.

It is an influence, too, which takes the child in the very cradle, when mind is soft and impressible as wax, and follows him up to manhood; influence which will live on, and manifest itself in the very texture his character, when he is now for ever separated from the parental roof. hat impressions so deep as those received at the domestic fireside? what niniscences so hallowed and precious? When at length the dear circle childhood is broken by death, and its surviving members are scattered oad, and toiling onward in their earthly pilgrimage, faint and weary neath the burdens and sorrows of manhood, they remember, with xpressible emotions of tenderness, the old homestead of their childhood, l the sweet lessons of love and virtue which there sunk into their ng hearts from lips now sealed in death; and as they remember, they e the witness within themselves that, although these bright days have , never to return, their influence yet lives in the inmost recesses of ir souls, and will live there for ever.

GLORY OF THE WORLD.

n a magnificent oration of St. Chrysostom sound thoughts are suggested, his contemplation of that transitory glory which is the gift of wealth

and fortune, and power, all which are destined to perish. "It is at this moment," says the illustrious patriarch of Constantinople, addressing the court of his day, as corrupt as it was splendid, "it is at this moment more than ever we are justified in saying with the wise man, 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.' Where is now the splendour of the consulate? where the brilliancy of lamps and torches? the feast of joyous assemblies? Where are the crowns and magnificent ornaments? where the flattering reports of the city, the acclamations of the circus, the adulations of thousands of spectators? All have passed away! The wind by one blast has swept the leaves, and now they show to us a dead tree, torn from its roots—so violent has been the tempest. It lies a broken ruin. Where are the pretended friends, the swarm of parasites, the tables charged with luxury, the wine circulated during entire days? where the various refinements of feasting, the supple language of slaves? What has become of them all? A dream of the night which vanishes with the day! a flower of spring which fades in the summer! a shade which passes! a vapour which scatters! a bubble of water which bursts! a spider's web which is torn down! 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.' Inscribe these words on your walls, on your vestments, on your palaces, on your streets, on your houses, on your windows, on your doors; inscribe them on your consciences, in order that they may represent it incessantly to your thoughts. Repeat them in the morning; repeat them in the evening; and in the assemblies of fashion let each repeat to his neighbour, 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.'"

THE PROGRESS OF METHODISM IN CORNWALL.

(*Continued from page* 295.)

DURING Mr. Wesley's second visit to the county, whilst he was preaching the good news of salvation, "God did indeed set upon His people as a refiner's fire. He darted into all (I believe hardly one excepted) the melting flame of love; so that their heads were as water, and their eyes as fountains of tears;" and they were "exceedingly strengthened" in their religious life. "Many of the lions had become lambs, and were continually praising God, and calling their old companions in sin to come and magnify the Lord." Men who declared that they "never before knew any work of God upon the soul" were converted and saved. When Charles *Wesley* visited Cornwall a second time, and had seen what God had wrought, he said, "Here a little one is become a thousand. What an amazing work hath God done in one year! The whole country is alarmed, and gone forth after the sound of the Gospel.....Societies are springing up everywhere; and still the cry from all sides is, 'Come and help us.'" The Poet of Methodism had, during his first visit to the west, composed a hymn, embracing the following lines:—

"Come, Divine Immanuel, come,
Take possession of Thy home;
Now Thy mercy's wings expand,
Stretch throughout the happy land.

"Carry on Thy victory,
Spread Thy rule from sea to sea;
Reconvert the ransom'd race;
Save us, save us, Lord, by grace."

Yet, when he came again, he found that the victory had been carried

his expectation. Now com-
a new chapter in the history
vall. The word of God ran
is greatly glorified. The
s of Jehovah were numerous
king. At the close of his
visit to the west, Charles
reviewed his way and his

He saw such wonders in
it change that had been
, and felt in his heart so
ititude to God, that he wrote
s beginning with,—

All thanks be to God,
Who scatters abroad,
Throughout every place,
ast of His servants, His savour of

Who the victory gave,
The praise let Him have,
For the work He hath done:
r and glory to Jesus alone!"

rogress of Methodism in any
r place implies the advance-
he kingdom of Christ in that

This includes the diffusion
respecting holy things, the
ment of the inhabitants in all
moral and right, the increase
interest in the word of God
ie people at large, as well as
entation of the numbers of
meeting in Society. All this
mplished, on a large scale, in
, during the life of Mr.

The good work of the Lord
ease to spread when the first
t workmen rested from their
hovah continued to bless their
s, and, through them, to send
y. Mr. Wesley found meet-
ciety in Cornwall a few more
hundred souls, most of whom
d peace with God by faith in
Before that good man went
n the number had increased
than four thousand; and in
rs God continued to add to
ch, until the societies em-
enty-five thousand persons.
s Wesley died there were, in
, three Circuits, and in these
were stationed ten Ministers. There are now twenty-two Circuits, and about sixty Ministers; and far more ministerial oversight and labour are needed. When the Methodists began their work in Cornwall, the people were addicted to all kinds of vice, and especially to that of "wrecking,"—plundering the vessels that were lost on the coast. The people gathered together to hear the word preached; but they manifested no concern in what they heard, nor was there any life in them. In the short period of a man's life-time, however, the face of the county was changed; thousands of persons were quickened into moral and spiritual life; whilst tens of thousands of individuals abandoned much of their evil practice, felt great respect for the man that preached unto them the Gospel of salvation, and attentively listened to the words of his mouth. Such wonders God had wrought!

This improvement, produced by the progress of Methodism, was not confined to any particular locality in Cornwall, but it extended especially throughout the western part thereof. Let one place be taken as furnishing a specimen of the change that had been very generally wrought.

Under the date of July 4th, 1745, Mr. Wesley says, "I rode to Falmouth. About three in the afternoon I went to see a gentlewoman who had been long indisposed. Almost as soon as I was set down, the house was beset on all sides by an innumerable multitude of people. A louder or more confused noise could hardly be at the taking of a city by storm.....The rabble roared with all their throats, 'Bring out the Canorum! Where is the Canorum?' (an unmeaning word, which the Cornish generally use instead of Methodist.) No answer being given, they quickly forced open the outer door, and filled the passage.....At that time, to all appearance, our lives were not worth an hour's purchase.....Among those

without were the crews of some privateers, which were lately come into the harbour. Some of these, being angry at the slowness of the rest, thrust them away, and, coming up altogether, set their shoulders to the inner door, and cried out, 'Avast, lads, avast!' Away went all the hinges at once, and the door fell back into the room. I stepped forward at once into the midst of them, and said, 'Here I am. Which of you has anything to say to me? To which of you have I done any wrong? To you? or you? or you?'" Thus did this Minister of Jesus Christ, "bareheaded" as he was, continue to address this mob until he had reached the middle of the street: He then, with a loud voice, cried, "Neighbours, countrymen, do you desire to hear me speak?" Having spoken unto them, he escaped to the house of a friend; and, his horse having been sent to Penryn, he also was sent thither by water, the sea running close by the back-door of the house in which he had taken refuge.

(*To be continued.*)

THE PATH OF THE JUST.

SOLOMON says "the path of the just is as the shining light." Then the path of a good man is a *beautiful* path, for light is a beautiful thing, and it is that which gives beauty to everything in nature which is beautiful. To what do the flowers of the garden owe their hues of many-coloured brightness? To the light. To what does the wide-spreading scene of verdant plain, and fruitful hill, and lofty mountain, and rolling ocean owe all its loveliness and grandeur? To the light. Without the light the diamond would not sparkle in the coronet, nor the dew-drop glitter on the grass. And so light is chosen to represent the life of a good man; and a most fit emblem it is, for among all beautiful things, what is so beautiful as a life adorned with the all-attractive virtues of Christ's pure and undefiled religion? When you see a man patient in suffering, and steadfast in temptation, and meek under censure, and humble when praised; when you see him forbearing when provoked, and forgiving when injured, is it not a beautiful thing? Do not even evil men admire this "beauty of holiness," and do homage to it?

O, let our daily and most earnest prayer be,—

"Send down Thy likeness from above,
And let *this* my adorning be;
Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,
With lowliness and purity;
Than gold and pearls more precious far,
And brighter than the morning star."

Is the path of the just like the shining light? Then it is a *cheerful* path. The emblem of sorrow and depression is darkness. So the prophet spoke of the tribulation that was coming on the land of Israel as "a day of darkness and of gloominess, a day of clouds and of thick darkness." But light is a bright and cheerful thing. "Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun."

When the Jews were delivered from the cruel plot of Haman, and Mordecai was raised to distinction and royal favour, the historian says "the Jews had *light*, and gladness, and joy, and honour." In Scripture, religious joy, the best and purest joy of all, is spoken of under the symbol of light. David prays, "Lord, lift Thou up the *light* of Thy countenance upon us." And again it is said, "Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound: they shall walk, O Lord, in the *light* of Thy countenance." No joy is there that can be compared to the joy of the righteous. With their sins forgiven, and their souls renewed, and delivered "from the power of darkness;" sustained by Divine grace, and cheered by Divine consolations, and rejoicing in hope of the glory of God, what cause

hey beyond all other men for deep, unfailing gladness of

ighty Name salvation is,
d keeps my happy soul above;
rt it brings, and power, and peace,
d joy, and everlasting love;
e, with Thy dear Name, are given,
n, and holiness, and heaven."

e path of the just as the shining

Then it is a path of *usefulness, life of beneficence and blessing.* respect light is a well-chosen to set it forth; for what is , as an angel of blessing, than

When the sun rises how all revives! Deprived of his bright everything of life would droop, ade away, and perish. The would cease to grow, and the would cease to bloom. Man no more go "forth to his work bour." He would no more prose- e toils of industry, or enjoy the ions of pleasure. Light is the ger and the means of ceaseless iversal blessing. And hereunto he just" called. "Ye are the f the world." "Let your light e before men, that they may r good works, and glorify your which is in heaven."

am the light of the world," r glorious example; and He about doing good." In this the servant must be as his . So let our path be. Let it lifelong, holy aim, and earnest, labour, to make this world purer, wiser,—*the better for our dwelt in it.* Amen!

BORROWED MISERY.

RS FOR WEEK-DAY READING.

No. I.

a photographer of national cha- has tried to put in a sentence a of an Englishman, a Scotch- and an Irishman. He says, Englishman is never happy but he is miserable; a Scotchman never at home but when he is abroad; an Irishman never at peace but when he is fighting."

We can please ourselves whether we believe all that, or do not; but we must admit that both Englishmen and others have strong drawings towards misery, and often love to persuade themselves into gloom and despondency.

We will try to show that we all trouble ourselves vastly more than we need; that the world has more beauty and joy in it than we are generally disposed to admit; and that many, many times, when we have worked ourselves into the possession of a very ample stock of misery, and of ill-temper in consequence, very much of our store has been borrowed misery.

In the old Scandinavian mythology tales are told of a sort of fairies, which in appearance were like charmingly beautiful girls, whose work was to draw aside unsuspecting strangers; but these fairies were nothing worth, but only hollow-like masks, and were therefore all alive to keep people from getting behind them, and so discovering their emptiness. We shall find it very needful to be agile, and on the alert, to out-do in sharpness these miseries of ours. They look very inviting, very real; they have deceived us often; but let us approach them. Let us be determined to look at them all round; the exercise will be healthful; the result will be, that we shall see their emptiness, be able to laugh at them; and, instead of yielding to the national temptation of trying to give ourselves comfort by being miserable; instead of persuading ourselves that we have good reason for wretchedness, we shall rather remember that oft-times our misery is borrowed, and that the fairy that would allure us into shades and gloom, enticing as she looks, is but a hollow, empty mask.

But let us not mistake: all misery is not borrowed, is not false. Alas! too often is man borne down with real

sorrow. Gaunt poverty, sore disease, bitter bereavement, adverse circumstances, all these fall heavily on men; and many there are whose miseries are their own, and actual, and not borrowed, and not fancied: but into that realm of holy sorrow and misery we do not enter now.

In one of his essays, Arthur Helps (to whom we are indebted for many thoughts for these papers) has this passage, which fitly applies to this subject: "It is," says he, "a strange fancy of mine, but I cannot help wishing we could 'move for returns' (as their phrase is in Parliament) for the suffering caused in any one day, or other period of time throughout the world, to be arranged under certain heads; and we should then see what the world has occasion to fear most. What a large amount would come under the heads of unreasonable fears of others, of miserable quarrels amongst relations upon infinitesimally small subjects, of imaginary slights, of undue cares, of false shames, of absolute misunderstandings, of unnecessary pains to maintain credit or reputation, of vexation that we cannot make others of the same mind with ourselves.

"What a wonderful thing it would be to see set down in figures, as it were, how ingenious we are in plaguing one another!

"My own private opinion is, that the discomfort caused by injudicious dress, worn entirely in deference to the most foolish of mankind—in fact, to the tyrannous majority—would outweigh many an evil which sounds very big.

"Tested by these perfect returns, which I imagine might be made by the angelic world, if they regard such affairs, perhaps our every-day shaving, severe shirt-collars, and other ridiculous garments, are equivalent to a great European war once in seven years; and we should find that women's stays did about as much harm—*i. e.*, caused as much suffering—as an occasional pestilence; say, for instance, the cholera. We should find, perhaps, that the vexations arising from the income-tax were nearly equal to those caused amongst the same class of sufferers by the ill-natured things men fancy have been said behind their backs; and perhaps the whole burden and vexation resulting from the aggregate of the respective national debts of that unthrifty family, the European race,—the whole burden and vexation, I say, do not come up to the aggregate of annoyances inflicted in each locality by the one ill-natured person who generally infests each little village, parish, house, or community."

So that though we all have our share of troubles, and though sad sorrow and great misery do exist, yet it is certain that we all have afflicted ourselves often very unnecessarily, and when we might have been cheerful and happy, have frequently sought out that which destroyed peace and pleasure,—have borrowed misery.

Perhaps the first illustration of this mistake should be taken from that tendency in men to "keep on the windy side of care" by anticipating the future, by trying to peer into what *may* happen: thus do they picture to themselves terrible disasters, and failures of plans. Expecting trouble, they go out to meet it; and whether it would come or not, they seize it, and lash themselves with it with so much earnestness, that if the worst came to pass, they could not suffer more. They pain themselves foolishly, because, if the anticipated disaster should occur, they have not only to endure its actual existence, but they have had, in addition, the distress of living it over and over, day after day, for a long time; and all the anticipation was borrowed misery: *e. g.*, sickness is in the house; the loved one is watched affectionately; to see sufferings that we cannot assuage is grief enough; to supply the kindly attentions demanded *now* is care sufficient,

t is the trouble of to-day, the
uble God sends. But *we* are
tread further into darkness, to
r backs for a heavier load; and
he Lord sends only *sickness*,
ds dwell on *death*; while really
ved lives and lies in bed, we
ldering at the thought of coffin
oud, and hearse and grave.
how many times, when months
lled away, have we seen the
eaness of our sorrow,—our be-
covered; and, instead of the
there was the bridal attire;
ead of the funeral knell, there
joyous pealing of the wedding-

tless sometimes the expected
r comes, but even then it bears
no commendation for our long
inful realization of it before-
When it comes, true sorrow is
ident; but while it delays its
h, there is no wisdom in bor-
the misery it *might* occasion.
ulness is a great lender of
It begins its loans to very
borrowers, and there is great
that if its debtors draw on it
ley will become sad spendthrifts
y, and scarcely ever be able to
mselves from the clutches of
rd task-master and creditor.
is nothing more successful in
people unnecessarily miserable
fretful, discontented spirit. It
ill in two ways: it causes its
to think badly of themselves,
at is worse) to think badly of
ople too.
us try to say something that
nefit those who so uselessly
misery.
ulness and peevishness are very
nder our own control. Men
ose to what extent they will
circumstances to exert influ-
er them, and the character of
fluence. An eccentric person
Johnsonian school has made a
fable on this subject. He
ks that all kinds of weather
may be made charming to a man if he so wills: that if he will go out in the rain without any defence, and pretend to know nothing about the showers, the rain will cease for him, each drop exclaiming, "It is no use raining upon that man, he does not mind it." There is a moral to that fable; and we may be sure that if, instead of allowing every slight incident in personal, social, or family life to ruffle our tempers and make us wretched, we were determined to regard fewer of them, the wear and tear of life would be much less, and days and hours would pass more pleasantly. In every house, every day, there are trivial circumstances which, if dwelt upon, will cause trouble for a long time, but which are so small that they should never be noticed. Said Cervantes, "Hast thou a mind to quarrel with thy wife? Bid her bring water to thee in the sunshine: a very fair quarrel may be picked about the motes in the clearest water." Yes; great misery—all borrowed, none of it necessary—is brought to families by the fretful, captious, querulous scoldings that occur every day; by the ridiculous, persecuting, vexing, vixenish notice taken of paltry things at home.

Fathers and mothers! brothers and sisters! if the homes of this England are to be happy, joyous places in *reality*, and not merely in pictures, songs, and fiction, hunt out, hunt out mere fretfulness, and make the love borne by one to the other as considerate to mutual weakness as is the courtesy that is paid by and to strangers.

And thou fretful, petulant home disturber, shameful misery borrower, and misery inflicter! begin to do better; cease to snarl and to be contentious. It will greatly improve thy health and appearance; it will make thee much happier; and possibly enable other people to have love for thee;—love, that is to say, without drawbacks, a thing impossible just now; for one's nearest kinsfolk cannot be expected to be perfectly enamoured of us, if we be so

nettlesome, so like "a continual dropping in a very rainy day;" and they must be excused if they express their distaste for our unhappy disposition with equal plainness with a youthful observer of his own mother and human nature in general, of whom this tale is told:—A father, who had a scolding wife, said to his son, "I wonder how it is that in the tenth commandment the hoose is put before the wife." "I dinna ken," said the lad; "but I know many a man would covet this hoose, that would not covet my mother." Poor boy! he was right in his statement, though a miserable comforter to his most unfortunate father. Theirs was a house of borrowed misery.

Chatham. C. H. K.

PREACHERS AND PEOPLE.

No. I.

Some say, "Our preacher is a good pulpit-man, but seldom visits the people. The Clergyman and the Baptist Minister *frequently* call to see us." Is there any comparison between men going round and round in a Circuit, and men perpetually labouring in one place? The likelihood is, could we get at the whole truth, that the preacher thus complained of does a great deal more, in the way of pastoral visitation, than the Clergyman or the Baptist Minister referred to. Only some people will persist in looking at the preachers visiting exclusively in relation to the Circuit-town, or some one country place. And perhaps, in the course of three years, he only lives about a year and a half in the Circuit-town; and the country places are probably very numerous, so that his visits to any one locality are few and far between. Some persons, too, must actually *see* the preacher visit people; or else, whatever amount of work he may do in this line goes for almost nothing. This is the logic of the case,—because they *don't see it*, therefore the preacher *doesn't do it*. Besides, it often happens that those who complain most about preachers not visiting, do the least amount of visitation themselves. It is too commonly assumed, that to visit religiously is an exclusively ministerial duty. I wonder if anyone who clings to this idea ever thought twice on the subject in the light of Scripture. Christ once preached a memorable discourse, and towards the close of it very pointedly referred to visitation. Anyone may see the reference at the end of the twenty-fifth chapter of St. Matthew's Gospel. Was Christ then and there only speaking to preachers? Was He not rather speaking to Christians generally, and for all time? St. James says, "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." Now, unless "pure religion" be an exclusively ministerial possession, to visit the "fatherless and widows in their affliction" cannot be an exclusively ministerial duty. We are brought to this, then: how much visiting are Christians in every station doing, not simply to supplement the visiting of the preacher, but to perform a personal duty to God and man? Preachers cannot do what they would in this important part of their great work. *Are the people doing what they can?*

Beverley. William Unsworth.

THE CURFEW.

The lengthening evenings, says a writer in *The Book of Days*, bring naturally to our minds their discomforts in the olden times, and the various customs and observations connected with them. Among these was the curfew-bell, which has been made well known to all ears by the frequent allusions to it in our poets, but which has been the subject of not a few "vulgar errors." In those old

people, in general, possessed
; like clocks or watches; they
, by the practice of observation,
re roughly of the time of the
ut in cases where it was
ry to know the exact hour,
ere entirely at a loss. Any
ent for measuring time was
nd belonged only to a public
or institution, or to some very
able individual; and the only
of imparting to the public the
dge gained from it, was by
; a bell, or blowing a horn, at
hours of the day. This
s was first introduced in the
ic establishments, where the
s required to know the hours
ebrating the various services.
probably adopted also in the
houses of the aristocracy, and
ns. There were, in fact, many
s to be observed at stated
besides the religious services,
me of these were required by
safety.

the middle ages there was a
uch larger proportion of society
lived by cheating, plundering,
ll-treating the rest, than in
n times. Owing to the want of
ffective police, there was no
out of doors at night; and
people who, by daylight, ap-
to live honestly, sallied forth
ark to rob and assassinate. It
tempted, in towns especially, to
his evil, by making it criminal
found out of doors after a
hour; and, as otherwise
ers might plead ignorance, it
dered that the hour should be
ly sounded, generally by the
bell, and when that was heard,
ple were compelled to shut the
of their houses, put out their
and retire to bed, those who
ut of bed after the sounding of
ll being liable to severe punish-

It was an efficacious way of
g the streets. The bell sounded
is purpose was, in France,
called popularly the *couvre-feu*, or "cover-fire," which, in the Latin documents in which it was alluded to, was translated by *ignitegium*. Something of the same kind, probably, existed in the Anglo-Saxon times; but the name just mentioned was, of course, introduced by the Normans, and we have no express allusion to the practice in this country before the Anglo-Norman period. Hence, no doubt, has arisen the erroneous notion that the *couvre-feu* bell, corrupted into the *curfew*-bell, was invented by William the Conqueror, as an instrument of tyranny. It was, apparently, a municipal and not a state institution, and the utility of a general covering of fires at a reasonable hour is obvious. In those days, most houses were constructed wholly or mostly of wood, and were extremely liable to take fire when fire was used carelessly. To cover up the fire was an important regulation for safety, and a utensil was employed for the purpose.

The curfew-bell was used in the monastic establishments as well as in the towns. In the great Abbey of St. Alban's, it was ordered that the monks should not remain assembled in conversation after the ringing of the curfew-bell. In Lichfield Cathedral, according to the statutes of that church, quoted in Ducange, the curfew-bell was sounded at seven o'clock in the evening, and this appears to have been the usual hour at the earlier period, for ordinary people went to bed very early, and rose before day-break; but in course of time, seven o'clock seems to have been thought too early, and it was moved onwards an hour to eight o'clock, which seems, down to a very late period, to have been the most common hour of the curfew in England, though in many places it was still further advanced to nine o'clock. The curfew is still rung in many towns and parishes in England, in some at eight o'clock, and in others

at nine. At the end of the last century, as we learn from the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1790, the curfew was announced at the latter hour at Ripon, in Yorkshire, by a man with a horn, which he blew, first at the market-cross, and then at the Mayor's door. In Scotland, the hour of curfew was similarly retarded, until it was fixed, not at nine, but at ten o'clock; and that seems to have been, in later times, the usual hour of the Scottish curfew.

It is quite a mistake to suppose that the curfew-bell was peculiar to this island: it was a natural expedient for serving a generally useful purpose, and was adopted in France, Italy, and Spain, and probably in all parts of continental Europe. Moreover, a corresponding bell was rung in the morning, to inform people of the hour at which it was customary to rise. In some instances, this is merely said to have taken place at daybreak, but a more usual hour appears to have been four o'clock in the morning. At Ludlow, in Shropshire, this bell still rings at six o'clock, and the evening curfew at nine. It is kept up merely because it has been customary, and because there is provision for it in the old corporation or parish orders. At London, as we learn from records of the end of the fifteenth century, the curfew was sounded at the same time from the three churches of Bow in Cheapside, St. Bride's, and St. Giles's without Cripplegate, and the clerks of all the other parish churches in the metropolis were obliged to begin ringing the moment they heard one of these, or, for neglect, were to be presented to the quest of wardmote. At Oxford, the curfew was rung at Carfax at eight o'clock, and there was a foolish tradition that it was established, not by William the Conqueror, but by King Alfred. Here, a refinement of the ordinary curfew had been introduced; for, after the bell of Carfax had sounded the curfew, it rung deliberately the day of the month.

THE GREAT DESIRE.

"Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven." (Matt. vi. 10.)

"O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me: nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt." (Matt. xxvi. 39.)

GOD'S will must be wise and holy, therefore God's will should rule. God willeth nothing for us but what is consistent with His love to us and concern for us. Nor are we at a loss to know the turn that God's will takes toward us; "for this is the will of God, even your sanctification." God wills, first His own glory, and, in subordination to that, our present and everlasting welfare. It is, therefore, our wisdom to pray that God's will may always, everywhere, and in everything, be done. And it is our happiness to acquiesce always, and in everything, in God's will. Indeed, we can never be happy if our wills run contrary to God's will, or if they run beside it. We must be *little children*. We must endeavour to ascertain what is our Father's will, and be pleased with that. If God wills me poverty or plenty, health or sickness, pleasure or pain, publicity or obscurity, life or death, I should be satisfied with it; I should approve of it; more, I should be pleased with it,—so pleased with it, that, if the turning of a straw would make the difference in it, I should refuse to turn that straw. This would be to treat God as God, and to act just as a simple, ignorant, inexperienced child should act. Lord Jesus, send the blessed Comforter to direct my will into the channel of God's will, and to keep it there! I can never be happy while my will crosses Thy will: teach me, therefore, to give up my will; and bring me into that state that I may not have a wish, but just to be, to do, to enjoy, or to suffer as God willeth. O for

epth of holiness, that I may
y with Thee, "Not my will, but
be done!"

PROGRESS OF LONDON.*

ON is a phenomenon so familiar
scarcely appreciate its greatness.
ly when we appeal to the records
ast, gather together the scattered
of topography woven by local
rs, and call in the aid of statistics
task, that we can fairly estimate
racter of the wonderful aggregate
ns and villages which we call
. We sometimes speak with
ment of the rapid growth of the
f the New World; of the develop-
a few years of a few huts in a
ippi swamp or a Canadian clearing
busy town; but London furnishes
less succession of such wonders,
scarcely note the fact. The
le Census returns make us ac-
d with some surprising matters.
51, London had a population of
36; in 1861, of 2,803,034, showing
rement in the decennial period of
3. More people, therefore, live in
than in the whole of Switzerland
mark; more than twice as many
Norway, Hanover, or Saxony, and
as many as in Scotland. When
sus was taken in 1851, there were
8 inhabited houses in the metro-
district; ten years later there
362,890; the increase, therefore,
,957. A comparative view of other
owns will best enable us to esti-
the real value of this enormous
e. In the number of inhabited
, London has added to itself, within
ens, nearly another Liverpool, Bir-
am, or Manchester (exclusive of
l); four Nottinghams, Prestons, or
ws; nearly three Huddersfields or
ls. The increase of inhabitants has
very nearly equal to the entire
tion of Liverpool, more than equal
of Manchester and Salford together,
considerably above that of two
dds. We will put the increase in
more familiar point of view, and
say, that in respect of size, as indicated by the number of inhabited houses, London adds *every year* to itself a Cambridge, or Exeter, or Northampton, or Plymouth, or Oxford, or Worcester; two Bedfords, or Durhams, or Lancasters; and, in respect of population, a Coventry, or Derby, or Southampton, or York, or Swansea; two Canterburys, or Colchesters, or Lincolns, or Shrewsburys. In short, nearly one-seventh part of the entire population of England and Wales reside in the metropolitan district.

Briefly, then, modern London comprises the old city, the neighbouring city of Westminster, and six parliamentary boroughs,—Marylebone, Finsbury, and the Tower Hamlets on the north side of the Thames; and Lambeth, Southwark, and Greenwich on the south, and several outlying districts, now part and parcel of the metropolis. The City proper—that is, the old Roman Londinium and the City suburbs, or parts without the walls—occupies an area of 725 acres, and contains ninety-seven parishes "within," and eleven "without." The City and parliamentary boroughs together have an area of 50 square miles; and the extensive districts of Chelsea, Kensington, and Hammersmith are not yet included in a borough. Altogether, that agglomeration of houses which we call London, including various suburban districts, spreads over an area of 122 square miles, 51 of which are in Middlesex, 36 in Surrey, and 35 in Kent. Within the limits are comprised 36 registration districts and poor-law unions, and 186 parishes. There are at least 6,500 streets and lines of road. The religious wants of the population are provided for by about 470 churches and episcopal chapels, and 650 places of worship belonging to Roman Catholics, Jews, Protestant Dissenters, and other denominations. Every day, or rather every night, 17,000,000 cubic feet of gas are consumed, and 90,000,000 gallons of water; though it would be unfair to assume that Londoners are therefore the greatest water-drinkers in the world, for no less than 8,000 public-houses and beer-shops are devoted to the supply of stronger drinks.

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*don: *How the Great City Grew.* By Rose Emerson. London: Routledge. 18mo. Pp. 313.

A PACE, A PACE.

ROWING on the Thames, the waterman confirmed me, says Fuller, in his *Occasional Meditations*, in what formerly I had learned from the maps; how that river, westward, runs so crooked, as likely to lose itself in a labyrinth of its own making. From Reading to London, by land, thirty; by water, a hundred miles. So wantonly that stream disporteth itself, as if as yet unresolved whether to advance to the sea or retreat to its fountain.

But the same being past London, (as if sensible of its former laziness, and fearing to be checked of the ocean, the mother of all rivers, for so long loitering; or else, as if weary with wandering, and loth to lose more way; or, lastly, as if conceiving such wildness inconsistent with the gravity of his channel, now grown old, and ready to be buried in the sea,) runs in so direct a line, that from London to Gravesend the number of miles are equally twenty both by land and by water.

Alas! how much of my life is lavished away! O, the intricacies, windings, wanderings, turnings, tergiversations, of my deceitful youth! I have lived in the midst of a crooked generation, (Phil. ii. 15,) and with them have turned aside unto crooked ways. (Psalm cxxv. 5.) High time it is now for me to make straight paths for my feet, (Heb. xii. 13,) and to redeem what is past by amending what is present and to come. *Flux, flux,* (in the German tongue "quick, quick,") was a motto of Bishop Jewel's presaging the approach of his death. May I make good use thereof; make haste, make haste,—God knows how little time is left me; and may I be a good husband to improve the short remnant thereof!

"HE STOOD BETWEEN THE DEAD AND THE LIVING; AND THE PLAGUE WAS STAYED."

I SAW him with uplifted hand,
(My vision was not mortal then,)
Between the dead and living stand,
His yearning care for souls of men:
This raised to heaven his tearful eye,
This wrung from him his pleading cry.

I saw him, and his labouring breast
Was struggling with no passing storm;
For him there was no hour of rest,
He glanced upon each prostrate form:
"How can I pause and let them die?
How can I rest while here they lie?"

His raised hand, with earnest clasp,
Held firm the heavens while yet he pray'd;
On dying souls, with eager grasp,
His other hand below was laid:
"How can I let them pass away?
While I am pleading, they must stay."

In very midst of all the dead,
In helpless masses scatter'd round,
With closed eye, and senseless head,
And ear unpierced by slightest sound;
I see him yet: he waits to save
The *living* from the open grave.

"I cannot yield them to the tomb,
I cannot suffer them to go;
I stand between them and the gloom,
The darkness which they must not know:
Once, once of old, Thy servant pray'd,
And the dire pestilence was stay'd.

"Between the living and the dead,
O, Mighty One, I stand again;
The cloud of incense o'er my head
Once more ascendeth—not in vain:
For this one thing alone I pray,—
Come down and chase this plague away."

And lo! the answer of his prayer:
From their blue heights the heavens are bow'd,
While yet he standeth pleading there;
Above his head the fragrant cloud,—
Around his feet they move,—they rise
An active throng,—his glorious prize.

A. V.

Scripture Scenes.

CORINTH.

CORINTH, a Grecian city, placed on the isthmus which joins Peloponnesus (now called the Morea) to the continent of Greece. A lofty rock rises above it, on which was the citadel, or the Acrocorinthus. Besides Cenchreæ, the harbour on the eastern side, there was another harbour, Lechæum, on the modern Gulf

nto, only twelve stadia from the Its earliest name, as given by is *Ephyre*. Owing to the great difficulty of weathering Malea, the southern promontory of Greece, merchandise passed through Corinth from sea to sea;

the city becoming a depôt for the goods of Asia and Italy (Strabo, viii. 6). At the same time, it commanded the traffic by land from north to south. An attempt made to dig through the isthmus was frustrated by the rocky nature of the soil: at one period, however, they had an invention for drawing galleys across from sea to sea on trucks. With such advantages of position, Corinth was very early renowned for riches, and seems to have been made by nature for the capital of Greece. The numerous colonies which she sent forth, chiefly to the west and to Sicily, gave her points of attachment in many parts; and the good-will which, as a mercantile state, she carefully maintained, made her a valuable link between the various Greek tribes. The public and foreign policy of Corinth appears to have been generally remarkable for honour and justice; and the Isthmian games, which were celebrated there every other year, might have been converted into a national congress, if the Corinthians had been less peaceful and more ambitious.

When the Achæan league was rallying the chief powers of southern Greece, Corinth became its military centre; and as the spirit of freedom was active in that confederacy, they were certain, sooner or later, to give the Romans a pretence for attacking them. The fatal blow fell on Corinth (B.C. 146), when L. Mummius, by order of the Roman Senate, barbarously destroyed that beautiful town, eminent even in Greece for painting, sculpture, and all working in metal and pottery; and as the territory was given over to the Sicyonians, we must infer that the whole population was sold into slavery.

The Corinth of which we read in the New Testament was quite a new city, having been rebuilt and established as a Roman colony, and peopled with freedmen from Rome by the dictator Cæsar, a little before his assassination. Although the soil was too rocky to be fertile, and the territory very limited, Corinth again became a great and wealthy city in a short time, especially as the Roman proconsuls made it the seat of government (Acts xviii.) for southern Greece, which was now called the province of Achaia. In earlier times Corinth had been celebrated for the great wealth of its Temple of Venus, which had a gainful traffic of a most dishonourable kind with the numerous merchants resident there. The same phenomena, no doubt, reappeared in the later and Christian age. The little which is said in the New Testament seems to indicate a wealthy and luxurious community, prone to impurity of morals: nevertheless, all Greece was so contaminated, that we may easily overcharge the accusation against Corinth.

Our Country.

TRAVELLING AS IT WAS.

PART I.

OUR OLD ROADS.

AMIDST the comforts, and conveniences, and luxuries of our modern civilization, we seldom cast a look across those steps by which, through many long and patient centuries, we have reached the advanced condition of the present day. And yet such a retrospect is alike full of interest and instruction. As we indulge in it, and contrast the social and commercial life of bygone ages with our own, it makes us strangely wonder how our forefathers contrived to adjust themselves to all the disadvantages of a period when there was neither steam-power nor machinery; when there were neither macadamized roads nor railways; when no sanitary regulations provided for the health and comfort of either town or village; when some of the simplest natural laws, with which everybody is now familiar, were utterly unknown; and when those various applications of science to agriculture, and trade, and commerce, which have given such an impulse to modern society, had all to be learned.

Among the almost countless discoveries and inventions which mark this wondrous nineteenth century, the progress which we have made in our public roads and modes of conveyance is by no means the least remarkable. And it is all the more deserving of attention, inasmuch as its

effects upon the development of our national resources can scarcely be overestimated. That would indeed be a skilful pen which should unfold to us all that we owe to the macadamized road, the railway, and the locomotive.

In our present paper we do not propose anything so profound and comprehensive. But we think it will be a pleasant task to fetch up some historical reminiscences of travelling as it was, and see how the men of the olden time, who were courageous enough to venture abroad, accomplished their journeys. Of course the timid and nervous, if there were any *nervous* folk in those hardier and rougher days, were careful to keep at home.

In the period of which we speak, instead of the broad open highway, there was often nothing more than a narrow, rugged "bridle-path," along which the traveller, mounted on horseback and well armed, pursued his dreary way, now through a dense wood, and then across a wild moor. A road, formerly well known as Hagbush-lane, in the neighbourhood of Islington, then Isledon, was one of these ancient "bridle-ways," leading from London to the north of England. The ordinary and best roads, which were traversed by "pack-horses," "long waggons," and "waggon-coaches," abounded in deep ruts, and were, during the winter months, almost impassable. Early in the eighteenth century, in the year 1707, a tourist published a narrative of *Three Years' Travels in England, Scotland, and Wales*, in which one is not a little amused to find the author telling his reader, that he started on his first journey as soon as "the spring had rendered the roads passable!"

Further on in his book he speaks of reaching Brentford, and there wintering, and awaiting the return of spring. Recommencing his journey, he says, "We resolved to undertake once more a pilgrimage of a greater extent than any we had done before; and the vernal season, which then began to attire the country in all its bravery, did mightily conduce to quicken our resolutions in steering our course about the maritime coasts of our native soil. Hereupon equipping ourselves, like provident pilgrims, with all things requisite for so great a journey, our first remove was into the county of Essex."

In going back to remoter times, we find fourteen days mentioned as the time spent in travelling from London to Edinburgh; and we are told that the carriers of Cumberland could not convey their goods from the southern part of that county to the metropolis—a distance of some two hundred and fifty miles—in less than eleven days. Indeed, at that time, intercourse between Durham and Devon was less frequent, and far more difficult, than it now is between this country and Canada.

We have not space to trace the growth of our road-systems in minute detail, and so must content ourselves with a brief general sketch.

The Roman invaders of our island displayed very considerable skill in the construction of four great highways, the course of which may even now be pretty clearly indicated. The ancient Britons, however, seemed altogether insensible to the advantages of intercommunication which these important works must have supplied, for we find them complaining that "the Romans put their hands and bodies to the drudgery of clearing woods and paving fens." Noble drudgery! Well would it have been had their enterprise been always as beneficent. These old Roman roads, which must have been executed at a vast expenditure of severe toil, were Watling-street, Icknield-street, Ermin-street, and the Fosse. Watling-street is supposed to have extended from Dover through Canterbury, London, Verulam (now St. Alban's), Dunstable, and Stony-Stratford; thence it skirted Leicestershire, and passed on westward, according to some authorities, to Chester; according to others, it was carried northward to York, and also to Chester-le-Street, in the county of Durham. Icknield-street is said to have commenced on the eastern coast, in the country of the Iceni, branching southward in one direction to London, and also crossing the island to the western coast. There is at present, in the town of Birmingham, a street called Icknield-street, from a tradition that this old Roman road once ran along a part of it, or at least in its immediate neighbourhood. It is most likely that Ermin-street was carried from the south-

west extremity of Wales, somewhere near St. David's Head, to Southampton. Others, however, suppose that it extended more directly across the country to London. The Fosse began at Totnes, in Devonshire, and passing through Bristol, Chipping-Norton, Coventry, and the ancient sites of some other towns, found its north-east terminus at Lincoln. While these four great roads alone are mentioned by our old chroniclers as of Roman construction, the *Itinerary* of Antoninus makes fifteen Roman *itinera*, or roads, in Britain.

The first mention of laws relating to public roads between market-towns occurs in the reign of Edward I. This was in the year 1285; and, from the terms in which the legislation was couched, it would seem that the object was quite as much to provide for the safety of the traveller as for the improvement of the road itself. It was then enacted that those ways "be enlarged where bushes, woods, or dikes be, where men may lurk; so that there be neither dike, tree, nor bush within two hundred feet on each side of those roads, great trees excepted. If the lord of the soil neglect to do as above, and robberies ensue, he shall be answerable for the felony." In the reign of Edward III. permission was granted to levy toll for the repair of certain roads in the neighbourhood of London. This is, perhaps, the earliest toll of the kind on record. It seems to have been granted only for the very limited period of two years. In this old document it is stated that certain roads were, "by the frequent passage of carts, waggons, and horses, to and from London, become so miry and deep as to be almost impassable; as also the highway called Charing." At that time the site of the modern Trafalgar-square, together with the thronged and busy streets around, was occupied by the secluded village of Charing. A very great contrast does the ceaseless traffic of that crowded and noisy thoroughfare now present to the pleasant country-life of that same spot five centuries ago; and some miles must the citizens of our day travel before they can reach so quiet a village as was the Charing of the fourteenth century.

It does not seem that much progress was made in road-improvements during the next two hundred and fifty years. This will be seen if we give a few brief extracts from the *Description of Britaine*, prefixed to *Holinshed's Chronicle*, and published in the year 1586. "To speak generallie of our common high waies through the English part of the iale, you shall understand that in the claie or cledgie soil they are often very deepe and troublesome in the winter halfe. Wherefore, by authoritie of Parlement, an order is taken for their yearlie amendment, whereby all sorts of the common people doo imploie their travelle for six days in the summer time upon the same." The writer complains that this work is not half done, for the "poore so loiter in their labours," that "of all the six scarcelie two good daies works are well performed and accomplished in a parish in these so necessary affaires..... Finallie, this is another thing likewise to be considered of, that the trees and bushes growing by the streets' sides, doo not a little keep off the force of the sun in summer for drieing up of the lanes. [No idea, evidently, of draining.] Wherefore, if order were taken that their boughs should continually be kept short, that inconvenience would also be remedied, and manie a slough prove hard ground that yet is deepe and hollow." The writer then speaks "of the daily encroaching of the covetous upon the high waies," and thus diminishing the breadth of the roads; "which is another cause also why the waies be the worse, and many an honest man encumbered in his journie."

In a *Book of Roads*, several editions of which were printed between 1675 and 1717, we meet with quaint and curious descriptions of some of the roads lying between the principal towns of the kingdom. London to Berwick is described as "one of the most frequented roads, though none of the best way; for after the first twenty or thirty miles 'tis generally so bad, that there was a certain late imposition upon travellers, during three years, at Stilton, and a place or two on this side, of about a penny for a horse, &c., towards the repairs of this part of it." London to Bath is "an indifferent good road to Chippenham, thence to Bath something rough and stony." London to Rye is "not

ber commendable;"—a rather qua-
ensure. London to Derby;—"In
, a bad, deep way." Bristol to
uth;—"A great part of it a bad,
ay." Cambridge to Coventry;—
neral, a deep and unpleasant way."
to Barnstaple;—"A rough, hard
But now we are cheered by the
! *one* good road. King's-Lynn to
h is said to be "a *very* good way
open and heathy)." The writer
well of the Norfolk roads generally,
lls us that it is "reported that
James once pleasantly said, he
ave all Norfolk cut out into roads
ly the rest of the kingdom."
directions which are given to tra-
in this old *Bradshaw* bring up
s some memorials of the sangui-
ws and barbarous customs of those
a the frequent mention which is
f gallows and gibbets, on which
ad been executed, often for very
rimes. These are referred to as
rks. Hence such descriptions as
n the traveller's guide-book, are
ally occurring: "By the *gallows*
e windmills, enter the suburbs of
"Leaving Peterborough, you
the *gallows* on the left." "Leav-
ttingham, you ascend a hill, and
a *gallows*."
map in this guide-book, Newing-
ts and Lambeth appear as quiet,
n parishes, with many acres of
lds between them and the busy
ondon.
e roads of which we have been
; formed the leading highways, on
ns of which some degree of attention
towed, one naturally asks, What
ve been the condition of the by-
We shall get some answer to this
if we look at what befell a royal
who was in this country in the
t of the reign of Queen Anne. This
rchduke Charles. On his way from
uth to Windsor, he paid a visit to
a, the seat of the Duke of Somer-
e of the attendants, in describing
ney, says, "We set out at six
n the morning (in the month of
r) to go for Petworth, and did
ut of the coaches, save only when
overturned or stuck fast in the
we arrived at our journey's end.
We were thrown, indeed, but once in going; but both our coach, which was the leading, and his Highness' body-coach, would have suffered very often, if the nimble boors of Sussex had not frequently poised it, or supported it with their shoulders from Godalming almost to Petworth. *The last nine miles of the way cost us six hours' time.*" Why, even a hundred years after this, in the year 1808, in evidence given before a Parliamentary Committee, one witness stated that he had himself often known "the road across Hounslow-heath to be two feet deep in mud."

Of course any plan to alter such a state of things, and effect an improvement in these "execrable" roads, as a traveller indignantly styled them, would be hailed with a hearty and universal welcome. Far from it. Indeed, what improvements have ever been introduced, in any department of human progress, without encountering suspicion and opposition? And so it fared with our road-improvers. The work could not be attempted except at considerable cost. In some way money must be raised. For this purpose turnpikes were erected, and toll was levied. This was thought to be an alarming encroachment on the liberty of travelling. Mobs of armed men assembled to vindicate their rights, and destroy the obnoxious gates. One mode of effecting their object was to bore holes in the large side-posts, and then blow them up with gunpowder. And it was not until a special law had been passed to punish turnpike rioters, that these furious demonstrations on behalf of the old, jolting, deep-rutted roads and free travelling were suppressed.

But there had yet to be discovered something without which no expenditure of labour, however painstaking and costly, could secure good roads. What was this? Simply *the proper mode of constructing them.* One can hardly believe that the plan of forming a hard and durable road by covering it several inches deep with stones, broken to a given size, was not found out until the close of the last century. And yet such is the fact. Prior to this time the art of road-making was positively unknown.

In Kent and Sussex the flint with which those counties abound was flung

into the ruts made by the various conveyances, and this was all their idea about repairing the King's highway. In Gloucestershire, Wiltshire, and the counties where limestone is found, this material was used in a similar manner, and with very little regard to the size of the pieces with which the deep ruts were filled up. Elsewhere, large, round, unbroken pebbles, mixed with sand or gravel, were used.

It is to M'Adam and Telford that we owe the smooth roads over which the coaches of a quarter of a century ago rolled along with a pleasantness and speed which were as great an improvement on the old vehicles, and the old lines of communication, as the rail is now an improvement on the road, and the locomotive an advance upon the coach. M'Adam's theory was a very simple one; so simple, that when once carried into operation, everyone wondered that it had occurred to no one before. It was this: that stones broken into sharp angles, and of a pretty uniform size, and spread over a road a certain depth, would consolidate, and produce a hard, even surface.

By repeated experiments the soundness of his system was fully established; it was rapidly adopted, and in a few years the principal roads in the kingdom were *macadamized*, and were found to be as economical in their outlay as they were successful in securing all the advantages which their skilful inventor promised.

M'Adam, who was born in the year 1756, and died in 1836, accomplished for us a work of public utility which our forefathers, with their experience of the old roads, were well able to appreciate, and, we are glad to add, were not slow to acknowledge. The Government bestowed on him a grant of ten thousand pounds. He was also offered a knighthood. However, he declined the honour, and this distinction was afterwards conferred upon his son.

Telford was born in the year after M'Adam, and died two years before him. He was the son of a shepherd in Dumfriesshire, and when a little boy, tending the flock, eagerly read every book that came in his way. At the age of fourteen he was apprenticed to a stone-mason. He gave his spare time to study, and when about twenty-three years of age, he removed to Edinburgh, where he displayed an eminent taste for architecture and drawing. After this he came to England, and was employed at Somerset-House, then in course of erection, by Sir William Chambers. About 1787 he removed to Shrewsbury, where he was appointed County Surveyor, and attracted much attention by his engineering skill. In the construction of canals and bridges he showed marvellous ability. He planned, and also executed, the noble suspension-bridge over the Menai Straits, the foundation-stone of which was laid August 10th, 1819, and the mail-coach drove over it for the first time on the 30th of June, 1826.

We reserve for another paper something about our old conveyances.

Narratives.

ANNA GRAY.

"Only two years, Anna, and this house will be our own: think of that!" and George Gray rubbed his hands gleefully as he spoke.

Anna looked up from her work as if to reply, but George continued:—

"Two years, Anna! Then we need not toil as we have done, almost day and night; and Walter can go to school instead of working at the factory, and the little ones too, and Kate and Mary can stay at home and help you. Do you hear that, dear?"

Anna smiled, but her smile had something of sadness in it. There were lines of care on the face of the hardworking wife and mother, and though she would gladly have shared George's bright and ever-sanguine anticipations, yet her sober judgment could not always accept them as likely to be realized. She had but to glance at the tall, attenuated form of her husband, and to hear the hollow cough that racked his whole frame, to be assured that a fell disease had laid fast hold upon him. But she scarcely dared to breathe her fears and anxieties, and she shrank from dimming those glowing visions of the future that seemed to have taken

ion of his mind. Poor fellow! had to toil for the support of his family; but from their united s he had managed to pay yearly ents into the funds of a Building '; and in two years, as he had said, reasing his payments, the cottage be his own. *In two years!* Anna the fire, brooding over the words. right in her to indulge gloomy when George's hopes were so ? She did not know. She only w impossible it was for her to see did, to exult as he exulted. At , their toil was all but incessant, taked their united efforts to meet requirement. Her husband held a hat important situation in the ouring factory, but his wages were ge; the three elder children—Kate, and Walter—also worked there Of the four little ones, two were school in the village; the others oo young. George and Anna Gray ought up their family thus far in ability and comfort. Their aim see them well settled in the world; ey also desired to secure for them- if possible, a moderate competence e future. For this they strained nerve; but alas! they saw but that future which reaches through ternity, and its claims were inde- r ignored, and practically un- ised. Occasionally they attended e of worship, and their children ll sent to the Sabbath-school. This they deemed their duty performed, ossibly, like many others, prided lves on their prudence and sobriety, ose various good qualities included rict and conscientious morality.

a's shadowed thoughts of the were interrupted by George :—

was kind of Mr. Gordon to give ese few days' holiday, Anna; I needed them. If I could only get f this cough, I should be all

think, George, you ought to have . The cough has harassed you for time, and nothing does you any Let me speak to Dr. Simpson."

shaw! the dark side again, Anna. e been a little overworked, and e have taken cold, — that's all. Nothing to make a fuss about; we can't afford doctors' bills."

"But a little advice now might save a long doctor's bill, George," urged Anna; "do be persuaded."

"No, Anna, no doctors. This rest is doing me good; I need nothing else. I will take a stroll down the lane," he continued, rising hastily, "and meet the children; it is nearly six o'clock."

He took his hat, and walked towards the factory. Anna busied herself in preparing tea, and then sat down to await the return of her husband and children.

The rich rays of a golden sunset streamed through the little window of the cottage, touching into intenser beauty the noble elms and sycamores that skirted the green lane in which it stood, and steeping hill and valley in its own gorgeous splendour. Anna looked out at the glowing sky, and endeavoured to shake off the feeling of depression that had haunted her all through that bright September day. Perhaps, after all, George was not in much danger. Many had recovered who had seemed worse than he did. She would try to think so; try to look at the bright side. Why should she not? At any rate, George should see her cheerful; it would not do to sadden him. And so, brushing away a gathering tear, she turned again to her bright fireside.

Presently the door opened. It was her eldest son, Walter, a bright-looking boy of thirteen. He seemed in a great hurry, and ran upstairs for something, but was down again in an instant. "Mother, don't wait tea," said he; "somebody is ill at Mann's, and they asked me to go for the doctor."

"Ill! who is it, Walter?" asked Anna.

"I don't know yet, mother, but I shall soon be back;" and he dashed off towards the doctor's residence.

Anna sat quietly for some minutes, wondering they did not come in. "Perhaps," thought she, "they have gone into Mann's too." She would have gone herself, but the children would be in directly, and would want their tea.

"Mr. Mann is asking for you, mother," said little Willie, coming in from his play.

"For me!" exclaimed Anna, starting up from her seat, a vague feeling of

dread taking possession of her, as Mr. Mann entered.

"Mrs. Gray," he began, "will you step down to my house? Your husband has had an—an—is very ill, I am sorry to say: he wants to see you."

The blood forsook Anna's cheek as she listened. She grasped the back of a chair for support as she gasped out, "George ill? O, what is it? Tell me at once, Mr. Mann."

"Come with me," said Mr. Mann kindly; "I hope he will soon rally;" but he said no more, and Anna, sick with apprehension, rushed to his dwelling.

A sad, sad sight met her eye. On a sofa in the little sitting-room lay her husband, pale and speechless, the red blood oozing from his mouth, and trickling in a little stream down his heaving chest. Anna uttered no word: she was incapable of utterance; but with a choking sob she knelt down by his side, and pressed her white, bloodless lips to his forehead. At that moment she felt that all was over.

The explanation was soon given. George had hurried down the lane, forgetful of himself, until almost breathless; he was seized with a violent fit of coughing, and in the strain had ruptured a blood-vessel. Mr. Mann, returning from the factory, had arrived just in time to take him into his own house, which happened to be the nearest.

Dr. Simpson soon arrived, with Walter. It was pitiful to see how the bright look of the boy changed into one of sorrow, and almost despair, as he heard the tidings. He dearly loved his father; but setting this aside, how changed would be his prospects should he be taken away! Sobbing convulsively, Kate and Mary stood by the couch, in the anguish of their first great grief, awaiting the opinion of the doctor on his case.

Dr. Simpson looked grave, and shook his head. He would send some medicine, but he must not be removed; the utmost quiet was necessary; his state was critical. In the morning he would see if it were possible to get him home without risk.

Every word seemed a death-knell to poor Anna. She knew that there was no hope, and her heart was utterly desolate. Alas! she had secured no refuge from the storm that was now beating upon her. She had no "hiding-place from the wind," no "covert from the tempest;" she was "without God, and without hope in the world."

"*In the morning*," Dr. Simpson had said; but ere the morning broke, George Gray had done with all earthly things, and stood alone at the bar of the eternal Judge.

How the next few days passed over Anna scarcely knew. She was paralyzed by sorrow and despair. Friends and neighbours sought to comfort her, but she refused to be comforted. "God is dealing very hardly with me," said the stricken, broken-hearted widow, in the bitterness of her anguish. She could not then see that it was in tenderest love and mercy.

But, in the depth of her misery, the still small voice, that had for so long been unheeded, again spoke, and with power; bringing to remembrance the sins of a wasted life, mercies slighted, opportunities neglected, warnings despised, until, in a very agony of fear and dread, the cry burst forth, "What must I do to be saved?" For many days she sorrowed in anguish of spirit, under a piercing sense of vileness and guilt; but at length deliverance came. Pondering on the promises and invitations of the Gospel, she was enabled to trust in Christ as a present and an all-sufficient Saviour. Light and peace were communicated to her soul. The burden of guilt was removed, and she could joyfully exclaim, "O Lord, I will praise Thee:....Thine anger is turned away, and" now "Thou comfortedst me." Henceforward Anna was a "new creature;" and although her earthly path was often dark and intricate, yet she could now look forward to a home where there was no sorrow, no sin, no fear, to cast a shadow over unending enjoyment. Her children were trained in the fear of God; some of them brought early to know the Saviour; and thus the first great sorrow of their life was sanctified by Him who sees the end from the beginning, to their everlasting good.

"*I will cause you to pass under the rod, and I will bring you into the bond of the covenant.*"

ADELINE.

Eastington, Gloucestershire.

Life-Lessons.

GOD'S ORPHAN-HOUSE."

s is the title given by the founder
e buildings on Ashley-Down,
l, for the reception of destitute
and girls, who have lost both
s by death, irrespective of any
ar sect or religious creed. It is a
ıg title, and may, at first sight, strike
minds as presumptuous. But a little
eration will remove every feeling
is nature. God has declared
lf to be emphatically "the Father
fatherless;" therefore, we wonder
at the simple-hearted and believing
e Müller should thus have designated
ble and beautiful house. It is a
d dreary thing to look upon little
ite children, without father, without
r, without friends to aid them, all
in this selfish, sinful world. That
true to His many promises to be
lper and defender of such, and to
them with mercy, the success of
a undertaking as this is a visible

We have no manner of doubt
od put it into the mind of George
r, a Prussian by birth, to pity, to
o believe, in reference to an object
to His own infinitely loving Heart;
at He foresaw, with favourable re-
hat when, on December 7th, 1835,
wrote these simple words, "To-day
ved the first shilling for the Orphan-
," he should, at the close of the
861, be able to record that above
undred and fifty thousand pounds
owed in to aid him in his work,
e result of prayer to God."

ler set out with the principle, that
received a call from God for this
lar work, He would assuredly be
lper; that he was called to trust
n the living God; to begin, to
ue, and to end, in sole reliance upon
ot on man. He has, therefore,
made a personal application; he has
opened a subscription-list: all that
done has been to write a yearly
of "God's dealings" with him,
His faithfulness to His promises;
an account of every penny and
received, without mentioning the
of the donors. There is no arro-
gance, no presumption, in his thus doing; he reflects on no societies or establishments not thus constituted; nor, indeed, desires them to pursue his exact plan.

There is another special mission to which he has felt himself called by God. In addition to the obligation to love and cherish the orphan, he has sought to awaken the people of God to the efficacy of prayer; to the assurances that abound in the word of God that He honours simple and believing faith; that whatsoever things they ask in prayer, believing, they shall receive, if those things are in accordance with the mind and will of God. It is in this spirit that he, and his valuable co-worker, Mr. Craik, live, receiving no stated income from any source, but accepting what God sends from time to time by the hands of His people. And again and again he returns to the fact, that he and his family have wanted no good thing; that their wants have been abundantly supplied; and that it is the sweetest and the most blessed life thus to live, casting all care upon God. He calls on no man to renounce his business in life, or to slacken his diligence therein; but he does call again and again, from year to year, upon all the saints of God to dismiss all anxious thought, all foreboding fears, for their temporal necessities, and to commit every want to the God of all grace, in full assurance that He will supply all their needs. We marvel not that God has prospered a work so in harmony with His revealed mind and will as the care of orphans; and we are not surprised to learn how many of God's people, from the perusal of this man's remarkable narrative, have been raised from despondency, and been enabled to take God at His word for the life that now is, as well as for the life that is to come; and have had to rejoice that Elijah's God has even yet the ravens at His bidding,—the power to make the most unlikely channels sources of supply.

Two works, therefore, have been done, and are yet being done, by this man of faith and prayer.

Truly, as we read the relation of the

rise and progress of the undertaking, we are led to say, "This kind goeth not forth, but by prayer and fasting." A life very near to God, liberty of access to Him, strong confidence in His word in times of discouragement, must be possessed by anyone who acts like the founder of the Orphan-House on Ashley-Down. Like most good, great, and successful undertakings, it has sprung from a little seed, which has multiplied exceedingly.

In April, 1836, in a hired house in Wilson-street, Bristol, the first twenty-six orphans were received. Arrangements had been made for thirty, and the number was complete in June. Money, clothing, furniture, and food were brought from time to time willingly, by those whose hearts God did, as of old, stir up to assist in a house for His glory. The following year an *Infant* Orphan-House was added, and the two houses together were fitted up for the reception of sixty-six. While the children are fed and clothed, and taught in all good things, Müller goes on praying, and God continues to give all that is needed.

The borders gradually enlarge; and, at the close of 1837, eighty-one orphans are thus cared for. These, with himself and nine helpers, who had the care of them, make ninety-one who have to be fed daily. Not once or twice, but again and again, his faith was tried at the outset as by fire; and the hour has come for the morning or noonday meal, and no meal has been found in the barrel, nor oil in the cruse. Yet have they been supplied: while the father of his adopted family prays, the children's bread is sent, and never have they been without a supply of their necessities from the year 1836 to the present time. "I was brought low, and He helped me;" "I sought the Lord, and He heard me, and delivered me from all my fears;" "Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it," are promises found to be as good as bank-notes. God honours them, and the work goes on and prospers.

Days are noted in which there is not one halfpenny in hand; when there is not bread for the coming meal; when there is no milk for the infants; when clothes are much needed by himself and helpers. But money is slipped into his hand as he walks along the street for exercise; the baker calls, and leaves a present of bread; while he and his helpers are earnestly pleading with God for the supply needed for the little ones, a letter is found lying on the table, brought in as they were asking of God, with sufficient money both for milk for the babes, and raiment for the elders.

Faith grows by exercise; one house after another is taken and filled, until in 1845, having one hundred and twenty orphans under his care, Mr. Müller is led to see it desirable to erect a building in a healthy locality. The house No. 1, on Ashley-Down, was opened in June, 1849, and three hundred orphans were received: the expenses of the building were £15,000. The whole of this money was realized, and several hundreds were left, besides £300 to begin housekeeping with. It is a rule with Mr. Müller *never to incur debt.*

In the year 1857, the house No. 2 was erected, and four hundred more orphans received.

The house No. 3 is now finished, and George Müller can accommodate one thousand one hundred and fifty orphans. The applications are so numerous, that usually they amount to ten each week. He is now contemplating the erection of No. 4 and No. 5, that he may be able to welcome to his large heart and happy home two thousand orphan children.

Money still flows in for the Building-Fund, and we trust that erelong the desire of this good man's heart will be fulfilled. The Report for the current year announces a balance in hand, in May, of £12,677 17*s.* 11½*d.* towards the Building-Fund. The sum required is fifty thousand pounds. The total receipts for the support of the orphans, and the building of the houses already erected, from the commencement of this great, good work, Mr. Müller states to be £171,818 2*s.* 2½*d.*, *as the result of prayer to God.* The amount for the other objects of the institution—namely, the supplies for the School, Bible, and Missionary and Tract Fund, and for the new houses—is £70,086 6*s.* 7½*d.*

Year by year we have perused, with intense and growing interest, the sixpenny pamphlet issued by Mr. Müller to give an account of his stewardship, entitled, *Brief Narrative of Facts relative to the*

Orphan-Houses. Although, as already stated, the names of the donors are withheld, the circumstances which have led to the bestowal of the gift are often recorded, many of which manifestly declare that God Himself had put the good purpose into their hearts. With the same humble acknowledgment, that from God only comes the needed aid, Mr. Müller records the gift of a solitary penny from a poor believer, and of several hundreds, or even thousands, from a rich benefactor.

(*To be concluded.*)

Foreign Travel.

BUXTON (CANADA WEST).

ITS ORIGIN—PRESENT STATE—AND PROSPECTS.

(*Continued from page* 317.)

FROM its commencement to the present time, the history of the Buxton settlement has been one of gradual advancement in all things which constitute the prosperity of an agricultural people; yet, like all similar movements, it has had its fluctuations. The zeal and enthusiasm with which many of these coloured people at first entered upon their arduous, but hopeful, task, gave way for a time before the continuance of severe labour, unaccompanied by present requital: these left their farms, and went elsewhere to seek employment. Of course, their own lands were neglected, or nearly so; and such neglect, in an unopened country, proved injurious, not only to the interests of the individual, but also to those of his neighbours. Two or three years' desultory labour—which, though for the present more remunerative, did not advance their permanent interests—served to show most of them their error; and they returned to Buxton, with renewed determination to persevere in the work, which, though barren and toilsome at first, was a sure road to independence and plenty.

Once or twice the settlement has suffered severely, with the surrounding country, from the comparative failure of the crops; and last year still more severely, from the excitement which prevailed on the subject of Haytien emigration. From the glowing descriptions given by the agents of that movement, very many were led to entertain the purpose of leaving Canada for Hayti. It was represented to them that Hayti being a Republic, composed entirely of coloured people, the path to social and political influence, from which they were debarred amongst a white population, was open to them there; that the climate, being tropical, was better suited to their constitutions; and that the fecundity of the soil precluded the necessity for severe labour. Many were so far allured by these prospects, that they neglected putting in their crops, or cultivating their lands, and sold various useful articles to raise money for the expenses of the journey to New-York. A free passage was offered them from that port, in return for which a certain amount of labour was to be performed for the Government on their arrival. When the time for departure arrived, there were, however, only three or four settlers who had disposed of their lands; the rest of the party, numbering about eighteen, was composed of young persons and others who had nothing to leave. They sailed in the autumn of 1861. Already nine or ten of them are dead; three or four have found their way back to Buxton, and report that the few who remain are only wanting an opportunity to get away from the island.

In 1857 the Elgin settlement was honoured with a visit from Lord Althorp, now Earl Spencer, in company with several other gentlemen. Besides calling on some of the settlers, and witnessing the condition of their homes and farms, his Lordship had the opportunity of seeing them gathered together on the occasion, when a banquet—of which several hundreds partook — was provided in an arbour erected for the purpose in a grove on Mr. King's farm. The settlers and their distinguished guests were mutually delighted with the novel scene. Since that time similar festivals have been held on the 1st of August, to celebrate West-India Emancipation. These occasions—on which the dinner is furnished by the community from their own produce—would satisfy the inquiring stranger that

there was no scarcity among them of the necessaries, and even of the luxuries, of the table. Turkeys, fowls, ducks, roast pigs, geese, venison, beef, mutton, and lamb, load the board. Vegetables of all kinds, potatoes, parsnips, peas, French-beans, asparagus, &c., and pickles and preserves; whilst rich iced-cakes and pastry, in various forms, display the taste and skill in cookery so characteristic of the race. The dress of the people at these gala times is, of course, the gayest their means will afford, and, from their peculiar circumstances, is somewhat of a motley character; but they principally affect the European style, in which many display excellent taste; though, perhaps, to an artistic eye, the folded turban and loose flowing robe of Oriental and tropical nations would be more becoming to their swarthy complexions and lithe forms, than the more formal costumes of Western civilization.

Lord Althorp and his friends were highly satisfied with what they saw of the prosperity of this interesting community; and the same feeling has been expressed by numerous other intelligent visiters to Buxton.

Fourteen years ago, the eighteen miles of country now covered by the Elgin settlement were wholly given up to the primitive forest. Roads there were none, with the exception of the military line running from London to Sandwich, through the centre of the peninsula, laid out by Colonel Talbot, after the war with the United States, in 1812, and settled on each side with British subjects, who received grants of one hundred acres each, on condition of erecting a log-cabin, and clearing a certain portion of land on each side of the road. At the present time no less than eighteen hundred acres of forest-land have been cleared, and are laid under cultivation. Nineteen miles of road, sixty-six feet wide, have been opened up, fenced off, and ditched; and the corduroy-bridges, at first constructed across the creeks, have already been superseded, since the erection of the saw-mill, by those of sawn timber, of a much better construction. In low places, corduroy-roads have been made, which, though rough and trying to the nerves of a refined civilian, answer the purpose very well to persons accustomed to bush-life. These roads are all of them available during a great part of the year for waggons, or for persons travelling on horseback. In the winter months, nature completes all that art has left undone in road-making, turning the rugged, miry path into a broad surface of glassy smoothness.

About one hundred houses have been put up on the prescribed model; and thirteen of frame, which have a much neater appearance, and are capable of a much higher degree of finish; besides several brick houses, the bricks for which were made at the brick-yard in Buxton. The log and frame houses are white-washed; some are shaded with galleries and creeping plants, and surrounded with neat fences, enclosing tasteful gardens. This year there have been three hundred acres sown in wheat; six hundred in Indian corn; besides that devoted to potatoes, peas, turnips, buckwheat, tobacco, and flax. There are owned by the settlers one hundred yoke of oxen, (used in farming,) one hundred and thirty horses, two hundred and fifty milch cows, eighty sheep, and hogs without number.

Besides these staple articles, much valuable garden-produce, and large quantities of fine poultry, are raised. The climate and soil admit the cultivation of the grape-vine, peach, melon, pumpkin, tomato, and other products of warm, temperate climes in the open air; besides the apple, pear, plum, cherry, and currant. Raspberries, strawberries, and blackberries grow wild in the woods in great profusion.

Indoors, the homes of the settlers consist of a large room, with a plank floor: at one end is a huge chimney, where, during the long cold winters, the blazing logs diffuse cheerful light and heat. In most cases a small room is partitioned off for a sleeping-apartment: the whole is ceiled with boards, and the space between these and the shingled roof is also divided into two compartments, as sleeping-lofts. In the meanest of these dwellings there is at least one decent bedstead, a table, chairs, &c.; and some of the houses are comfortably and neatly furnished, and adorned with gay prints. Happily there is no fear of distraining for rent.

The natural taste of the coloured race for music has been cultivated by the formation of singing-classes, conducted by one of themselves, on Hullah's vocal system, in which they have made very creditable progress. Two musical bands have been formed: one in connexion with the military company; the other, a brass band for festival occasions, now under training by a teacher of much experience, who speaks highly of their progress.

The assertion often made, that the African race cannot enjoy health in a region so far removed from the tropics, has not been verified in Buxton. The settlement has been remarkably free from fever and epidemic diseases; and at times when surrounding districts have been decimated by small-pox, scarlatina, and diphtheria, not one fatal case has occurred within its borders. It would probably be difficult to find a more generally healthy community than this.

Turning from the outward condition of this people, we shall now refer to some of their moral characteristics, beginning with those least favourable.

(*To be continued.*)

Study and Pulpit Thoughts.

GOD'S LEADING AND MAN'S IGNORANCE.

"I will bring the blind by a way that they knew not; I will lead them in paths that they have not known: I will make darkness light before them, and crooked things straight. These things will I do unto them, and not forsake them." (Isaiah xlii. 16.)

When God leads men to true religion, He leads them very differently from any and all of their previous anticipations,—"in a way that they knew not." This is true, in many respects, of every soul, and most in the respects which we shall name.

1. The thing, circumstance, or truth, whatever it may be, which first fixes the great matter of salvation upon the mind, and sets the sinner out upon a course of earnest and painstaking inquiry after salvation, is something very different from anything he has commonly anticipated. There are few of the sober-minded hearers of the Gospel who do not entertain the idea that at some time or other they shall become Christians. They hope for this with a very serious sincerity, if they do not confidently expect it. And it would be something strange if a busy imagination did not figure the mode in which their anticipation shall begin to be realized. It does figure it. Commonly, if not always, there is some indistinct notion floating over an irreligious man's fancy, that his mind, heart, and habits will undergo yet a religious transformation, through the influences of some particular causes which he contemplates. One man has one set of causes, and another, another. The young man, if I may say so, expects time to convert him. He is now, he thinks, at an age for enjoyment. He loves pleasure, perhaps; and as his blood leaps in its veins, his muscles are elastic, his bones full of marrow, and his vivid fancy paints the world in beauty before his eye, too attractive and enchanting to be exchanged for anything else, he has a sort of expectancy that, as years move on, they will bring him into a temperament more favourable to religion. They will make him a man,—perhaps an old man,—and then he thinks religion will be more becoming to him than it is now, and he will be more inclined to it. So he thinks: so he sincerely thinks. But he thinks wrong. He is blind. Can you name any instance—did you ever hear of an instance—of a man who became serious, and entered upon the ways of religion, because he had lived up into manhood, or down into the old age when he thought religion would become him, and he would become religious more naturally and easily? Not one. An instance is not to be found. Men are converted sometimes,—yea, old men,—but not because they have become men, or have grown old. Their youthful expectancy has not been realized, even if they have become Christians. They did not seek God because their anticipated time had come, because they had reached manhood and had become sick of pleasure,

or because they had got on further in life, and their knees were stiff, their hands trembling, and their blood chilled with old age. Look around you. You may find such chilled blood and such stiff knees among the hearers of the congregation where you worship, and their owners were young once; and *when* they were young, they indulged the same foolish fancy which their juniors indulge now, about their becoming Christians when a few more years should have rolled over their heads.

The attention of men is *not* directed to religion, and their efforts embarked to secure it, by the causes which they have anticipated, and sometimes fondly anticipated. If they are led to seek God at all, God leads them in a way they knew not.

There is no little difficulty, in such a selfish and grasping world as this, in attaining a competency and respectability among men by personal or professional acquisition. And many a man who, at the outset in life, finds he has still these attainments to make, deceitfully, but sincerely, imagines that this necessary and laborious duty is the only thing which prevents his attention to personal religion. If he shall prosper,—if he shall reach, as he hopes he yet shall, the competence he wishes, or the skill, or science, or professional standing he wants, and thus no longer have the necessity pressing upon him to devote all his attention and energies to such attainments,—he has not a doubt but in that more favourable condition his willing mind will take up the subject of religion in earnest; a subject which he deems important, and of such importance that he is sincerely mournful at finding himself compelled, as he thinks, by worldly urgencies, for the present to neglect it. This is common. The picture is no fancy. It is drawn from real life. Society is full of just such men. But look around you again. How do you find it? What do you see? When our young men have got over the pinch and pressure which trouble them so much at the beginning, and have got on a little further in life, and have attained skill, or science, or competence, or character, so that they have no occasion to feel the pinch and pressure so hard upon them, what becomes of their earlier religious anticipations? How is it? Do they become pious? Are they any more attentive to religion at sober forty than they were at anxious twenty-one? at established fifty, than they were at hoping and busy thirty? No such thing. Their expectancy and purposes have turned out vanity. You know it. You can see them around you. One of the rarest of all religious things is to behold a man betwixt forty and sixty turning his attention to religion. And if you find such an instance at all, his seriousness did not come upon him according to his anticipation,—because the world ceased to press him so much. Far from this. You have never yet heard a religious man giving such an account of himself. If one has lent his attention to religion at all, his course has not been according to his calculation; but God has led him in a way that he knew not.

It is an unhappy thing that unbelief resorts to deceptive reliances. Many an unconverted sinner, with some conscience and little wisdom, entertains an indistinct hope that, in attendance upon the preaching of the Gospel, he shall yet hear some such alarming and terrible truth as shall shake him out of his indifference and inattention, and compel him, in spite of himself, to seek God. He looks for some alarming or persuasive sermon, or some new view of the way of salvation, or some argument better adapted than any he has heard yet to the peculiarities of his mind. His Minister has not touched the right chord yet, he says. Such preaching will not move him. Perhaps not; but if this man is ever led to seek the Lord, it will be in a mode much farther off from his own anticipation than from his Minister's preaching. It will not be by some argument better adapted, nor by some new truth, nor by some more powerful or persuasive sermon. It will be by precisely the same truth which he has heard all his life, aimed at the same chord of his heart, and aimed with the same power and the same persuasions. His calculations will be disappointed. God will lead him in a way that he knew not; and he himself will lend his prayerful and earnest attention, if he ever saved, to those very truths and arguments and persuasions which now

half-mournfully believes can never profit him.

If you were to go round the whole circle of the religious among you, and examine the treasured recollections of every heart, you would have another cluster of illustrations about the verity of the text. Not a heart, perhaps, could you find—few at most, if any—which found its seriousness commencing in any way it had ever anticipated. You may find some who carried along with them for years that truth locked up in their own mind, which afterward led them to reflection, and all the while they never once thought that that unheeded truth would yet assert its power over them; they were waiting for something else. You may find some who spent years under the entreaties and terrors of God's preached word, and all the time waited for some stronger persuasion, who finally were brought to reflection, and led to seek Christ, not by any more tenable or tender persuasion, but because some wise friend or some occurring circumstance induced them to think—just to think—about duty, God, Christ, and the world to come. You may find multitudes who had never been moved by the most powerful arguments of the ministry, and who, through years of indifference, expected some calamity, some sickness, or the loss of some friend, to lead them to piety, but who buried friend after friend, and were tossed by fever after fever, and yet rose from the bed of illness at one time, and came back from the funeral at another, as unalarmed as ever; but whose attention was finally fixed on religion by some old familiar truth, which they had despised a thousand and a thousand times. God led them in a way they knew not of.

(*To be concluded.*)

The Portfolio.

GEMS IN OLD SETTINGS.

WHAT SHALL IT PROFIT A MAN?

It is observable that a sumpter-horse or pack-horse, which all the day long hath gone nodling with abundance of treasure, hath at night all taken from him, and been turned a-grazing, or put into a stable; so that all the benefit he hath gained by it is, that he hath only felt the weight of it, and probably got a galled back for his labour. Thus many rapacious, wretched, rich men, such as are little better than pack-horses, that all their life long carry the things of this world, lade themselves with thick clay, rise early and late, and eat the bread of carefulness, to get a little pelf, and a galled conscience to boot, are on a sudden—either for ill-using or ill-getting their wealth—turned (unless God be more merciful) into a filthy stable, into hell, where their pay is everlasting torment.—*Jerem. Drexelius.* 1630.

CHRIST ALL AND IN ALL.

All the good things that can be reckoned up here below have only a finite and limited benignity. Some can clothe, but cannot feed; others can nourish, but they cannot heal; others can enrich, but they *cannot secure;* others adorn, but cannot advance; all do serve, but none do satisfy. They are like a beggar's coat made up of many pieces, not all enough either to beautify or defend. But Christ is full and sufficient for all His people. He ascended on high "that He might fill all things," (Eph. iv. 10,) that He might pour forth such abundance of Spirit on His church, as might answer all the conditions whereunto they may be reduced; righteousness enough to cover all their sins, plenty enough to supply all their wants, grace enough to subdue all their lusts, wisdom enough to resolve all their doubts, power enough to vanquish all their enemies, virtue enough to cure all their diseases, fulness enough to save them, and that to the utmost. Over and besides, there is in Christ something proportionable to all the wants and desires of His people. He is Bread, Wine, Milk, Living Waters, to feed them. (John vi. 5, 7, 35.) He is a Garment of Righteousness to cover and adorn them; (Rev. vii. 14;) a Physician to heal them; (Matt. ix. 12;) a Counsellor to advise them; (Isai. ix. 6;) a Captain to defend them; (Heb. ii. 10;) a Prince to rule, a Prophet to teach, a Priest to make atonement for them, a Husband to protect, a Father to provide, a Brother to relieve, a Foundation to

support, a Root to quicken, a Head to guide, a Treasure to enrich, a Sun to enlighten, and a Fountain to cleanse; so that, as the one ocean hath more waters than all the rivers of the world, and one sun more light than all the luminaries in heaven, so one Christ is more *all* to a poor soul than if it had the *all* of the whole world a thousand times over.—*Bishop Reynolds.* 1658.

Memorials of the Departed.

Died at Barford, in the Leamington Circuit, April 26th, 1861, Mrs. Savage. From a child she was amiable, kind, and affectionate, but for many years remained a stranger to saving grace. About the year 1849 she began to attend the Wesleyan ministry, and was led to see her state as a sinner in the sight of God. She earnestly sought, and soon experienced, forgiveness through the blood of Jesus. She united herself to the Society in Barford; and, although she met with some opposition, she remained firm in her attachment to, and diligent in her attendance on, the means of grace; proving them to be seasons of refreshing, and opportunities for obtaining strength to enable her to hold on her way. About the beginning of the year 1860 her health began to fail. Various means were resorted to for her recovery, but in vain. It became evident that consumption was making progress, and that she must sink under its influence. The thought of leaving her young and large family without anyone to direct their minds, or to watch over their best interests, often caused a degree of painful feeling; but He who had sustained her in former conflicts upheld her in the trying hour; and, by richer manifestations of His love to her, enabled her to give up all that was dear to her, and sink into His will. For some time before her death her mind was kept in perfect peace; and, when visited by her Minister and other friends, she invariably expressed her strong confidence in her Saviour, and testified of His love to her soul. About a fortnight before her death she said to her sister,—

"Not a cloud doth arise To darken the skies,
Or hide for a moment my Lord from mine eyes."

She frequently said to her husband, and others of her family, "I want you all to meet me in heaven." Thus she rejoiced in God until her eyes closed in death, and she was admitted to that world where "there is fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore."

Occasional Notes for Readers.

The Rev. John Farrar's *Biblical and Theological Dictionary, illustrative of the Old and New Testaments*, has rapidly passed through several editions, and is now issued by the Wesleyan Book-Room, at the reduced price of five shillings. It embraces the Christian Doctrines; Jewish Antiquities; Bible Biography, Topography, Chronology, and Natural History; the canonicity, inspiration, authenticity, genuineness, and authority of the Books of Holy Scripture; and also the Heresies of early Church History. The varied information on these topics is drawn, as is well known, with singular and discriminating judgment, from the best and most recent authorities; and forms at once the most portable and yet sufficient handbook on the principal subjects in theology and Biblical literature which we possess. Its most precious characteristic, however, we need scarcely remind our readers, is the devout reverence for, and entire submission to, the revealed Word of God, everywhere apparent. Its habitual use, by the youthful readers of the Bible in our families, would be instrumental, by the blessing of God, of increasing the number of intelligent and well-informed Bible-Christians among us.—*Words from Heaven to the Church on Earth* is the title of an admirable sermon by the Rev. William Jessop, from Rev. iii. 20, delivered during the last annual session of the Cornwall District Committee, and published at their request.

J. Roche, Printer, 25, Hoxton-square, London.

BUNYAN PARTING WITH HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN.

The church of Christ has her long catalogue of illustrious names; and of the mighty men of old, men of renown which they represent, no one denomination of Christians has a monopoly. Each has its brilliant muster-roll of worthies, whose reputations an admiring posterity refuses to let die. The Baptist community can exhibit its share of sanctified greatness: Carey amongst Missionaries; Hall amongst preachers; Foster amongst essayists; Havelock amongst soldiers; and, not least, Bunyan amongst allegorists.

The author of the *Pilgrim's Progress* was not born of Baptist parents, nor connected with that body of Christians until he had attained to man's estate. In uniting himself with them he does not appear to have been at all influenced by their distinctive views on the subject of baptism. He joined the Baptist Church at Bedford, for the same reasons that thousands have united themselves to the Methodist Society; because he obtained spiritual blessings through its members and ministry. And as Christians generally make their spiritual birth-place their religious home, so did he. It was not because he quarrelled with the Established Church that he became a Nonconformist; not because he doubted the propriety of

pædobaptism that he became an Anabaptist. His conversation with the three pious women at Bedford, and their introduction of him to their pastor, Mr. Gifford, explains the whole. He found amongst these people what he could not find at Elstow Church,—the *power* of godliness. Hence, although a Baptist, he was no sectarian, but a broad-hearted, catholic-minded Christian. He had, no doubt, to submit to immersion in a stream of the Ouse, near Bedford-Bridge, in order to obtain membership in Mr. Gifford's church; but the distinguishing rite of the sect of which he became so great an ornament is not once alluded to in his immortal allegory; nor is it mentioned in his remarkable autobiography, the *Grace Abounding*. The fact is that Bunyan, like Robert Hall, was an advocate of what is called *free communion;* and, as such, suffered reproaches and ridicule from Ministers of his own denomination, who held by the more sectarian course of *close communion*. The absence in his great work of all denominational peculiarities has made it a book for the universal church. Had he made adult baptism the "strait gate" at which the Pilgrim entered, it would have marred his matchless allegory, and have effectually prevented its popularity. As we once heard a Minister, as clever as he is droll, say, "Depend upon it, if Bunyan had dipped his *Pilgrim*, he would have stopped his *Progress*." It was reserved for a Puseyite Clergyman to give to the sacrament of baptism, in an altered version of the work, a prominence never contemplated by the Baptist author of the original book. This clerical Goth attempted to accommodate the *Pilgrim's Progress* to the narrow views of his party, and in a version of it published about ten years ago, the wicket-gate is made to represent baptism, and the House Beautiful the eucharist. Bunyan wrote not for a party or a sect, but for the universal church.

The pastor of the Baptist congregation at Bedford, when the tinker of Elstow became a member, was the Rev. John Gifford. Before becoming a Minister he was a Major in the royal army, and had been taken a prisoner of war by the Parliamentarians. He had been a profligate and a gambler, and had had a narrow escape from the gallows. He had actually contemplated suicide in consequence of the losses which he suffered at the gaming-table, when a religious book which he met with was the means of leading him to think about his soul, and to seek salvation. Eventually he settled at Bedford over a little flock of Baptist Christians. From his antecedents he was likely to sympathize with the ex-soldier and reformed swearer of Elstow, when he came to him with his burden of guilt, as a penitent seeker of salvation. But, doubtless, little did he dream that through his connexion with the tall, red-haired tinker, his own name would be rescued from oblivion, and handed down to a remote posterity. That the Cavalier Major became an excellent Dissenting Minister (opposite as the two characters might appear) may be learned from his convert. "At this time," he says, "I also sat under the ministry of holy Mr. Gifford, whose doctrine, by God's grace, was much for my stability."

When Bunyan had been about five years connected with the Baptists

he began to preach. He was led to this work much in the same way that the Local preachers of Methodism are brought to engage in pulpit labours. His brethren in the church, perceiving his accurate acquaintance with Scripture, and his talent for speaking to edification, urged him at one of the meetings "to speak a word of exhortation unto them." Yielding, he says, "did much dash and abash my spirit; yet still by them desired and entreated, I consented to their request, and did twice at two several assemblies, (but in private,) though with much weakness and infirmity, discover my gift amongst them; at which they not only seemed to be, but did frequently protest, as in the sight of the great God, they were both affected and comforted; and gave thanks to the Father of mercies for the grace bestowed upon me." His next step was to accompany some of the members, who were in the habit of expounding Scripture, into the country, when he sometimes ventured to speak a word of exhortation to village congregations. Eventually he was formally appointed, "after some solemn prayer unto the Lord, with fasting, to a more ordinary and public preaching of the word." His success and popularity as a preacher were so considerable, that erelong the people flocked from all parts by hundreds to hear him.

Meanwhile, death entered into his cottage-home, and carried off the dear wife who urged him to read when he had almost forgotten the art; who brought him the wedding-portion of two books, which booksellers might value at two shillings, but which proved to be more precious than rubies to him. After some time the widower, left with four little children, married again. The second wife is as worthy of our admiration as the first. She was an affectionate mother to Bunyan's children, an encourager of his piety and fidelity to conscience, and a heroine who ventured to plead for him, when suffering persecution, before the judges of the land.

Bunyan was happy in his family, happy in his religious associations, and happy in the work of calling sinners to repentance, when a rude interruption was given to his domestic enjoyments and pulpit labours by the strong hand of a persecuting government. He had seen the fall of the throne for which he had battled at the siege of Leicester; but he lived to see it re-erected, and Charles II. crowned with the crown of his decapitated sire. He had witnessed the abolition of Episcopacy and the liturgy; but he lived to witness the re-establishment of Prelacy in the National Church and in the House of Peers. In the remarkable political interregnum the Baptist preacher had, at least on one occasion, actually occupied himself the pulpit of a parish church in Cambridgeshire; and was then the instrument of the conversion of an under-graduate of the University, who came, as he phrased it, "to hear the tinker prate;" but was caught by this successful fisher of men in the Gospel net. The restoration of the Monarchy was followed by the Act of Uniformity, and the ejection of the two thousand Ministers; amongst them Wesley's two grandfathers, John Westley of Whitchurch, and Dr. Annesley of St. Giles, Cripplegate. When men of such mark failed to escape, there was little chance for the poor, uneducated, Baptist preacher, soldering tin-cans on

the week-day, and preaching at "conventicles" on the Sunday. Even while Cromwell's government was still in power he was indicted for preaching at the village of Eaton, although this attempt to silence him was ineffectual. But when Charles II. came to the throne, Bunyan was made to feel how serious in the eyes of the State was the crime of Nonconformity. Only five months after the restoration, the gathering cloud burst upon his devoted head. On the 12th of November, 1660, he was "planned," as a Methodist would say, at Samsell, in Bedfordshire, when a tip-staff, armed with a warrant, took him into custody as he was about to announce his text, and carried him before a magistrate, and then to Bedford gaol.

Bunyan would have been liberated at once if he had promised to desist from preaching, but this he refused to do. His greatest trial was parting with his wife and children. This he said was like "pulling the flesh from the bones." "I saw," said he, "I was as a man pulling down his house upon the head of his wife and children." Still religious principle triumphed over natural affection; although it was as a dagger to his heart to be severed from his family, especially from his child Mary, who was blind. "O, the thoughts of the hardships my poor blind one might undergo," said he, "I thought would break my heart in pieces!" But, for all that, he marched off with the officer to "a certain place where was a den;" and there he dreamed his dream.

T. M'C.

REMEMBERING CHRIST.

If any sceptic, or any stranger to the Gospel, were to look in upon a company of Christians at the Lord's table, and were to inquire, "What is the *use* of this service, and what does it mean? I never could see anything in it;" we might answer him by asking him, "Did you never see anything in the miniature of a departed wife? Did you never find any beauty in the golden lock of hair clipped from the head of your dead boy? Are there no teachings, no reproofs, no blessed suggestions in the very sight of your mother's Bible? If you cannot understand and feel such influences, you cannot appreciate one of the highest and holiest uses of the sacrament of the Holy Supper."

For, among other benefits linked with this simple rite, one of the very chiefest is that it is a *memorial* of the suffering Saviour. It is a *memorial* of the best of friends. Not only do true believers come to the sacramental table in order to remember Jesus, but because they remember Jesus. In many characters and offices, beautiful and glorious does the Redeemer appear there: but in two characters He shines pre-eminent and incomparable.

I. First, we remember Jesus at His table as a *Sufferer*. All suffering touches us; but what sorrow is like unto Christ's sorrow? When Stephen was slain, he was slain for his religion; when Paul bled, he bled for his best Benefactor; but when Jesus of Nazareth died, it was the incarnate Son of God dying to bring salvation to the most malignant of His foes. A world's enmities He bore. The chastisement of a world's iniquities was laid upon Him. By His stripes is the worst of lepers healed. His blood cleanses even a persecuting Saul of Tarsus from his guilt. But if this general statement does not touch my

heart, I can think of the atoning Lamb as my own personal Deliverer. For the sins of the whole world He died; but this does not so move me as the recollection that for me—poor, guilty, wayward, ungodly me—He gave Himself to the tormentors. What the broken law of God demanded of me my Saviour bore. What I deserved to suffer, Jesus suffered for me. That wounded side was cleft, and those mangled hands were pierced, that I might go with clean hands and a forgiven heart into heaven.

II. Jesus the Sufferer is at the same time Jesus the *Lover* of my soul. Not that I at the first loved Him; but He, when I was all unlovely, loved me. This is the sublimest teaching of the sacramental hour; this its holiest, tenderest inspiration. On the emblems which Jesus offers me at His table, on the folds of the banner which He lifts above me, on the broken bread, and on every drop of wine in the flagon, His sacred hand writes, "Herein is LOVE." Free, unsought love was Christ's; for He gave Himself for me. Sovereign love was Christ's; for it passed by fallen angels weltering in woe, and lighted upon fallen me, weltering in my guilt. Condescending love was Christ's; for although He were quite as rich without me, yet He became poor that I might be everlastingly rich with a celestial inheritance. Mighty was this love of Christ's; for it subdues the most obstinate opposition, and transforms the most malignant depravity of the sinner's soul. It was a love stronger than death. It saw me ruined by the fall; yet loved me notwithstanding all. Bless the Saviour, O my soul! let all that is within me bless His holy name! Draw nigh to Him now. Reach hither thy finger, and behold His hands. Reach hither thy hand, and thrust it into His side, and cry out, "*My* Lord and my God!" Thou art my Shepherd; thou art my Husband; thou art my King. Woe be upon all spiritual love but the love of Christ! Shame be upon all glory but glorying in the cross of Christ; death be upon all life but upon the life for Christ! "As the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so doth my soul rejoice over Thee."

To remember Jesus thus at His table, and to rejoice in Him, is comparatively easy for the believer, when the very air is loaded with the fragrance of His presence. With everything to remind us of Christ, it is not so hard to keep the heart upon Him. But when we get out again into the cold atmosphere of an unfriendly world; when we come among the jinglings of the money-changers, and the wranglings of the seekers after gain, and the clamourings of the seekers after pleasure; when there is nothing around us that looks, or acts, or speaks like Christ, can we remember Him then? Do we order our lives in remembrance of His law of purity? Do we carry the remembrance of Christ's memorial with us into daily life? Do we labour for dying souls in remembrance of the way in which He toiled for poor humanity? Do we try to be patient under trial, and forgiving under provocation, remembering how He returned good for evil? Do we remember Him when we divide our gains, seeing to it that Christ's cause receives its full share of our gold and silver? Do we remember Him in the person of His poor, of His injured ones? These are the practical questions for every Christian to answer, both when he approaches and after he leaves that sacred spot where the voice of His crucified Master says, "Do this in remembrance of Me."

THE PROGRESS OF METHODISM IN CORNWALL.

(*Concluded from page* 328.)

IN September, 1755, Mr. Wesley again visited Falmouth. He says,

"The town is not now what it was ten years since: all is quiet from one end to the other. I had thoughts of preaching on the hill near the church; but the violent wind made it impracticable; so I was obliged to stay in our own room. The people could hear in the yard likewise, and the adjoining houses; and all were deeply attentive." This evangelist again visited Falmouth in August, 1789. He found the tide so turned, that "high and low now lined the street, from one end of the town to the other, out of stark love and kindness, gaping and staring as if the King were going by." He preached in the town, in the evening of this particular day, to the largest congregation that he had ever seen in Cornwall, except in or near Redruth; "and such a time," he said, "I have not known before, since I returned from Ireland. God moved wonderfully on the hearts of the people, who all seemed to know the day of their visitation." On retiring from the county, at the close of his last visit, within two years of his death, Mr. Wesley said, "There is a fair prospect in Cornwall, from Launceston to the Land's-End." He also, in his own terse style and striking language, described the change that had taken place in Cornwall. He observed carefully, and said, "It pleased God the seed that was sown has since produced an abundant harvest. Indeed, I hardly know any part of the three kingdoms where there has been a more general change. Hurling, their favourite diversion, at which limbs were usually broke, and very frequently lives lost, is now hardly heard of: it seems in a few years it will be utterly forgotten. And that scandal of humanity, so constantly practised on all the coasts of Cornwall, the plundering vessels that struck upon the rocks, and often murdering those that escaped out of the wreck, is now well-nigh at an end; and if it is not quite, the gentlemen, not the poor tinners, are to be blamed. But it is not harmlessness or outward decency alone which has within a few years so increased; but the religion of the heart, faith working by love, producing all inward as well as outward holiness."

"What might a single mind may wield,
With Truth for sword, and Faith for shield,
And Hope to lead the way!
Thus all high triumphs are obtain'd;
From evil good—as God ordain'd
The night before the day."

A few years after the Wesleys had gone to their reward on high, a Clergyman, who appeared anxious to serve the cause of truth, in passing through Cornwall, saw the condition of the people, and endeavoured to account for what he saw. The Rev. R. Warner, of Bath, in the year 1808, made a tour through the county, and wrote a letter to a friend, giving an account of the things that presented themselves to his view. In this letter he says: "The moral habits of the miners are not less respectable than their intellectual. The miner lives upon his gains in comfort, and, generally, with credit; if not an object of envy, one, at least, which the political economist may contemplate with improvement, the moralist with pleasure, and the philanthropist with delight. Nor let it be forgotten that the religious sentiment is pretty generally diffused amongst them, producing those good fruits of quiet, decency, and order, which will inevitably, more or less, accompany a knowledge of its sublime truths and awful sanctions. Could the cold and feeble infidel see among the miners of Cornwall the effects of a principle which his bosom never felt, habits of inordinance fading away before its purifying influence, cruel practices vanquished by its gentle inspirations, and the whole character humanised, dignified, and exalted under its soul-subduing power, he would, at least,

cease to deride, if his prejudices would not suffer him to respect, a revelation which is capable of imparting such improvement to the nature of man.

"You will naturally inquire *who* have been the immediate instruments of so much good in a district so unlikely to exhibit such gratifying appearances? And I feel I am but doing justice to a class of people much, though undeservedly, calumniated, when I answer, the *Wesleyan Methodists*. With a zeal that ought to put to the blush men of higher pretensions, those indefatigable servants of their Master have penetrated into the wilds of the mines, and unappalled by danger or difficulty, careless of abuse or derision, and inflexible in the good work they had undertaken, they have perseveringly taught, gradually reclaimed, and at length, I may almost venture to say, completely reformed a large body of men, who, without their exertions, would probably have still been immersed in the deepest spiritual darkness and grossest moral turpitude. 'The irreligious fools of the world,' and the interested asserter of *exclusive Establishment privileges*," (the italics are Warner's,) "would probably consider this tribute of praise to the Wesleyan Methodists as the dotage of enthusiasm, or the cant of disaffection; but from *you* I may expect a more favourable conclusion. In *your* heart there is a corresponding chord which will vibrate with pleasure at the view of so ample an harvest of good, whoever may have been the labourers employed in sowing seed; and will be ready to bear grateful testimony to that exemplary zeal which, under the sanction of higher auspices, has been the means of producing it." This testimony is, certainly, both disinterested and conclusive.

The progress of Methodism in Cornwall has been distinguished by some very marked periods, and by some very stirring events. A few of the incidents were ludicrous; some of them were humiliating to the principal parties concerned; and others were both instructive and encouraging. Mr. Charles Wesley, on his second visit to the county, was accompanied by Mr. Meriton, a Clergyman; and whilst he was preaching in Laneast Church, having at least two other Clergymen, beside his companion, as part of his audience, he spoke on what were called "harmless amusements," and said, "I was by them kept dead to God, asleep in the devil's arms, secure in a state of damnation, for eighteen years." Mr. Meriton added, aloud, "And I for twenty-five." Mr. Thompson cried, "And I for thirty-five." Mr. Bennet, a very aged Minister, exclaimed, "And I for above seventy years." This scene, although so strange, must have been particularly exciting; whilst it shows that the words of the preacher were burning into the hearts of those who listened to him.

Methodism was introduced into Morva, a place in the far west of Cornwall, in a somewhat remarkable way. The circumstance which led thereto would by some be called an accident; but right-hearted people will regard it as a part of the arrangement of Divine Providence, and as illustrating that care which God exercises toward the children of men. Alice Daniel was a woman whom Mr. Wesley in after-life regarded as being one of God's jewels, forgotten of men, but precious in the sight of the Lord. Before she died she was quite blind; yet she murmured not, but cheerfully waited all the days of her appointed time. Her Lord came at last, and took her to His own home. Rosemurgy was the residence of this woman. It afterwards became a home for the Methodist preachers as often as they passed that way. One fine afternoon Alice was engaged in securing her year's stock of honey. A stranger, who had the appearance of a Clergyman,

rode up, and asked her to give him a cup of water. The good woman, however, insisted on his dismounting, and partaking of her bread and honey. This he did. He then began to speak unto her about that bread of life that came down from heaven, and of that favour of God which is "sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb." The woman listened with great interest and with much delight. She also requested the stranger to come again, and to speak these same words to her neighbours. With this request John Wesley was not slow to comply. The visits of this great man and his helpers were made a blessing to the people, and many were converted to the Lord, and were joined unto the church. In a very short time the Society in this remote parish numbered one hundred and twenty souls. A room was built at Rosemurgy, and furnished for the accommodation of the preachers; and it stood for very many years a memorial of early Methodism in that neighbourhood.

In St. Just and the Land's-End district Methodism has grown and flourished amazingly. It reminds one of a tree that might, a few years since, have been seen on the property of the Duke of Atholl, near Dunkeld. It had in its course split the rock above, and had grown quite through it. So has opposition been overcome by Methodism; and throughout the above-mentioned locality a wide-spread and fruitful tree has long existed, and thousands have found shelter under its branches. Dr. Borlase and Mr. Eustick persecuted; Mrs. Madron became frantic, and scolded and screamed, and then rejoiced greatly at the thought that the Methodists were Papists; but afterward she became angry because she was disappointed. William Chenalls and his wife were converted, from being devoted gamblers, as well as addicted to all the other vices of their neighbours, to sobriety, morality, and godliness. They then opened their house to the Methodist preachers, and were very severely persecuted for so doing. Amidst such circumstances Methodism was planted in St. Just. It soon became deep-rooted, and lived through storms, and gathered strength by its rockings. Like truth itself, Methodism stands and prospers in the whole locality:—

"And shrinks not, but, with gaze sublime,
Looks Falsehood in the face,
Denounces Error to mankind,
Strikes base Imposture dumb and blind,
And frees the human race."

The first Methodist preacher that visited St. Just was a St. Ives sailor. His name was Williams. He preached without a book; and the inhabitants were so fully persuaded that no sane man would do a thing of that kind, that they called him "the mad priest." Mr. Wesley's first visit into this neighbourhood was made on Saturday, September 10th, 1743. He preached to a very large congregation, which "behaved in a quiet and serious manner." On the following day he preached to a still larger number of people, that "trembled and were still." A writer, who was well acquainted with the facts, says, "The first Travelling-preacher who regularly visited St. Just was a Mr. Crabbe. Shortly after he had commenced his labours there, a warrant for his apprehension was issued by Mr. Eustick; and accordingly, the next time he came, he was taken into custody, and escorted by two constables to a public-house in the church-town, there to remain till the squire should be at liberty to attend to him. The constables, though of course they kept a careful watch over his movements, did not treat him harshly; and, among other indulgences, allowed him to call at William Chenalls', where his horse was kept. At length they proceeded to conduct him to Eustick's house, in the way to which they had to pass Chenalls' door, where, as if by accident, stood his horse,

dled. Nimbly inter- › of the crowd between onstables, he leaped 's back, and in an off towards St. Ives. owing off their coats, nticipating that from nowledge they should ıg off his retreat. At hn Daniel, of Rose- ı horse awaited his equence of which he some time before the ıodism, or Mr. Crabbe, r at St. Ives; so that was known, a large ıen turned out in the readfully mauled the that it was with the that they could crawl

Thus escaped the › doubt the constables ey had not meddled ıe years afterward one was converted to God; tta became "an emi- › the Wesleyan Society e guide, the director, the patriarch, of a ethodists," which was happy.

Mr. Wesley preached ongregations that he l. He also preached t, but with varying ıs. Very often twenty ıs heard the word of ips. The good man astonished to find that reach so many; yet ıeatre, called "The ıber could distinctly e invited men to be ras evidence that the John Wesley preached › word fell with power f those who heard it, was done. On one er, whilst he was t, a man came raging ıst come from among n after a second person came: he was more furious, if possible, than the first. He ordered some men that were with him to "seize the preacher for His Majesty's service." Perceiving that none would move to do his bidding, he leaped off his horse, and caught hold of Mr. Wesley's cassock, crying, "I take you to serve His Majesty." He took hold of the preacher's arm, and, thus linked together, they walked for three-quarters of a mile. "He entertained me," says Mr. Wesley, "all the time, with the wickedness of the fellows belonging to the Society. When he was taking breath, I said, 'Sir, be they what they will, I apprehend it will not justify you in seizing me in this manner, and violently carrying me away, as you said, to serve His Majesty.' He replied, 'I seize you, and violently carry you away! No, Sir, no; nothing like it. I asked you to go with me to my house, and you said you were willing; and if so you are welcome; and if not, you are welcome to go where you please.' I answered, 'Sir, I know not if it would be safe for me to go back through this rabble.' 'Sir,' said he, 'I will go with you myself.' He then called for his horse, and another for me, and rode back with me to the place from whence he took me." Twelve months passed away after the occurrence of what the journalist recorded in the above language, and then a most interesting conversion took place at Gwennap. A person who had been a notorious drunkard heard that a tinner, a man whom he knew, was preaching; and he went to hear him, and to make sport. The word of God, however, "struck him to the earth." He struggled with his convictions for some time, not knowing what to do. One day, while in this state, he called at the house of his sister. There was a little girl there, one about four years old; and he took her in his arms, and said, "They tell me that you can sing hymns. Come,

sing me a hymn." The child immediately began to sing:—

"My soul, don't delay;
Christ calls thee away:
Rise, follow thy Saviour, and bless the glad day!
No mortal doth know
What He can bestow;
What peace, love, and comfort:—Go after Him, go!"

The man started up at once, and went to the preaching. That night he found the salvation of his soul. At Gwennap, during one of his visits there, Mr. Wesley saw a strange sight, and recorded it: "a man that is old and rich, and yet not covetous!"

Methodism very early took a firm hold of the people, and made considerable progress in several of the towns of Cornwall. Truro, Redruth, Camborne, Helstone, and Penzance, all felt the great benefit of the labours of Wesley and his assistants; and they are still rejoicing in the fruits of their toil. In every place there was opposition; in some places there was great resistance; and yet in all places God made known by His servants the savour of His name. The light and influence of Christianity were thus carried where they were most needed; and they were left among the people embodied in such institutions, both in kind and number, as should effectually bring them to bear upon the mass of darkness and vice throughout the west. The consequence has been seen in the uprising of an enlightened, moral, and spiritual race, which has gone forth within its own locality,—

"To beat back Ignorance and Crime,
To ope the flood-gates of the soul;
So that love's long-imprison'd tide,
Blessing humanity, may roll."

The history of the progress of Methodism in Cornwall has been marked by some periods of very special prosperity. In 1794 Mr. Benson visited the county. That visit was remembered, and in its effects felt, for nearly half a century. He preached in many smaller places, and in most of the Cornish towns, from St. Austell to Penzance. His preaching was with extraordinary power, and was followed by glorious results. Persons of all ranks, ages, and characters were awakened. They fell in hundreds as the slain of the Lord. Multitudes of people were converted, and the impression that was left on the minds of the population at large "was deep and hallowed beyond example."

"A power so exquisitely rare,
It thrills the soul with bliss,
And lifts it to a heavenlier world,
Or makes a heaven of this."

"In the spring of 1799," says Dr. Smith, the historian of Methodism, "there was a very gracious spiritual influence poured on most of the societies in the west of Cornwall. At Penzance, Zennor, Hayle, St. Just, and other places, great numbers were turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God." In the first six months of the year, there were added to the societies, in the Redruth Circuit, two thousand three hundred and fifty persons, and in the Penzance Circuit two thousand. "It is really wonderful," says one, in a letter written at the time, "to reflect, that for fifty years past the Gospel has had a more general spread in the west of Cornwall than in most parts of England, except in some parts of Yorkshire; and yet, since Christmas last, nearly an equal number has been added to the Society, to what had been formed for fifty years before. These are glorious days. In general our new members are steady, so that we have not many fears of any great falling away; but, on the contrary, are looking forward still to a gradual increase."

In the latter end of the year 1813, the people of Redruth began to show unusual signs of seriousness. Great numbers attended the means of grace, and the assemblies of God's people were pervaded with an extraordinary

In February, 1814, on a
vening, a Society-meeting
conducted by the Rev. C.
In the course of the meeting,
e related some instances of
g done that he had witnessed
untry parts of the Circuit.
was thus engaged, a young
ho had been seeking salva-
some time, cried aloud for
he earnestly sought, and
meeting closed she found,
God through Jesus Christ.
e next four months the work
read rapidly. It extended
hole of the peninsula west

It was not confined, how-
e far west; for St. Austell
in felt the influence, and
blessing. The richer por-
Truro, Redruth, Camborne,
Penzance, Mousehole, and
ourhood of the Land's-End.
s period of reviving upwards
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"the great revival."
was in progress, the chapels
open both by night and day.
e many persons who were
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f sin, and who wrestled
continuously for eight, ten,
d even sixteen hours, before
ned deliverance. One day,
his walks, a Local preacher
ng, healthy man, a miner.
l on his arm a thick coat,
iners wear in winter-time.
ked where he was going, and
rried such a coat. He re-
am going to Troon Chapel.
en there twice before, for
, praying to God to pardon
I have found no relief
am determined now to find
ore I return. Kneeling on
floor so many hours makes
re; and, as I am determined
ray this time, I take my
jacket to kneel on." Here were system, earnestness, and purpose, which argued strong feeling and clear perception. There are many persons now in Cornwall who were converted in "the great revival," and who have continued faithful.

"And onward still they go, in calm assurance
That God will needful help and guidance lend;—
That strength will come for every day's endurance,—
Grace all the way, and glory at the end."

Another "season of grace and sweet delight," a "time of refreshing" from the presence of God, was vouchsafed to Cornwall in the year 1823. Within the period of a few weeks more than two thousand persons were brought to know God, and His Son Jesus Christ. A very remarkable anxiety respecting the word of God manifested itself among the inhabitants of Truro, Redruth, and the surrounding district. In the whole locality about Camborne great numbers of people flocked to God's houses for prayer and instruction. Men in the mines and in the fields, and persons in their own houses, were deeply impressed, awakened, and led to cry to God, and also to seek the help of God's people. The Lord heard prayer, and salvation was given to the mourners, and daily great numbers rejoiced in the favour of God.

On several other occasions God has poured out His Holy Spirit on Cornwall, and converts to the faith have been multiplied. In the year 1847 the Truro Circuit was abundantly watered from on high, and hundreds of souls were saved from sin. During a period of ten weeks, no day passed without some seeking soul finding Jesus Christ and forgiveness. A few years after, Penzance was graciously visited; and many persons were introduced into the family of God. There are many individuals, who are still in the enjoyment of God's favour, and are

very useful among their fellow-men, both in Truro and Penzance, who will have to give eternal praise to God for the appointment of the Revds. R. Young and J. H. James to those Circuits, and for the grace which accompanied their labours.

If we say that there have been no seasons of declension, darkness, or discouragement in the history of Methodism in Cornwall, we should then state what no truly sensible, religious man could believe. There have been such, very many such seasons. God's servants have been tried, and greatly pained, and have mourned and prayed over the times of conflict and falling away. Yet progress has marked this evangelical enterprise in a very extraordinary degree. Each of God's servants, from Mr. Wesley onwards, has aimed at converting the people of Cornwall to Jesus Christ. It has not been so much an object to make men Methodists, as to induce them to forsake sin, and to become true and useful Christians. What was said of a Christian Minister in relation to another land, may be said with respect to Cornwall, concerning John Wesley, and each of his successors, that his motto has been,—

"'Cornwall for Christ!
Count not the price!'
'Twas written on his brow;
Even while his hand,
Through the whole land,
Loved the good seed to sow.

"'Cornwall for Christ!
Count not the price!'
'Twas written on his form,
Upon the zeal that brought him far,
Upon his standard in heaven's war,
Upon his heart in all life's storm.
'Tis written on his tomb!
Writ with a hieroglyphic pen,
In lines of love beyond our ken,
Gleams this device,—
'Cornwall for Christ!
Count not the price!'"

South-View. N. J.

THE TWO SHUTTLES.

THE web of life is woven with two shuttles. One is thrown by the Divine, and the other by a human hand. So is the warp of life, and the threads of our immortality are thus filled up with strangely varied and often distorted figures. The Divine conception of what our life might be, and ought to be, is but poorly wrought out, because of the unbalanced and disfiguring co-operation of human agency.

The labour of God goes on through the months and years of our being. All that He purposed and sketched in His perfect design, as His part of the contemplated web, He weaves in. If the threads from our shuttle fall in harmoniously with His, how beautiful the figures, how noble the fabric! Otherwise how ill to look upon, and how worthless!

But disfigure and derange as we will, God's work goes steadily on, and through the days and seasons hastens to its completion. In His part He does all things well; and if, in the end of the joint-work, the web of life is ruined, it will be of our thread and shuttle, not His. O, if our part did but get into harmony with His pattern and working, how well figured, and coloured, and wrought out the fabric would be!

Certain things of the original and infinite design of God for our life-web will, and must, be woven in. Whether in harmony, and strength, and beauty, and for our joy and profit, will depend on the setting we give them in our part of the weaving.

The leading events, giving shape, direction, and character to our life, are under the Divine direction. A Divine will and government are above and before all these events. No enemy of man shares the throne with God. He is more than any and all others. If any person or thing is adverse, it is at the same time subordinate, and will be made auxiliary. Wrath shall praise, and sin and Satan pay tribute. To God nothing is un-

l or unexpected, and so nothing accidental. He is Lord of the ed hairs, falling sparrows, nd hail, snow and vapour, and wind fulfilling His will." rings of innocent and lawful in His hand, even as the of the great deep. He makes earts, appoints laughter, and h songs in the night."

rery happy home God it is who the light of cheerfulness at the rs; and more would come in our curtains.

of the night-songs that He are keyed for the tones of Our times are in His hand f. Is there evil in the family, Lord hath not done it? Our ng apparel is woven in a loom. God gives the dark hue hreads, and orders and cuts the ts for families and persons.

er well God's purpose. But man deceive himself. If any ong you seemeth to be wise in rld, let him become a fool, that r be wise." Seek that wisdom s from above. Be Christ's. Then ou be able to mark the hand of nd you will be able, in a wonder- r, to understand how true it is ll things," though of and from re really "yours; whether Paul, llos, or Cephas, or the world, or death, or things present, or to come; all are yours;" for "ye rist's; and Christ is God's." length, when you look on the l web of your life, it will be e in centre and in border, your , and His love.

QUAL AND UNEQUAL.

r now, O house of Israel; Is not My al? are not your ways unequal?" viii. 25.)

UAL" and "unequal" mean *nsistent* and *inconsistent*. And nsistency referred to is not so consistency with some past conduct, as with what is absolutely right and good in itself. A good man's ways are "equal," not because he always acts, or always thinks, or always feels, with the same degree of energy, or the same degree of prudence, or the same degree of success; but because the several parts of his action, and his thought, and his feeling, are deliberately regulated by a reference to one principle which in its nature can never be changed. If he were perfectly consistent with that principle, his ways, in all the departments of his life, would be perfectly equal. We call him consistent in his goodness, in a proximate and common sense, when the general tenor of his life shows that he is loyal at heart to that principle, that his deliberate actings are governed by it, and that his occasional impulsive deviations from it are deplored, disowned, and repented of, so as to be no longer a part of himself.

On the other hand, a bad man's ways are "unequal," not because he is always contradicting himself in set terms, or always falling into great difficulties or absurdities; for he may have sagacity and skill enough in his wickedness to escape such embarrassments, and there may be a sort of outward uniformity, or smoothness, in his unprincipled and selfish way through the world: but his ways are, nevertheless, really "unequal" in this, that he serves himself, counsels for himself, acts, thinks, feels for himself, while himself is a changeable, uncertain, perishable creature. In a skiff, at sea, you may follow carefully, all night, the zigzag course of a lantern hanging from the mast of a vessel before you, which is tacking and veering capriciously to every point of the compass; and so with reference to the following of that lantern you will be consistent; but your course will not be consistent, as *his* is consistent, who sails steadily on by the pole-star in the sky.

SPECIAL PROVIDENCES.

JOHN NEWTON was a firm believer in the particular providence of God. He had good reason to believe in it. His conversion was full of remarkable incidents, dehoting a Divine guidance and watchful care. He experienced, also, several narrow escapes from death, when it seemed as if a loving Father had interfered to preserve the life in peril.

After being refused ordination by the Archbishop of York, because he had not received a regular education, he accepted an appointment as tide-surveyor in the port of Liverpool, and continued his studies eagerly in every moment of leisure. While holding this office he was noted for extreme punctuality, which, indeed, was ever, after his conversion, a prominent trait in his character. At a certain hour in the day he was accustomed, with great uniformity, to go out in a boat to inspect the ships in the harbour. One day the boat was in readiness at the usual hour; but, to the surprise of all, Mr. Newton was missing. Minutes passed, but still he came not; and the boatmen, with their dry humour and freedom in jest, began to crack merry jokes on the loss of good habits in their "boss," indicated by the delay.

At length, after long waiting, Mr. Newton came, having been detained by important business connected with his post. He was a little fretted by the delay, and ordered the men to pull out rapidly to a vessel in the stream he was intending to inspect. But just before reaching her the vessel blew up; fire, in some way, having been communicated to a magazine of powder on board. Mr. Newton and his men barely escaped harm, from their close proximity to the explosion; had they, however, started a few minutes earlier, they must all have perished. The danger was so imminent, the escape so narrow, and the tardiness on Mr. Newton's part so unprecedented, that even the profane boatmen were filled with awe, and recognised a special Providence in the preservation of their lives.

A HOUSE OF GOD.

IT was a beautiful custom which commonly prevailed under the Old Testament, to dedicate private houses to God. "What man is there," asks Moses, in Deut. xx. 5, "that hath built a new house, and hath not dedicated it?" that is, taken possession of it by some solemn act of religious worship. The thirtieth Psalm is entitled, "A Psalm or Song at the dedication of the House of David." From regard to his station as a King, David had erected for himself an edifice, which was very different from the cottage he occupied when a shepherd but godliness is to show itself in all circumstances, and therefore, when he took possession of his new dwelling he consecrated it to God. How expressive was this service of gratitude and dependence, and how worthy is it of imitation! Everything is to be sanctified by the word of God and by prayer. Religion is to be exemplified in little and common things. We are to sanctify the week, as well as to remember the Sabbath, and to walk with a perfect heart in our dwellings, as well as to worship in the temple of God. All we have is the Lord's, and nothing is a blessing till He blesses it. We know not, moreover, what may befall us in our new abode. Here our children may be about us, or here we may weep because they are not. Here we may find a house of mourning, for the desire of our eyes, or the guide of our youth. Here we may enjoy health, or be made to endure months of vanity, and have wearisome nights appointed us. Here we may live many years, or our sun may go down at noon: it should, therefore, be our concern that the place may be the house of God while we live, and the gate of heaven when

we die; and this concern should be manifested by our solemn dedication of it to His service and honour. Thus would we indicate that it is our desire that it may be a Bethel, or house of God, and not a Bethaven, a house of vanity and iniquity; thus would we bring the ark of the Lord into the tent we have pitched; and thus would we feel ourselves bound to look upon all our possessions as dedicated things, to be used for God's glory, and not to be alienated or profaned.

A LIVELY EMBLEM OF HEAVEN.

Next to the delight of immediate communion with God Himself, says Flavel, there is none like that which arises from the harmonious exercise of the graces of the saints in their mutual duties and communion one with another. How are their spirits delighted and refreshed by it! What a lively emblem is there of heaven! The courts of princes afford no such delights.

THE DIVINE WORD.

The reading of the sacred Scriptures, observes Chrysostom, is a spiritual meadow, and a paradise of delights; a paradise of delights, moreover, far superior to that paradise. For God has planted this paradise, not upon earth, but in the souls of believers. He has not placed this paradise in Eden, nor in the East, confining it to one place; but He has expanded it everywhere upon the earth, and He has extended it to the bounds of the world. And that you may see that He has diffused the Scriptures everywhere throughout the habitable world, hear the Prophet saying, "Their sound is gone forth unto all the earth, and their words to the end of the world." Whether you transport yourself to the Indies, which the rising sun first regards; whether you go to the ocean, whether you navigate the Black Sea, or depart to the southern regions, you hear all, everywhere, reasoning upon those things that are in the Scriptures, with a different voice, but with the same faith; with a different tongue, but with the same understanding; for the sound of the tongue differs, but the practice of religion does not differ; and they speak in a boisterous tongue, but they are wise in understanding; they commit errors in the sound, but they cultivate piety in the manners. Do you see the magnitude of the paradise which extends to the end of the world?

GLORY OF GOD.

We all speak much of the glory of God, and entertain a common belief that that's the only end for which we were all made; and I wish we were all more inwardly moved with a true and lively sense of it. There can be nothing else that either God could propound to Himself, or that we ought, if it be rightly understood. But we must not think that God, who is infinite fulness, would seek for anything without Himself. He needs neither our happiness nor our misery to make Himself more illustrious by; but, being full in Himself, it was His good pleasure to communicate of His own fulness.

When He made the world, because there was nothing better than Himself, He shadowed forth Himself therein; and, as far as might be, was pleased to represent Himself, and manifest His own eternal glory and perfection in it.

God does then most glorify and exalt Himself in the most triumphant way that may be out of Himself, if I may so phrase it, when He most of all communicates Himself, and when He erects such monuments of His own majesty, wherein His own love and goodness may live and reign.

And we most of all glorify Him when we partake most of Him; when our serious endeavours of a true assimilation to Him, and conformity to His image, declare that we think nothing better than He is; and are, therefore, most ambitious of being one with Him by a universal resignation of ourselves to Him.—*Dr. John Smith.*

TREASURES IN HEAVEN.

We read of a philosopher who, passing through a mart filled with articles of taste and luxury, made himself quite happy with this simple, yet sage reflection: "How many things there are here

that I do not want!" Now, this is just the reflection with which the earnest believer passes happily through the world. It is richly furnished with what are called *good things*. It has posts of honour and power, to tempt the restless aspirings of ambition of every grade. It has gold and gems, houses and lands, for the covetous and ostentatious. It has innumerable bowers of taste and luxury, where self-indulgence may revel. But the Christian whose piety is deep-toned, and whose spiritual perceptions are clear, looks over the world and exclaims, "How much there is here that I do not want! I have what is far better. My treasure is in heaven."

CHEERFULNESS IN AGE.

As oft as I hear the robin-redbreast chant as cheerfully in September, the beginning of winter, as in March, the approach of the summer, why should not we (think I) give as cheerful entertainment to the hoary, frosty hairs of our age's winter, as to the primroses of our youth's spring? Why not to the declining sun in adversity, as (like Persians) to the rising sun in prosperity? I am sent to the ant to learn industry; to the dove to learn innocency; to the serpent to learn wisdom; and why not to this bird to learn equanimity and patience, and to keep the same tenor of my mind's quietness as well at the approach of calamity's winter as of the spring of happiness?—*Warwick.*

WELCOME, CHRISTMAS.

"And many shall rejoice at His birth." (Luke i. 14.)

Welcome, Christmas, welcome here,
Happiest season of the year:
Fires are blazing thee to greet,
Families together meet:
Brothers, sisters, circle round,
Loud is gladness' festive sound;
For old England loves to see
All her children welcome thee.

Welcome, Christmas, for thy voice
Calls upon us to rejoice;
Not with foolish, idle mirth,
Born and perishing on earth;
Far be such ungrateful thought:
Ours are blessings dearly bought,—
Dearly bought, but freely given,
By the Lord of earth and heaven.

Fix we then on Christ our eye;
May we feel the Saviour nigh;
May we meet around the board,
All rejoicing in the Lord:
Be the Babe of Bethlehem near;
May His love the season cheer,
And each gladden'd heart and tongue
Join the angels' Christmas song.

THE LAST DAY OF THE YEAR.

"Singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord; giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ." (Eph. v. 19, 20.)

Lord our God! with adoration
In Thy presence we appear;
Thankful for Thy ceaseless blessings,
For Thy mercies always near;
With memorial thoughts of kindness
Granted to us through the year.

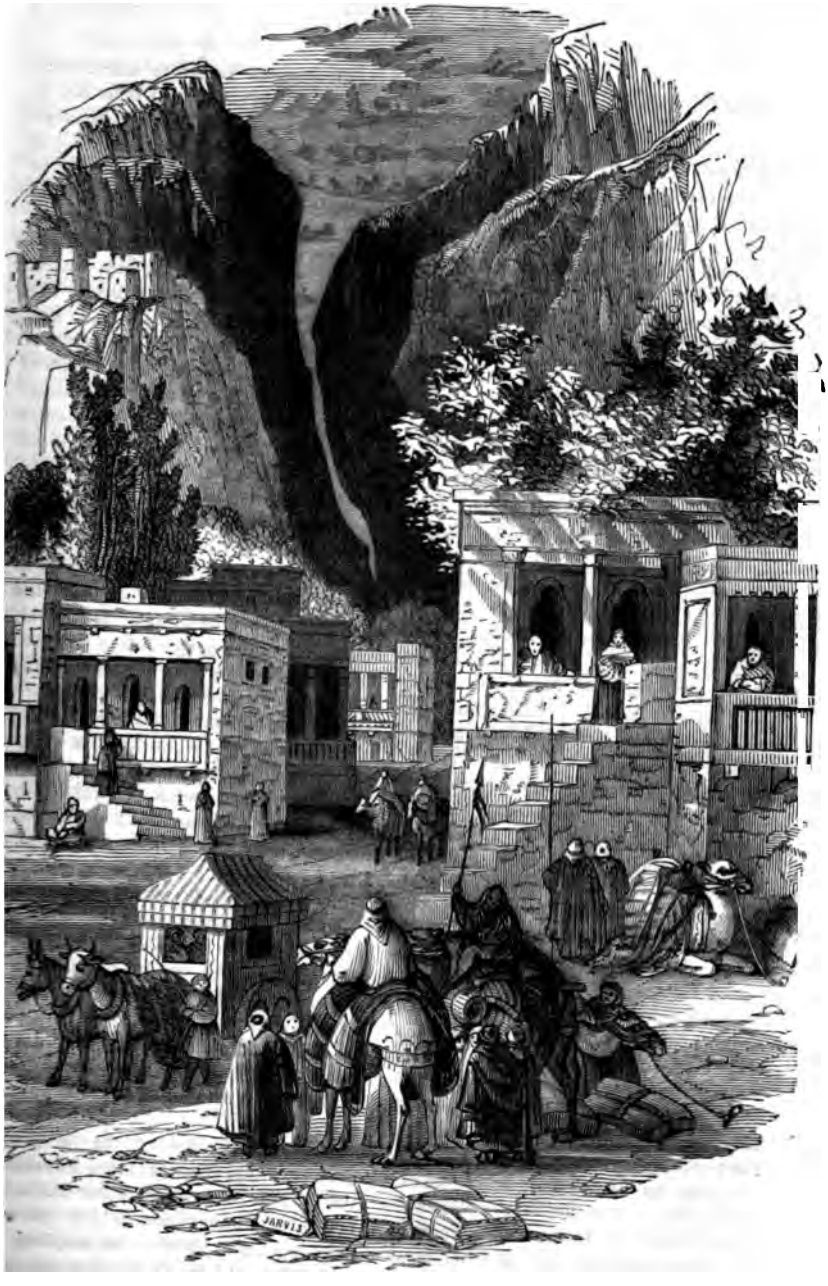
In our weakness, Thou hast strengthen'd;
When we fear'd, hast whisper'd peace;
When temptations crowded round us,
It was Thou didst bid them cease;
And while footsore, sad, or weary,
Cheer'd our souls with faith's increase.

Lord, we thankfully adore Thee
For abounding comforts given;
And, relying on Thy promise,
Yet will strive, as we have striven;
Knowing that, through Christ our Saviour,
We shall find true rest in heaven.

Scripture Scenes.

COLOSSÆ.

This city of Phrygia was situated on the river Lycus, now Gorduk, not far from its confluence with the Mæander, and near the towns of Laodicea, Apamea, and Hierapolis. A Christian church was formed here very early, probably by Epaphras, consisting of Jews and Gentiles, to whom Paul, who does not appear to have ever visited Colossæ in person, (Col. ii. 1,) addressed an Epistle from Rome. Not long after, the town was, together with Laodicea and Hierapolis, destroyed



' an earthquake. This, according to
nabins, was in the ninth year of Nero;
t the town must have been immediately
rebuilt, for in his twelfth year it continued
to be named as a flourishing place. It
still subsists as a village, named Khonas.

Our Country.

TRAVELLING AS IT WAS.

Part II.

OUR OLD MODES OF CONVEYANCE.

In the earlier periods of our history, and indeed up to the eighteenth century, a large portion of the traffic of the country was carried on by means of pack-horses. Here and there may still be seen a public-house with a rude picture over the door, the sign of the pack-horse, the remembrance of times not very remote from our own; but widely and wondrously different. Such a sign have we frequently seen over a little public-house on the edge of Woodhouse-Moor, near the town of Leeds.

An old chronicler speaks of these horses as being "high, although not commonly of such huge greatnesse;" and he adds, "If you respect the easinesse of their pace, it is hard to say if their like may be had. Such as are kept for burden will carry four hundred weight commonly, without anie hurt or hinderance." Very necessary indeed was it that they should be well trained to "easinesse" of pace, for they had to plod along over the roughest roads. One cannot but wonder how it often fared with the consignments of pottery, eggs, and such-like fragile commodities.

For various reasons, among which the advantage of mutual protection was the chief, it was customary to perform these journeys in gangs of forty and fifty horses. The leader carried a bell, or a pair of bells, attached to the head-gear; and the tinkling of these bells gave notice of the approach of the pack-horses, as they moved slowly along the narrow lanes. The editor of the *Correspondence of Sir George Radcliffe* observes, "At this time, 1609, the communication between the north of England and the Universities was kept up by carriers, who pursued their tedious but uniform route with whole trains of pack-horses. To their care were consigned not only the packages, but frequently the persons of young scholars. It was through their medium, also, that epistolary correspondence was managed; and, as they always visited *London*, a letter could scarcely be exchanged between Yorkshire and Oxford in less than a month!" So long did it take to get improved modes of conveyance introduced into some districts, that it is on record that even so lately as 1764, large quantities of earthenware were carried from Burslem and Newcastle, to Bridgenorth and Bewdley, in large crates on horseback, for exportation. We are told in the life of Paley, the renowned Archdeacon of Carlisle, that when he proceeded to the University of Cambridge to be admitted a sizar of Christ's College, he travelled on horseback in company with his father, although their journey was all the way from the West Riding of Yorkshire. In after-life, speaking of this long and tedious ride, he says, "When I followed my father on a pony of my own, on my first journey to Cambridge, *I fell off seven times*. I was lighter then than I am now, and my falls were not likely to be serious. My father, on hearing a thump, would turn his head half aside, and say, 'Take care of thy money, lad!'" and on they would jog.

Partly owing to the want of roads, and partly owing to the badness of the roads, travelling was attended with inconveniences and perils of which the comfortably-seated occupant of the railway carriage of modern days can really form no idea.

Royal and titled personages pursued their journeys accompanied by numerous attendants, all on horseback, both men and women. The men were well armed, as a necessary provision against the attacks of bands of robbers. Some of the horses in the long train carried packages of saddles, pillions, buckles, straps, and various other requisites in case of accidents by the way.

Towards the end of the sixteenth century, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, the Earl of Leicester gave the following notice of arrangements which he was planning for a journey he proposed to undertake: "I think my company will be twenty gentlemen and twenty yeomen, besides their men and my housekeepers." A pretty fair retinue! Between fifty and sixty years after this, the wife of the

last Earl of Cumberland rode from London to Londesborough with thirty-two horses in her train, while the time occupied in the journey was eleven days.

The earliest carriages known in England were called "Whirlicotes." It seems that for some time the use of these newly-introduced vehicles was almost exclusively confined to ladies, as it was considered effeminate for gentlemen to ride otherwise than on horseback. Indeed, this reminds us that other comforts and luxuries of advancing civilization, besides coaches, appeared at first as provisions for the convenience of the "tender sex." When umbrellas, for instance, first made their appearance, it was considered quite unbecoming in a gentleman to avail himself of one. And there is an amusing remark in one of the numbers of the *Spectator*, to the effect that the young gentleman who borrowed the umbrella at St. James's Coffee-house a few days ago would be welcome to the use of the maid's *pattens*. What would our hardy forefathers have thought of a warm, soft-lined, close-covered carriage, all protected from cold and rain and wind; and woollen rugs and goloshes and warm water for the feet besides! Yes, and not a few thoughtful men among us are asking themselves whether the enjoyments of a luxurious and ease-loving state of society do not in many cases, and in various forms, exert an injurious influence? But as this is not exactly the place to discuss this question, we will content ourselves with simply raising it, and just saying it is worthier of attention than many suppose.

When coaches were first employed as public conveyances, all sorts of evil and perilous things were augured of them. An old writer seems half frightened out of his wits while describing the calamities which they occasioned. He tells us that "the mischiefs which have been done by them are not to be numbered, as breaking of legges and armes, overthrowing downe hills, over bridges, running over children, and lame and old people." Referring to the introduction of these obnoxious vehicles, the same author says: "I thinke it is in the memory of many men when in the whole kingdome there was not one. For in the yeare 1564, one William Boonen, a Dutchman, brought first the use of coaches hither, and the said Boomen was Queen Elizabeth's coachman. A coach was a strange monster in those dayes, and the sight of them put both horse and man to amazement: some said it was a great crab-shell out of China, and some imagined it to be one of the pagan temples." What other queer notions were entertained, and what alarming prognostications were uttered, we will not stay now to inquire.

There was one peculiarity about the construction of these old coaches that it is worth while to mention. They were without *springs*. This important and essential addition to the comfort of travelling was a later invention. The earliest record we can find of the use of springs appears in the form of an advertisement in the *Athenian Mercury* of April 9th, 1692, "about the Pattent for easie Coaches." It is stated that "these Coaches are so hung as to render them easier for the Passenger, and less labour to the Horses." They are also described as having a "motion like that of a Sedan, being free from that tossing and joulting to which other Coaches are liable, over rough and broken Roads, Pavements, or Kennels." The carriage of Queen Elizabeth had no springs. It was simply mounted on four wheels, and must have jolted along much after the fashion of one of our farmers' waggons.

Hackney-coaches, the predecessors of our modern cabs, are first mentioned in the year 1625. They were then only twenty in number, and did not ply in the streets, but were kept for hire at certain inns. Ten years afterwards King Charles I. issued a curious proclamation, in which it was recited that "the great number of hackney-coaches of late time seen and kept in London and Westminster, and their suburbs, and the general and promiscuous use of coaches there, were not only a great disturbance to His Majesty, his dearest consort the Queen, the nobility, and others of place and degree, in their passage through the streets; but the streets themselves were so pestered, and the pavements so broken up, that the common passages were hindered and made dangerous; and, besides, the prices of hay and provender made exceedingly dear." In consideration of

all these grave objections, the proclamation thus peremptorily announces the royal will and pleasure: "Wherefore we expressly command and forbid, that no hackney or hired coaches be used or suffered in London, Westminster, or the suburbs thereof, except they be to travel at least three miles out of the same. And also that no person shall go in a coach in the said streets, except the owner of the coach shall keep up four able horses for our service when required." Here was the royal prerogative of the day playing a bit of arbitrary power on a *small* scale!

A little before this, in 1605, Stowe speaks of "long waggons," for the "conveyance of passengers and goods, in use between London, Canterbury, and other large towns." These "long waggons," or "machines," as they were sometimes called, were so constructed as to convey a large number of passengers. Some of them ran—no, *walked*—only in the summer months, when the longer days and better roads presented better facilities for performing their journeys. Then came the waggon-coach. This conveyance had a body resembling the ordinary stage-coach, to which it soon gave place. Attached to this body, in the rear, was a large receptacle for luggage and parcels.

The exact date of the stage-coach does not seem to be known. But in the *Mercurius Politicus* of April 8th, 1658, there is, perhaps, the earliest advertisement extant of stage-coaches. They ran "from the George-Inn, Aldersgate, London, unto the several cities and towns hereafter mentioned." These coaches started "every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday.—To Salisbury, in two days, for XX *s.* To Dorchester, in two days and a half, for XXX *s.* To York, in four days, for XL *s.* To Edinburgh, [no time specified,] for IVl. a peece, Mondays." Various other places are mentioned.

Eighty years after this, the *Daily Advertiser* of April 9th, 1739, announces to the public, from London, "the old-standing, constant, Froom Flying Waggon, *in Three Days.*" To "each passenger *fourteen* pounds" of luggage is allowed.

The next sixty years do not appear to have effected any great improvement in the pace of these vehicles, although some of them were advertised as "*Fast Coaches*;" for we find mention made of a traveller leaving Gosport by the "*Telegraph* fast coach" at one o'clock in the morning, and reaching London at eight at night; thus occupying nineteen hours with a journey of eighty miles,—a little over four miles an hour.

A satirical story is told of a man with a wooden leg who happened to pass an inn as the coach was changing horses. As the tale goes, the coachman hailed him, "Going our way? You're welcome to a lift." "Much obliged to ye," replied our friend with the wooden leg, "but *I'm in a hurry!*" and so the help was waggishly declined as a hindrance.

After all, the great obstacle to speed was the "detestable roads." But with the hard, even, macadamized highways, improvement rapidly advanced. Immense sums of money were spent in carrying out the new scheme. From returns which were sent in, it appears that "the average annual expenditure in the five years ending 1839, on 22,000 miles of turnpikes and roads under local acts, was nearly £51 per mile; of which £36 were for repairs, £9 for improvements, and £6 for management."

Now came the period of the *real* "fast coaches." During the close of the last century, and the early part of the present, the wondrously-improved roads contributed very greatly to advance alike the comfort and the speed of travelling. An article was inserted in a Canterbury paper in the year 1824, in which the writer spoke of it as a very remarkable progress in coaching, that the journey from this city to London and back might be performed in one day; and, moreover, leaving "time to transact business." When we bear in mind that the entire distance is a hundred and twelve miles, we see there was abundant cause for congratulation. Probably the good citizens of Canterbury never expected to see that day passed; and we can readily imagine the surprise and satisfaction which they felt that they lived in an age when they could take an early breakfast at their own city, visit the metropolis, and return to dinner. It soon became a common thing to accomplish an average speed of ten miles an hour; while under the pressure of a petition, or in the transit of "His

this was exceeded. The mail ndon to Edinburgh, a distance of ndred miles, performed the jour- rty hours. Taking into account s, this must have approached miles an hour. And such exact- unctuality in reaching its various d this celebrated coach attained, ple are said to have regulated ches by it.

ar 1837 may probably be regarded riod at which the old coach sys- hed its greatest prosperity. The of stage and mail coaches hold- nses in that year amounted to usand and twenty-six.

other era in the history of tra- ad now set in. The possibility ng the steam-engine as an agent otion had occurred to Watt and inent men as early as the year d various experiments had been ugh without leading to any im- practical results. In the year se interesting experiments were Messrs. Trevithick and Vivian, locomotive on a tramway near -Tydvil. But several years efore the difficulties which beset the path of the engineers in the construction and mutual adaptation of the rail and the locomotive were overcome. At length, however, skill and perseverance triumphed; and in September, 1830, the initial railway for passenger traffic was opened between Liverpool and Manchester,—an event saddened by the fatal accident which befell an eminent statesman, William Huskisson.

The railway was now fairly inaugurated; and so rapidly did it gain public favour, that very soon incredible sums of money were raised in carrying out new lines. But of the "iron horse," and the marvels he accomplishes, it is not our purpose to speak. Had someone gifted with prophetic foresight told our forefathers about travelling as it *is*, who would have believed him? "What!" they would have cried, "ships glide through the water without sails, and in the very teeth of the wind! and carriages move along the road without horses, and rush madly on at the rate of twenty, thirty, forty miles an hour! Yes, when birds can fly without wings, and men can walk without legs; but not till then."

Study and Pulpit Thoughts.

'S LEADING AND MAN'S IGNORANCE.

Concluded from page 351.)

t positively does form among s one of the most common and rished reasons for gratitude to : He did lead them to reflection, epentance, and then to Christ, in ich still seems strange to them, as strange. They recollect it. e to recollect it. They love to r it was He who led me to listen sermon when I was a careless it was He who directed my es to that chapter; it was He t me that friend to whisper love in mine ears, and exhort me God in my youth, when the ad never entered into my heart friend would be God's messen- to bring me to reflection. God a way that I knew not of. Such recollections are common. They are cherished; they are dear to the soul. And they are due to God. He does lead us more kindly than we ever anticipated.

The same thing will find illustration in the matter of a sinner's forgiveness. An unforgiven sinner is blind. Unbelief is the most blind of all things. An awakened sinner, who has been told all the truth of the Gospel a thousand times, as plainly as the tongue of man or angel could tell it, does not see that his guilt is no barrier against his acceptance in Christ, but, on the contrary, is the very thing which commends him to Him, as Christ loves to save sinners, just as a merciful and compassionate man loves to relieve the miserable, and soothe the sorrowing. Anxious inquirers after salvation are prone to think that they must endure some more painful fears, or attain some righteousness, which, somehow, shall be an offset to

their guilt, before pardon, God's pardon, can ever reach them. For this they aim. They struggle for deeper convictions. They go about to establish a righteousness of their own. They pray even sometimes that the horrors of the pit may get hold upon them, to drive them from sin, and compel them into a holiness which shall secure pardon. All this is in vain. If God leads them, they will see it is in vain. "He will lead the blind by a way that they knew not," and they will see that "Christ is the end of the law for righteousness to everyone that believeth;" that all their own works of penalty or positiveness cannot effect their deliverance from the great condemnation, and their justification into life eternal. At the very time when sinners are aiming to work out some righteousness of their own, by reformations, or sacrifices, or the forms of religion, God leads them in an unknown and unexpected way, by just showing them that salvation is a gift, that their own works are vanity, and Christ's work is perfect. And that God has led them in an unexpected way, their own astonishment is evidence when they have found peace in believing. They did not anticipate finding it so; they did not know that they had only to trust in Christ and live. God showed them this. He led them in paths that they had not known.

And here again, to swell and strengthen the evidence, we may remark, that among the sweet and grateful recollections of believers, this leading of God has universally a place. They recognise His hand in turning them to Christ. He led me, they say; and they know they say true. He removed my blindness and unbelief, and gave me faith,—such a faith as my heart never anticipated. He sent from above; He took me; He drew me out of the deep waters, and set me on a rock. If the sweetest Christian rememberings are not dreams, God does lead the blind in a way they knew not.

The errors of sin are innumerable, and many of them seem to cluster around that period when a sinner would make his peace with God. Even after a sinner (according to the language of Paul) has been slain by the law,—*i. e.*, perceives he *is justly* condemned, and perceives, too, that there is proffered pardon for him in the blood of atonement,—he still thinks that a demand is made upon his heart, which he finds it hard to answer. But he designs to answer it. He hopes that he shall be able yet to offer God a better heart than he can offer Him now. For this he struggles, and thinks he must.

He supposes that even Christ will not accept him as he is. Because he perceives his sinfulness of heart, he cannot trust, he cannot rest, he cannot hope. He anticipates a victory over indwelling sin; and when he has gained it, he thinks to find a Divine acceptance, and enter into peace with God. But if he ever becomes a Christian, God leads him in an unknown way: He makes darkness light before Him, and crooked things straight. He leads him to despair of any worthiness, and then trust in grace for everything. And then, to his utter astonishment, the sinner finds that faith is itself the fountain of holiness, and gives rise to the purification from sin, the love of God, the humility, and the victory over the world, which he aimed after in vain without it. He never anticipated this: God has *led* him in a way he knew not.

Perhaps the most remarkable of all illustrations of this truth is to be found in the experiences of Christians. We should naturally expect them, as being enlightened, and knowing more of God, and the ways of God, than irreligious men; we should naturally expect them to have more correct conceptions of God's treatment than other people. But they are slow to learn; they are often disappointed; their anticipations are no foreshadowing of God's treatment of them. Their comforts, their prosperity, and strength seldom come to them in the way of their anticipations; yea, very seldom, or never. The allotments of Divine Providence which affect them most are such as they little expected. Some of the evils they have suffered were evils which they struggled hard and prayed hard to escape. But God would not let them off. His unseen hand pushed them steadily on right into the cloud and the calamity which they most dreaded. Our Josephs have been sold into Egypt. Our Davids have been hunted by the foe like a partridge upon the mountains. Our Jere-

nd Rachels have been compelled moanings of bitterness they never ed; and our whole army of s have been turned into the es of sand, and compelled to there till they were fit for

Out of these calamities, out griefs and shocks and shiftings, ney misread, God gave them the nal of their benefits, teaching st to know Him, to trust Him, ust themselves. He led them in ey knew not. Who of us ought lespair?

. the converse of this were equally to contemplate. In some in- it is; but the instances are not

There are some, yea, there are ith whom God hath dealt more ly than their fondest expectations. s, His prosperities, have attended along; and all along their hearts n overwhelmed, and their souls nore humble and holy, by a sense odness and mercy and bounty of hey never expected such days of . They expected storms. They ave always known—that no n them gave them any claim or expect such favours; and now ey contemplate them and look l aim to number up their mercies, titude, faith, fill their hearts, them most of all because God's benefits have not led them to m. There are some such; yea, do religion justice,) there are ch. And, just like the others, e been led in paths they never d. Indeed, I believe it is almost with Christians when they re- Divine providences which have hem, and especially when they r how they have been spiritually h; I believe it is almost with them to wonder and praise God that He has led them in a r knew not—His way, and not t. Sooner or later He has made light before them, and crooked traight: these things has He them, and not forsaken them. hets and experiences teach,— t God will make Himself known ly above us. He outdoes our expectations in good for us, while He worketh in darkness, draweth back the face of His throne, and spreadeth His cloud upon it. Be ashamed that you ever distrusted Him, ever despaired, ever repined. I summon your whole heart and history as proofs that His way has been better for you than your own.

2. That we must have faith. It is indispensable. We cannot walk by sight. His way will be above ours, to us often dark and inscrutable in all its means; but its results will be all that He ever promised, and better than we ever expected. If God is leading us on toward heaven, we shall be compelled to trust Him. We are blind. We need Him to lead us. Often He confounds our counsels, defeats our purposes, disappoints our hopes, and drives us into difficulties; yea, sometimes into despair, just to bring us to that sweeping and sweet faith which puts everything into His hands, and trusts Him in the dark. By such a faith darkness becomes light. It makes us know God better, and Christ better, and grace better. Never point out a way for yourself. Take God's way. Never wait for the circumstances, or sermons, or times which you sometimes think will awaken you. Take God's sermons and God's times, as laid down in His Word. Never despond. Despondency is of the devil. Hope is of God. Trust Him. Accept His Son, and pillow your aching head upon His promises. Hence,

Finally. This mode of God's leading us is calculated to bring us most near to Himself. I appeal to a thousand closets if they have not witnessed the deepest humility and the closet clinging to God, yea, and the sweetest sacredness of communion with Him, just when you went there stricken and staggered, helpless, and all but hopeless, and cried your sorrows into your Father's bosom. Go there again. There God waits to meet you. And if you will but leave with Him all your difficulties, darknesses, and despondencies; your heart, whose obstinacy you cannot master; and your sins, whose malice you cannot measure; that is all God wants of you. Trust Him. Do nothing but trust Him in His Son. He will never forsake you.

Life-Lessons.

"GOD'S ORPHAN-HOUSE."

(*Continued from page* 347.)

From a little penny book entitled *A Visit to the New Orphan-House, Ashley-Down, Bristol*, we extract the following interesting account, which we have heard confirmed by the statements of many friends who have availed themselves of the Wednesday afternoons appointed for visiters to view the institution:—

"Let us give the result of one of these Wednesday-afternoon visits; and, in so doing, we urgently recommend the reader, if he have not yet done so, to verify the correctness of our description by a personal inspection the first opportunity that occurs. His heart must be made of impenetrable stuff indeed, if he does not find the two hours thus spent amongst the pleasantest of his life.

We met at the door, a little after two o'clock, a pretty numerous party, of all ranks in life, waiting for admission. When the doors were opened, we found ourselves in a very small hall, from whence a stone staircase leads up into a spacious room in the central building, where the visiters wait for their guide. A large iron cylinder, coming up through the centre of this room, from the basement to the roof, serves most admirably the double purpose of heating and ventilating. This room is very plainly, though neatly furnished; a perfect square, with the four angles taken off by the width of the windows, which we found looked into large pitched play-courts, with covered sheds for the children's use in wet weather. One court we saw was appropriated to infants of both sexes, a number of whom were toddling about under charge of two or three older girls; another to girls; the third to boys; while the fourth window overlooks that part of the garden through which the visiters approach. We had barely time to make these observations when our guide entered, and took charge of the forty or fifty who had by this time assembled. Those who arrived after this time would wait for another cicerone; and when needed, three parties, at intervals of half an hour, are taken round in one day.

"We followed our conductor first into the infants' dormitory,—a spacious, lofty room, as clean as whitewash and scrubbing-brush can make it, perfectly lighted and ventilated, with rows of iron bedsteads down each side, and one row down the centre, which, we may observe, is the general arrangement of the dormitories. Some of these bedsteads had close railings round them, the occupants being so young as to need this protection against falling out. From the dormitory we proceeded into the infants' day-room, where we found a tribe of little things, under the care of a nurse. Ranged round one side of this room are a number of little basket-beds, for use of the youngsters when tired of play.

"We were taken in succession through the boys' and girls' dormitories, all arranged on the same plan: iron bedsteads, with rails at foot, on which to hang the clothes at night, and to turn the mattresses over a few hours in the day for airing; white counterpanes. Each bedstead is numbered, as also is each child; and adjoining the dormitories are rooms fitted up with wardrobes, divided into pigeon-holes and numbered, in which the children's clothes are kept, folded up with the greatest neatness. These wardrobes are under the care of six children, who take this duty in weekly rotation, so that in regular turn each child learns these habits of neatness and regularity. At the end of each dormitory are the superintendents' bedrooms, with small windows allowing for the full inspection of the children.

"From the bedrooms the visiters are taken to the various workrooms. The girls are taught to make their own clothes, and every useful household work; the boys assist in the garden, and also knit and mend their own socks. A certain number take these various duties in rotation each week: we found in one room about half a dozen boys, under the care of a

quietly and busily engaged in the
ecessary employment of darning
gs, which attracted the sympathy
female part of the company most
fully. We are ourselves quite
ified to form a judgment of this
their education; but if we may
upon the criticisms which we
xpressed, their proficiency was
ing their kind teachers could
One lady advanced in life was
rried away by her enthusiasm:
read up, and one thread down, is
y perfection of darning;' and
we ventured modestly to inquire
e were anything peculiar in
thod of renovating stockings, she
ed to inform us that it was a
xcellent plan, adopted in her
r days, but, like many other good
s, too much neglected now-a-days;
re, to her delight, she found it
and practised in all its pristine
ce. 'One thread up, and one
down,' the warm-hearted lady
times repeated, as if she could
enough express her astonished
ion that so excellent a system
be practised by these young lads.
our ignorance allowed our own
to be more under command, we
ry fully impressed with the great
f this apparently humble art.
perhaps, of these boys may, at a
time, be in the navy, where such
ge will contribute much to their
; others of them may chance to
grants, far removed, for a time,
e female aid by which this class of
s usually performed; and we can
estimate the value of this humble,
essary, art in such circumstances.
a the very common experience of
ices in this country it will often
f very great advantage to them. In
e we admire the practical wisdom
sists, even in mending stockings,
hing the best way.

e store-rooms, the kitchens, the
s, all are thrown open to the
and throughout all we see the
utiful order and spotless purity.
e for everything, and everything
place,' seems the motto of the
stablishment; and though, at first,
thought may cross the mind that
perhaps some of this may be prepared for the Wednesday-afternoon visiters, yet a little reflection must convince us, that as this inspection comes every week, there can be no time for getting in company order. The grand secret of its beautiful internal condition is, that the social machinery is never allowed to get out of order. We observed before, that there are covered sheds for the use of the children in wet weather; and in the younger department are pigeon-holed cupboards for putting away their toys when out of use. They were well furnished with nearly every description that a general shop could supply; and we estimate the love that provides the dolls and the little carts and horses for these little fatherless ones as highly as that which supplies the barrels of meal, and the maps for the school-room.

"The instruction embraces all the branches of a sound English education; the boys and girls have separate school-rooms, and there is an infant-school for the young children. The writing of both boys and girls struck us as particularly excellent, and both boys and girls sung several simple pieces very correctly. We have no doubt that the other branches of their education, which the limited time of the visiters does not enable them to take cognisance of, is attended to quite as thoroughly and as satisfactorily as the parts of which they are enabled to judge. It must be kept in mind, both by the reader and the visiters, that these Wednesday afternoons are not intended for exhibitions to set off either the institution or the proficiency of the children. We take it rather that, as Mr. Müller is the sole responsible manager of this vast undertaking, without a committee to share his labours and anxieties, he adopts this simple and effectual way of allowing the world to see and judge how he discharges the arduous duties he has taken on himself.

"The washing-places, we observed, are furnished with baths; and on the walls is hung each child's little bag, numbered, with comb and hair-brush. The most scrupulous care is evidently bestowed to insure the thorough cleanliness of both persons and linen, as well as to guard against the communication of any infec-

tious juvenile complaints from personal contact. In the general construction and arrangement of the building, we noticed that, while nothing has been spared that could promote the health and comfort of the children, the strictest economy has been studied in avoiding expense for mere show.

"In going through this interesting establishment we were most forcibly impressed with the entire absence of a PAUPERIZED look in the dress and appearance of the children. The hair of the girls is kept beautifully neat, such as we could fancy a *mother's* love had attended to; and there was a cheerful looking-up at the visiters, and a heart-smile on the young faces, which proved indisputably that both in principal and assistants the spring of action is *love*, and that the presiding and pervading spirit which rules through the entire establishment is the *law of kindness*. In fact, it is impossible to help being thoroughly convinced that the best of practical management exists in every department, and that everyone engaged in the work is admirably fitted for its duties, and has a hearty, unselfish love of the work for its own sake.

"We learn, indeed, from Mr. Müller's Journal, that his fellow-labourers in this work are like-minded with himself, and that the remuneration they accept, measured by ordinary standards, would be deemed quite inadequate for services which we may well term invaluable, seeing they are beyond all price; inasmuch as no amount of money can purchase *heart*-service. Indeed, it is this beautiful adaptation of means to ends, this easy working, if we may so term it, of the internal machinery of the establishment, which impresses the visiter with the conviction not only that everyone engaged in the work must be admirably fitted for its duties, but that Mr. Müller has, in an eminent degree, that rare gift of discrimination in the selection of the best instruments for the work needed to be done, which marks him as specially raised up and fitted for the important position he occupies, as the superintending Head and Director of this vast establishment."

This was written when there were only three hundred children under training. Subsequent accounts bespeak the same principles of economy, order, and good training on a larger scale. It is estimated that each orphan costs the institution a little under £12 a year. The boys are brought up to be apprentices to various trades. They have free choice; but, when once the choice is made, they are not allowed to alter. They are sent out between fourteen and fifteen, and have an outfit provided for them. The girls usually remain until eighteen or nineteen years old, so that many who came as infants have been under training for seventeen years. They are, like the boys, taught reading, writing, arithmetic, a little grammar, geography, and history, —all kinds of needle-work, and household work. They are generally fitted for domestic service, as preferable both for the body and the soul, according to Mr. Müller's opinion. The young people generally turn out extremely well; they become, in a great number of cases, truly converted to God, and evince striking fruits of good training. The instances given are many in which, in after years, they send grateful letters of thanks and contributions to the House that is so dear to their memories and hearts.

We extract two or three letters as types of many others.

"The following letter was received from an orphan who was the first received into the New Orphan-House No. 1; was converted whilst there, walked consistently as a believer about a year before he left, and was on May 24th, 1852, sent out to be apprenticed. Since then, as far as I know, he has uniformly walked as a believer, and at last, having a great desire either to labour as a Missionary abroad, or as a preacher of the Gospel at home, went to a newly-established college, chiefly for the sake of studying Hebrew and Greek, to be able to understand the holy Scriptures in the original languages. After having been at this college some time, I saw him, and on his return there I received this letter: 'My dear Mr. Müller,—You will be pleased to hear that I have returned to my duties at college, with an earnest desire more than ever to devote myself to the service of my beloved Saviour. I met with very great encouragement during the latter

my vacation. Instances of use-
seemed to multiply around me,
unfrequently did I find that my
had been crowned with the Divine
in those places where I had
pected it. Whilst travelling by
an appointment, I met with a
who had heard me preach at ——,
wo years ago, and whom I had
een from that time to this; but
d then proclaimed was made a
essing to his soul. I distinctly
ered the service, for I had
d that evening under great em-
nent of mind. Was not this
;? Need I say that I thanked
d took courage? Whilst preach-
ly, I had the pleasure of seeing
he congregation one of the orphan
hom I afterwards had an inter-
th, and was pleased to find her a
in the Lord Jesus Christ. I
y hope, my dear Sir, that you will
e pleasure of meeting each member
orphan family in heaven. I often
' the valuable advice you gave me
last interview, and thank you
artily for it. If it were possible,
l much like to be nearer to you,
night often have the pleasure of
g to your paternal counsels. But
ys in the Orphan-House have
away; I am now moving in a
t sphere, preparing for a great and
ork. My dear Sir, may I venture
that sometimes at the throne of
ou will remember your orphan
our "son in the Gospel?" I am
to become a good Minister of
hrist, the means of turning many
ecumess. I long to be honoured
Lord in the ministry of His word,
hen He shall appear, I may receive
im a crown of honoured usefulness.
nber four years ago beginning to
st God would bless me, by grant-
to know that *one* soul was brought
nowledge of the Saviour through
trumentality. That prayer being
d, I prayed for *two*. That too
anted, I have doubled the number
ope that I shall see many—yea,
ls—saved through my labours. I
ing to be made largely useful,
g that it is for my Saviour's glory.
t make feeble instruments the
means of doing great good.—I was
preaching yesterday at ——, and, on
speaking to some friends about the
Orphan-House, they expressed a great
desire to have the first part of your life,
which I shall feel obliged if you will
kindly send me by post for them, at your
earliest convenience. I enclose stamps
for the amount. You will be pleased to
hear that two persons, to whom I have
lent the copy you kindly gave me on
leaving the Orphan-House, have been
converted through its perusal, and are
now consistent members of a Christian
church. Please give my kind regards to
Mrs. Müller, Miss Groves, and all my
former teachers in the Orphan-House.
Accept the expression of my gratitude
and affection; and, with many prayers for
the prosperity of the work of God in your
hands, believe me to remain yours affec-
tionately in Christ Jesus.'

"Received *5s.* from one of the orphans,
now in service, with the following letter:
'Beloved and respected Sir,—Will you
allow me the privilege and pleasure to be
among the happy number who will this
day wish you many happy returns of your
birthday? It is now nearly two years
since I left your kind and fatherly care;
and, although I have written but very
little, on account of my work, yet daily,
dear Sir, I think and pray for you, and all
the dear kind friends in the precious
Orphan-House. I desire again to return
very many thanks for all the unceasing
care and kindness which I received from
you, during the many happy years I was
under your fatherly care. I also feel very
grateful for the good instructions which you
have been the means of giving me. I feel I
cannot be grateful enough to our faithful
heavenly Father for having provided
such a home for my precious little sisters
and myself, as the dear Orphan-House.
O, may the seed sown there spring up a
hundredfold to the praise of God, our
Father, and yourself! I know not what
I should do, now I am out in a world of
trial and temptation, if I knew not Jesus
as my Saviour. I feel I daily need His
grace, which is sufficient for me. My
earnest desire is to cling closer to Jesus,
and to love and serve Him better. I am
glad to be able to tell you, dear Sir, I
have a very comfortable situation, and

also a very kind master and mistress. Will you allow me the privilege of asking you to accept of this mite for the Lord's own work, to be disposed of as you think best? May I ask you to remember me very gratefully to dear Mrs. and Miss Müller, Miss Groves, and all my kind teachers, especially Miss D.? Again thanking you for all your kindness, and hoping you and your family are quite well, and that you may long be spared to be the orphans' friend, I remain, dear and respected Sir, your very grateful and respectful orphan.'"

(*To be concluded.*)

Nature.

THE BURYING-BEETLE.

THERE are two kinds of beetles, called "the burying-beetle" and "the black sexton-beetle." The chief use of these insects is to remove from the earth the bodies of dead animals,—a task which is most effectually performed. The instincts with which these beetles are furnished, says Wood, in a very interesting work, which he calls *Our Garden Friends and Foes*, are singularly keen and subtle, enabling them to distinguish dead animal matter at a wonderful distance. Nothing is easier than to catch a burying-beetle. Lay a dead mouse, frog, bird, or fowl's head upon some quiet spot in the garden, where the soil is soft, and you will often find that on the following day it will have nearly, or quite, disappeared beneath the ground. Take it up, and below it will be found the industrious and powerful insects which have entombed in so short a time so comparatively large an object.

To bury the largest elephant that ever lived would be to man a task proportionably lighter than to bury a mouse is to the beetle; and yet a couple of these insects will accomplish the deed in little more than a full day. The mode by which this act is performed is very simple, consisting in digging under the animal, and letting it sink gradually as the earth is removed from below it. In some cases the body will be sunken several inches below the surface of the ground.

When this portion of the duty has been performed, the eggs are deposited upon the buried carcass, and the parent insect works her way afresh to the outer air. In process of time the eggs are hatched, and from them proceed a number of long-bodied, spindle-shaped grubs, notable for a large, spined, scaly plate on each ring of the body, which is supposed to aid them in pushing their way through the putrefying animal matter on which they feed. They are slow walkers; and indeed, being placed in the midst of abundance, and out of the reach of enemies, they do not require limbs which would find no scope for exercise.

Sunken thus below the ground, they continue to feed until they have attained their full growth. They are then about an inch and a half in length. When the time for their change approaches, they make a sort of cell in the earth, and there lie until they have assumed their perfect form.

There are several species of burying-beetles in England, the largest of which is nearly black; but most of the others are beautifully banded with bright orange, and are very conspicuous in consequence. Though beautiful in colour, and elegant in form, they are not agreeable to the touch, as they have a habit of discharging from the mouth a blackish fluid, of a most unpleasant odour, not in the least resembling that which is ejected by the cocktail-beetle, but nearly as disagreeable, and, if possible, more permanent.

The benefits which are conferred by these wonderful insects cannot be over rated; for not only do they remove from the surface of the earth the objects which would exhale most pestilential odours, suffered to decay undisturbed, but they convey into the ground the very substances which are needed to supply the vegetation with nourishment, and thus play the double part of scavengers and gardeners.

It is impossible to watch the habits of this beetle without admiration at the wonderful manner in which the work of creation is carried on, and the marvellous care with which the minutest details are carried out. Here, as in

ugh perhaps in a more conspicu-
ner, the dependence of life upon
manifested, and the two great
nature—dissolution and repro-
are brought into palpable con-
rith each other. Birth implies
id could not exist without its
ry aid; and the same great
pervades the whole of creation.
or later all material objects
are succeeded by new genera-
nd whether in the organic or
kingdoms, this law reigns
and unchanging. The length
on allotted to each being may
e fungus passes through its life-
a few hours, while the tree
a span of a thousand years, and
e at its foot has endured through
e eons which man has not yet
,—but with Him from whom all
created things proceed, space, and time, which is its offspring, exist not; and the short life of the mushroom is as important to the universe as the comparative eternity of the oak or the pebble.

The river dies into the sea, and its scattered waters are restored in rain, and snow, and nightly dew. The pebble yields, sooner or later, to the one great law: its form and substance are resolved into their constituent gases, which, in their turn, become concrete again into new forms. Throughout the whole of nature this wondrous circle revolves, each end being the inevitable parent of a new beginning, and each beginning the prophecy of a coming end. The great poets of the ancient times had long seen this truth, and this is the meaning of their well-known fable, the phœnix rising with renewed youth from the ashes of its aged parent.

Memorials of the Departed.

at Dudley, May 7th, 1860, Mr. Hollies, in his seventy-fourth
Then about sixteen years of age he
erted to God, and immediately
e Wesleyan Society at Dudley.
rineness of his early piety was
y his love to the sacred Scriptures,
the house of God and the social
grace, diligence in the visitation of
and the general temper and con-
consistent Christian. Endowed
iderable native talent and energy
ter, he was speedily employed in
vices; and, from a prayer-leader,
ntly rose to the highest offices sus-
laymen amongst the Wesleyan
ta. For many years he had the
two, and for a length of time of
rge classes; and, being richly
e Great Shepherd, was eminently
to guide and feed the members
d to his oversight. It was his
r many years, though engaged
es late on Saturday evenings,
y to attend an early prayer-
on the Sabbath morning; and,
; in cases of affliction, was not
re than twice; and so punctual
e, that he said he was never out-
chapel-gates but twice when the
lock struck seven. He was a man of sound judgment, unswerving integrity, and his piety uniformly consistent and influential. His widow (herself a leader) says, that during the whole time of their married life she "never witnessed anything in him but a life of faith in the Son of God, and a daily preparation for heaven. The cause of God was dearer to his heart than anything else." As a leader, trustee, Circuit-steward, and treasurer of the New Auxiliary Fund, he was faithful to God and His church, and greatly beloved and honoured by his fellow-officers, and by the Ministers of the Circuit. He was a lover of good men; he esteemed the Ministers of Christ highly in love for their work's sake; and, according to his ability, cheerfully and liberally supported the cause of God; and, as a proof of his love for the King-street Chapel, left £100 to the Trust-Fund. For the last few years his health gradually gave way, and it was evident that his earthly tabernacle could not long endure the severe and complicated attacks made upon it. Most of his last winter he was confined to his own house. Only on two occasions was he able to get to the house of God, which were rich anticipations to him of the better house above. Almost daily he was visited by one or other of

inisters; and on one occasion two
; present, both prayed with him, and
was the heavenly influence, that the
e seemed like the gate of heaven, and
good old man afterwards referred to it
'a most precious season," and wept with
at the prospect of home. On the last
bbath of his life, as he sat up in bed
great suffering, he quoted to his attend-
nts that beautiful and expressive verse,
) appropriate in his case, and so full of
Christ:—

"In suffering be Thy love my peace;
In weakness be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death as life be Thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died."

After which he added, "Died for *me*,—poor *me*, poor *me*; and for each of us. Precious blood! O may we *all* feel its power!" During the night he appeared to be sinking fast. His sister whispered to him, "Jesus has promised to be with you in the swelling of Jordan," and he replied, with great energy and tone of voice, "He is here now;" and early on the following morning escaped away to the paradise of God. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright: for the end of that man is peace."

MRS. MARY BRITTEN was born at Theulethorpe, in Lincolnshire, in 1805. Her parents were Methodists, and brought her up wisely, and in the fear of God. A weekly prayer-meeting was held in their house, and, amongst other good fruits which resulted was the early conversion of their own child. The first religious impressions of her young spirit, however, suffered very considerable declension; but at eighteen years of age, again aroused by the loving and patient Spirit of God, she became decided, as it afterwards proved, for life. Again she sought and found "peace with God," through faith; although she testified that the guilt of "backsliding" cast a deeper darkness upon her soul than any other of her sins. At about twenty-one she left home, and went to reside at Stoke-Newington. When arrived at her new place of abode, she "cast in her lot" with the Methodist congregation. Her Christian life now became exceedingly pleasant, as she sought, with stronger faith, instruction and solace from the Scriptures. The Bible and the Methodist Hymn-book were her best-loved companions, and she took with them counsels that made her profiting apparent to all. In due time she became a Class-leader in the Stoke-Newington Society. Her diligence in that capacity obtained for her very general and high esteem. It was the first unfolding of a good beginning. Her work increased in her hands, and two large classes presently looked up to her for religious direction. In this less private sphere she found larger scope for the employment of her earnest spirit. Her pecuniary means, though limited, were turned to the help of the cause of God, and of the poor; and the sick and the dying experienced in her a ready visiter and friend. In her marriage, in 1844, she appears to have sought, with perhaps a determination more than is usual, not only to marry "in the Lord," but among the people of her choice. Her opportunities of usefulness, in some respects increased by this event, were diligently embraced, until she became a widow; when she gave herself afresh to earnest and devoted personal exertions in behalf of the sick and the distressed, often supplying with her own hands the necessary attendance, and ministering to them that were in need, until her second marriage in 1857. She continued her career of unassuming usefulness, attending to her classes, interesting herself in the prosperity and advancement of the Society, and of religion generally, until the early part of the summer 1860, when an intractable disorder enforced upon her a reluctant retirement. It proved to be the conclusion of her active life. But she still "did what she could," faithful admonition to the members of classes, who visited her in her affliction. Her sickness naturally tended to depress, but there was no interval of distressing doubting. The waning of life was in good keeping with the former, and the beginning. Deep trust, patience, love to Christ, and hope beautifully brightened the last hours of her sojourn on earth. The last word upon her lips was "Jesus." She died December 28th, 1860.

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THE

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AND

FAMILY VISITER.

FOR THE YEAR 1864.

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THE

CHRISTIAN MISCELLANY.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

And why not? There is plenty of seed at hand for those who have hands to sow it; seed which, being sown, and having grown up and borne fruit, will make the harvesters happy with great joy. Neither is the sowing hard, or the field far away.

"TO DO GOOD AND TO COMMUNICATE FORGET NOT."

There is the charm to make and keep the year happy all the way through; for he who gives most gets most blessing.

Our Frontispiece does not claim for itself the mystic importance of those queer pictures in a certain almanack, which some silly folks call *hieroglyphic;* and which some people, sillier still, try to believe in. It reveals a priceless secret which all may possess, and discovers a way of happiness which all may follow.

That young girl, seated beneath the old pollard, reading to those homeless, graceless wanderers about the Father's house and the many mansions, and of Him who has gained for them a title to the glorious dwelling,—does she not show fairer than if she reclined in elegant laziness, or went forth arrayed in all the glory of a milliner's advertisement?

Who could venture to foretell the fruits of that reading? For the reader herself one result is sure. It may have cost her much painful effort to venture upon this mission, and her voice is rather unsteady as she begins; but already she has reward in the awakened attention of her listeners; and, going home, she will rejoice in the great comfort of a good deed done, and in the thought that, whatever may be the growth, she has been found faithful to sow the incorruptible seed.

At this season of glad and hopeful forthlooking, let us all, good friends, choose the ground for beginning our New-Year's work. Only He whom we would serve can know where we may be working, or whether we shall be at work at all, when this year grows old.

Experience, hearing everybody talk about a happy New Year, looks up from the study of the past, and offers some wise lessons concerning the way of happiness in well-doing.

The old proser is worth heeding, even at this time of many delights. He can show you whole volumes of good purposes, and admirable plans, and heroic deeds intended to be done; the which, carried out, would have covered the world with sunshine, but which all came to nothing; not that they broke down in course of action, but simply because their beginning was delayed. The bright projects became more and more dim, until the long-put-off *some day* went out in the darkness of *never*.

So begin at once. Good purposes quickly spoil if laid by. And there is about this season so much of hope and expectation, such a reckoning upon the new time coming, that the present is likely enough to slip neglected from our hands. Do as our forefathers used to serve their wooden almanacks: cut a notch for every day; and start the tally well, and cut the notch deep for New-Year's day with some good work wrought for Christ's sake.

But plain as it is that the *when* for this good enterprise is now, it does not seem so easy to fix the *where* and the *how*. Yet here also we need to learn much the same lesson, and to guard against being too long-sighted. How many a precious opportunity of doing good close at hand has been overlooked, because we were looking for an opportunity far off! If I had more influence; if I were only in such a position; if I had plenty of money, or plenty of time; if I, too, were clever, or eloquent, or half so capable as such a one, what good I would do!

Good friend, what are you about? You are actually marking out the foundations of your building on your neighbour's ground. Beware of trespass. Hasten home, and survey your own plot afresh. Be sure of this: in that plot, and nowhere else, is the best site for accomplishing the work which the Master expects *you* to fulfil.

There may be no gipsy-tent in your neighbourhood, and you may not be able to find anything to flavour duty with a little of the zest of romance. The zeal which must have its appetite quickened by such a relish will soon grow tired. Your work may lie awaiting you, long before you get as far as our friend has walked to read to the basket-maker and his family. Nay, before you pass your threshold, see to it that you do not overpass the very duty which most of all needs to be done.

The world has wondered at the pious energy and devotion of some, whose own children would never rise up and call them blessed. The children's bread went to feed any dog that barked for it out of doors.

The work which lies closest to us has the first claim, and of that first we shall have to give account. The proverb says truly enough, "The blacksmith's horse goes the worst shod." It is a sad pity that the old saw should ever be fulfilled in the Christian's household.

Then, after home-claims, the next are the nearest at hand. Let your light shine forth from yourself and your home; not in dazzling rocket-flights, giving out most splendour at the point furthest away, but brightening everything as it goes with a steady and abiding lustre.

Perhaps some languid eyes may rest on our New-Year's picture; and the stricken one may sigh, thinking, "There is no work for me. These walls shut in all my world, where the year opens drearily on my uselessness and pain." Nay; for you also there is New-Year's duty and reward. The work which God apportions to His children is as manifold as their circumstances. And, furthermore, He always either brings us to our work, or our work to us. Think now, if you grumble and fret, will not those about you be pained? If you are patient and thankful, will they not be glad? What you are and do sets other

arts a-moving. Lying there so helpless, you are already sowing. is not given to you to go with active step, and fling out broadcast e handfuls of good. Choice and costly seeds, which must be sown refully one by one, are put into your hands, that by meekness, tience, praise, and prayer, with good words of Christian trust, you ay foster God's precious germs into a growth, beginning in lowly crecy, but springing high, and waxing strong, and spreading far road for the shelter and feeding of many.

Come, then, brothers and sisters all: our Father gives us to begin other year; and, with the year, He provides its work; and, with the rk, its reward. His work done by His grace helping us, and our arts rich with His smile gladdening us, there is for you and me surely happy New Year.

And should He call us hence before the months have filled their und, we shall, "not by works of righteousness which we have ne," but through Jesus Christ, rest there where years are not unted, nor is the bliss measured by terms of time; but the joy is ll, and the pleasures are for evermore.

Hull. G. S. R.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED AND SIXTY-FOUR: ITS FIRST SABBATH.

By the goodness of God we have been spared to see another year,—e year Eighteen Hundred and Sixty-Four,—and to enter upon it, ough it is only border-land which we at present occupy. We have rdly yet formed an acquaintance with it; we know but little of it; and e entirely ignorant of what it may in its course unfold. Though its edecessor now belongs to the past, and is numbered with the things at were, it still claims from us serious thought and reflection. We ve not, indeed, done with it yet. There are circumstances and events nected with it which we cannot forget, if we would, so deep is the pression which they have made upon our minds. And there are ers which we *ought not* to forget, but carefully keep in remembrance. Some of the old year's disappointments, cares, and griefs, remain h us. They have outlived the period which gave them birth. eir dark shadow may probably obscure the New Year's light, and np its joy. But if the spirit in which even the most painful things the past are retained in memory is not one of discontent and mur-ring against the wise and kind ordinations of Providence, but one humble submission, the recollection of them may exercise a salutary luence upon the soul. In reference to all our afflictions we must nsider the end of the Lord, and we shall see that He is very pitiful, d of tender mercy. And whenever the dispensations of heaven are ntified, they yield the peaceable fruits of righteousness to those who exercised thereby.

There are some things also connected with the past which we *ought*

not to forget. But while it is easy to keep alive in our remembrance our trials, the recollection of our mercies is often, alas! only too soon effaced. Yet these latter far outnumber and outweigh the former. Our troubles are only occasional, while our mercies are constant; not only filling up the intervals between our anxieties and sorrows, but also accompanying them; and, except our perverseness hinder, turning them into blessings. The direction given by Moses to Israel was, "Thou shalt remember *all* the way which the Lord thy God led thee." Yes, ALL the way; for in all the way the Lord was their Leader, and the purpose He had in leading them in the way He chose was to humble them and to prove them, to know what was in their heart, whether they would keep His commandments, or no. And in like manner should we remember *all* the way in which the Lord hath led us during the past year; yea, and in all the past years of our life, that we may profit by the discipline of His hand, and the riches of His grace.

What the New Year will be to us will very much depend upon the spirit in which we commence it. If we enter upon it with humble penitence, and a confiding trust in Christ, accompanied with fervent gratitude and fixed religious determination, come what may outwardly, we shall realize the blessing of God, which will be our comfort and our strength in every time of need.

To Wesleyan Methodists this is a season of great solemnity. The last hours of the year are spent by thousands of our people in holy meditation and devotion in the Lord's house of prayer. And who of us, during those solemn moments, when on our knees we passed out of the old year into the new, did not silently vow a vow unto the Lord? Then the vows of the Lord are already upon us, and we are about to repeat them on the next Sabbath in the midst of His house, and in the presence of His people.

The first Sunday of the year is a day which has long been most sacredly observed among us, and is remembered as a season when God has often, in His abounding grace, accepted and sealed the vows of His covenant servants. So have our fathers told us it was with them; and so, thanks be to God, it has often been to ourselves. And that it may be so in the present instance, we shall do well to employ the interval between the Watch-night and Covenant services in self-examination and earnest prayer. In this age of business competition and ceaseless activity, there is great danger that the duties of private meditation and secret prayer should be neglected. And if they were more regularly and earnestly performed, there is no doubt that professors generally would possess more spiritual strength, and enjoy more happiness than they do. They who meet their heavenly Father in secret will doubtless be openly rewarded. Let the Lord's people strive to prepare their hearts for the renewal of their covenant with Him; and, at any rate, *begin* the year under the influence of right feelings, principles, and purposes, notwithstanding past failings. Some there are who hesitate to start on a right course lest they should

severe, and are, consequently, kept in bondage to the world and ow those who begin to run the heavenly race may pass the id win the crown; while those who never start can never gain e. But, thanks be to God, there need be no failure. If the lls us to enter into covenant engagements with Him, He to give us covenant grace to keep them. He promises not only ve our sins and iniquities, but to put His laws into our minds, te them in our hearts. And this implies nothing less than the t enjoyment of the Divine favour, with the gift of an en- d knowledge of His laws, and an inward spiritual power to m. Divine grace shall so enthrone the law in God's people's hat they shall have power to run the way of His command- They shall triumph over the world, temptation, and sin; for l knoweth them that are His, and He will never leave them ake them. Then let none who are penitent in soul, and intend a new life, hesitate to cast themselves by covenant vows on the f their God and Saviour. May this be their present solemn —

"Lord, in the strength of grace,
With a glad heart and free,
Myself, my residue of days,
I consecrate to Thee."

arnest hope is that to our readers *personally* the New Year me of unparalleled spiritual prosperity, and that they will seek lize a richer baptism of the Holy Spirit. And what shall What, indeed, can hinder in these last days of the Spirit's , but our own supineness and unbelief? With the Lord all re possible, and all things are ready. The provision is made, ame is given, and the name of Jesus is ours to plead: then ould not we, as well as the first Christians, be *filled* with the ost? O, if our believing and importunate prayer be now,—

"Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee we call,
Spirit of burning, come;"

come upon us,

"Rich in His sevenfold energy."

en are penitent and humble souls so likely to receive the l Comforter as when they are engaged in the act of consecrat- nselves anew to God, and sealing their vows by commemorating g love of their Redeemer, according to His kind command, s in remembrance of Me?" Then let the Lord's people lift up arts unto the Lord; yea, lift them up unto the Lord their God, it is impossible they should pray in vain. We repeat it, that s part all things are now ready:—

"Ready the Father is to own
And kiss his late returning son:
Ready your loving Saviour stands,
And spreads for you His bleeding hands.

"Ready the Spirit of His Love,
Just now the stony to remove;
To' apply and witness with the blood,
And wash and seal the sons of God."

What, then, shall prevent the next Covenant Sabbath, with the year of Sabbaths which it inaugurates, surpassing all that have gone before it in gracious power and saving influence? Let us pray for it, and expect it. Let nothing be kept back from the Lord. Let the surrender be complete, and then the Lord will accept the sacrifice, and baptize the offerers with the Holy Ghost and fire. Our position as a church, the claims of our redeeming Lord, and the wants of a perishing world, demand from us greater devotedness to God. The moral and spiritual interests of our families require it, that we may show piety at home, and that the blessing of God may rest more abundantly upon our households.

And all this will graciously qualify us to labour for Him. When the Lord is merciful to His people, and causes His face to shine upon them, then shall His way be known upon earth, and His saving health among all nations. Usefulness is the fruit of holiness; and as it was with Abraham, so is it with His spiritual children, for there is one law to both, "I will bless thee, and make thee a blessing." Never was there a greater need of holy activity in the service of our Saviour than at the present time. And in this year of our Missionary Jubilee we are not without expectation that the watch-words which have been given us—viz., "*Gratitude*, *Humility*, and *Hope*"—will express the feelings of our churches generally, and that zeal for the Lord of Hosts will henceforth characterize us more distinctly than heretofore. If the world is to be saved, the church must be in earnest about it. It must not slumber or be inert, or shut itself up in a narrow, miserable selfishness, only caring for its own ease and comfort; it must, animated with a fervent zeal, be up and doing. Men of Israel, help! for the Lord hath need of you, and claims your consecrated services. Refuse Him not, nor dare to delay. The New Year has brightly dawned upon us; and as it runs its course, so let the Lord's people run their course of usefulness. Begin, then, with the year; and if, during its progress, the Lord should come to call you away, may He find you *watching*, *working*, and *waiting*.

The eyes of some of our Christian readers (for we rejoice that they are so many) may not fall on this paper until the first Sabbath of the year is past, and they have renewed their engagements with the Lord. If such should be the case, still the perusal of it may awaken useful reflections, and serve to stir up their hearts to live for God, to whom they stand in the relation of pledged servants. May they never forget their vows! Daily may they be repeated.

"High Heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renew'd shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear."

With some of our readers has the first holy Sabbath of the New Year passed without their having formed a good and holy purpose? Is no vow recorded on high? If so, still it is not too late. Now is the Lord waiting to receive the sacrifice. Let not another hour be lost. Too many days, and weeks, and years have already been wasted. And this may be the last year of the reader's life! Then there is no time to lose: "it is high time to awake out of sleep."

Higher Broughton. D. H.

BUNYAN IN BEDFORD GAOL.

The town of Bedford is not the most picturesque place in the world. The surrounding scenery is flat, the view limited, and there is no background to the picture. True, there is the river, spanned by a handsome bridge; but the Ouse is one of the dullest, and darkest, and laziest of streams. Still it is *Cowper's* Ouse, and receives charms by association with the poet's muse and memory, which nature never gave it. Notwithstanding the unattractiveness, to the lovers of the romantic, of this rather heavy-looking, but clean-looking, old county-town, as it sits sleepily on the sluggish river, amidst luxuriant meadows, yet it is not destitute of interest. Bedford is celebrated for its endowed charities, and for its connexion with the author of the *Pilgrim's Progress*. For the former it is indebted to Sir W. Harpur, who, when Lord Mayor of London in the reign of Edward VI., founded a grammar-school in this his native town. For the endowment he purchased thirteen acres and one rood of land in Holborn for £180. In Bunyan's day this estate yielded to the charity a rental of £99 per annum; but in our time it brings in more than £12,000 a-year. With this large sum educational establishments, comprising the old grammar-school, with its eight exhibitions of £80 each to Oxford, Cambridge, or Dublin, and commercial, girls', and infants' schools, are supported. Then there are marriage-portions to poor maidens; premiums and benefactions to apprentices; donations to domestic servants; alms-houses, hospitals, and the periodical distribution of alms, in money or in kind. Such charity so huge in a town so small might be most injurious to its morality and self-reliance, were it not that the funds are devoted principally to the education of the young. This confers advantages upon the place of a most important kind, by which many families have been attracted to the town.

The genius of John Bunyan has given a still greater celebrity to Bedford. Tens of thousands who have never heard of its indebtedness to Sir W. Harpur, think of it in connexion with the wonderful dreamer who had his enchanting visions within its gloomy gaol. As Bedford had two prisons, one for the county and another for the town, which was the scene of Bunyan's incarceration is not a matter of certainty, although some think that he was confined part of the time in the one, and part in the other. Local tradition pointed to the old gaol

upon the bridge as the veritable place. When this building was demolished in the year 1811, a ring bearing the initials J. B. was discovered under the floor, which is supposed to have belonged to the captive who has rendered the spot historical.

The "crime" for which Bunyan was arrested under the warrant of Mr. Francis Wingate, and committed for trial at the Quarter Sessions, was that of preaching the Gospel. Had he promised to keep silence he would have been at once set at large; but, refusing to do this, he was formally indicted for "devilish and pernicious abstinence from church, and upholding of unlawful meetings and conventicles." At the Quarter Sessions, Mr. Sergeant Keeling (afterwards Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench) ventured to argue with the prisoner at the bar; when, whatever might be his legal erudition, he did not particularly shine as a polemic. As Bunyan would not promise the court to abstain from preaching, he was again (to use his own phrase) "had home to prison;" where he lay "complete twelve years."

His lodgings over the Ouse could not, after all, have been a very comfortable *home*. Not to mention his separation from those dear ones whose presence makes a home, there was the wretchedness resulting

om the condition of the gaol. It was the miserable state of this iden-
al prison which caused Howard, a century afterwards, when Sheriff
Bedfordshire, to "remember the forgotten." In this "den" Bun-
an had to make his "home" with so much of the ruffianism of the
eighbourhood as could find a place there. Happily for his comfort,
e room was so largely occupied with persecuted Nonconformists, that
ere was little space left for the convicted rascality of the town. The
esence of men of a kindred spirit must have greatly mitigated the
verity of his confinement; so that instead of being, like Lot in
odom, "vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked," he could
old Christian fellowship while shut up in the "cage," like his own
ilgrim in the town of Vanity. The blessings which God conferred
on the sufferer transformed the "den," many a time, into the Palace
eautiful. He tells us plainly, in one place, that he often said to him-
lf, "Were it lawful, I could pray for greater trouble for the greater
mfort sake."

If he had had no one to consider but himself, this intrepid confessor
ould have easily borne his twelve years' imprisonment. But there
ere his wife and four children, all of whom he tenderly loved, espe-
ally one whose infirmity of blindness endeared her all the more to her
ving father. "Poor child!" said he, "what sorrow art thou like to
ave for thy portion in this world! Thou must be beaten, must beg,
uffer hunger, cold, nakedness, and a thousand calamities, though I
annot now endure the wind should blow upon thee." These beloved
ufferers, who were separated from him by his dungeon-walls, he
ndeavoured to support by making tag-laces in the gaol. Charity sup-
ied the rest, as appears from the declaration of his wife to Chief-
ustice Hale: "My Lord," she said, in pleading for her husband's
elease, "I have four small children that cannot help themselves, of
hich one is blind; and have nothing to live upon but the charity of
ood people."

The secret of Bunyan's persecution is to be found in the history
f the times in which he lived. That period was one of great
ational vicissitude. During his life-time monarchy was abolished
n England, a republic established, and monarchy again restored.
is birth synchronised with the Bill of Rights, by which royal pre-
ogative was curtailed, and Parliamentary privilege enlarged and
efined. During his youth England was one extended battle-ground,
hen neighbour met neighbour in deadly strife. The very year he
ttained his majority the head of the Sovereign, streaming with blood,
as held up by the executioner, with the sentence, "This is the head
f a traitor;" the King's statue in the Exchange was thrown down,
nd upon the pedestal was inscribed, "EXIT TYRANNUS, REGUM ULTI-
US." * When Bunyan began to preach Cromwell was Lord Protector,
nd Charles II. in exile. Five years afterwards one continued cheer

* "The tyrant is gone, the last of the Kings."

resounded all the way from Dover to London, while the restor[illegible] monarch rode in triumph to the palace of his ancestors. The chan[illegible] in the Church during the same period were only less violent than th[illegible] in the State. When Bunyan was a boy, Laud was Archbishop [illegible] Canterbury, and was using his high influence to un-Protestantise th[illegible] Church of England, and to un-Presbyterianise the Church of Scotla[illegible]. When Bunyan was converted, Episcopacy was suppressed, and the Liturgy abolished; not, however, by statute law, but by an ordinance of Parliament. When Bunyan lay in Bedford gaol, Episcopacy and the Liturgy were restored, and the Presbyterian party in the Established Church ejected by the Act of Uniformity. The Conventicle Act scattered the congregations of the Nonconformists; and the Five Mile Act kept the teachers of Dissent at a distance from all centres of population and influence. In such times of great and sudden change, when the principles of toleration were imperfectly understood by even the Puritans themselves, it is not a matter of very great amazement that John Bunyan, excellent and harmless as he was, should be found within the walls of a gaol.

Much reproachful rhetoric has been directed against those who are deemed responsible for the imprisonment of Bunyan, not only because it was unjust, but because the sufferer was a man of genius. By all means let them bear the odium involved in the unrighteousness of his sentence; but certainly they are not to blame for not treating him with the consideration due to a man of superior imagination, and a great master of allegory. It was not until the latter years of his incarceration that he wrote his inimitable *Pilgrim*, and it was not until after his release that it was given to the public. Wingate, who issued the warrant for his arrest; Sergeant Keeling, who presided at the Quarter Sessions that condemned him; Chester, the Magistrate who used his influence with the Judges against his release, knew him only as a preaching tinker. Surly Judge Twisdon and kindly Judge Hale, as they listened to his wife at the Old Swan Inn at Bedford, pleading for her husband's release, little suspected that the humble wife of the imprisoned tinker and their august Lordships should, two hundred years afterwards, be painted upon canvas and engraved upon steel.

At whose door should the shame and guilt of Bunyan's persecution lie? is a question to which various answers may be given. "The State," says one. "The Church," replies another. "Local malevolence," may be the answer of a third. This last solution, perhaps, has more of truth than the others. The State, no doubt, was responsible for the penal legislation of those times, although it may be pleaded in extenuation that the subversion of the constitution which had taken place justified severe measures. Bunyan does not appear to have blamed the Established Church in its corporate capacity, whatever he might think of the conduct of certain zealots who were members of it. Hence his Pilgrim was alarmed only by the two giants, Pagan and Pope. Some Dissenters of the present

day might, perhaps, be disposed to add a third, and call him Prelacy, or some such name. But the prisoner of Bedford gaol was too well read in Fox's *Book of Martyrs*, which, with his Bible, was the companion of his prison-hours, not to discriminate between the spirit of the Church of England and the spirit of the Church of Rome. If anything additional were necessary to convince him of the difference, he had it in the fact that his release at last was accomplished in part through the interposition of a Bishop of the English Church.

T. M'C.

CORNISH METHODIST WORTHIES.

No. I.

A SKILFUL PILOT.

"In Jehovah's great accounting day,
When each delusive mist is purged away,
And truths unclouded burst on mortal eyes,
How many to immortal joys shall rise,
And sparkle like the stars, which now pursue
Their willing track obscure from public view."

THAT Cornwall has given birth to men of honourable name, and of noble character, and of laborious usefulness, is a fact well known. Indeed, all who know Cornwall would have expected that great men would call it their home. In a work published a few years since we find it said, "Perhaps few counties in England can more justly boast of having been the birth-place of men eminent in every department of human excellence than the county of Cornwall. Our national biography abounds in the names of statesmen, warriors, philosophers, poets, divines, &c., who were born, and received their early education, in this western peninsula." In the roll of worthies belonging to Cornwall we shall find the names of Trelawny, Gilbert, Davey, Lemon, Opie, Lander, and Smith, with a host of others. These were men of genius, of courage, and some of them of genuine piety. There have been also some men, stars, perhaps, of less magnitude, and yet bright. They have furnished light, and have done good service to the inhabitants of "the county;" and have thus reflected the lustre of their fame upon the land of their birth.

Mousehole and Trewavas are names that are very familiar to those who dwell on "the narrow neck of land" in the far west. The one refers to a place, and the other to a person who belonged to that place. Life gives an interest to a place that is otherwise insignificant. A locality distinguished by the vigour and earnestness of life assumes importance; and it will long remain pictured on the memory. Mousehole must thus ever be full of interest to those who know it. It is but a village under a hill; yet it is most beautifully situated. The cottages are very irregularly built; but they circle round, and line the edge of the cliff. In some instances the walls are washed by the tide; and many dwellings are visited by the spray of the sea. Mousehole stands about three miles south-west of Penzance. It has the Mount's-Bay stretching away for many miles in its front, and an island very picturesque, and known by the same name as the village, a short distance from its shore. It is an ancient place; and was, a long, long time ago, a place of great importance, a Corporation-town, the capital of Mount's-Bay. It had its weekly market, and its three annual fairs. To the market it makes some

pretence still; but its fairs are things of the past. In 1595 the Spaniards invaded the coast, and they landed at Mousehole, and burnt the place. They then proceeded to Penzance. The inhabitants thereof deserted the place, and the invaders set fire to the town. The walk from Penzance to Mousehole is one of the most pleasant that lies along the edge of Mount's-Bay. In one direction, the Lizard-Point, and at night the brilliant light from its light-house; in another, the old town of Marazion, and the ancient and glorious Mount of St. Michael, appear in full view. Mousehole is one of the most interesting spots in west Cornwall.

To the Wesleyan Methodist this village has long possessed more than ordinary attraction. Here, and in its neighbourhood, some of the best, and therefore the greatest, Wesleyan Cornish heroes have lived. Here, too, they died; and from thence they went to a grander world, and to a rich inheritance. The inhabitants of Mousehole are generally considered to be an intelligent, quiet people, though many of them are rough in their exterior, and plain in their speech. They are, however, a hearty, God-fearing people. In this village there lived many men of honoured name. Among them stood Carvosso, Wright, Kneebone, and Mathews. They were good men. They struggled hard to set their feet upon the Rock. Having attained a firm and happy faith, they then with joy imparted to others what they knew. At length these worthies, having done their work, entered into the rest of God.

"So in the quiet joy of kindly trust,
We bid each parting saint a brief farewell;
Weeping, yet smiling, we commit their dust
To the safe keeping of the silent cell."

(*To be continued.*)

BORROWED MISERY.

PAPERS FOR WEEK-DAY READING.

No. II.

A PUGNACIOUS, quarrelsome d[illegible] position always forces its possesso[illegible] borrow misery. If he finds a vic[illegible] he has to smart, as well as to m[illegible] smart; if he does not find vict[illegible] enough, then indeed has he misery. His experience is like that of a well-known historic Scotch terrier of great pluck, who was always much more solemn than the other dogs: a Highland gamekeeper was asked the reason, and replied, "O, Sir, life's full o' sairiousness to him; he just never can get enough o' fechtin." Now like that very amiable dog are many men; they like to fight; fighting, they are not happy; not fighting, "life's full o' sairiousness" to them.

O, of how much joy do quarrelsome men deprive themselves! Like hedgehogs, all bristles, no one loves to touch them; it is a pain to talk to them; they therefore lose the pleasures of free, intelligent, frequent conversation. Like savage animals, ever ready to bite, all who can, give them a wide range, and those who are compelled to associate with them, devoutly wish that, like Robinson Crusoe, they were cast on some desert island, and cast there alone. But even there they would quarrel; for, lacking other company, they would quarrel with themselves. Like as was said of one, whom we will for convenience and sure disguise name "John Smith," that if he were alone in this wide world, yet would he quarrel; for having none else to fall out with, John would quarrel with Smith, and Smith with John, and John Smith would quarrel both with John and Smith.

He borrows misery who, generally intelligent, nay, even more than that, superior in his own department of knowledge, travels into some by-path,

ows ignorance on a minor
.
assumption of knowledge un-
ed is always dangerous, but
company of well-cultured
f a person makes a mere mis-
t matters little,—he will be set
but woe betide the parson,
yer, or the doctor who, how-
lever and learned in his own
ion, dares to talk to an igno-
an about the one thing, the
ing, the ignorant one knows,
ubject on which the learned
not wise. Stupid is sure to
Folio as a man who is not to
ted on any subject, seeing that
ped when talking about the
It is the safest plan to keep
own ground. There was once
or of Divinity preaching to a
gation of soldiers, let us say in
ealand, though it was not
Now he had a great name;
written a library of books,
erefore much was expected
im. He could not forget that
soldiers before him, and he
to the common mistake of
ng to them as *soldiers*, and not
an beings; he must needs, too,
y his discourse by military
tions, and he had better not
me so, because it was out of
. Consequently he made a sad
when, exhorting men to
an consistency, always to
out with them evidence of
longing to the Lord's host, he
at no soldier of the Queen
hink of not wearing uniform;
s we all know that there are
ngs that soldiers like better
put regimentals aside, and
ain clothes. Some of his
were wicked enough to con-
e possibility of his knowledge
s shallow of other subjects in
mon, as they knew it to be
ary matters and experience.
octor Blank, you had better,
ealing with parables, have
kept to Dean Trench: people might have smiled then, but it would not have been at ignorance, but something else.

But there is akin to this another way in which men borrow misery: *that* class secure vexation to themselves by professing knowledge that they have not, the other is made wretched through thorough ignorance.

We are apt to overlook one important tendency of ignorance, which is to inflict actual misery. We readily admit that an untaught person cannot enjoy the advantages and delights of learning and extensive information; but let us never forget that the individuals and nations that are entirely neglectful of mental culture are they to whom ignorance is never bliss, but generally a stern lictor to flog them, or a grim teacher to affright. Ignorance is truly the mother of superstition, and now-a-days we quite well understand those horridly ugly emblems of hippogriffs and anthropophagi which we find on the margin of old maps, facing the then undiscovered parts of the world. They were put there after the fashion of some teachers, a fashion not banished yet,—"where you know nothing, place terrors;" stop inquiry; frighten people away.

Very much misery to persons and families is borrowed quite unnecessarily, because of the determination of people to "keep up appearances" they have no right to assume.

One of the evil tendencies of this age is for men to be more anxious *to seem* than *to be*, to have the fair show rather than the solid substrata of worth. Life's luxuries are well enough for all who can afford them. No reasonable man would object to the wealthy keeping good establishments, having servants and carriages, and all the appendages of rank and station; it is right, very right, that this should be so; but it is very

absurd of people who cannot afford it aping all this; very absurd of men who might live in great comfort on their incomes, making themselves miserable in trying to imitate the doings of their wealthier neighbours; and yet how common is this! Because Mr. A. drives a carriage, therefore Mr. B., whose income is much less, and who cannot afford to do it, must also have his turn-out. Mrs. Q. has a page, and therefore Mrs. O., for no other earthly reason, must have one too. Probe them for the reason of this; try to discover why they sacrifice real family joy, why they have a sham establishment of servants, why they are willing to run the risk of so much annoyance through being always on the wrong side of their tradesmen's ledgers, and in the depths of their hearts they will acknowledge the inconvenience, but plead the necessity of conforming to the usages of society, and of keeping up appearances. They forcibly remind us of Hans Christien Andersen's Danish fable of the little mermaid when first she came to the surface of the sea. Her grandmother (representative of fashion, that stern old lady) ordered eight large oysters to hang themselves on her tail. "But they hurt so," cried the little mermaid. "My child," said grandmamma, "little inconveniences must be endured for the sake of great appearances."

Alas! myriads wince every day because of the nipping by their social oysters; and this must be so, as long as fashion, that grandmamma, is allowed to have control: but they who voluntarily submit to the squeezing, voluntarily borrow misery.

Further, people who act in the way just mentioned are always keenly sensitive to the slights they receive in society. A modern writer is not far wrong when he says, "Mankind is like a bag of serpents, in which each serpent is rearing his head and hissing, and struggling to get higher than the others."[1] Now it is very probable that the least serpents will be the loudest hissers and greatest strugglers, and yet will never get the highest; and the parallel of that is amongst men: the disappointed are wretched; and their wretchedness is entirely unnecessary, their misery borrowed. Wise men are saved from it. It may be that they wish to advance in society, but that wish is not their chief desire. If they succeed, well; if not, still they have a resource for consolation. For example, Mr. Wise-man knows that in society Mr. Fussabout is considered a very extensive and important personage; but if Mr. F. does not leave his card, does Mr. W. mope, and grieve, and rave? Not at all. He turns to his library, (if he has one,) reads the poets or historians, holds converse with the mighty dead, snaps his fingers at Fussabout, and feels that having communion with the dead, who yet speak, and speak so well, he is in the first circle of the best society.

We have all had the happiness of being miserable in consequence of allowing ourselves to imagine things that never happened, and were never likely to happen. As though the ills of life do not crowd on us thickly enough, as though this work-a-day world does not come ever laden with care and duty for us,—how many times have we imagined ourselves the inheritors of sorrows that we never had, and made ourselves weep about dreamt-of disasters that never came to pass. Well-to-do people destroying their happiness by picturing themselves inmates of the workhouse, their lively imaginations portraying them walking about with the parish corduroys and excessively ugly dress, having to give up the comfort of their homes, and the ease and affluence of life, to spend their days and nights in the large ward of

house. Ay, many such there
en, who had no ground for
ar, who died in their nest,
for years borrowed misery.
ject is somewhat amusingly
ed by one of the best of living
s, who tells us, "There were
y old maids, sisters, who lived
r. A running stream passed
heir parlour window. A friend
o visit them one day, and
them in agonies of grief.
is the matter, my dear
" he exclaimed. They bridled
led amidst their tears which
wed plentifully, and said they
wo old fools; but declined to
cause of their misery. Their
who was their doctor, if I
t rightly, insisted upon
g what was the matter, and
ne of them confessed. "'Sup-
Bridget said to me, 'we had
een married; you know, my
might have been. And sup-
had had a little boy, and you
girl; and suppose that we
th been dandling them at
ry window.' 'And suppose,'
'some horrid boy coming by
ade a great noise; you know
rvous we are, sister, at noises.
uppose we had both let the
n tumble into the water.'
nd suppose,' said she, 'they
th been drowned.' Then we
to cry, for it would have been
diful you know."

the two old ladies commenced
again, and the doctor had
ifficulty in comforting them.

, we smile, and say that
t and her sister were very
people; but have we not
es often done a similar thing?
not grieve over evils purely
ary, and go on supposing, and
ing, and supposing, with no
eason than those two aged spin-
hose imagination outrun fact?
roner's inquest was held. The
man died a suicide. He was
found drowned, or a drained phial of prussic acid had fallen from his hand; or he clutched in the death-grasp a razor all stained with blood. The lad was fair to look at, maybe; his countenance was stamped with intelligence; his friends and acquaintance had begun to talk of his promise of superiority. Then why this catastrophe? He had chased and secured death, before the king of terrors had a warrant for him. Ay; but he borrowed misery, poor boy, before this frightful last loan of it,—the misery of thinking himself neglected, unfelt, valueless.

It is not uncommon for young men who have the consciousness of strong undeveloped powers, who have ambition to be and to do something great and worthy, to plague themselves greatly because their merit, unknown yet, is unappreciated. This is a subject worthy a little thought. The author, we have before quoted, says, "A great writer creates a want for himself; a most artificial one,—nobody wanted him before he appeared." He finds his own place. Now so it is with us all; and therefore he borrows misery who frets because he thinks himself neglected. Make your place and keep it; do not cry because people do not lift you up. Work! that is better than crying; and much better than cutting your throat, young poet. Never say, "I am neglected." America might just as well have said so of itself before Columbus: it was not discovered, that is all.

Hearts up, then, my dear friends, who are sorrowful with a load of unrecognised excellence; do your duty bravely and hopefully, and the world will find you out some day, and acknowledge you in your own true place: but just now it is very busy rewarding others who, like you, have had to wait for discovery. Now they are found, and your turn will come erelong; but in all hours

of gloominess and despondency remember those lines of Cowper, the bard of the down-hearted :—

"Beware of desperate steps; the darkest day,
Live till to-morrow, 'twill have pass'd away."

Or to quote another,—

"Hoot away despair,
Never yield to sorrow;
The blackest sky may wear
A sunny face to-morrow."

Chatham. C. H. K.

INTRODUCTION OF METHODISM INTO FAIR ISLE.

About half-way between Shetland and Orkney is an island called Fair Isle. It is nearly twenty-eight miles from mainland, and is included in the most southern Wesleyan Circuit in Shetland. The danger of visiting it sometimes is very great, and some of our Ministers have done so at the hazard of life. The commencement of Methodism amongst its inhabitants is rather singular in its history. It is now more than thirty years since our Ministers first visited it. At that time many of the inhabitants had professedly embraced religion, and were members of a Christian church; and they thought that they had already given as much attention to the requirements of religion as was essential to their spiritual safety. But when they heard the Wesleyan Ministers preach, some of them came to the conclusion they were wrong in their spiritual state if such preaching was right; and if it did not carry attention to religion too far, they were not yet spiritually safe for eternity. Thus their minds became unsettled; but they were slow to make a change, lest they should take a wrong step. To bring the important matter to a right issue, the fishermen came to this agreement amongst themselves,—that when they returned from the fishing for the day, they would withdraw from their homes when the sun was setting, or soon afterwards, and amidst the darkness of night, and in the hills of their island, they would pray to God to direct them in their conduct regarding Methodism; that, if Methodism was wrong, He would keep them from embracing it; but if it was right and scriptural in its teaching on religion, and they had not already made that surrender to Christianity which was indispensable to their safety, He would be pleased to let them see it, and lead them in the right way. The woman who related the substance of this account said, she and some other females belonging to the families of the absent men wondered what occasioned them to go from home night after night in succession. At length some of the women agreed to watch them, and seeing the direction they took, they followed; and when they approached near enough to know what they were about, they went to them, and asked to be allowed to join in a matter of such common interest to all. They did so; and the result was they embraced Methodism. From that time our cause progressed till it became strong in the island. Lately, many of our members have emigrated; but we have still more than sixty in Society, who, in the absence of their Minister, continue all the Wesleyan means of grace regularly amongst themselves. B.

MILLENNIAL TIME.

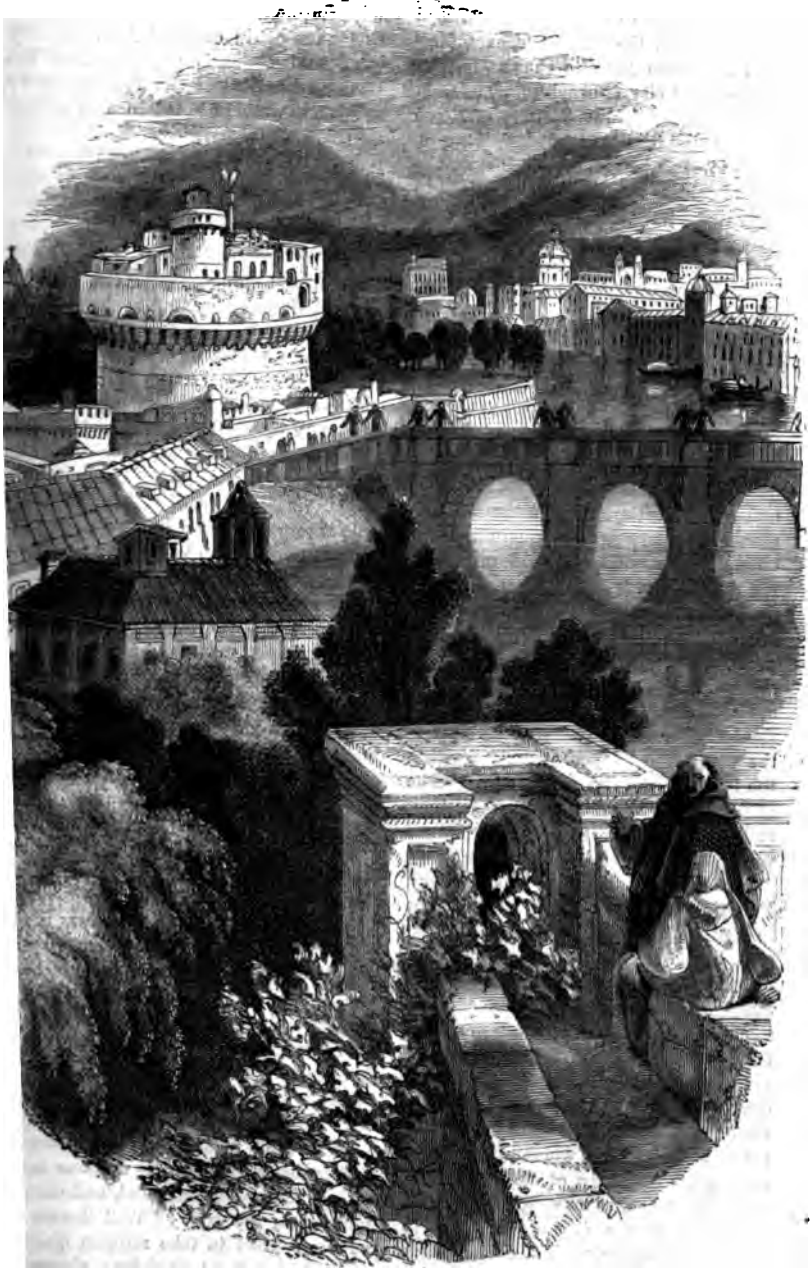
"And the Lord said, . . . As truly as I live, all the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord." (Num. xiv. 20, 21.)

Lord, we believe Thy gracious word,
And wait to see the blessing come;
When Thou, through Christ, shalt be adored,
By every heart, in every home;
And the whole earth shall own Thy sway,
And Thy most holy will obey.

O glorious time! when everywhere
Thy blessed Gospel shall be known;
And all who live, rejoicing, share
The grace of Thy beloved Son:
Not one rebellious thought or word,
Uprising to offend Thee, Lord!

ROME.

The towns found in Italy mentioned in holy Scripture are Rhegium, Puteoli, Appii Forum, the Three Taverns, and Rome.



Rome stands on the river Tiber, about teen miles distant from the sea, in a in now called Campagna. In ancient geography the country, in the midst of which Rome lay, was termed Latium, which, in the earliest times, comprised

within a space of about four geographical square miles the country lying between the Tiber and the Numicius, extending from the Alban Hills to the sea, having for its chief city Laurentum. Here, on the Palatine Hill, was the city of Rome founded; but it was extended, by degrees, so as to take in six other hills, at the foot of which ran deep valleys that, in early times, were in part overflowed with water, while the hill-sides were covered with trees. The site occupied by modern Rome is not precisely the same as that which was at any period covered by the ancient city: the change of locality being toward the north-west, the city has partially retired from the celebrated hills. About two-thirds of the area within the walls (traced by Aurelian) are now desolate, consisting of ruins, gardens, and fields, with some churches, convents, and other scattered habitations. Originally the city was a square mile in circumference. The ground on which the modern city is built covers about one thousand acres, or one mile and a half square; its walls form a circuit of fifteen miles, and embrace an area of three thousand acres. Three of the seven hills are covered with buildings, but are only thinly inhabited. The greatest part of the population is now comprised within the limits of the Campus Martius. The ancient city, however, was more than treble the size of the modern, for it had very extensive suburbs beyond the walls.

The connexion of the Romans with Palestine caused Jews to settle at Rome in considerable numbers. On one occasion, in the reign of Tiberius, when the Jews were banished from the city by the Emperor, for the misconduct of some members of their body, not fewer than four thousand enlisted in the Roman army, which was then stationed in Sardinia. From Philo also it appears that the Jews in Rome were allowed the free use of their national worship, and generally the observance of their ancestral customs. Then, as now, the Jews lived in a part of the city appropriated to themselves; where, with a zeal for which the nation had been some time distinguished, they applied themselves with success to proselytising. They appear, however, to have been a restless colony; for when, after their expulsion under Tiberius, numbers had returned to Rome, they were again expelled from the city by Claudius. It is probable that the Christians as well as the Jews, properly so called, were included in this expulsion.

THE NEGLECTED CLASS-MEETING.

BY THE REV. JOHN E. COULSON.

WILL you kindly consider this friendly and faithful remonstrance as in the sight of God? You value Methodism, and love its Ministers, and are willing to contribute to the support of both it and them. Your desire to be a member of the Wesleyan body is a gratification and encouragement to those that are "over you in the Lord;" and yet you seldom meet in class. The Methodist rule is to meet once a week, but you do not observe it. Can you give a sufficient reason for not doing so?

1. Class-meetings are prudential means of grace, greatly honoured of God ever since the commencement of Methodism. The most spiritually-minded and exemplary Christians greatly delight in them; those of other denominations frequently yearn after such opportunities for Christian communion; and no wonder, for it is one of the instincts of a regenerated nature to cry, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what He hath done for my soul."

2. When you have met in class regularly, has it not been greatly to the benefit of your soul? have you not been much refreshed and encouraged? On the other hand, has not the neglect of this duty brought condemnation and barrenness upon you, and been a stumbling-block in your way? Then why persist in the neglect any longer?

3. If you mean to be a Wesleyan Methodist, why not make up your mind to be a thorough, consistent, and earnest member of the body? Will it ever do you any good to take religion quietly, and after a dainty fashion; observing your own indulgence and convenience, rather than the claims of duty?

4. But you probably observe other

eld in great esteem neglecting
s, and conclude that you are
y their conduct. But is that
Nay, you know it is not. O,
ifle with conscience! Awake
indifference. Remember the
of those who had to cry,
ips are gone out," at the very
bridegroom came.
eaking in class is a cross, are
well to shrink from taking it
ght you not rather to pray in
strength to carry it, and to
l you get it? Perhaps you
end the obligation: you have
ke a fine speech, or to preach;
y to say a word or two about
ing religious experience. Are
hat pride and supineness have
o do with your reluctance to

you sufficiently aware of the
obligation to bear a personal
for Christ? If you mean to be
ıle, the Saviour expects you to
r testimony for Him, both in
h and in the world. This is
He refers to in saying, "If
will be My disciple, let him
self, and take up his cross, and
e." You surely do not mean
at you cannot carry it. Then
ı you have a better opportunity
your testimony than the class-
ffords?
hese means of grace are not
able, they are, to say the least,
to the word of God; for
Heb. iii. 13: "But exhort one
laily, while it is called To-day;
f you be hardened through the
ıess of sin." 1 Thess. v. 11:
ore comfort yourselves to-
nd edify one another, even as
lo." Mal. iii. 16, 17: "Then
t feared the Lord spake often
other: and the Lord hearkened,
l it, and a book of remembrance
ten before Him for them that
e Lord, and that thought upon
e."
ou are very poor, and cannot
contribute the weekly pence,
ot stay away on that account.
l religious comfort all the more.
the case to the leader privately,
and you will be as welcome as the richest.

9. Your absence from class is distressing and embarrassing to your leader and Ministers. Every week you stay away without sufficient cause, you give occasion for greater discouragement. Ought you not, therefore, resolutely and at once to break the snare, and resolve, in the strength of grace, never to be entangled with it again?

"BY LEAVE, SIR!"

"*By leave, Sir!*" That is soft, pleasant, winning, and none the less so because it is spoken by a tall, burly, hairy-faced railway-porter as he pushes a huge barrow before him, piled so high with luggage that he can only just discern you, indulging in a little peripatetic conversation with your friend immediately before the train starts. "*By leave, Sir!*" he calls again a little more loudly, and at last wakes you up out of your engrossing chit-chat, and saves you from an unpleasant collision or entanglement with his load, and secures for the train an earlier and punctual despatch.

"*Stand out of the way, Sir!*" is the gruff, hoarse, noisy clamour of an angry "cabby," (perhaps not a fair specimen of his class,) as he drives his ambling nag with a full fare, almost butting against you. "*Stand out of the way, Sir!*" he splutters again, rudely rousing you up from your reverie, when you discover the blunt, dog-faced driver growling and snapping at you for your presence on the crossing, as if roads had only been made for horses and cabs.

The effect of these two salutations is about as different and contrary as it well can be. The one with its gentle, respectful appeal makes you yield at once, and almost apologize for having rendered it necessary; the other rouses your ire, and almost makes you wish that you were a turnpike-gate to arrest him in his fury, and compel him to pay toll for his impudence and incivility. But as it is no use to contend with a surly "cabby," and run the risk of sprawling in the mud, you try to let patience rule, and meekly move on your way, remember-

ing that many times it is a greater victory to yield than to resist. It might not have been unwise to have inquired into the history and character of these two men. Originally, perhaps, they were two very different men, with mental constitutions as opposite as the poles themselves, and their life-education only brought out yet more manifestly the characteristic contrarieties of their natures. Or it may be that originally they were quite homogeneous in their tempers and dispositions; but the one was educated in the school of David, the benevolent, and the other in the school of Nabal, the churl; so that in the one case there was a happy and natural development into that which was amiable, and in the other a wretched metamorphosis into that which was repulsive. We will not, however, just now look *outwardly*, and talk about these men and their schools; but we will look *inwardly*, and talk about the "why and the wherefore" these two salutes wrought in you such very opposite moods of feeling.

The "why" may be a simple or a compound reason. It may involve one principle, or several. Let us examine. *Sympathy* is a wonderful power in your constitution. Unconsciously, imperceptibly, and constantly it is wielding over you a mighty influence. Your friends, companions, wife, everyone whom you have chosen for association with yourself, have some mental or moral kinship to you. Their thoughts have a like mould, their feelings a like complexion, their purposes a like end. In this affinity of character and action you have pleasure; in their contrariety you are offended. Hence it is that the rude, angry, half-choked utterances of "cabby" are a shock to your whole nature. You feel as if a hedgehog had been thrown into your lap, and you start up with a shuddering horror. Whereas the gentle, persuasive tones of the railway-porter harmonize with your own being, and you yield with as much delight as you would to a friend.

Another principle that has a vast influence over man's nature is *pride*. Sometimes veiled under the names of honour, self-respect, dignity, and many other pleasant-sounding appellations, it contrives to worm itself into most hearts, and lurks where it is least suspected. Many who would not stand up for a moment to defend pride when stripped of its veils and masks, and presented in its naked deformity, fight for it to the last drop of blood when disguised in the habiliments of an angel. It holds possession of the breast by dissembling, and rejoices when others do it homage; and is as surely offended when it is slighted or set at nought. There is pride of intellect, exultant when admired, but haughty when despised. There is pride of wealth, inflated when worshipped, but defiant when scorned. There is pride of power, benignant when flattered, but tyrannical when offended. And there is pride of rank, condescending when respected, but going away in a rage when offended. Perhaps it was this latter kind of pride that felt itself titillated and honoured by the submissive "*By leave, Sir!*" and terribly ruffled and fumed by the disrespectful "*Stand out of the way, Sir!*" The one gored you through with his uncourteous dismissal; the other pleased and soothed you by the odorous incense of his humble appeal.

Or it may be that the diverse results of the salutations of the "porter" and the "cabby" had their origin in the ignoring or recognition of the royal "I," the kingly "will-be-will." Most men have a just and legitimate respect for their own free agency, and resent all improper interference with its prerogative and authority. To be saddled and bridled, and driven off like a horse or an ass, even though the jockey is as great as an Alexander, is by no means a treat. Man has ceased to be man when he has submitted to any such ignominious usage. Rewards may be held out for the will's enticement; punishments may be shown for the will's avoidance; but the motives drawn from these are so far from either ignoring or coercing it, that they recognise its sovereign authority. "*Stand out of the way, Sir!*" smacks of compulsion and overbearing, the very last pill that the kingly will is disposed to swallow; whilst "*By leave, Sir!*" savours of an honourable obeisance, and

your sovereign man-

wisdom in recognising
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he Divine government.
the All-powerful, has
all His dealings with
te man's nature by
might do if He were
His own, would be to
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l be to make a hell of
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nd beauty. God may
this. Hence, when He
inner's house, He does
ce an entrance. If He
well that the house
rth inhabiting. No, it
" He knocks, implores,
s, but does not compel.
' the joy and blessing
estow when He shall
there, and the sinner
banquet of His love.
is it that He tells of
d famine, and death,
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trance without leave.
they may, and most
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, and America, as well

as some other powers that are at loggerheads with their subjects, might learn something here. But we have no wish to aspire to be the counsellors of such high dignities as these. We seek for the ear of much smaller rulers, and would whisper to them that in the government of *men* it is much better to say, "*By leave, Sir!*" than to thunder, "*Stand out of the way, Sir!*" Of course we are now speaking of lawful rulers. Concerning illegal governors we should speak in a very different strain. Without the right to rule they have no claim to obedience, and resistance becomes a virtue. But even when rightfully invested with authority, and with the power to punish or bless as need may require, still respect must be had, and honour must be paid, to those who are *under* as well as to those *in* authority. Human beings won't be knocked about like nine-pins, nor be spoken to like "dumb, driven cattle." Moral forces must be applied to moral creatures, or government will be a tyranny and a failure.

Most persons have to rule somewhere. The power you wield may not be very great; the authority you sway would not in the least move the ambition of a Cæsar or a Napoleon. The circle of your dominion is very circumscribed; but it is real, and within it are human beings endowed with will. You are the teacher of a class of children, or the conductor of a Sunday-school. No doubt you are in authority, and you have a right to look for obedience. Be absolute, and give no reason for your commands. Be dictatorial, and listen to no expostulations or inquiries. Thunder aloud, "*Stand out of the way, Sir!*" and you are most likely to find that your subjects, whether boys or men, will do no such thing. But reason, explain, entreat, gently say, "*By leave, Sir*, of your judgment, and conscience, and will, this must be done," and you gain a ready obedience. You are the overlooker in a factory, or the foreman of a foundry or a building firm. Take "cabby's" plan, and the men scowl and frown, and annoy, until business comes to a dead lock, and the establishment is closed. But tack about, and

appeal to their honour and integrity, and moral sense, and say, "*By leave, Sir!*" and you do honour to their manhood, and they do honour to you by their acquiescence and co-operation. It is the old thing. The difference between leading and driving is the great difference between "*By leave, Sir!*" and "*Stand out of the way, Sir!*" The former is the surest way to successful government, whether in the church or the world; and all rulers who wish for peace, and order, and obedience, must learn to say, "*By leave, Sir!*" while all who wish for rebellion and confusion must, like Neptune, strike with the trident of their authority, and bellow, "*Stand out of the way, Sir!*" and it is likely they will have storm enough.

"I AM TOO GREAT A SINNER TO BE SAVED."

Coming up from the east coast of our sea-girt isle, across the northern slopes of the Yorkshire hills, we pass through some beautiful but thinly-populated villages, of irregular size, the last of which is some two or three miles from the venerable old town of Malton.

In one of the larger and more prominent of these villages had resided a gentleman of the medical profession, who lived, I am sorry to say, far away "from righteousness," and died, "without hope;" a victim of horror and despair. "I am too great a sinner to be saved; if it were not so, I am *too ill* to seek salvation now," was his reply to an urgent request, by a clerical friend, to seek the Lord without delay. In twenty minutes after this dismal declaration he was numbered with the dead.

"*I am too great a sinner to be saved.*" This very affecting confession, rendered overwhelmingly impressive by the circumstances under which it was uttered, and the deep-toned language of despair in which it terminated, was heard with surprise; for he had been in the habit of speaking of sin as venial and excusable, and free from risk, present and future. This feeling of guilt and apprehension of danger must have been suddenly excited. It was as if our Lord's unquenchable fire and undying worm had just then met his imagination, and making it shrink and recoil, filled his mind with terrible agitation; or, as if conscience, previously fettered or asleep, had been roused to vehement and explosive operation; for the seeming silence of conscience is no proof of its want of power to harm us: it may only be under-working to a greater extent; it may only be kept the more closely pent up, to burst forth with a more complete destruction.

"*I am too great a sinner to be saved.*" Who can estimate the misery represented by these words? They must not, however, lead us to imagine that the subject of this sketch was *viciously* immoral; for, though he might occasionally diverge from the straight line of sobriety, he was not, in the vulgar sense, a drunkard. Sometimes jestingly, and sometimes seriously, he took "the name of the Lord" our "God in vain;" yet he was not a common swearer. Prevarication and extravagant hyperbole formed a feature of his style of talking, but he was not an habitual liar. He was too highly cultivated to descend so low in the gradations of vice. He was a clever, and in no mean sense of the word an educated, man; and, now and then, employed himself in writing acceptable and useful papers for some of the best and most popular medical periodicals of the day. He had the confidence of his patients, an extensive practice, and lived professionally a very useful life.

The range of his reading was wide and discursive, embracing history, sacred and secular, arts and sciences, polite literature, philosophy in most of its branches, and even the institutes of Christianity. Notwithstanding the vast amount of information he had gathered from these sources, he was sceptical, impious, irreligious. He was a diligent reader of the Holy Bible; but he read it irreverently, with an impure intention, "holding in unrighteousness" its hallowed truths. By profession he was a Churchman, and sat under the ministry of a plain, pious, affectionate, and faithful dispenser of the word of God; yet he resisted the truth; "was reprobate concerning the faith;" cynical, hypercritical, and, to a painful extent, a Socinianized trifler with the most vital principles of the great

m. He was fond of controversy, er of the art of sophistry, proud attainments; and when talking ly, as he often did to unlearned on the facts, incidents, and tes of the inspired narratives, it . a way which lessened the de- r of sin, and blunted the edge of nce. Like Solomon's "fool," he full of words," and the words of uth "destroyed his neighbour."

a serious question almost instinc- presents itself: Is conversion to ruth as it is in Jesus" *possible* se so evil and aggravated as this ? : it is. Those passages of Scrip- hich indicate the existence of a ' limit in probation, which, if d over," is irretraceable, imply dity of guilt that does not appear existed here; such as blasphemy ; God the Holy Ghost, accom- by a career of vice that "fills up asure" of iniquity, and issues in rful looking for of judgment, and r indignation." Though the sins medical practitioner were "as , and red as crimson,"—of a deep ry conspicuous hue, they might een forgiven. Salvation was as offered to him as to others. An , penitent, believing application i, through Christ, would have l the "blotting out" of "his made him a new creature, and l to him "all spiritual blessings rist." The Great Prophet, like loses, who has revealed the truth, so given us a test by which to in it. "Every one," said He, is of the truth heareth My voice;" , believeth My testimony, re- My word, not as the word of but, as it is in truth, the word of Through faith in Christ's blood, giveness of sins is received; also t of the Holy Ghost, by whose in- alone we can be rendered pure ly. Take an illustration. Think an who, having fallen overboard, ied away by the current. His life anger; he struggles, he sinks, he s. But at last a rope is thrown s him; he grasps it, and is thereby d from a watery grave. What a nation of causes! The friend who threw the rope, the rope itself, and the man's own eager grasp. Thus, the Saviour's merits, the influence of the Spirit, and the penitent's faith, are necessary to secure the salvation of the soul.

"*I am too ill to seek salvation now.*" Exhortations, invitations, and the impassioned entreaties of friends and relatives were utterly in vain. Sin had entered deep into his heart, and ploughed up and destroyed every ground of confidence and hope. His was as the condition of a man sinking beneath the waves, without a rock upon which to place his feet, and raise his head above the billows of destruction. Guilt, like a deluge, had overwhelmed him, and swept away "the refuge of lies" wherein he had trusted. "His foundation was in the dust; his hope like the spider's web; his expectation had failed and perished for ever."

"*I am too ill to seek salvation now.*" This was the language of alarm. Indeed, the death-struggle had commenced. The soul was quivering on the verge of a dark and dismal abyss. An unseen Hand had drawn back the curtain, and rent asunder the mysterious veil which hides futurity from man, and disclosed to him "the weight of woe" that was descending on his guilty spirit, if repentance did not intervene. And short as was the time between the utterance and the death, it might have been redeemed. For aught that we can tell, the twenty minutes allowed him as "space" for repentance might have been savingly occupied. His ruin was not necessary. The Almighty Maker of the universe had not decreed it. That He has a plan by which His operations are determined we do not deny; but that He has any plan against *any* man's salvation, or for *any* man's ruin, we utterly disbelieve. Such a conclusion is alike repugnant to our reason, our instincts, and our Bible.

In conclusion, I *must* ask my readers how it is with them? Is it well with you? Is your heart right with God? Perhaps these questions make you feel sad. Ah! then, by that very sadness I urge you not to stay as you are. It is not safe to live a day longer at a distance from God. How know ye but this may be your last day? It is not in *your* power

to dispose of times and seasons. Your breath is in the hands of God, and not in your own. Hear what Solomon saith: "Man knoweth not his time: as the fishes that are taken in an evil net, and as the birds that are caught in the snare; so are the sons of men snared in an evil time, when it falleth suddenly upon them." If, therefore, you have any real kindness for your souls, you will not run the hazard of an uncertain futurity. Then let all be done *to-day;* for to-morrow may be no time to you. "To-day, if you will hear His voice, harden not your hearts."

Scarborough. W. S.

Narratives.

THE LORD WILL PROVIDE.

A STORY OF LAST CENTURY.

Above a century ago, in a sequestered part of Scotland, a hard-working couple were struggling through life, and frequently found it difficult to gain a bare subsistence, and provide even necessaries for their young family. But though their lot was cast among the poor of this earth, they were honest. They lived in a thinly-peopled neighbourhood, remote from town or village, and, indeed, at a considerable distance from any habitation whatever.

The poor man could generally contrive to earn a scanty subsistence, barely sufficient to maintain his wife and four children. At times, indeed, his means of support were cut off; for though industrious when he could procure work, his employment at best was precarious. In that secluded district, where there were few resident gentry, his resources in this respect were limited and uncertain. And sometimes this worthy couple were reduced to great necessity for want of food, when they experienced unexpected interpositions of Providence, by which help was sent to them in the most unlooked-for manner. Thus God often reveals Himself to His chosen ones, and in the time of their need proves that He is "a very present help in trouble."

At some miles' distance from this cottage was the residence of a lady whose piety and active benevolence had gained her the love and esteem of all the neighbourhood. Lady Kilmarnock devoted her time and fortune in doing good, and was indeed a blessing to those around her.

These worthy cottagers had, of course, been frequent objects of her bounty, and through her aid they had often obtained most seasonable relief. But though Ann Young—for that was the former name of the cottager's wife, by which she was still known in the neighbourhood—had formerly been a servant in her family, yet such was her repugnance to appear burdensome to her benefactress, that it was seldom indeed that when in want her distress was made known by herself. It came to pass that those poor people were reduced to the greatest extremity of want: all their resources had failed. Their little store of provisions gradually diminished, till they were exhausted. Her children had received the last morsel she could furnish, yet she was not cast down; for Ann Young was indeed a Christian. She "knew in whom she had believed;" she had learned to trust in the loving-kindness of her God, when apparently cut off from human aid; and having found by experience that man's extremity is God's opportunity, therefore she did not despond. The day, however, passed over, and no prospect of succour appeared. Night came, and still no relief was vouchsafed to them. The children were crying for their supper; and, because there was none to give them, their mother undressed them and put them to bed, where they soon cried themselves to sleep.

Their father was much dejected, and likewise went to bed, leaving Ann in solitary possession of the room. And yet she felt not alone: many sweet hours had she spent in that little cottage, apart from the world, with her Bible and her God. Precious had these opportunities ever been to her, of pouring out her soul

spreading her sorrows, her
bre Him; and giving vent
now, alas! a *heavy* heart.
e began, that she might not
be disturbed, she made up
on the hearth. She trimmed
cruisy, (a small iron vessel
d as a lamp,) and hung it
ustomed place on the wall.
he clean oaken table near it,
aken the large family-Bible
the six or eight well-read,
volumes on the book-shelf,
upon it. She paused, how-
opening the sacred volume
a blessing on its contents,
following text involuntarily
her mind: "For every
ne forest is Mine, and the
a thousand hills."
, thought Ann, is not very
to *me;* and opening her
roceeded to look out for some
urite passages of Scripture.
very beast of the forest is
the cattle upon a thousand
uppermost in her thoughts.
own, and committed her case
er and Answerer of prayer,
ied to recall former experi-
bring to remembrance the
God, and those portions of
which used to come home
to her heart; but without
g that lively pleasure and
she had ever found in the
od: the text, "For every
, seemed fastened to her
nd, despite of every effort,
ot banish it from her mind.
ht Ann, it is God's own word;
ad the Psalm in which the
tained. It was, she thought,
Psalm; but many verses in
l to her more suited to her
han the one already quoted.
prayed; hoping that, while
her supplications before a
race, she might forget it, but
tter success. Still she endea-
encourage her drooping heart
belief, nay, God's blessed
of the efficacy of earnest, per-
rayer, and continued her occu-
arnately wrestling in prayer
g her Bible, until midnight.

Indeed, early dawn found her engaged at the same employment, as at length daylight appeared through the little casement, when a loud, impatient rap was heard at the door.

"Who's there?" said Ann.

A voice from without answered, "A friend."

"But who is 'a friend?'" replied she. "What are you?"

"I'm a drover; and quick, mistress, and open the door, and come out and help me. And if there's a man in the house, tell him also to come out with all speed, for one of my cattle has fallen down a precipice, and broken its leg, and it is lying at *your door*."

On opening the door, what was the first object that met the astonished gaze of Ann? A large drove of cattle, from the Highlands of Scotland. As far as the eye could reach on either direction, the road was black with the moving mass, which the man was driving on to a market in the south. And there lay the disabled beast, its leg broken—the poor drover standing by, looking ruefully over it—his faithful *colley* dog by his side, gazing up, as if in sympathy with his master, and as if he understood his dilemma, and knew also that his services could now be of no avail.

The worthy couple were concerned for the poor drover, and evinced every willingness to assist him in his misfortune, had it been in their power. He, in his turn, felt at a loss to know how he should dispose of the animal, and paused to consider what course he ought to pursue. But the more he thought over the catastrophe, the more his perplexity increased.

To drive on the maimed beast was obviously impossible. To sell it there seemed equally so. At a distance from a market, it would not be easy to find a purchaser; and, by remaining in that place long enough to do so, he must likewise detain the whole herd of cattle, which would incur more expense than the animal was worth.

What was to be done? The drover drew his Highland plaid tighter round him. He shifted and replaced his bonnet from one side of his head to the other, "I never," he at length exclaimed, "was

more completely brought to my wit's end in my life;" and then turning to Ann, he added, "'Deed, mistress, I must just make you a present of it; for in truth I don't know what else I can do with it; so kill it, and take care of it, for it is a principal beast. I'll answer for it a mart* like *that* has never come within your door." And, without waiting for thanks, he whistled on his dog and joined the herd, which was soon seen moving slowly on its weary journey.

The poor cottagers were lost in wonder at this unexpected deliverance from famine, by so signal an interposition of Providence. And after they had, in some measure, recovered from the surprise such an incident was calculated to excite, the father assembled his little family around him to unite in prayer, and render thanks to the "Giver of all good" for this new proof of His condescending kindness towards them. Thus their prayer was now turned into *praise*. He then proceeded to follow the advice of the drover, and found his gift, as he told them, to be "a principal beast." All was then rejoicing, preparation, and gladness, with the inmates of the cottage. They had *meat* sufficient to serve them for many months to come, and in their first joy they totally forgot that they had *no bread*. But He who commanded the ravens to bring to the prophet "bread and flesh in the morning, and bread and flesh in the evening," did not forget it. God does not work by halves. About six o'clock in the morning, another knock was hear door, which this time flew quic when who should present hin the "grieve," or bailiff, of L marnock, with a load on his b course, the astonishment of great, as she asked him what co him thus at that early hour. me," said he, "to enter, and t my shoulders of my burden, *conscience too*."

He then proceeded to relate h Kilmarnock sent for him the morning, to inquire "if anyth happened to Ann Young." T he replied, that he was not aw she had met with any calam that, when he last heard of her family, they were all well. " said her ladyship, "she must *want*; for these few days she h incessantly in my thoughts. get her out of my head; and I she is in distress. So take a sack to her,—a large one, too, and directly. You had better co yourself, that it may be safely d to her, and bring me word how for I know she would almost before she applied for relief fully intended," added the bai have brought it yesterday, a Kilmarnock desired; but bein than usually busy throughout th I could not find leisure to co determined that my first emp this morning would be to fetc you."

Thus were these pious cottage wonderful interference of Pro amply provided for. They had more abundant supply of food house than they had ever befc sessed. The merciful and bo care of that God whose "com fails not," had been made n towards them in a remarkable ma

* At that time the labourers in Scotland seldom ate butcher-meat during summer, but at the beginning of winter it was customary to kill a cow. Generally two families joined in the purchase of it, or two or three sheep, for the winter's provender, which was carefully salted for that purpose. This was called "the mart," an abbreviation for Martinmas, being the time of year when the purchase was made.

Life-Lessons.

GOD'S ORPHAN-HOUSE.

(*Concluded from page* 380, *Vol. IX.*)

We continue our extracts from the letters of orphans who have left the establishment, and have derived s as well as temporal blessings t the training received.

"Beloved and respected Sir,—I

nough to you for all the
ceived whilst under your
n the dear Orphan-House,
I spent there I can truly
appiest I ever spent in my
only were we cared for
at spiritually also; and I
el very thankful to the
was ever received there,
so soon brought me to a
Himself; and it is my
desire to know more of
ie more like Him; for He
) the chiefest among ten
the altogether lovely. I
through His all-sufficient
grace, be enabled to walk
n, and glorify Him in all
st thank you also for the
in which I am placed.
s very kind to me, and I
great satisfaction to her.
many difficulties; but I
all to the Lord, and He
) overcome them all; for
sed, in His precious Word,
time of need. It is my
r that the Lord will still
bless and prosper you in
blessed work unto which
you; and may you ever be
friend and protector; and
rd still give you more
wers to your many prayers
rsion of the dear orphans
main unconverted. Will
nember me very gratefully
Müller, Miss Groves, Mr.
Mr. H., also Miss D., and
ers? I remain, dear Sir,
gratefully and respect-
writer of this letter had
ed three years and four
) she was sent out to ser-

of the orphans, now in
d 18*s.* 8*d.*, with the follow-
Respected Sir,—Will you
cast a mite into the treasury
6*s.*, to be disposed of as you
My sister also sends 18*s.* 8*d.*,
of an orphan box. Daily
I can never be sufficiently
you for all the care and
ived from you while in the
se. The Lord's name be
praised, that I was so favoured as ever to be an inmate of it. I hope my sister, who still remains, may be obedient, and give satisfaction to all the dear teachers. Hoping that beloved Mrs. and Miss Müller, with Miss Groves, are well, with a prayer that you may long be spared to be a father to the fatherless, and that many others may have so much cause for thankfulness as I have, I am, dear Sir, your very grateful orphan."

"Much beloved and honoured Sir,—Another orphan, who has known the happiness of being an inmate of one of the dear Orphan-Houses committed to your care, would claim the privilege of writing to thank you for your kind care while I was there, and for all the comforts and enjoyments which I shared with all my companions. I would also express my heartfelt gratitude to you for the comfortable situation in which I have been placed, and for the very nice outfit I was provided with. Although now surrounded by mercies, dear Sir, my heart often, perhaps too often, looks back on that dearly-loved home. As you already know, it was while there that it pleased God to show me myself a wicked, guilty sinner, and to reveal Jesus to my soul as the sin-atoning Lamb. I hope that I may, with His own aid, show Him forth wherever I go; and that I may prove my gratitude to you, beloved Sir, by showing that the spiritual privileges I always had under your care have not been lost upon me. May I also be enabled to act upon the principles always and ever instilled into all who have been and are in the Orphan-Houses, and never bring any disgrace upon it. I pray that you may long be spared as the orphan's friend. —— joins me with respectful love to Mrs. Müller, Miss Groves, Miss Müller, Mr. L., Mr. W., and yourself, hoping that they are quite well. I remain, much beloved and honoured Sir, your truly grateful orphan."

The following letter was received from one of the orphans who had been about ten years and a half under Mr. Müller's care, and for several years a believer whilst with us: "Beloved and respected Sir,—

Believing you ever to be interested in those who were once under your care, I feel I ought to write a few lines, to show that, though it is now more than three years since I left the dear Orphan-House, I do not forget my best earthly friends. No, I assure you, dear Sir, my thoughts are every day occupied in the recollections of those happy days I spent there. I know I never valued those blessings and privileges, while I had them, as I ought to have done. Though I abound with privileges now, still I love Ashley-Down. I feel the Lord has been a Father to the fatherless to me. How He has cared and provided for me, and watched over me and shielded me from the world! I do rejoice and praise God for having raised you up, dear Sir, to be a father to the orphans, and to bear such a faithful witness of what faith in God can do for the body and soul. It was whilst under your care I could first call Jesus mine. He is mine still. He has saved me. I love Him for it; but not as I want to. I long and thirst for more of Christ. I trust I can say, Jesus is as precious as ever to me. He never changes. Accept my thanks, dear Sir, for past kindness, and may I ever prove grateful, and show it by future conduct."

During the past year there have been times and seasons when the faith of Mr. Müller and his co-workers has been put to the test severely, owing to the distress in Lancashire, when all hearts and hands were directed to the help of the starving operatives. We read from the narrative dated December 27th, 1862: "The total of the income this morning had been £6, while above a thousand persons now sit down to their meals, day by day, in the Orphan-Houses, besides the expenses of the Scriptural Knowledge Institution. My heart, however, remembered yet again Isaiah xxvi. 3, 4, and was comforted by it. No more came in, in the course of the day, until evening, when I found £1 from the Cape of Good Hope, 16*s.* from Greenock, £10 from Belfast, £10 from a Bristol donor, and £700 from a commercial gentleman." Such statements as these are numerous; and the year closes in May, 1863, when the accounts are audited, with a balance in for the support of the orph £7,962 0*s.* 0¾*d.*

The donors are at liberty to the book in which all donati registered daily. Many artic sent for sale for the benefit orphans, which are sold at a re in Park-street; articles, both n old, in plate, jewellery, dress, an and fancy pieces of handiwork. ture also has often been sent fitting up of the houses, and fi clothing in large and small quant great variety. The diet of the c is plain, but excellent and who the ventilation of the rooms is attended to; daily exercise is enfor the result is that very few death During the past year there ha but eight. We could mention instances which have come un own observation of the blessing ing the perusal of these na Drooping souls have been rais comforted, and calling upon faith, have had their difficulties i in a striking manner. Doubting have been brought to believe in th fulness of God to all His promi have risen to a higher state of C experience. Hearts that hav closed to the sorrows and neces others, have warmed towards the less; and closed purses have opened to supply their wants.

It is most interesting, as curious, to cast the eye ov list of contributions. We n follows:—

"A waiter at one of the in Manchester has sent me, greater part of the year, *5s.* every

"A Christian in business a chester dedicates a little orphans for every order he recei for every payment which is mad sends the amount when it ha collected for a while."

"A Christian baker gives one to the orphans for each sack which he uses; and a flour-deal penny for each sack of flour he u

"A widow gives one penny f pair of shoes she sells; and a bonnet one penny for each bonnet she m

as a thank-offering from a newly-
d pair."
men give their thousands, poor
ive their pence, and little children
eir mite. The man of faith and
gives God thanks for the least as
the greatest, and rejoices most in
gifts which spring from self-denying Christian principle; as did the Divine Master when He blessed that unconscious widow, whose fame has gone forth wherever the Gospel has been read.

Many hearts, we are sure, will join us in our warm wishes for a happy New Year to Mr. Müller and his dear object.

The Portfolio.

EMS IN OLD SETTINGS.

CURIOSITY CURBED.

er have I thought with myself
lisease I would be best contented
of. None please me. The stone,
lic, terrible as expected, intolerable
felt. The palsy is death before
The consumption a flattering
, cozening men into hope of long
the last gasp. Some sicknesses
others enrage men; some are too
and others too slow.
could as easily decline diseases as
d dislike them, I should be im-
. But away with these thoughts.
ark must not choose what arrow
be shot against it. What God
I must receive. May I not be so
s to know what weapon shall
me, as careful to provide the
of patience against it. Only thus
in general: commonly that sick-
eiseth on men which they least
t. He that expects to be drowned
a dropsy may be burnt with a
and she that fears to be swollen
tympany may be shrivelled with
umption.

THE BEST BED-MAKER.

er a good man is ill at ease, God
eth to "make all his bed in his
ss." (Psalm xli. 3.) Pillow, bolster,
feet, sides,—all his bed. Surely
od who made him knows so well
asure and temper as to make his
please him. Herein His art is
nt, not fitting the bed to the
, but the person to the bed;
g patience into him.
, O! how shall God make my bed, who have no bed of mine own to make? Thou fool! He can make thy not having a bed to be a bed unto thee. When Jacob slept on the ground, (Gen. xxviii. 12,) who would not have had his hard lodging, therewithal to have his heavenly dream? Yea, the poor woman in Jersey,* who, in the reign of Queen Mary, was delivered of a child as she was to be burnt at the stake, may be said to be brought to bed in the fire. Why not? If God's justice threatened to cast Jezebel into a bed of fire, (Rev. ii. 22,) why might not His mercy make the very flames a soft bed to that His patient martyr?

BLUSHING TO BE BLUSHED FOR.

A PERSON of great quality was pleased, says old Thomas Fuller, to lodge a night in my house. I durst not invite him to my family-prayer, and therefore for that time omitted it; thereby making a breach in a good custom, and giving Satan advantage to assault it. Yea, the loosening of such a link might have endangered the scattering of the chain.

Bold bashfulness, which durst offend God, whilst it did fear man. Especially considering, that though my guest was never so high, yet by the laws of hospitality I was above him whilst he was under my roof. Hereafter, whosoever cometh within the doors shall be requested to come within the discipline of my house: if accepting my homely diet, he will not refuse my home devotion; and sitting at my table, will be entreated to kneel down by it.

* Foxe's *Martyrs*, vol. iii.

BAD AT BEST.

LORD, how come wicked thoughts to perplex me in my prayers, when I desire and endeavour only to attend Thy service? Now I perceive the cause thereof: at other times I have willingly entertained them, and now they entertain themselves against my will. I acknowledge Thy justice, that what formerly I have invited, now I cannot expel. Give me hereafter always to bolt out such ill guests. The best way to be rid of such bad thoughts in my prayers is not to receive them out of my prayers.

Memorials of the Departed.

DIED in the village of Riccall, near Selby, February 7th, 1861, WATSON DAVISON. In youth he displayed a strong thirst for Divine knowledge, though surrounded by unfavourable circumstances. His diligent attendance at the Wesleyan chapel soon issued in deep conviction of, and "godly sorrow" for, sin; and in December, 1855, he was enabled to "believe with his heart unto righteousness." At once he evinced Christian zeal, and earnestly exhorted his old companions to "flee from the wrath to come." By uniform consistency, and great diligence in the use of the means of grace, he proved the genuineness of the great change. Soon after Watson's apprenticeship had expired, symptoms of pulmonary disease appeared, and it gradually undermined his constitution. On one occasion, when the saying of one of our old divines was repeated in his hearing, "The weakness of Satan lies in our faith," he exclaimed, "Please to repeat that sentence again. It is both striking and good. Lord, increase my faith!" On another occasion, when he had a special manifestation of the Divine presence, in a state of rapture, he took hold of the hand of a Christian friend who happened to be present, and exclaimed, "Help me to praise the Lord! Help me to shout His praise!" He then called his eldest brother to his dying bed, and raising his attenuated hand, he pathetically exclaimed, "William, take care of thy mother." Soon after he sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, in his twenty-third year.

THE illness of ROBERT WRIGHT, of Staindrop, was sudden and of short duration. He was seized on the evening of Saturday, the 2d of March, 1861, and breathed his last on the evening of the Saturday following. The nature of his illness caused great restlessness, difficulty of breathing, and uneasiness; so that, from the beginning of his distressing affliction to its close, he was unable to lie down in bed or sleep. On the morning of Tuesday he had a fit, which greatly alarmed his friends; and he, apprehensive of some danger, the next morning desired that his temporal affairs should be at once arranged; and this being accomplished, he never alluded afterwards to his business or the world. The pursuits and gains of an active and industrious life were left at the foot of the mount; while he, in thought, and feeling, and desire, ascended higher and higher, until he reached the regions of eternal repose. On Friday the nature of his affliction was such that he could not keep his thoughts collected for many minutes together; but when composed, he said the promises of God came to his mind, and gave him great comfort; and he often presented short prayers to God, which brought him relief. "I have been accustomed," he remarked, "to do this through life, in all my journeyings from place to place; and I have had happy times in communing with God." He said, "What should I have done if I had my religion to seek now? I could not have time or opportunity for it." In the evening of the same day he became more fully aware of his approaching end, and mentioned his last visit to the house of God, the close of the service, and the hymn he sang,—the 338th in Wesley's Hymn-Book,—beginning with,—

"Thou Lamb of God, Thou Prince of Peace,
For Thee my thirsty soul doth pine;"

and the last verse he dwelt upon with great pleasure, as most appropriate to his present state, saying,—

when on Zion thou shalt stand,
and all heaven's host adore their King,
all I be found at Thy right hand,
and free from pain Thy glories sing."

eclaration was that he rested solely
Saviour for acceptance with God.
was nothing of his own that he
trust to; and when that beautiful
was repeated to him,—

Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress:
Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head,"

id, "I have been thinking very
of that to-day." He entered most
tly into the prayers offered in his
, and was most thankful for all
al assistance. During the night
s greatly comforted, and repeated
ferent times verses of hymns and
ges of Scripture. When asked if
emy ever troubled him, he replied,
; I keep him under my feet. This
victory, even my faith. I have
en troubled with doubts and fears,
have endeavoured to live every day
every day to God. I hope I did
t off my religion with my Sunday
s." On the morning of his depar-
he rallied a little, and partook of
fast with his friends; but at noon
was an unfavourable change.
was evidently approaching with
strides; but its approach cheered
for he said, "I hope I shall be at
ather's home to-day." He watched
lock, and thought the time went
on. He said, "I have often
d that I might not be buried on a
y, and that I might not die on the
y; it would make so much trouble,
use work to be done on the Sab-
lay, and, perhaps, keep some from
e of worship; and now I trust I
have my wishes gratified." He
in the morning for a pen and ink
te down some thoughts respecting a
n he had once heard preached on the
t of death. The preacher said, for
n part, he should like sudden death
udden glory; but our friend said,
ave strongly desired that I might
a little time to collect my thoughts,
rrange my little affairs, and God
iven me my wish." He desired
that if any funeral sermon was preached for him, the creature should not be exalted, but the grace of God magnified. He selected for such a purpose those words, "Set thine house in order; for thou shalt die, and not live." He expressed a wish to see a kind friend who he feared had not given his heart to God, and said, "Perhaps, if I could speak to him in my dying circumstances, it would make a deeper impression upon him. Tell him I hope he will give himself up to God, and set his house in order." He sent a message to another friend, who had long been a member with him, saying, "Tell him I have a good hope; I am building upon Christ." He often thanked those about him for their kind attentions. About two in the afternoon his end seemed to be approaching. The hollow and laboured breathing of death set in, and for a time he appeared insensible; but when spoken to he rallied; and, feeling himself uneasy, he asked to be moved to his easy-chair. After his pillows had been adjusted, he said, "There, I think that will be the finish;" and, indeed, soon afterwards, the angel of death appeared to smite him, and it was thought he was departing; but shortly recollection returned, and, attempting to look upon his friends, he said, "I cannot see." A pause following, he repeated,—

"Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling."

He again became unconscious, but again rallying a little, he said to his wife, "O, I was just entering in. You must follow me. I hope I shall meet you in heaven. Good-day! Good-day! Amen. Amen." Another moment and he was, to all appearance, deprived of sensibility to pain and the presence of earthly friends. He occasionally smiled, and breathed his life away without a struggle or the quiver of a limb. Thus peacefully and happily he passed from earth to heaven, at half-past five on Saturday evening, March 9th, 1861, aged forty-six years; having been a most consistent member of the Wesleyan Society for eighteen years, during which time he was only twice absent from the weekly class-meeting.

Occasional Notes for Readers.

Directions to Penitents and Believers for Covenanting with God, in 32mo. and 12mo. form, published at the Book-Room, are the new editions of the well-known Covenant Service, so much in use at this season of the year. The slight alterations in the text, and the typographical improvements which have been introduced by the Editor, and sanctioned by the Sub-Committee to whom they were submitted by authority of the Conference, will, it is hoped, commend themselves to all.—The Rev. Thomas Jackson's *Sermon*, an exposition of Matt. xxviii. 18—20, preached at Leeds; and the Rev. William Naylor's *Sermon*, from Isaiah ii. 2—4, delivered at Bramley, have been published in connexion with the Jubilee of the Methodist Missions; and we warmly commend them to the notice of our readers.—*Ought we to Meet in Class?* a sermon founded on 1 Thess. v. 11, is a warm and energetic exhortation in favour of this precious means of grace. It has already reached a second edition. The alteration of a few phrases and sentences in subsequent editions would enable us more cordially to commend it than we can do at present.—Hodge's *Outlines of Theology* form an admirable syllabus of theological study, in the order of, and in accordance with, the "Assembly's Shorter Catechism."—The new work of the Rev. T. R. Birks, entitled, *The Ways of God; or, Thoughts on the Difficulties of Belief in Connexion with Providence and Redemption,* is a continuation of the line of thought opened and partly developed in the author's "Difficulties of Belief," published nearly eight years ago, and is marked by all the characteristics of the well-known writer.—The reputation of Dr. James Buchanan, Professor of Systematic Theology in the Free Church College, Edinburgh, will be much enhanced by his treatise on *Analogy, considered as a Guide to Truth, and applied as an Aid to Faith.*—The Rev. Dr. Hannah's Bampton Lecture, *The Relation between the Divine and Human Elements in Holy Scripture,* is just published.—The new work, *Truths for the Day of Life and the Hour of Death,* by the author of "Our Heavenly Home," and several other volumes which have had a very large circulation, published by Virtue, Brothers, and Co., is a very precious exhibition of rich spiritual experimental religion.—The conclusion of the *Biblical Dictionary,* edited by Dr. Smith, so long expected, has at length appeared in two volumes.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Brundrett, Mary,	Chorlton-cum-Hardy	Manchester, Oxford-rd.,	71	Oct. 5th, 1863
Chapman, Rachel,	Bilsdale,	Helmsley,	88	Nov. 2d, 1863
Dutton, John,	Booth-street,	Manchester, Oxford-rd.,	40	Aug. 6th, 186
Guilbert, Rebecca,	St. Peter-Port,	Guernsey,	60	Jan. 23d, 186
Kelley, Thomas,	Hulme,	Manchester, Oxford-rd.,	56	July 19th, 1
Le Page, Mary,	St. Peter-Port,	Guernsey,	62	March 24th,
Miles, Mrs. Harriet,	Ashford,	Ashford,	46	Nov. 9th, 1
Ollerenshaw, Mary,	Ducie-street,	Manchester, Oxford-rd.,	53	Sept. 2d, 1
Parker, Mr. Thomas,	Culverthorpe,	Grantham,	75	July 16th,
Sharp, James,	Greenheys,	Manchester, Oxford-rd.,	69	June 16th
Storr, Margaret,	Hulme,	Manchester, Oxford-rd.,	74	July 30th
Yates, Margaret Ann,	Cambridge-street,	Manchester, Oxford-rd.,	31	July 24th

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BUNYAN'S RESIDENCE AFTER HIS IMPRISONMENT.

In the autumn of the year 1651 a mysterious stranger embarked at Brighton, (then an obscure fishing-village, known as Brighthelmstone,) in a small vessel. The sailors employed to convey him across the channel were instructed that the fugitive was a bankrupt escaping from the bailiffs. Before they reached the French coast, Richard Carver, the mate of the vessel, an honest Quaker, discovered that they had princelier game on board than a ruined merchant. A thousand pounds reward was offered by the government for the apprehension of the runaway, whose *incognito* was penetrated by the keen glance of the Quaker-sailor. Unallured by the gold, the faithful "Friend" discovered not the secret to his ship-mates; but when they were in shoal-water off Fecamp, in Normandy, he jumped into the tide, and carrying his passenger on his shoulders, he landed Charles II. safely beyond the reach of his enemies, on the shores of France.

Twenty years afterwards the generous sailor appeared as a suppliant before the King, whose life he had thus contributed to save. He came at last to ask his first boon. It was not for himself, but for his co-religionists, who, under the penal laws of the times, were lying in prison by the score, and by the hundred. The King granted him the release of any six whom he might choose.

There were present with Carver, at this interview with Royalty, Whitehead and Moore, leading members, in those days, of the Society of Friends. Finding the monarch rather kindly in his disposition towards the sufferers, they followed up the advantage then gained in subsequent pleadings; and, whether by their influence, or from other causes, they had the happiness of seeing no fewer than four hundred and seventy-one Quakers, and twenty Baptists and Independents, released from prison by one deed of pardon. In this list was included a name which has become a household word, JOHN BUNYAN.

Other influences were also at work. Dr. John Owen, "the great Puritan," solicited the interest of the Bishop of the diocese, Dr. Barlow, of Lincoln, on behalf of the imprisoned Baptist. Barlow had been Owen's tutor in mathematics and philosophy in Oxford, and entertained a respect for his distinguished pupil which the vicissitudes of his history failed to destroy. The part taken by the Bishop towards the enlargement of Bunyan has been questioned, but perhaps on insufficient grounds.

The principal cause of Bunyan's release, however, was the celebrated *declaration of indulgence* of Charles II. This was a measure, good in its end, but bad in its means and motive. It consisted in the suspension, by the sole authority of the Crown, of all penal laws enacted against Protestant Dissenters and Popish recusants. In so far as it set aside Acts of Parliament without the concurrence of the Lords and Commons, it was unconstitutional; and in so far as its real design was to promote Popery, and not to benefit the Puritans, it was insincere and hypocritical. At this very time Charles II. was in league with Louis XIV. against the religion and liberties of the people who restored him to his throne. According to the stipulations of the secret treaty of Dover,—to the whole of which even the infamous Cabal ministry were not privy,—the French King engaged, by subsidising the English monarch, to render him independent of the troublesome control of Parliament; while, on the other hand, Charles promised to promote the interests of Roman Catholicism in his own dominions, and to further the ambitious designs of France on the continent. It was in the fulfilment of his part of this traitorous compact that he issued his unconstitutional proclamation, annulling the penal statutes in force against the Romanists. The better to veil his design for the re-establishment of Popery, the declaration was issued under the disguise of liberality, by including in it the suffering Protestant Nonconformists. It was by this celebrated instrument, ere the Parliament wrenched it from the King, that the doors of John Bunyan's prison were opened, and the dreamer delivered from his "den." How strange that a covert attempt to reinstate Popery in place and power in England should be the means of delivering from gaol the limner of "giant Pope," sitting at the mouth of his cave, grinning at the pilgrims, and biting his nails because he could not get at them!

It must not be supposed that Bunyan's liberation was effected without any effort of his own. To avail himself of the King's indulgence, certain steps had to be taken, and formalities observed. His petition to the throne was laid before the Privy Council on the 8th of May, 1672. On the 17th of the same month, the Sheriff of Bedfordshire certified that the prisoner was held in gaol for no other cause than that of Nonconformity; whereupon "John Bunyan" was inserted in the deed of pardon. Still, through government "circumlocution" and official "red-tapeism," some months elapsed before he was actually discharged.

During the latter years of his imprisonment he enjoyed comparative liberty. He regularly attended the Baptist-meetings in Bedford, and occasionally preached. It was actually while yet in gaol, in the eleventh year of his imprisonment, that he was "called" to the pastorate of the Baptist church at Bedford, by a vote of the meeting, according to the usages of the denomination. To complete this enumeration of anomalies, he received the King's license to preach while yet in prison for the "crime" of preaching! His license, according to an entry in the city records of Leicester,—whither he had gone to preach,—bears date May 15th, 1672. This was about half a year before his liberation.

Bunyan's first meeting-house at Bedford was a barn, purchased from Josias Roughed, brush-maker, for the sum of £50. The numbers that flocked to hear him were so considerable, that it became necessary to provide better accommodation on the old spot; and here he continued to administer the words of life until he was called to his eternal reward.

The house which he occupied after his release was a cottage of the humblest kind, situated opposite his meeting-house. Some years ago it was taken down; but the site of that lowly dwelling is often gazed on with interest by those lovers of the *Pilgrim's Progress*, who, through admiration of the great dreamer's genius, visit his former homes and haunts. It is wonderful with what a permanent interest exalted mental or moral excellence can invest the locality with which it has been connected! Who cares to find the site of an old bank, although millions of gold were once in its coffers? Who visits the abandoned exchange, although formerly it was the place "where merchants most did congregate?" Whatever attention, rank, and wealth may command during the lives of their possessors, posthumous homage is generally offered at the shrines of those who have been great in intellect or virtue. We can think of London without remembering the names of its Lord Mayors; and of Liverpool, without recollecting any of its merchant-princes; but who could name Stratford-upon-Avon without suggesting Shakspeare? or think of Epworth without thinking of Wesley? or visit Bedford without being reminded of John Bunyan?

Bunyan's popularity was not confined to his own neighbourhood, but extended far and wide. From his visitations of other Baptist churches,

he was nicknamed "Bishop Bunyan." He frequently preached in the metropolis; and, like Wesley half a century afterwards, could command a large congregation early in the morning. The scene of his London labours was Zoar Meeting, Southwark; a building which architecturally was rather in the style of Josias Roughed's barn at Bedford. There, with a fervid earnestness, in his own idiomatic English, with his own pictorial, and therefore attractive style, he preached the old Gospel with great power, and much success.

T. M'C.

ELIJAH THE PROPHET.

PART I.

THE CONDITION OF ISRAEL IN THE DAYS OF ELIJAH.

NOT a hundred years had passed away since the Hebrew nation was at the very summit of prosperity.

Plentiful harvests waved in the fields of the goodly land which the Lord had blessed. Fig-tree and pomegranate, vine and olive, yielded their fruit in abundant remuneration of the husbandman's toil. No marauder of Canaanite or Philistine foe came near to steal or to destroy; for, beneath the eye and the hand of the heavenly Watcher, Israel dwelt in safety. The newly-consecrated temple had crowned the heights of Zion; and, better than all the material beauty and ornament of costly cedar, and polished stones, and carvings of cunning workmanship, and precious vessels, and decorations of pure gold, "the glory of the Lord filled the house."

But very brief indeed was that bright day of Jewish history. The nation was soon rent asunder. Ten tribes, irritated by the senseless tyranny of the wise Solomon's weak son, had for ever thrown off allegiance to the house of David, and separated themselves from their more patient brethren. But, far worse than any social or political rupture, a period of sad religious apostasy had set in.

At this time the throne of Israel was filled by Ahab; but the government was really in the hands of his strong-willed and idolatrous wife Jezebel was ruler of the land; and the fiery zeal of this Sidonian woman for idolatry and Baal reminds you of the like fiery zeal of Queen Mary for superstition and Popery, three hundred years ago.

Under all the preceding reigns, from the days of "Jeroboam, the son of Nebat, who made Israel to sin," the departure of the people from the God of their fathers had proceeded with uninterrupted and swift progress. Of each successive King do you significantly read, "He did evil in the sight of the Lord." Of Omri, Ahab's father, it is said that he "wrought evil in the eyes of the Lord, and did worse than all that were before him." Ahab, we are told, went yet further in the way of transgression, and gave the royal patronage to Jezebel's corrupting idolatries; until now there seems to have been no very great difference between Israel and the nations around. It is at this period that the great prophet comes before us, whose chief characteristic is, that he was "very jealous for the Lord God of hosts;" and he comes to utter in the ear of the apostate Ahab a terrible message of impending judicial calamity.

Elijah's first appearance and message to Ahab.—Very abruptly does the Tishbite prophet first come into view. Of his parentage, or training, or occupation, we know nothing

e read how Moses was
nd disciplined, and how
l others were called to
duties of the prophet's
; when and how Elijah
great commission, and
'the word of the Lord,"
old. To us he is simply
Tishbite, of the inhabit-
lead." All at once he
e presence of Ahab, and,
tern words, threatens a
iod of drought upon the
sliding Israel. "As the
of Israel liveth, before
nd, there shall not be
n these years, but accord-
ord." More than three
way before the King and
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rain nor dew has fallen
's land; man and beast
midst the desolations of
al drought. At the end
d Ahab, brought almost
tremity, said to Obadiah,
e land, unto all fountains
d unto all brooks: per-
e may find grass to save
nd mules alive, that we
the beasts." The his-
"So they divided the
n them to pass through-
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l Obadiah went another
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either the King or his
gine what would happen
ney. As Obadiah pur-
eary way amidst those
ken fields, on which, for
three years, no showers
lo! the long-missing
ars: "Elijah met him."
that my lord Elijah?"
tonished Obadiah. "I
thy lord, Behold, Elijah
he brief reply. Obadiah
is afraid for himself,
r the prophet; afraid for
having delivered such a
message, Elijah should not introduce himself to Ahab; and afraid for Elijah, fully expecting that if the King could but see him, he would at once put him to death. Obadiah warns Elijah, for he very well knows the revenge which the King burns to take on the obnoxious prophet. Such a warning, however, has no terror at all for Elijah. "The word of the Lord" has said, "Go, show thyself unto Ahab." That mandate is all-imperative, and so he has but one reply: "As the Lord of hosts liveth, before whom I stand, I will surely show myself unto him to-day." And at once he hastens to fulfil his promise.

The second interview of the prophet and the King.—No sooner does Elijah meet the King, than Ahab frowns upon him in angry indignation, and with a bitter reproach asks, "Art thou he that troubleth Israel?" Ah! he knew not what heart it was that beat beneath the prophet's hairy mantle, or never would he have dared to utter such a taunt. Listen to the undaunted Tishbite, the man who, because he "stood before the Lord," felt he could very easily stand before the King. Promptly and most fearlessly he answers, "'I have not troubled Israel.' Ahab, seest thou these parched and withered fields, and olive-yards, and vine-yards? Seest thou the dry channels of these once abundant streams? Seest thou that burning sky, across which refreshing rain-clouds have not gathered for more than three years, Ahab? I have not withered these lands, nor dried up these waters, nor kept back the early and the latter rain, 'but thou, and thy father's house, in that ye have forsaken the commandments of the Lord, and thou hast followed Baalim.'" Well done, noble Elijah! "I will speak of Thy testimonies before Kings, and will not be ashamed."

Ahab quails before the intrepid prophet, and he has no answer for

the searching and stern reproof. Now that which particularly strikes us here is Elijah's power of rebuke. With what weight and authority does it fall upon the conscience of the King! And is it not just this commanding power of rebuke which Christ's servants, both Ministers and people, now so greatly need? There are things in politics, and in trade, and in conventional forms and customs of social life,—yes, and things in the church itself,—which should be met with the testimony of a faithful rebuke. Let it be intelligent and wise, that men cannot gainsay it, and withal let it be seasonable and loving; but O, let it be also strong, earnest, arousing. Especially are there some sins and errors which we should "rebuke sharply." Nor should the Minister of Christ hesitate to use the language of uncompromising and clear denunciation. When our Lord was dealing with the hypocrisy of the Pharisees, and the miserable casuistries of Jewish doctors, what were His words? "Fools and blind! how can ye escape the damnation of hell?" Nor was He then less "meek and lowly of heart" than when He washed the disciples' feet.

Reproof may wound; but "faithful are the wounds of a friend." Reproof may even lead to estrangement of affection, and alienate friend from friend. Did not St. Paul find it so? Else what does he mean when he says, "Am I become your enemy, because I tell you the truth?" Reproof may sometimes ruffle and disturb the smooth current of things, and the timid and gentle would dread to interfere, and would perplex themselves about "consequences." But our first and most sacred duty is fidelity to Christ and His truth. And let us never forget that the wrong doing or the wrong doctrine in reality loses much of its power of *mischief* when it is fairly exposed, and *well* rebuked. Besides, we know who has said, "Thou shalt in any wise rebuke thy neighbour, and not suffer sin upon him."

In the presence of that courageous and unflinching prophet, "strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might," Ahab is dumb and powerless. He feels that his royalty is no match for that immeasurably higher majesty of truth and goodness in which Elijah appears. And now that the messenger of the Lord of hosts demands of the trembling monarch, "Send, and gather to me all Israel unto Mount Carmel, and the prophets of Baal four hundred and fifty, and the prophets of the grove four hundred, which eat at Jezebel's table," Ahab issues the summons; and now he, and the false prophets, and all Israel, await, in anxious suspense, the reason and the results of the approaching assembly on Carmel.

(*To be continued.*)

THE ROBBERS NEAR LYONS.*

DURING the revolutionary troubles of the year 1848, a band of robbers had established themselves in the great manufacturing town of Lyons, in the south of France. They were rough fellows, with faces that looked fit only for the gallows, and hearts hard as the street-paving of the town. To judge from their appearance, they would think no more of taking away a man's life than of blowing out a rushlight. But nothing prospers in this world without some sort of government, and these robbers knew it; so they chose one of their number for a captain, and in this case it was the one most accomplished in all kinds of robbery and murder. And then they raised their hands to heaven, and swore that none of them

* From the Berlin *Neueste Nachrichten aus dem Reiche Gottes*, December, 1850.

leave or betray the band; y should, nevertheless, ath, the rest would pur- ill him. And now they to plunder and murder; people of the neighbour- besides their heads, had ods to lose, were full of lismay.

ime there was assembled nother band, which, like rs in the forest, sent out ngers in every direction, nted after all sorts of d where these messengers any a one has trembled. ey were not armed like with pistols, and such weapons, but out of s peeped large and small , when the messengers them, it was to many a if a two-edged sword ough his soul. For in as much written about d, who brings sinners tribunal; and about the us Christ, who so merci- pon Himself the sins of eartily repent, and seek from Him.

he Missionaries of this ved one day to go into the robbers; not, indeed, ht become one of them, e help of God, to put an unrighteous profession. a dangerous thing to do, begin to tremble when r the lawless fellows in yonder will handle the He might well think ; but God had given heart, so that he didn't self about it, further than nself that, at most, they destroy his body, but e to kill his soul. "If thought, "I shall go heaven, and there it is an in this poor world, n France. And would not my life be amply repaid, if, by the word of God, the soul of one of these robbers should be saved?" So he filled his wallet with Bibles, and stepped away bravely into the wood. Soon he was lost in the thicket; and, after a few miles, he came upon the outposts of the camp.

"Who goes there?" cried a rough voice, which seemed to pierce our Bible-distributer through bone and marrow. Soon several horrible-looking forms came out of the thicket, surrounded the adventurous intruder, and scrutinized him with curious looks. He had, meanwhile, recovered courage to meet their wild, scornful faces.

"What brings you here, fellow?" cried the robbers.

"I come," replied he, with a firm voice, "to bring you the word of God, and to warn you from the path of ruin, before the judgment of God breaks over you."

A wild, fiendish laugh interrupted the address. "Ha! ha! ha!" cried the comrades, "this is a capital fellow, and a good roast for our captain! There you can finish your sermon. It's just what he likes, and he'll reward you for it. Pack up your books: over yonder you'll do more business. March! On with you!"

With these words they thrust him forward, and brought him to their captain. At the sight of such a body of ruffians, playing with their muskets as if they were toy-guns, the stoutest heart might have quailed; but our man of God stood calm.

"What do you want, fellow?" asked the captain haughtily.

"I come to bring you the word of God," replied the Missionary firmly.

"Do you know who we are? Do you know us?" he asked again.

"Certainly I know you," was the answer. "You are the wickedest of the wicked, the most daring of sinners. You are the terror of the

neighbourhood; but the anger of God will burst over you, and destroy you before you think it. He is a righteous God, and will not leave the wicked unpunished."

As before, the fearless speaker was now interrupted by a burst of laughter. A flood of sneers and curses was poured on him; but he did not allow himself to be disturbed, and only raised his voice the louder.

"Repent!" he cried; "even for you there is mercy and forgiveness; even for you is the Saviour, the Son of God, come, if you repent, and be converted. Now is the time. His love has sent me here; the arms of His love are open to you."

The wild laughter was stilled; but, instead of it, a low murmur was heard. The wild eyes glared with rage; involuntarily they pointed their muskets at the daring Missionary. But a glance from the captain, and he would have paid for his boldness with his life. But the eye of God watched over him, and his courage was undisturbed.

"Do you know," shouted the captain, "that your life is in our hands?"

"Without God's permission you cannot touch a hair of my head," replied the Missionary, raising his warning and exhorting voice still louder, and distributing his Bibles right and left. By degrees the murmur was hushed. The robbers began even to show respect to the courageous man. Many a heart might have trembled at that moment; but the devil had bound their chains too firmly. They had taken that fearful oath never to leave the band. It could be broken only by death. Presently the captain exclaimed, "Take the man away, but do him no harm." He was obeyed; and, with oaths and curses, they led him out of the wood; and he, praising God in his heart, made the best of his way back to Lyons.

Now, many may think t distributer might have spare his troublesome journey, robbers will be robbers stil patience. The word of G returns empty, but will ac whatever He pleases. Bu ceed.

The captain had himself a New Testament, and, a one day strolling through t he took the book out of h and read it, to pass away Ho was astonished at wha there, and he read on and had never heard such thing His conscience was awake the life he had led appear and darker to his mind. H uneasy. Every day he from his comrades, and about the wood. To them duct appeared somewhat s and they began to whisp themselves. But he beca day more alive to the mis sins; the judgment of Go him fearful, and the love burned in his hard heart. no longer belong to the ba how could he leave it? f run away? Now we sh think it wrong, but ou would not break his oath, robbers. For a long time he thus with himself; but a assembled the band. They together, in the hope tha going to lead them out agai profitable expedition. But not a little astonished whe tain addressed them as foll

"Comrades!" he cried, I have been your leader; I I am so no more. This has shown me that we a way to ruin. A fearful o me to you; but my ree taken. I am in your hand wish to kill me, you can never again can I bring lead the cursed life of a rol

In mute astonishment the comrades listened to their leader. A murmur of rage ran through the company; but soon anger gave place to sympathy. After long consultation, they came to the determination of letting the captain go quietly away. Once more he raised his warning voice to his old companions, reminding them of the wrath of God, whose commandments they had broken, and of the great love of the Redeemer, if they repented, and urged them earnestly to quit with him their life of sin. Soon afterwards the band broke up. Many of its members followed their captain, and were converted; and the society which first sent their Missionary into the wood has received several of them into its office as companions of its labours.

CORNISH METHODIST WORTHIES.

No. I.

A SKILFUL PILOT.

(*Continued from page* 12.)

RICHARD TREWAVAS is a name that ought never to be forgotten. The person to whom it belonged was born in the parish of Paul. He resided, however, a long life-time in Mousehole. His parents were humble, honest, and industrious; and were considered to be harmless and inoffensive people. Noble parentage! They were worthy to be the parents of kings. It was a dull, dark day in November, 1750, when Richard was born; and, while he was yet a child, his father fell a victim to a malignant fever. At a very early age the boy was sent to school. He was, however, very soon removed; and was engaged with his stepfather in the fishery, and in smuggling. At a very early period in youth Richard Trewavas displayed a judgment more matured, and a magnanimity beyond what is generally found even in persons of riper years. But his moral condition was one in which he forgot God, and pursued the vain imaginations of his own heart. He preferred sin and sinful pleasures to the claims of religion. At or about seventeen years of age, he began to attend the services of the Methodists. In connexion therewith he received light on Divine things, and obtained information. Until this time he had no true conception of his own depravity. Now he saw himself a sinner before God. He continued to wander from the right way until the twentieth year of his life. Then conviction fastened on his mind; and, though he laboured hard to remove the impressions made, the conviction increased in its powerful hold of his heart. In November, 1770, he was at sea, with others, in a small boat, on a smuggling voyage. They were crossing the channel from France, and were overtaken by a storm. Death presented himself on his pale horse, and conscience appeared against Richard Trewavas, bringing to his remembrance his secret sins and broken vows. God seemed to laugh at his calamities, and to mock him in his fears. He then judged that no apostate spirit, no inhabitant of the regions of the lost, could be more miserable than he was. He felt that he would gladly have changed his state for that of the vilest reptile. He was preserved, brought safe to land; and he remembered his vows. He immediately relinquished the practice of smuggling, and he gave his heart to God. He chose the people of God for his companions, and very soon cast in his lot among them. In the course on which he now entered he was opposed by his mother and stepfather. They threatened and persecuted him; but all their efforts to induce him to change his purpose were in vain. They then drove him from his home, stealing

their hearts against humanity, and violating the ties of relationship.

Richard Trewavas, now about twenty years of age, being forsaken by his relatives, was taken up by the Lord. Friends came forward to rescue him, and to afford him the help he needed. He became a partner in the fishery with Benedict Carvosso; and these two were as Jonathan and David. They continued in mutual confidence and sincere attachment for more than fifty years; then one of them went up to the Father's house; and the other remained on earth awhile, thinking of that day,—

"The day of re-appearing, how it speeds!
He who is true and faithful speaks the word;
Then shall we ever be with those we love;
Then shall we be for ever with the Lord!"

Richard Trewavas joined the Methodist Society in the year 1771; and he continued a faithful member for more than half a century. He enjoyed the blessings of the Gospel, the forgiveness of sins, and the sanctification of his nature. The Comforter sealed his peace, and he rejoiced and triumphed in God. His "soul seemed plunged in a sea of light," while God condescended to dwell, by His Spirit, in his heart. His language was, "Thanks be to God, I have now comfort in affliction, and patience in tribulation. O wondrous grace! O boundless love! Praised be the God of my salvation! He hath delivered my soul from every painful anxiety of life, and gloomy idea of death. I now live in the daily and comfortable expectation of my happy release from this prison of clay; having no doubt, when the hour comes, but ministering spirits will surround me, until my disembodied spirit, with holy transport, passes triumphantly into paradise."

In the after part of his life Mr. Trewavas was brought into the society of men who were much above him in the sphere in which they moved. He was appointed pilot in the navy for the coast of Cornwall. This appointment was the consequence of an event that took place in 1780. In that year, in the dead of winter, off the Land's-End, the wind blowing strong from the eastward, he went on board His Majesty's ship "Yarmouth." She was commanded by Captain Lutwidge, then returning from the West Indies in a disabled state, leaky, and short-handed. The ship was in great danger. The captain and officers were afraid that they should be driven back out of the channel. In a few days, however, they arrived at Plymouth; and, as a reward for the skill shown on this occasion, Admiral Sir Hyde Parker appointed Richard Trewavas "one of His Majesty's pilots for the coast of Cornwall and islands of Scilly." This appointment being confirmed, he felt that the office was one of great responsibility, and he embraced every opportunity of qualifying himself to discharge his duties. The care and fidelity with which he attended to his calling were such, that he never, during a period of nearly forty years, received either an open or secret reproof from any of the commanders whom he served. He received very many testimonials from persons of great respectability in the navy, and "especially to his moral conduct, and general sobriety of character."

The office of pilot Mr. Trewavas held during one of the most eventful periods of British history. It was during the American war, and very many incidents of a stirring character occurred. He was in charge when the British fleet was pursued up the English Channel by the combined fleets of France and Spain. At that period the wickedness of seafaring men was notorious. A man-

s called a floating hell.
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Mr. Trewavas was greatly
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bold and daring in their
d conduct,—were on board
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hem, and to behold their
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ith whom he thus dealt.
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lance," the captain grew
swore, because it rained
ly-painted ship. The
, and then said, "Sir, the
wore cannot benefit the
ill only hurt yourself."
looked fiercely at him
nt; he then silently and
treated. In a few minutes
l, and said, "You are
, you are right." Some
this, Mr. Trewavas was
h, and, when walking on
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proaching, with two ad-
would have passed on;
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ok him by the hand, and
him to the admirals as
old pilot, Trewavas."
t requires courage in a
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reciseness, to endure the
he tongue, and to reprove
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akness and hypocrisy.
ourage finds its reward.
be shown without pro-
ood effect. It is not,
ways manifested in its
esults at once. Some-
is delay, and

'Days, and months,
pass'd slowly by;
I'd that such precious stores
thus should lie.
Cold midnight rain upon them fell,
And noontide's scorching ray;
But the seal'd impress, faint at first,
Grew deeper every day."

Mr. Trewavas was a man tall in stature, proportionable in size, and of great muscular power. He was dignified in his demeanour, and grave in his aspect. "He was one of nature's gentlemen." He had a superiority belonging to him, but it did not engender tyranny. He received, to some extent, the homage of society, and exercised a power over others. The welfare of his neighbours, and of his race, lay near his heart, and he lived to do them good. Men were often swayed by his counsels, and many persons were converted to God by his efforts. His generosity often went beyond his means. This disposition of his heart grew stronger as he grew older. He therefore sought aid, and became the almoner of others. The doctrinal views of Mr. Trewavas were gathered from the New Testament. He gloried in the "cross of Jesus." He possessed an observing mind, and had a large acquaintance with human nature. He was very sincerely and warmly attached to all the institutions of Methodism. He longed and prayed for the prosperity of the cause of his Redeemer. As the result of his religious character, Mr. Trewavas was introduced to the company of "the excellent of the earth," and in them his "soul delighted." He was acquainted with John Wesley; had seen the grace of God in that noble man, and greatly rejoiced therein. He enjoyed the friendship of, and corresponded with, such men as the Revs. Joseph Taylor, John Waterhouse, J. Burgess, and others. This enjoyment was afforded him during a period of nearly forty years. He was eminent as a class-leader, and was candid and dispassionate in advising those who met with him. Being fearful lest

any should deceive themselves, and substitute feelings for piety, he was pained when he observed persons, either in class-meetings or love-feasts, "carry," as he would say, "too much sail, and had the cable of their anchor too long; and indulge in expressions high-flown and over-wrought, whose exquisite charm should be simplicity."

That Richard Trewavas had imperfections all persons will believe; and none knew them better than himself. He was compassed about with infirmities, and he saw trouble. His son says that "credulity was his greatest fault." He was easily imposed upon, and often deceived. His prejudices were too strong; he often expressed his thoughts in exaggerated language. Yet he knew his own defects, and often deplored their existence: his only hope of salvation rested in Jesus Christ. Still the old pilot was a man remarkable for his sincerity of heart, and a sterling integrity in all his purposes. He was a good man by faith in Christ. God frequently greatly tried him. Some of his children, and the partner of his life, were taken away into eternity, while he yet stayed on earth. His loss was to him a source of inexpressible sorrow. Yet he sorrowed not as those who have no hope. He mourned on his own account, for he had to finish his journey alone. He rejoiced for those who had terminated their conflicts, and had entered into rest.

"Our beloved have departed,
While we tarry broken-hearted
In the dreary, empty house;
They have ended life's brief story,
They have reach'd the home of glory,
Over death victorious."

Precious thoughts were often expressed by Richard Trewavas. Some of them were worth preserving. He felt that "the fear of the Lord can never tarnish the honour of the most distinguished hero; that prayer can never disqualify an officer for those duties and services which he owes to his country and his King; that it is piety, and its sure hope of immortality, that brave the ravages of time, and live when time itself shall be no more." He rejoiced in the thought that "not a single wave of trouble will ever be permitted to lave the peaceful shores of paradise."

When about sixty years old he wrote, "It is now in the sixtieth year since I first entered on the voyage of life, and launched out on the waves of tumult. My first course, under a press of sail, was directly before the wind; nor did I vary a single point, or shift, tack, or sheet for twenty years. But exactly at the end of that term I was favoured with a sight of the sun, and consequently had a true observation; corrected my dead reckoning, and found, by calculation, that I was running into danger, being completely embayed on an enemy's coast, and a leeward shore. My situation became still the more perilous, on account of a rapid current, which, in these low latitudes, is constantly and invariably setting to leeward. I then immediately, and without hesitation, hauled up my vessel close to the wind. But a new scene quickly turned up; for I had very soon to encounter strong gales, accompanied with a tremendous sea; which much disabled me in my masts, sails, and rigging; my upper works also became very leaky, which required constant labour and toil at the pumps; so that there remained no alternative but pump or sink. It is now forty years since I braced sharp up, beating to windward, and toiling hard to make the blest shore. My weathering all the rocks and shoals has often been exceedingly doubtful. Here I am still, like an old weather-beaten bark, tossed up and down on the boisterous

of time, and buffeted by the
aves of temptation and sorrow;
he roaring billows of adversity
rise high, and break with
e on my weather-bow. This
g, however, being aloft, I was
ed with a distant view of the
which appeared to be pleasant
eautiful; and what rendered
ospect still more delightful,
appearance on my lee-bow.
pe soon to give her a point of
set, slack my bow-lines, and
in on my weather-braces.
yage, indeed, has been long
lious; but, when I reach the
r, it will be doubly sweet and
le; for then all my sorrows
at an end, and the delights of
e will open to my view. Yes,
I shall at last, like a gallant
tely vessel under full sail,
wafted by the gentle breezes
asant gales of redeeming love,
with joy and triumph the
l harbour, where thousands
e landed before will crowd the
quay to hail me welcome. If
irst landed, I have no doubt
hall be looking out hard for
ival of my respected and dear
"

e out on the ocean sailing,
eward bound we sweetly glide;
e out on the ocean sailing
home beyond the tide.
ll the storms will soon be over,
en we'll anchor in the harbour;
e out on the ocean sailing
home beyond the tide."

years rolled away, and then
d old pilot wrote, "Since I
en overtaken by my seven-
ar, the infirmities of advanced
re rapidly increased: indeed,
ges of time, and the decays
re, must prevail, and bear
e poor earthen vessel to its
re dust; but the will of the
e done. All is well. I an-
the pleasure of very soon
g the unknown regions of a
blissful immortality, where fresh discoveries may be made for the increase of our wonder and astonishment to all eternity."

Some time before his death, the health of this worthy man began to decline. The decay was gradual, yet visible. He continued to visit the sick and poor, and took an especial interest in Missionary work. Towards the latter end of 1822 his last sickness came on; he met it with that heroic spirit that true Christianity alone can inspire. He had a word of advice, encouragement, or comfort for all that visited him. Never was he more intent upon the conversion of souls, and the prosperity of Christ's cause, than when drawing near to die. He leant upon God's word, and exclaimed, "O, Chief of Israel, Thou hast raised me from the dust to sit among princes!" "I am now lying to, off and on, across the harbour, waiting for the fire of the gun, and the hoisting of the signal, when I have no doubt but I shall enter in triumph." A few days before he left earth he said, "I must praise the Lord in the midst of my sufferings. My very best title is, '*A sinner saved by grace.*' You may desire Mr. Waterhouse to say to the people that another poor old fisherman is got safe to his moorings; or that another old weather-beaten bark is got safe into port."

To his friends he said, "Support the Gospel. Give your heart to the Lord, and your hand to His people. Let the Methodists be your people, and their God your God. During the whole of my Christian course I took care to support the Gospel; and now, in my old age and affliction, the Gospel supports me. I have served the Lord in youth, in manhood, and in old age; and now His name is dearer to me than ever it was in my life. O, my great atoning Sacrifice!" "There is not," he said, "an individual upon the face of the

earth to whom my good-will does not extend. I am in Thy gracious hands, O God! O blessed God! Come, O my blessed Jesus!"

Thus the old pilot, one of the Cornish Wesleyan worthies, fell asleep, and sank to rest, just as the wave dies gently on the shore. He is blessed, and his works have followed him.

"No proud sepulchral stones arise, no shrine or obelisk tall,
To mark the spot where, battling, these godlike heroes fall;
They perish in the throng of life, unhonour'd and unknown;
No sorrowing nations echo back these warriors' dying moan:
But, nobler far than epitaph, or sculptor's labour'd art,
Their *deeds* remain their monument, these heroes of the heart."

South-View. N. J.

GOD'S WAYS NOT AS MAN'S WAYS.

THE REMARKABLE CONVERSION OF A JEWISH PHYSICIAN.

THE following narrative, related by one of the Missionaries of the Society for Promoting Christianity among the Jews in Germany, is full of interest:—

The Rev. Mr. A——, a faithful friend of the Jewish cause, had for a long time made it his special business to direct Dr. B——, a clever and much-esteemed physician, to the Lord Jesus Christ. Being his physician, he tried to draw him into conversation, on all occasions, on every subject he could think of which might lead to the object he had in view. But all his trouble seemed to be in vain: the doctor had either no time to read the New Testament, or no inclination. The doctor suffered the reverend gentleman to quote or read to him long passages of Scripture, or whole chapters, and was delighted with the words and sayings of Christ; but, the moment it was hinted that he ought to believe in that Jesus as the promised Messiah, the doctor would take his hat and walk off.

On one occasion, when the Clergyman had talked much and long, till late at night, with the doctor about the New Testament, and had proved that the prophecies and promises of the Old Testament had been fulfilled in Jesus of Nazareth, the doctor said,—

"Yes; these arguments have a certain semblance of truth, and might almost convince one."

The Rev. Mr. A—— took hold of his hand, and said in reply, "Well, then, my dear doctor, why will you not risk the step? Why will you not come to Him whose name is Jesus?" Upon which the doctor jumped up in a rage, took his hat, and hastened away; but, before leaving the room, he turned round, and said that, if the Clergyman had no other intention than to make proselytes, then he had better try elsewhere, for he would not succeed with him.

From that time every chance of a religious conversation was gone. The Rev. Mr. A—— tried to introduce the subject, but in vain. The doctor avoided him in every possible way, and was always short and curt when they met. But the Clergyman sighed and cried to the Lord; and so did a little knot of Christians, who had hoped to have the pleasure of calling the doctor their brother in Christ. They could now do nothing but pray for him, which was faithfully done. For a time things grew worse rather than better; for the doctor spoke of Christians and Christianity with bitterness, and kept very much aloof, as far as his profession would admit of it.

Such was the state of the case when Dr. S—— preached there for our association; and he, as we all are wont to do, exhorted the congregation to be Missionaries to the Jews in their intercourse with them. Amongst other hearers there was a

woman who loved the Lord Christ with all her heart. She ip her mind from thenceforward k to Jews, when she came in with them, unreservedly about

But the Lord had otherwise l. She was taken ill; and the aid upon her a long and heavy Dr. B—— was her physician; ith him she spoke often and f Him in whom her soul de-. She spoke with such emotion imation, with such power and h of feeling, that the doctor ry much attracted by it, and ed in listening to her words. en as his time would permit, ctor was with the old woman. wondered why he called so and paid her such long visits. en spoke of the old woman, of erfect resignation, and the e with which she bore long-ted and excruciating pain t a sigh or a murmur, or ever ing any complaint. Her mouth led with praise and thanks-for God's grace and mercy in ng her sins, and washing her n the blood of the Lamb. At e old woman fell asleep in she was buried, and soon for-by many. But there was one uld not forget her, and that er Jewish physician. From y of her death he was serious naive, and much locked up in n room. It was observed that ed troubled, and, when asked son, gave some evasive answers t went on for some time with ctor, no one knowing that a had taken place in him.

morning he entered the f the Rev. Mr. A——, his face ming as he spoke, and wearing pression of joy and rejoicing. ill you baptize me, my dear ?" he asked. "Now I am sure is He, and we need not wait ther."

Minister was almost stunned; he had expected anything rather than such words, and was not able to answer a syllable. Silently he gave the doctor his hand, whilst tears rolled down his cheeks. At last he recovered from his emotion, and asked how the change had come to pass.

"You remember," said Dr. B——, "the old woman, M——: you saw her the day before she died, and administered the sacrament to her; you left the room when I entered. When I approached her bed, and asked her how she did, saying, 'Well, mother M——, how do you feel to-day?' she replied, 'O, delightful; for my Lord is coming to fetch me home: now all, all is well. Thank God that I have a Saviour whose blood cleanses me from all sin. Where forgiveness of sin is, there is life and salvation.' Then she turned to me, and said, 'O, my dear doctor, I have prayed to my dear Lord so much, that He might send you once more to me before I went home; and, behold, you are come. I wish to thank you heartily for all that you have done for me. Yes, you have done more for me than many Christians; and I only wish to tell you that I have prayed much for you, and shall not cease to implore Him till you have found peace in Him, and forgiveness of sins. Without Him there is no peace in life, and no peace in dying. O that He might be *your* Saviour! Do pray that He may become your Saviour, and have mercy and compassion on you. And now I have one more request to make: will you grant it? It is the request of a dying woman. I know that my end is fast approaching: pray promise me, and give me your hand, that you will do it.' I gave her my hand, which she held in hers; then she said, 'Do you see, there lies my Bible? That is my legacy to you: it is better than gold, and more precious than much fine gold, says the Psalmist. Pray take it, dear doctor, and read in it

by day and by night, and do not cease to search until you have found the Saviour; and pray to Him that He might make His word clear to you. Dear Lord Jesus, dear Lord Jesus, bless the doctor for all he has done for me! Take the veil of Moses from his heart, and save him from darkness, and give him Thy Holy Spirit.' Then she prayed again, and was full of gladness, as if she were going to a feast of joy. Never have I seen a human being die thus. Her last word was praise and rejoicing and a song: then she called, 'Dear Lord Jesus!' then another deep breathing, and all was quiet and serene. From that moment I have had no other wish than that I might die like her. That was a death, a victory indeed. I now took my Bible, and walked home through lanes and alleys, that no one might see me; and, having prayed and wrestled long, it seemed as if scales had fallen from my eyes. I read and read again, and am reading to this day. I related all to my wife; and she has read the New Testament with me; and we are both sure that Jesus of Nazareth is the Messiah, the Lord's Christ; and we wish to confess His name together before all people, and, after proper instruction, to be baptized."

And, having received the necessary instruction, he, and his wife, and three children were publicly baptized. The physician became altogether a new man; as he often said, he knew now the purpose for which he was born.

That he had to suffer severe persecution from the Jews need scarcely be mentioned. They tried all in their power to harass and persecute him, and left nothing untried to annoy him. To live quietly and peaceably as a Christian, there was nothing left for him but to leave the town which had become so dear to him. He lives now in ——, and is one of the first and most-sought physicians in the town and country. He is in constant correspondence with his friend the Minister; and his letters breathe humility and gratitude to his Saviour, whom he desires to serve, and for whom he desires to live. He entreats his friend to pray for him, that he may hold fast to the end, and receive the crown of life.

DAMASCUS.

This cut represents the well-known escape of St. Paul from the fury of the Jews in Damascus, as related in Acts ix.; 2 Cor. xi. 32, 33. This city is famous as the scene of his first preaching, Gal. i. 17.

This important place, called by the natives Es-Sham, is the chief or capital city of Syria. It lies in a plain at the eastern foot of Anti-Libanus. The plain is about four hundred stadia from the Mediterranean, and from six to eight days' journey from Jerusalem.

Damascus—by some held to be the most ancient city in the world—is called by the Orientals "a pearl surrounded by emeralds." Nothing can be more beautiful than its position, whether approached from the side of Mount Lebanon, from the desert to the east, or by the high-road from the north from Aleppo and Hamah. For many miles the city is girdled by fertile fields, or gardens, as they are called, which, being watered by rivers and sparkling streams, give to the vegetation, consisting principally of olive-trees, a remarkable freshness and beauty. The plain of Damascus owes its fertility and loveliness to the river Barrada, which is supposed to be either the Abana or Pharpar of 2 Kings v.

The interior of the city, however, does not correspond with the exquisite beauty of its environs. In the Armenian quarter the houses are built with mud, and pierced towards the street by a very few small, grated windows, with red-painted shutters. They are low, and the flat-arched doors resemble those of stables. A filthy dunghill and a pool of stinking water are almost invariably before the doors. In some of these

ellings, belonging to the principal menian merchants, there is great ernal richness and elegance. There is a fine wide street, formed by the palaces of the agas of Damascus, who are the nobility of the land. The fronts of

these palaces, however, towards the street, are like long prison or hospital walls,—mere grey mud-walls,—with few or no windows, whilst at intervals is a great gate opening on a court. But the interior is magnificent, the saloons being ornamented in the costliest style of Eastern art. The bazaars are very striking. The great bazaar is about half a league long. They are long streets, covered in with high wood-work, and lined with shops, stalls, magazines, and cafés. The shops, as in other Eastern towns, are narrow, and go only a short way back. The magazines are stored with merchandise of all sorts, and particularly with Indian manufactures, which are brought in great profusion by the caravans from Bagdad. In the midst of the bazaars stands the finest khan in the East,—that of Hassan Pasha, built about fifty years since. It is an immense cupola, whose bold springing arch recalls that of St. Peter at Rome; it is, in like manner, borne on granite pillars. Not far distant is the principal mosque, formerly a church consecrated to St. John, whose skull and sepulchre, found in this holy place, give it such a sanctity, that it is death for even a Mohammedan to enter the room where the relics are kept.

Situated at the edge of the desert, at the mouth of the plains of Coele-Syria, and the valleys of Galilee, of Idumæa, and of the coasts of the Sea of Syria, Damascus was needed as a resting-place for the caravans to India. It is essentially a commercial town. Two hundred merchants are permanently settled in it. Foreign trade is carried on by the Great Mecca caravan, the Bagdad caravan, the Aleppo, and by several small ones to Beyrout, (its sea-port,) Tripoli, Acre, &c. Lamartine makes its population to be some three hundred thousand, of whom thirty thousand are Christians. Another estimate gives only from one hundred and twenty thousand to one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, comprising twelve thousand Christians, and as many Jews; and our own information leads us to suspect that even this estimate is too high.

Political changes and social influences have lessened and mitigated the proverbial bigotry of the Damascen The lower classes, indeed, are fanatical, but a better feeling on relig prevails in the higher.

Mr. Addison was conducted to the where, according to tradition among Christians, Saul saw the light f heaven. Winding round the walls the outskirts of the city, he and companions came to a point where t were broken at the top, at which I is said to have been let down i basket, to escape the indignation of Jews, when (Acts ix. 25) "the disci took him by night, and let him down the wall in a basket." From hen passing on through some pretty lan they came to an open green spot, s rounded by trees, over the tops of wh were seen the distant summits of Mo Hermon. At this place they were formed Saul had arrived when, (Acts 3,) "as he journeyed, he came n Damascus; and suddenly there shi round about him a light from h ven." These localities are pointed with the greatest confidence by Damascene Christians of all sects, are held in great veneration; nor i difficult to suppose that the true s have been handed down by tradit among the followers of the cross. "' street which is called Straight," (A ix. 11,) is still found in Damascus, at any rate, a street bearing that na Addison says it is "a mile in lengt and "so called because it leads dir from the gate to the castle, or palace, of Pasha." The house of Judas, also, to wh Ananias went, is still pointed out, as w as that of Ananias himself. How mu credulity may have had to do in fixi on, and perpetuating, the recollection these localities, it is probably easier suspect than to ascertain.

HYMN TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.

BY THE REV. W. M. BUNTING.

BLEST Spirit! from the Eternal Sire
And Son proceeding; promised; sen
'Tis Thine the first good thought t' i
spire,
By Thee the obdurate repent,
The penitent by Thee believe,
The saints Thy holiness receive.

y the saints adore,
ices of mercy bless,
in utmost need implore,
l-sufficiency confess;
Thee, wretched, poor, and
l;
wisdom, joy, in Thee they find.

forms of truth I gave
omage due, great Lord, to
;
n'd the cross could, spell-like,

yet Thou dwelledst not in me;
ny folly, but forgive,
e me understand, and live.

'st the word, and must apply;
now'st the Son, and must make
n;
e died, and rose on high,
toops, beseeching, from His
e,
this alien heart prepare,
for Christ an entrance there.

I always know Thee near,
neans and ministries of grace;
tep in my closet hear,
ger on my Bible trace!
! here find—here grant Thy

mate of my peaceful breast!

one instruct, rejoice;
ls are Thine—teach, comfort

oon recognise Thy voice
y evangelic call;
Thy halcyon-rest within,
he storms of dread and sin.

hing the deep things of God,
nessing His mind to us,
peace dwells, or truth hath

Thy own true Person thus!
all majesty Divine,
blest Spirit, shall be Thine.

LAST SICKNESS AND DEATH OF THE REV. WILLIAM CROOK.

paper in the last year's *Miscellany* we had no space left to give the closing hours of the late Senior Minister of Irish Methodism. We now supply that deficiency, for which we are indebted to the volume so well edited by his son.*

At the Cork Conference of 1861, the last that Mr. Crook was privileged to attend, he was greatly changed in appearance, though his spirit was so juvenile and buoyant, that no one thought that his honourable career was so near its close.

From the Conference, till about Christmas, he seemed as well as usual, though now and then he complained of some new and strange symptoms; amongst others, of a smothering sensation, which involved a difficulty in walking. He spent some weeks with his son, the Rev. W. Crook, on the Drogheda Circuit, and though somewhat poorly, seemed greatly to enjoy himself. About Christmas he had a change for the worse; but the skill of his valued friend, Professor Power, again succeeded, and in February he came to Drogheda once more, and preached, with his usual acceptance, the education sermons at Dundalk, on Sabbath, the 2d of February. This was the close of his ministry amongst a beloved people, with whom he was stationed three times in the days of his manly strength.

Later in the same month he preached in Kingstown, morning and evening, for the Rev. James B. Gillman, and then bade farewell to his beloved work for ever. Mr. Gillman has kindly favoured his son with a letter relative to this the last Sabbath of his public life, an extract from which the reader will peruse with interest:—

"He preached in the morning from Titus ii. 14, and administered the sacrament after the service. He spent the afternoon with Mr. Knight, and showed no sign of illness until he was in the pulpit in the evening, when, after a

* *Memorials of the Rev. William Crook*, late Senior Minister of the Irish Methodist Conference. Edited by his Eldest Son. London: Sold by John Mason.

very short service, he came into my residence, and appeared extremely ill. His death-like appearance alarmed me, forming so striking a contrast to his hale and cheerful aspect in the morning, when he announced himself in his usual terms, 'as well as ever,' or 'remarkably well.' He lay for some time on the sofa, making as little as possible of his illness, and after a couple of hours would walk to Mr. Knight's, where he was to sleep, determinately refusing to have a conveyance. I had not the opportunity of seeing him either in the chapel, or after his leaving this, as I was laid up with a sore throat, which was the occasion of his visit to supply my lack of service, and which he frequently expressed most kindly his readiness to do whenever necessary."

From this period Professor Power enjoined strict silence in public, and the avoidance of all excitement. Still, when he felt at all better, he was unwilling to remain silent; and one evening at a tea-meeting, at the Centenary Chapel, delivered a speech which was worthy of his best days. From about this period he declined rapidly, and I think, says his son, first got the impression that his work was done. I remember, he adds, one day, in the last week of March, on going into his study, I found him reclining. He was surrounded, as usual, with books, but, strange to say, reading none. I asked him how he was, and he said, in a faint, languid tone of voice, "Very poorly." I was startled with the change in his appearance, and drew him into a full conversation as to his health. Amongst other things, he said, "I have sometimes thought of late that my constitution is breaking up, and that I shall not be very long with you;" and his eyes filled up, as he looked at me, with unalterable fatherly affection and tenderness. I apprehended no immediate danger, and endeavoured to cheer him. He expressed his complete resignation to the will of God, but said, if in harmony with that will, he would like to remain with us a few years more, and witness the coming triumphs of the kingdom of Christ. Presently he seemed to forget his sufferings, and asked me for his old friend the Rev. Thomas Jackson's reply to the Bishop of Killaloe, which I had promised to bring him. In a few minutes he became quite absorbed in it; and such was the power of the ruling passion, even in the midst of weakness, that he soon seemed as young and buoyant as ever. When returning it to me some days after, he said, with great animation, "Long *life* to my old friend Thomas Jackson! *I* think that he has settled nobly with the Bishop." At this period, judging from his spirit and buoyancy, I should have thought him likely to live twenty years. He was able to attend the April Missionary Meeting in the Centenary Chapel. About the middle of April he experienced a serious change for the worse.

On Friday, 25th, he lay in bed a good part of the day, but towards evening got up, and sat conversing till after eleven o'clock. He never was more cheerful, or in a more happy and delightful frame of mind. His friends were not at all alarmed concerning him, and thought him likely to get over this attack in a few days. Still they were solemnly impressed with the way in which he spoke of his venerable mother, of his wife, and child, with many dear and sainted friends. It seemed as if that family home had a life-like aspect to him which had not been observed before.

On the following morning his son Robert left for London. He was so well then, that he actually spoke of going to Kingstown to see him off, and would have got up, but that his eldest son told him he would go in his place. "I remained with him," says Mr. William Crook, "till the last train that Saturday, and left him for my appointment at Dundalk, without the slightest apprehension of any immediate danger. He lay in bed all day, surrounded, as in the days of his strength, with books, and was cheerful as ever I saw him. He asked me to bring him Stevens's *History of Methodism*, which he wished to begin to read. He conversed in a charming way of his dear friends who had crossed the flood of death, and his mind seemed to me to be even more acute than at any

eriod. On Sunday, the 27th
e seemed still better, and was
lelightful frame of mind. On
ere was a sudden and solemn
r the worse. That day a
vas sent for me, summoning
bedside. In a short time I
is side. But O, how mar-
changed since Saturday
I now for the first time
e fact that he was dying. His
strong in the grace of our
Christ, and his mind undis-
cloud, or doubt, or fear. The
had passed when I saw him,
irit was nearly as buoyant as
aked me for Stevens's *History*,
ier books which I had brought
s I could not, when leaving
lize the fact that he was
e took them with as firm a
any period of his life, and, as
ry breaking up of the earthly
ed the wonted fire,' actually
l Stevens that day!"

lays which intervened until
orning, May 4th, he gradually
. On that morning his son
rived, and the cup of the
iarch was now full to over-
The first question he asked
grasped his hand, was, "What
lone with your appointment
in connexion with our Mis-
'" On being told that Mr.
nd Mr. Wallace were in
nd had kindly taken his
dying veteran said, "Under
umstances I am glad and
see you; but if your place
, and your work undone, I
her not have seen you."
t the day the paroxysms
re frequent and distressing;
h seemed never for a moment
Many times, when passing from
spasm, he said, "My flesh
eart fail; but God is the
f my heart, and will be
n for ever." When one
us to his views in relation to
ies which he had so long
"O!" said he, with deep
I feel their power now, and
the Rock." He repeated
during the day the beauti-
ful lines bequeathed to the church from the dying bed of Charles Wesley:—

"In age and feebleness extreme,
Who shall a sinful worm redeem?
Jesus, my only hope Thou art,
Strength of my failing flesh and heart.
O! let me catch a smile from Thee,
And drop into eternity!"

At one time, after a most distressing paroxysm, he seemed to gather up his utmost strength, and, as an unearthly radiance played upon his countenance, said, "*O, I feel that underneath me are the everlasting arms!*" This record conveys but a feeble impression of the force with which these words were uttered. This could not be realized without the presence, the appearance, the heavenly countenance, the deep pathos, the quivering voice, and the holy energy of the dying conqueror.

Before preaching in the evening, the Rev. Joseph W. M'Kay called and saw him for the last time. Life was rapidly ebbing out now; but his mind was clear as ever, and his heart strong in the grace of Christ. Among many other things, he said to Mr. M'Kay, "I am a worm; I have nothing to bring to Him to gain His grace; but, worm as I am, through mercy I have hope to obtain His glory." He probably had then in his mind Olivers' beautiful lines, which he thought amongst the finest in our Hymn-Book:—

"He calls a worm His friend,
He calls Himself my God;
And He will save me to the end,
Through Jesu's blood."

After preaching, his old friend the Rev. John F. Mathews called. All was weakness now, but his hope was full of immortality. He grasped Mr. Mathews' hand for the last time, and, as his voice faltered in death, bore a final testimony to the power and grace of Christ. At this moment the Rev. George Chambers came in. His younger son and daughter, two servants, and Mr. Mathews stood round the bed where parting life was laid. Mr. Chambers engaged in prayer, thanking God for the grace given to His veteran and honoured servant in life and in death. Mr. Mathews, as he bent over him, quoted the lines,—

"In suffering be Thy love my peace;
In weakness be Thy love my power;
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death as life be Thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died."

He faintly said, "I have no suffering, Mr. Mathews." At this moment he raised his right hand, and attempted placing it on Robert's head, as if, like the dying Jacob, he would give his final patriarchal blessing; but that once strong hand failed midway, and fell powerlessly on the bed! It had for ever forgotten its cunning. There was a deep-drawn breath, and another shorter and fainter, and another gentle as that of an infant, and all was still! The Irish Conference had lost its oldest Minister, and Irish Methodism one of its most true-hearted and devoted friends.

Foreign Travel.

BUXTON (CANADA WEST).

ITS ORIGIN—PRESENT STATE—AND PROSPECTS.

(*Continued from page* 349, *Vol. IX.*)

We now proceed to refer to the moral characteristics of the coloured settlers at Buxton, considering first those which are least favourable. Perhaps that which has retarded their advancement more than any other *one* thing is their openness to flattery, and utter want of discrimination between false and true friends, which leads them, as a rule, to repose confidence in the former rather than the latter. They manifest little gratitude towards their true benefactors, regarding their success as purely their own; and lay the blame of failure on the friend whose advice, after the first step, they have refused to take.

Their sanguine temperament induces them, when in difficulty, to borrow, even at a high rate of interest, hoping that some good fortune will soon enable them to repay; and this often leads them to contract debts, which involve themselves and families in ruin. In this respect they have, however, been more sinned against than sinning; for it is to be acknowledged, with regret, that with some bright exceptions the persons employed for carrying out the benevolent schemes so admirably devised have shown no interest whatever in the welfare of the community, their only object being to enrich themselves, often betraying the confidence reposed in them, and creating suspicion and ill-feeling in those who have suffered by their means.

Another feature in the character of the settlers—which, though it cannot be mentioned as a moral fault, is strongly repugnant to the notions of those brought up on British soil—is their entire absence of anything like deference to superior station or intelligence, together with a great readiness to assume airs of importance on account of trivial advantages in themselves. The meanest couple among them will be styled "a coloured lady and gentleman," whilst the arrival of a distinguished European visiter and his lady will be announced in the terms, "There's a white man and woman want to see you." They have not yet ceased to regard "work," especially if done for another, as a mark of degradation; and, if possible, they will bring up at least one of their girls to be "the lady," and will suffer almost any privations rather than permit any of them to go into service. When they do this, you can hardly arouse their indignation more quickly than by speaking of the duty they owe to their masters and mistresses; they utterly ignore any such relation, and will be considered merely as "helps," in which capacity they often make good servants; but their self-conceit often becomes offensive effrontery, and disgusts many who would overlook more serious errors.

Then they are the victims of petty jealousies among themselves, arising partly from different shades of colour. The pure blacks imagine themselves slighted and despised by those of a lighter skin, whom they, in their turn, regard with contempt, as being neither white nor black. From this arises a

or scandal, tale-bearing, and which the minds of many are tinual ferment.

exceedingly fond of power, ident that their greediness for ined with their unwillingness o any authority among them- st split them up into petty id create party spirit, which cludes their chance of success rement, religious, political, or re combination and concerted equired. It is in this that their best friends see one of their ints of weakness. Hitherto the luence of one man has been the olding together these restless nd has enabled them to exercise influence in the country; but to be apprehended that, when hdrawn, they will again be- so many scattered units. ving this shady side of our turn to its brighter one, we hatically state that there are ourable exceptions to these aracteristics.

spoken before of the general h of the settlers: perhaps one this may be found in their bits and uniform temperance. first no intoxicating liquors permitted to be sold; and temperance society has been its need is not felt, as a s never seen in the place, un- ome besotted waggoner return- market to the neighbouring

egard to morality in other re have not been above two or of arrest for stealing, or other the law, since the formation of ment; indeed, they are scru- onest.

, serious apprehensions were d by their benefactors from the isregard of the marriage and ation, to which they had been on the plantations of the South, many cases, they are looked ely as stock, and treated as their feelings have revolted erence from vices which they led to regard as a dark badge ctive feature of slavery.

They are generally faithful and affectionate to their families; and such is the kindness felt for children, that when left orphans they are never suffered to want a home, but are at once received into other families, and cared for, by those on whom they have no claim, as kindly as if they were their own. A home without children is considered by them very desolate; so that those who have none will look around either for an orphan, or for one that can be spared from a large flock, whom they may adopt or bring up. In cases of sickness they evince much practical sympathy, and will sit up, night after night, by the bedside of the sufferer. Indeed, they will often crowd the sick room to a degree prejudicial to the invalid,—this is their way of showing kindness,—and a cool, quiet chamber is a luxury they neither have nor desire.

The women are found very ready to engage in any work of active benevolence within their sphere, and willingly assist in carrying on clothing societies, &c. They are scrupulously clean in their persons; and, however poor their garments, they will strive to have them clean. They are quick, observant, and imitative; hence many of them, having been brought up as house-servants in planters' families, have acquired a degree of polite refinement which would enable them to sit at table without offending the most fastidious taste; indeed, however their manners may fail to please in other respects, they are far removed from all boorishness.

On the whole, the experiment at Buxton has been a decided success, though there are some points in the original plan not yet carried out. One of these is the opening of a mechanical school and workshop for the youths, the want of which is much felt. Considering that the settlement has received no pecuniary aid, excepting as a mission, its prosperity has not a parallel in the numerous settlements, white or coloured, which have been set on foot in the province. It has been proved, beyond a doubt, that with average advantages, the enfranchised slave is able and willing to become an industrious, self-supporting, and useful colonist. If he has distinctive failings, he is comparatively free from the cha-

racteristic vices of the white race; and it should be clearly borne in mind that they are, many of them, direct from slavery, and almost without exception the children of slave-parents.

(*To be concluded.*)

Study and Pulpit Thoughts.

DIVINE CORRECTION.

BY THE LATE REV. THEOPHILUS LESSEY.

"Thou shalt also consider in thine heart, that, as a man chasteneth his son, so the Lord thy God chasteneth thee." (Deut. viii. 5.)

How numerous and various were the methods used by the Almighty to separate and to preserve the Hebrews a peculiar people! The august symbols of His presence, the miraculous interposition of His providence, the frequent inculcation of their duty, with the strongest arguments to enforce its performance, all conspired to furnish them with motives to obedience. Moses is here endeavouring to persuade them "to keep the commandments of God, and to walk in His ways, and to fear Him." This he urges from a recollection of what God had done for them, and a consideration of what He had promised to do: "For the Lord thy God," &c. (Ver. 7.) He directs them, also, to look back upon the wilderness through which God had brought them. (Ver. 2.) The wilderness was the school in which they had been educated and prepared for the enjoyment of the promised land, &c. In calling to remembrance the past forty years, they were not to forget the chastening of the Lord: "Thou shalt also consider," &c. How often has affliction been lost upon us for want of attention to its beneficent design! Our text furnishes us with a just view of the subject. Let us consider Divine correction,

I. AS THE MEANS OF RELIGIOUS IMPROVEMENT.

II. AS THE DISCIPLINE OF PATERNAL REGARD.

III. AS THE SUBJECT OF FILIAL ATTENTION.

Divine correction may be considered,

I. AS THE MEANS OF RELIGIOUS IMPROVEMENT.—Never is the mind so well qualified to receive with resignation, and sustain with patience, the afflictive dispensations of Divine Providence, as when it is fully impressed with a conviction of their necessity and utility. In order to this, our sufferings must be contemplated neither as the offspring of chance, nor as the expression of vindictive vengeance, but as the kind chastisement of our heavenly Father. Solomon and St. Paul have both availed themselves of the sentiment contained in our text; the former as needful instruction to his son, (Prov. iii. 12,) the latter as seasonable consolation for suffering Christians, (Heb. xii. 5,) &c. With this view of the subject, we must observe the manner in which affliction promotes our religious improvement.

1. *Affliction is a restraint from evil,*—without which we should frequently fall the victims of our folly and impetuosity. By this discipline the Almighty strove to preserve the Jews from the evils to which their sins exposed them. (Hosea ii. 6, 7.) God's dealings with His people are still the same. He afflicts in order to preserve and save. He keeps man from his purpose, because it would destroy him. He removes our pleasures, because they would poison our souls. He stops us in the ardour of our pursuits, lest we should rush down a precipice of ruin. He keeps us in the narrow way, &c.

2. *Affliction is an excitement to duty.*—How apt are we to settle down, and be at ease! God mercifully rouses us from lethargy and slumber. He disturbs our fatal repose, and embitters earth, to raise our thoughts to heaven. By affliction we are excited to frequency and fervour in our devotions. How soon does the flame languish and expire, unless maintained by fuel from the altar of God! How often has affliction brought us to His footstool!

3. *Affliction is a needful ordeal.*—How little should we know of the genuineness and worth of our religion, if it were

in the crucible! Here both
d reality are fully ascer-
ar does the Christian shine
when encircled by flames;
ate without consuming.

is a seasonable monitor.—
as a tendency to induce
of God, a most ungrateful
ch is our corruption, that
more ready to forget our
an when loaded with His
versity rouses the mind to
ries it back in self-exami-
blessings lost, the mercies
. Divine correction may

E DISCIPLINE OF PATERNAL
ere is no character so
sumed, and so variously
Almighty, as the paternal
es to express pity, some-
e His authority, and some-
ribe the nature of His
ut, alas! how few earthly
rnish us with a portraiture
aly Father! How much
norance, and passion mark
discipline! Even the best
rt of perfection as hardly
ir comparison. However,
of resemblance may be
A father corrects his

luctance.—He tries every
e he inflicts punishment.
ence of love, all the en-
ction, &c., &c. So our
is in heaven, He suffers
first He uses means the
never taking up the rod
ary.
dom.—The calmest, the
ost deliberate wisdom: in
st calculated to produce
This may sometimes
; but He knows best. Our
fountain of wisdom. He
corrects in wisdom, as it regards the time, and manner, and the instruments; all wisely selected, and wisely employed.

3. *With tenderness.*—Cruelty should never enter into paternal discipline. It directly defeats its own object. It is calculated to irritate, rather than to conciliate; to harden, rather than to soften. God is not an austere Master, but a kind Father. He does all in tenderness; He feels what He inflicts; He is touched with the feeling of our infirmities. While He corrects with one hand, He supports with the other. He wounds only to heal. "We have had fathers of our flesh," &c. (Heb. xii. 9, 10; Psalm ciii. 13.)

4. *With design.*—A wise parent never corrects without a proposed object. God does nothing without design, and all the dispensations of His providence have a direct and active bearing upon His object. This object is our good. If we concur with Him, His design may be fully accomplished. Divine correction may be considered,

III. AS THE SUBJECT OF FILIAL ATTENTION.—How awful is it when affliction is useless; when correction hardens; when medicine poisons! Beware of this; consider in thine heart, &c.

1. *Acknowledge His hand.*—Trace your afflictions to their proper cause. Ascend by meditation to the throne on which your Father is seated. Observe and kiss the Hand which holds the rod.

2. *Submit to His authority.*—Submission is the perfection of Christianity; the submission, not of apathy, but sensibility; of a yielding, but bleeding heart. Shall a scholar murmur against the discipline of wisdom and goodness?

3. *Improve His design.*—This must be known to be improved. You cannot know each particular design; but you may the grand and ultimate one. Let us improve in all and by all.

Narratives.

OVIDENCE OF GOD LUSTRATED.

Sherman, the late Minister Chapel, London, then a student at Cheshunt, had been preaching in a neighbouring village, an old farmer accompanied him in his walk on his return. "Your sermon," he said,

"directed my thoughts to my previous history;" and he then related the following circumstances:*—

"About forty years ago I began to rent a considerable farm. For some years all went on prosperously; my crops were good, and found a ready market; and my live stock yielded me a good profit, so that I not only repaid the money which I had borrowed to stock my farm, but saved something annually out of my income. I began to think that 'my mountain stood strong.' I was congratulated by my friends. By her prudence and piety, my thrifty wife made my house one of the happiest. My six children, none of whom ever caused me grief, and four of whom were truly pious, cheered me with the hope that they would be a blessing in their generation. I was respected and honoured by all who knew me. For many years I had been a deacon of the Congregational church at H——, and was able to contribute liberally to God's cause, and to assist in the spiritual duties of the church.

"Unexpected reverses came. All at once everything appeared to go wrong. One of my sons took to drinking, and became a grief and a curse to me. A daughter, the most beautiful of the family, made an unfortunate choice, and married a carter,—a dissolute, ignorant man, who died within three years, leaving her a widow with two children, and expecting a third, all of whom came to me for support. Two of my daughters were smitten with fever, and were reduced to the last extremity; and, through anxiety and fatigue, my wife was prostrated, and confined to her bed. The fever was considered to be so contagious that we could get no one to attend to the sick, who were left, therefore, to the doctor and myself. A person to whom I had lent money left the village, and never paid me. These circumstances greatly reduced our means. Then, as soon as health returned to our house, a murrain seized my cattle, and I lost nearly all. A bad harvest followed. My crops were literally washed away. Like Job, I sat speechless, and wondered what the end would be. My dear wife died broken-hearted, and I was left a widower, not only penniless, but in debt. Where to obtain relief I know not, especially as many of my neighbours had severely suffered. In the midst of my distress a writ was issued against me, and nothing but a prison stood before me. God, I knew, was a Hearer of prayer, as I had often proved; but the blows of adversity had so stunned me, that I could offer only a few broken sentences, asking my Father in heaven—my only Friend—to interfere for me. The day before the writ was to be executed, a stranger walked into my house, and introducing himself by name, said that he had walked some miles to see me. 'First,' said he, 'give me a jug of your home-brewed.' 'Alas!' said I, 'I have none.' 'No!' said he, with surprise; 'then give me a glass of milk.' I told him that my cows were all dead. With considerable emotion at my haggard appearance, he inquired the cause of the change that he witnessed in me, and in my once flourishing farm. He listened patiently and with deep interest to my statement; and, when I had finished, he asked, 'Do you remember a lad of the name of B——, whom you once advised and befriended?' 'I do.' 'Do you know what has become of him?' 'No; I heard that he went to sea some time after.' 'Yes,' he replied, 'he went to Spain; and, through the assistance that you rendered to him, he acquired property, and has now returned to his native land; and God has sent him to help you in your trouble.' Then taking out of his pocket-book a cheque, he filled it up for £1,000, and gave it to me. 'Accept that,' he said, 'as a proof of my gratitude; and if you want more, you shall have it.' And before I could even attempt to express my surprise and thankfulness, he said, 'Now let us both return thanks to God.' And kneeling down, he poured out his heart for me, and for my three remaining children, to Jehovah-jireh, in strains that to me were such as I never again expect to hear on earth. His

* *Memoir of the Rev. James Sherman, including an unfinished Autobiography.* By Henry Allon. London: Nisbet and Co. 1863. 8vo., pp. 468.

gift enabled me to pay my
to take the farm which I now
nd where, through the good-
ness of God, my latter end has been
better than my beginning."

Art and Science.

MICROSCOPE TABLE.

ent paper* the weapons of the
me were described; but it
re been more correct to say
about the animal itself before
one of its parts, and we now
rds make up the deficiency.
one (*Actinia*) is an object fa-
a to the youngest of our readers
the coast. When expanded in
water, it appears as a soft,
ndor, with a flat base adhering
k, and a flat disk at the oppo-
ity. In the centre of the disk is
mouth, and around the mouth
l successive circles of hollow
tentacles, which fill up the
rt of the disk. These tentacles
hdrawn at the will of the ani-
ntire disk is depressed, and the
ds over it, precisely as a stock-
rn in upon itself while being
ide out. And that is about all
o see with the unaided eye.
come to examine the actual
we find the column to consist,
external mucous layer, which
d from time to time; then
is is a layer of transverse mus-
beneath this, again, a layer of
al muscles, so that the body
ntracted or expanded at plea-
that to a very considerable
This double layer of muscle
only the upright column, but
nd the disk, so that the invest-
rance is uniform throughout.
outh it is folded inwards, and
he stomach,—a short, thin,
crumpled tissue, which hangs
nwards like a bag, except that
ottom, being quite open both
below. This curious stomach
ne centre of the cavity, but is
with the column throughout
by a series of membranous
walls, called *septa*, which radiate at
pretty equal distances, dividing and sub-
dividing the space between the stomach
and the column, much as an orange is
seen to be divided when cut into, by a
series of bands running from the core to
the rind. In the young animal these
dividing walls are few, but the number
increases with age. So also does the
number of the tentacles; indeed, each
space thus partitioned off communicates
with a tentacle, and, as at the tip of each
tentacle there is an opening, each space
can, by the contraction of the creature,
be instantly emptied of its fluid contents.
In the case of the great pied anemone,
which looks like a dahlia in full bloom,
and which is almost as abundant as the
common Actinia, if seriously alarmed, a
dozen or twenty streams of water shoot
upwards, and the handsome dahlia in-
stantly shrinks into one-fourth of its
size, and all the petals mysteriously dis-
appear. The streams of water were
simply the contents of these interseptal
chambers, discharged through the tenta-
cles. These lower forms of life have no
true blood, and the fluid which serves as
a substitute is not enclosed in veins,
but fills the entire cavity of the body.
The process of nutrition appears to be
this. The food (worms, mollusks, and
other soft-bodied animals) is taken into
the stomach, the walls of which are held
firmly together by the muscular septa,
and the juices are thus expressed. The
refuse matter is then discharged through
the mouth, while the available product
passes downwards, then through the lower
opening of the stomach into the general
cavity, and then upwards by ciliary
agency, to be acted upon by the biliary
glands; which glands are situated on
the inner aspect of the stomach, just
below the disk. The result of the whole
process of digestion is to furnish albumen
and oil-globules, and these being mixed
with sea-water, which has ready en-

* See Vol. IX., p. 249.

trance, become the vital fluid. Though not enclosed in veins, this fluid nevertheless circulates. For the inner surface of the stomach, and of the column, the whole surface of the septa, the cavity of each tentacle, in fact, all the interior surfaces, are lined with cilia, which drive the fluid incessantly upwards, to fall down again as fast as it strikes against the disk, or the summit of the hollow tentacles. There is thus an incessant upward and downward motion along all these multiplied surfaces, and a wonderful amount of activity, where externally all seems motionless.

But many readers will say, What are these cilia that effect so much, and are so constantly mentioned wherever details of structure are concerned? They are nothing more than minute hairs,—infinitesimal fibres,—placed as closely as they will stand, and perpetually in motion in a given direction. This ceaseless lashing of the water, or other fluid, creates a steady current in the direction from which the stroke comes. The action is in most cases purely mechanical, and does not depend on the will of the animal. It is employed for a variety of purposes even in the same organism, and is placed both on external and internal membranes. In some cases it brings floating atoms of food within reach of the mouth; in others it serves to aërate the blood by bringing to the gills a fresh current of water; or it is the agency (as in this case) for maintaining the circulation; or it serves to carry away effete and useless matter. It plays an important part in all forms of life, high and low, the human body and the simplest animalcule. It is the first to develop itself, and it is the last to be destroyed; indeed, the action will often continue not only after death, but until actual decomposition of the parts commences.

We shall only add, with respect to the anemone, that the "thread-cells" are found in various parts of the body, in the column-walls, in the tentacles, they have even been found in the walls of the stomach. But their chief repositories are certain thread-like organs which proceed in pairs from the lower and free edge of the septa. They lie in the interseptal chambers in loose coils in great profusion, and in some species are protruded through minute apertures in the body, and from the mouth. These threads (*acontia*) consist entirely of oval capsules, packed as closely as herrings in a barrel, or bottles in a wine-bin. The containing band consists of sarcode, the outer surface of which is strongly ciliated; and this accounts for the independent motion which is observed long after a portion of the band is cut off. For such a fragment will continue for many hours, and, indeed, for a day or two, to twist and wriggle with worm-like contortions, as though it were an organism complete in all its parts. The remarkable contents of these capsules have been described in a previous number, though they require careful manipulation and a good microscope to display their details clearly.*

The anemones are classed as *simple* zoophytes, each one being a distinct individual, having its own perfect and independent life. We have now to consider some of the numerous *compound* zoophytes, so called because members of a community in which all are bound together, no one being independent of the rest. There are many mouths, many fingers, many stomachs, but only one trunk, and only one circulation, common to all. Comparatively few persons have seen these wonderful little communities in a living state, with their thousand fingers in ceaseless action, all the individuals alike seeking food, and all alike sharing the proceeds, whether equally successful or not. But most people have seen their skeletons, perhaps without having the remotest idea of what they really were. In any of those little baskets of sea-weed, mounted on card, which make their appeal to the purchaser as "flowers of the sea," and bloom perennially in the shop-windows at the coast, there will generally be found a specimen differing from all the rest. It is horny and flexible, delicately branching, and generally the most graceful in outline of any; and if it resemble vegetation at all, it is rather the fine branching roots thrown out by a plant when kept in too small a pot,

* For fuller details see the Introduction to *Gosse's History of the British Sea-Anemones.*

true outgrowth of branches or
Such a specimen is the skeleton
f these communities, or the
n on which it was built. Each
oking branch contains a series
s or indentations, more or less
marked. In each minute angle
ned, along the whole length of
was fixed a cup-like cell, which
l a living polype. When newly
m the sea, hundreds of these
seen to exist on a single stem,
enerally the tenanted cells are
to the upper part of the stem,
: portion being dead. The stem
r throughout, and contains a
fluid, the product of the com-
stion of the polypes, and which
inct though irregular circula-
hat can be called circulation
a simple movement up and
tube. Each polype communi-
ith this common tube, from
is nourished. As the polype
from its graceful cell, the
at first appear as a rigid bundle,
pushed forward to its full ex-
re is a momentary pause, and
e fairy fingers open wide,
ful current begins to play,
is life and motion. A good
pe will show each tentacle to
ed with the cilia above-men-
A whirlpool is thus created,
the mouth of the polype is
re. Each tentacle has a most
sense of touch, and also an
ent action; and it is a curious
notice how first one and then
f these organs vigorously strike
cle of matter which comes in
ith them, *inwards* towards the
y which it is swallowed. The
es down into the stomach, is
ested, and passes at intervals
a well-guarded aperture—a sort
oor—into the common cavity, or

is, however, another and very
class of cells found at certain
on the zoophyte. They are
ger, and much less numerous,
ay no cluster of tentacles from
mmit; indeed, they are to all
appearance dead. Instead of
en at the top, like the other
cells, they are closed by a lid which fits with the utmost nicety, and is kept closed by an elastic hinge. The lower extremity communicates with the general cavity, from which the contents of the cell are nourished. When the vesicle is first formed, it appears as a minute swelling of the stem or branch, the core of the latter taking the same form, being, in fact, simply prolonged into the vesicle. Around this nucleus a number of ova are formed, which gradually enlarge, the cell, of course, proportionately increasing in size until the ova are matured. They then escape one by one, forcing open the lid, often very slowly and with much difficulty, and float off into the surrounding water. As the egg-producing capsules, though few as compared with the polype cells, are, in the whole, numerous; and as the contents of each vary from two or three, to twenty or thirty, according to the species, the rate of increase is rapid. The most curious fact, however, remains to be told. The produce of the egg is altogether unlike the parent. The fixed zoophyte gives birth to a free, swimming medusa, of which the great "jelly-fish" is a familiar type, differing only in size from the zoophyte progeny. The medusa in its turn lives out its period of existence, and produces ova which develop into zoophytes. The metamorphosis in both cases is equally strange. It is as though frog-spawn should hatch into swallows, and the eggs of the swallow should, in their turn, hatch into frogs again. The fact, however, has long been known, and not only has the process been watched step by step, but nearly every known medusa has been traced to some species of zoophyte as its parent. But here a strong disputation comes in, and two rival theories assert themselves. One is that the medusa is not an individual at all, but only an organ, specialized for the perpetuation of the race. This is the orthodox view. On the other hand, a strong minority, with Agassiz at their head, dissent from this doctrine altogether, and declare that the medusa is the perfect form, of which the zoophyte is only the preparatory and *im*perfect form. And to this heresy we very decidedly incline, for, by every fair and legitimate

test, the medusa has the more perfect organization of the two; besides which, we cannot conceive of that form as complete which halts midway in its career, as the zoophyte appears to do. It is much as if, in the case just supposed, the frog was held to be the ultimate form, and the swallow went for nothing. In every particular the medusa appears to be the superior of the polype. The polype is rooted; the medusa is free. The polype is compound; the medusa is solitary and independent. The polype has no organs of sight; in the medusa the organs are numerous and well-defined. In the polype the circulation is a mere flux and reflux movement of the contents of the common trunk; in the medusa the circulation is carried on in a system of closed vessels. In the polype the characteristic weapons of offence (filiferous capsules) are frequently absent; in the medusa they are not only constant, but very largely developed. Indeed, in every particular, the superiority is on the same side. And as for individuality, there are all the evidences of a perfect organism, and that of by no means a degraded type. There is independence, free movement, sight, touch, the ability to seize prey, the power to assimilate the food thus taken, increase of bulk by actual growth, true volition: what more is needed to constitute individuality? Indeed, in all these respects, it is the superior of the polype, and we therefore hold with Agassiz that the polype is only the preparatory or larval stage, of which the medusa is the perfect and ultimate form. We shall describe one or two of the more common forms of these minute zoophytes in our next, as well as the absence of diagrams will allow.

* * *

The Portfolio.

GEMS IN OLD SETTINGS.

SELF, SELF-HURTER.

When God, at the first day of judgment, arraigned Eve, she transferred her fault on the serpent which beguiled her. (Gen. iii. 13.) This was one of the first-fruits of our depraved nature. But ever after regenerate men in Scripture, making the confession of their sins, (whereof many precedents,) cast all the fault on themselves alone: yea, David, when he numbered the people, though it be expressed that Satan provoked him thereunto, (1 Chron xxi. 1,) and though David probably might be sensible of his temptation, yet he never accused the devil, but derived all the guilt on himself: "I it is that have sinned." (1 Chron. xxi. 17.) Good reason, for Satan hath no impulsive power. He may strike fire till he be weary, if his malice can be weary: except man's corruption brings the tinder, the match cannot be lighted. Away, then, with that plea of course, *The devil owed me a shame.* Owe thee he might, but pay thee he could not, unless thou wert as willing to take his black money as he to tender it.

BY DEGREES.

See by what stairs wicked Ahaz (2 Kings xvi.) did climb up to the height of profaneness.

First, He saw an idolatrous altar at Damascus. (Ver. 10.) Our eyes, when gazing on sinful objects, are out of their calling and God's keeping.

Secondly, He liked it. There is a secret fascination in superstition, and our souls are soon bewitched with the gaudiness of false service from the simplicity of God's worship.

Thirdly, He made the like to it. And herein Urijah the priest, (ver 11,) patron and chaplain well met, was the midwife to deliver the mother-altar of Damascus of a babe, like unto it, at Jerusalem.

Fourthly, He sacrificed on it. (Ver. 13.) What else could be expected, but that, when he had tuned this new instrument of idolatry, he would play upon it?

Fifthly, He commanded the people to do the like. (Ver. 15.) Not content to confine it to his personal impiety.

Lastly, He removed God's altar away. That venerable altar, by Divine appointment peaceably possessed of the place for

ired years and upwards, must iolently ejected by a usurping

n can be stark naught at once. op the progress of sin in our e first stage; for the farther it faster it will increase.

ERS WILL KNOW EACH OTHER IN HEAVEN.

WILLET made a query unto her Dr. Willet, then lying on his l, touching the mutual know- t the saints in glory have one of another; which he resolved with the words of Luther, (unto which Chemnitius and many others do subscribe,) "That as Adam in the estate of innocency, when God first presented Eve unto him, whom he had never seen before, asked not whence she came, but said, 'This is bone of my bone, and flesh of my flesh;' even so the saints of God in heaven, beatifically illuminated with knowledge beyond Adam's in his first condition, shall know, not only those whom here they knew, but even those whom before they never saw.

Memorials of the Departed.

n Leeds, May 20th, 1860, MR. UCK, late of the Middleham He was born at Catterick, in Riding of Yorkshire. At the his father, when he was only ars of age, he became the chief f his widowed mother and her family, by conducting the from which his father had been

At the time his mother most help and comfort he proved good son, and while she lived was always to her a happy Shortly after the first Methodist he heard, he was brought to ce. He then sought admittance Society, leading one of his ith him, and for more than rs he occupied a prominent n the Middleham Circuit. The of his principles was now put st. Previously he had been in of transacting business on the ay; but, when his mind was ed, he determined at once to violation of God's law, and, pposed by his mother, he suc- his pious effort. The rumbling n-mill, and, indeed, all worldly ased on the sacred hours of ath, and to the end of his ial life the Lord's day was in his establishment. As he ved spiritual good through the of Methodist Ministers, he in- m to be his guests when they in the village. When his landlord, who was a Romanist, learned that he was not only a Methodist, but entertained the preachers, he sent Mr. Buck a notice to quit the premises he rented. At the expiration of the notice, he and his widowed mother, with one or two other members of the family, were turned out of the home which they had occupied for many years. No other charge was brought against him but that he was a Methodist, and entertained the preachers. *But the Lord will provide.* After searching some time for a suitable place of business, he became the tenant of Danby-Mills, near Middleham. By this change his circumstances were improved; and for many years he was 'like a tree planted by the rivers of water,' whatsoever he did prospered; while his character as an upright and successful tradesman gave him great influence in the surrounding district. Soon after removing to Danby he married Miss Petch, of Killenhall, who for forty years was a true helpmeet, both spiritually and temporally: his prosperity was in great part the result of her sage counsels and good domestic management, while to the cause of God she was a mother in Israel. After this he commenced a career of godly labour in his new sphere, in which he never slackened until compelled by age and infirmities. He began with his own household: his eight children were religiously trained. When he engaged his servants, it was on the condition that they should attend

the Methodist chapel; and though the chapel was two miles distant, his household were rarely absent or late. Though occupied with an increasing business, he found time to accompany the preachers to new places; and thus he assisted in introducing Methodism into several villages which are now the seats of flourishing societies. His name appeared on the plan as an exhorter; but he never would be called a preacher, or occupy the pulpit. He generally addressed the people from the singing-pew, and they ever rejoiced to see his comely countenance, and to hear the loving tones of his fatherly voice. He took great delight in Sunday-school work; he had a happy method of winning the hearts of the young, and for many years was the superintendent of the Sunday-schools at Middleham and Thornton-Steward. At the latter place, and at East Witton, he raised classes. On returning from Bedale Market, he would meet one of them, and then sit up all night that his men might have rest while the mill was kept running. In these and other ways he sought to glorify God, and serve his generation. During the greatest portion of a long life he lived in the sunshine, and knew but little of sorrow. His home was the abode of comfort and calmness, where friends and Ministers always met with a hospitable reception. He was happy in Methodism. For thirty years he was regularly appointed one of the stewards of the Circuit. He possessed the general esteem of his neighbours, and, above all, lived in peace with God. O that it could be added, it continued so to the end; but alas! dark days came, and the close of his life was a scene of sorrow. About six years before his death his excellent wife was taken from him, and then a succession of bitter events followed. Either through the mismanagement, or the misfortune, or the misconduct of others, he lost the whole of his property, and was obliged to take refuge in the home of one of his daughters. In the day of his calamity he found grace to help; and, by more frequent communion with God, he prepared for that rest where "the wicked cease from troubling." He died in peace, trusting on the atonement, in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

Occasional Notes for Readers.

A NEW edition, being the fifth, of *The Life of Darcy, Lady Maxwell, of Pollock, late of Edinburgh*, by the REV. WILLIAM ATHERTON; *with an Abridgment of the Extracts from her Diary, and Selections from her Correspondence*, has just been issued by the Methodist Book-Room. The fourth edition of *Youthful Piety; being Brief Memorials of Children of Wesleyan Ministers*, is also now ready.—The REV. GEORGE STEWARD'S two goodly volumes on *Mediatorial Sovereignty; the Mystery of Christ and the Revelation of the Old and New Testaments*, unfolds, with striking originality, and often with great eloquence, the Christology of the whole Bible.—*Missions, Apostolic and Modern*, by the REV. FREDERICK W. BRIGGS, will be read with deep interest by every devout and thoughtful reader. It is styled *A Volume for the Methodist Missionary Jubilee;* and it is saying only what is true when we add, that such a statement is not only not inappropriate, but that the work is really worthy of the great occasion which has called it forth.—DR. JOBSON'S elegantly-printed little tract, *The Way of Salvation plainly set forth*, deals clearly and practically with the two unspeakably important points, "the nature of repentance," and of "saving faith in Jesus Christ."—One of the most elegant books of the season is the beautifully illuminated souvenir entitled, *The Floral Gift*, by SAMUEL STANESBY, and published by Griffith and Farran, London.—*The Band of Hope Review*, *The British Workman*, and *The Children's Friend*, continue to sustain their well-earned reputation.

J. ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.

BUNYAN'S NEW TOMB IN BUNHILL-FIELDS.

Country reader, if you should visit the metropolis, and ride on the
of an Islington omnibus from the "Angel" to the "City," when
thin a few hundred yards of Finsbury-square, glancing to your left,
u will see a chapel surrounded by graves; and glancing to the right,
ectly opposite this chapel, a cemetery of some acres, appearing like a
est of tomb-stones throughout its whole extent. If you can spare
time, or have come to see the "sights" of London, we advise you
dismount at the place indicated; for there you may see sights
ich, in interest of an important kind, are second to none in that
mense and wonderful metropolis. That plain-looking chapel,—a
y humble building when compared with St. Paul's Cathedral,—is,
rertheless, as world-renowned as that grandest temple of Pro-
tantism. "City-Road Chapel" is spoken of in American prairies,
Chinese cities, in Indian jungles, in Kaffir kraals, and in Fijian
ts! As the successor to the "Old Foundery," it is famous as the
ther-church of Methodism. It was Wesley's metropolitan chapel:
front was his residence, and behind it is his grave.

The large cemetery on the opposite side of City-road is famous as
great necropolis of the Dissenters, and is known as Bunhill-Fields.

This famous burial-ground forms part of the Finsbury estate, the whole of which is ecclesiastical property. Sometime in the middle ages, when the sickle of "the Church" was busier in "reaping carnal things" than her hands in sowing "spiritual things," the Manors of Holiwell and Finsbury were gathered into her garners by a Prebendary of St. Paul's. The new Prebend, however, did not add very largely to the Cathedral revenues; for Robert de Baldock, who held it in the year 1315, granted it upon lease to "Sir John Gisors, Mayor, and to the Commonalty of London," for the annual rent of twenty shillings. This, no doubt, was considered sufficient for what, as the names *Finsbury* and *Moorfields* imported, was only *fen* and *moor*. The property has been held, since that remote period, by the Corporation of London, upon lease renewed from time to time. The last renewal was in the year 1770, when Christopher Wilson, D.D., Prebendary of Finsbury, granted a lease to the City for ninety-nine years. This will lapse in 1869, when the Manors of Holiwell and Finsbury, now crowded with streets and squares, and of immense value, will be resumed by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, to whom an act of Parliament has handed over the management of the Cathedral property.

It was in the year 1498 that the Corporation appropriated that part of Finsbury lying between Chiswell-street and Old-street, and known as Bunhill, to the use of the City "Train-bands" for military exercise. This force still exists as the "Honourable Artillery Company;" and the citizen-soldiers may be seen frequently exercising in the enclosure known as the "Artillery Ground," just opposite the Methodist Book-Room. A partition was made of Bunhill-Fields during the dreadful plague in 1665, and the northern portion was walled off by the Corporation as a common cemetery for the poor, and consecrated accordingly. For some reason it was not then used for this purpose; but was leased to a man named Tindal, who used it as a burying-place, principally for Dissenters. It may still be seen indicated on old maps in the Guildhall as "Tindal's Burial-ground." A profane wag nicknamed it "The Saints' Rest," under the impression that Richard Baxter was buried there. This was a mistake; for the remains of Baxter were laid in Christ Church, Newgate-street.

The first interment in Bunhill-Fields was in the year 1668, just twenty years before Bunyan was carried there. Few cemeteries can show such a collection of sacred ashes as are deposited in that *Campo Sancto* of the English Nonconformists. There lies John Owen, the great Puritan divine, Vice-Chancellor of the University of Oxford during the Commonwealth. In the funeral procession of this eminent man were sixty noblemen in carriages, drawn by six horses each, with many other persons of distinction in mourning-coaches and on horseback. There lies Isaac Watts, the great hymnist of the universal church. His pall was borne by six Ministers, representing the "three denominations;" and Dr. Samuel Chandler delivered an oration at his grave to a vast concourse of people. There lies Susannah Wesley, the

nother of John and Charles. This venerable lady—a mother worthy f her sons—died at the Foundery, not very many yards from her last esting-place, and was interred on the afternoon of Sunday, the 1st of ugust, 1742, in the presence of "almost an innumerable company of eople," to whom her son John discoursed on the "great white throne, nd Him that sat on it."

In the month of September, 1688, a few weeks before the landing of Villiam of Orange at Torbay, there came a funeral to Bunhill-Fields, hich, above all others, has contributed to render that cemetery mous. The corpse was carried from the sign of the "Star," Snow-ill, a grocer's shop, kept by a man named Strudwick, and was laid in e grocer's family grave. Several names were afterwards inscribed on e "table-tomb," and amongst them the one which has made the oomy spot illustrious: "Mr. John Bunyan, Author of the 'Pil-rim's Progress.' Ob. Augt. 1688, Æt. 60."

Bunyan's last illness was taken while on a journey of mercy. He ent to Reading, in Berkshire, to seek to reconcile an offended father) his son. While riding thence to London, he was overtaken by a renching rain, from the effects of which he was seized with fatal fever t the house of his friend Strudwick, at Snow-hill. There it was, away om home, that he crossed the deep and bridgeless river, and, con-ucted by the shining ones, reached, sooner than he expected, the elestial gate.

Bunyan was the author of sixty distinct publications, ten of which ere printed during his imprisonment. The First Part of the *Pilgrim's rogress*, on which his reputation mainly rests, was written in gaol, but ot published until after his enlargement. It soon became popular, nd several editions were called for during the last ten years of the uthor's life. Granger, in his *Biographical History*, tells us that the arlier editions were printed on "tobacco paper;" from which it may e inferred that its circulation was principally amongst the poor. owper, about a century after the death of the great allegorist, eferred to Bunyan without naming him,—

"Lest so *despised* a name should move a sneer."

And yet it should be known that about the time Cowper wrote, the *Monthly Review*, then the leading literary organ, had a notice f the *Pilgrim's Progress, with Explanatory and Practical Notes, by G. Burder, Minister of the Gospel*, in which the critic says, "As Bunyan's *Pilgrim* is certainly a masterpiece in its kind, we are glad to see an dition of it well printed on good paper, and adorned with neat copper-plates." In this edition the editor speaks of it as an acknowledged fact, that the *Pilgrim's Progress* was "universally esteemed." The beauty of this work, and the undoubted genius of the writer, are not, therefore, a discovery of modern times. Still, it is plain that the author and his allegory are held in increasing esteem.

The last tribute of respect to the memory of "the glorious dreamer" was paid by Christians of different denominations, so recently as May, 1862, when a new tomb was erected over his grave in Bunhill-Fields. On the summit is a recumbent figure of Bunyan; and beneath the head, on the west end of the tomb, is inscribed: "RESTORED BY SUBSCRIPTION, UNDER THE PRESIDENCY OF THE RT. HON. THE EARL OF SHAFTESBURY, MAY, 1862. JOHN HIRST, HON. SEC." On the east side, under the feet, is placed the inscription on the old tomb, already given. On one side is a bas-relief of the Pilgrim bending under his burden; on the other side, he is represented with his load rolling off at the sight of the Cross. In connexion with the inauguration of this monumental tomb, a meeting of the subscribers was held in City-Road Chapel, presided over by the Earl of Shaftesbury, and addressed by Clergymen and Ministers of various evangelical denominations, including the Superintendent of the City-Road Circuit. A meeting to honour Bunyan in Wesley's chapel! How suggestive are those two names, neither of which now "moves a sneer!" What two men have done more for the masses of the English people, or are yet doing? for, although dead, they yet speak.

And now, having traced the career of Bunyan, we part with our readers at his honoured grave. To them we say, *Make* the Pilgrim's progress! To him, as some one else has said,—

"Sleep on, thou prince of dreamers!"

T. M'C.

THE MAIN-SPRING.

THE watch was large and old-fashioned. There was no date inside to indicate the year in which it was made; but, from its appearance, its wheels would seem to have revolved, and its fingers to have marked the hours, for persons of another generation. Yet it worked well, gave little trouble, kept time correctly, and was valued as an old friend. A friend is none the worse for being aged, and from my boyhood this time-piece and I had been close companions. I may safely say I have an affection for the old watch. Can I ever forget the pride with which I first carried it, and how its possession, in those early days, seemed to constitute me rich? And, like a faithful servant, it had served me for years. So I am not ashamed to declare that I loved the old watch, and was sorry when, one *day, its* wheels refused to move, its familiar ticking became silent, and its hands no longer pointed out the time of day. I was puzzled as to the cause of this. Watches have not like passions with men. They grow not angry, and refuse to work. And it could not want cleaning, for it had undergone its annual purification but a short time before. What could be the reason of this sudden pause in its usefulness? I took it to the watchmaker. "Mr. ——, I know not the cause, but this old watch of mine does not work: will you look into it?" Mr. —— took it from my hand, laid aside its outer case, opened the works, and, after peering into it a moment through his curious-looking eye-glass, said, "Ah, the main-spring is broken; the main-spring is broken!" No wonder that the wheels refused to work, and the whole machinery became disordered, with a broken

main-spring. Well, I left the watch with the watchmaker, and in a while received it again. Whether he gave it a new main-spring, or, removing the fractured piece, made the old one serve again, I cannot now with certainty tell; but the old watch is this moment over the mantel-shelf, ticking away merrily and well. I have been looking lovingly upon its old face, not ungrateful for the lesson it has taught me to-day. It was not difficult to compare the movements of the watch with the workings of godly living; and I found myself asking, What is the main-spring of the Christian life? I thought of various things; but *love* appeared most like the moving principle. I thought of meekness, and gentleness, and faith; of zeal, and hope, and joy; but they seemed only as wheels in the working of holy living. But to love I said, "Thou art the main-spring of all!" "Now abideth these; . . . . but the greatest of these is love." O blessed love! "Many daughters have done virtuously, but thou excellest them all."

I know well that the love of God is the main-spring of *evangelical holiness*.—It is right and needful that we should be holy. God requires it. "Be ye holy, for I am holy." The Gospel comes to us with a promise of holiness; and, while telling us that without holiness "no man shall see the Lord," pronounces blessed "the pure in heart," and declares that "they *shall* see God." And holiness is not so much what we do, as what we are. Fear may force a man to render a slave-like obedience, but that cannot be acceptable to God. In God's sight, "a man is what his heart is." The spring of acceptable obedience must be in the soul. "Out of it are the issues of life." And that spring is love, the love of God dwelling in the heart. Loving Christ, we "keep His commandments." Dwelling in love, we "dwell in God, and God in us." Are we deploring the fact that the light of our example shines dimly, and that we daily fail in duty? Do we feel, and do others see, and does conscience declare, that our holiness is defective, and below the scriptural standard? Do we obey God rather from a principle of fear than delight? If so, let us ask, Is not the *main-spring* out of order? Is not the fire of love burning coldly and low? May Christ say of our love to Him, it is "neither cold nor hot?" Then here is the secret of our want of holiness. And here is the remedy. Set right the main-spring, and the wheels will move regularly and well. Beware of mistake. Begin not by attempting to set the life right. Fly not to outward things. Look within. Get the love of God shed abroad gloriously in the heart, and holiness of heart and life will be the result.

And is not this same blessed principle the main-spring of *powerful faith*?—Of faith many excellent things are spoken. So important is it to the Christian, that he is said to "live by his faith." And "without faith it is impossible to please" God. Faith, in its glorious simplicity, is a confidence that takes God at His word. It is, like hope, "an anchor of the soul, both sure and steadfast." The man of strong faith is kept in calm and perfect peace, alike amid the fires of temptation, the blasts of adversity, and the billows of affliction. Losing his faith, he is "like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind, and tossed." Without faith he has not peace, has not power in prayer, has not spiritual life. O to be "strong in faith," like Abraham, Jehovah's friend! O to be able, at all times, to "give unlimited credit to God!" "Lord, increase our faith!" How shall we acquire strength of faith, till we shall be ever believing,

and ever blessed? What is the main-spring of faith? Undoubtedly, *love*. We may find it hard to trust a stranger, but we readily confide in those we love. Will it not be the same in regard to God? Will not our faith, confidence, trust, rise in exact proportion to the measure of our love? In conversion, faith precedes love. We first believe, then love. Afterwards love becomes the strength of faith. Spirit of God, give us more love! We would be powerful in our faith, and always implicitly trust God. We would, like Abraham, "stagger not at the promise through unbelief; but be strong in faith, giving glory to God." And that we may always exercise this faith, give us fervent love!

Where shall we look for the main-spring of *zeal*, and the source of holy activity, if not in the love of God? We seem made for exertion, and yet are naturally sluggish, and need something to stimulate us to effort. Some have been actuated by love of fame. Animated by this, Alexander the Great, Charles of Sweden, Napoleon, and others, have wrought deeds that made the world wonder. Others have been moved by the desire of wealth; and, in its strength, have laboured zealously and long. And in some, self-interest, like a master-passion, has inspired deeds of greatness. But these passions are forbidden to the disciple of Jesus. He must not seek human applause; must not love the world; must deny himself. These very feelings in him are to be crucified and destroyed. Yet he must not, he dare not, be idle. In such a world, and with such a work before him, idleness is crime. But one may see this, and yet be conscious of the want of something more, something which shall fire the heart, and inspire earnestness and life-long exertion. What is that something? Ah, *love to God is the* main-spring of zeal for God! Fear cannot do it, knowled not do it; but love will mov love will do it! There is the spring of effort! Active and volent in its own nature, love heart is a moving power. In lesson in St. Paul's history. him labouring ceaselessly for flying from country to c crossing seas, enduring ha and wrong, and counting all but dross, so that he m complish his work. And him, "Where is the secret burning zeal? What moves th to live, and thus to labour simply answers, "*The love of constraineth us.*"

Here, too, is the main-spr *Christian joy*.—I know God man to be joyful. The powe hath given him, and the voice happy world around, tell man joice. The fishes are joyful stream, and the birds of t "which sing among the bra The gnats that buzz in the l one day's sun, and then perish they live, are joyful. The su joiceth as a strong man to run a there is a quiet gladness on t of the old moon; and the sta happy in their shining. An general gladness, God surely i that man should rejoice. He, is to share the universal fes drink the living water of w creation partakes. But man joyful. Thousands speak of and months of continued s few of great and long-con joy. Man's happiness is mix woe; and, in the case of hundr misery swallows up the joy. blessed Gospel comes to restore comes to give us back our gl "These things write we un that your joy may be full." joice in the Lord alway: and I say, Rejoice." But where s look for the spring of joy? be found in the love of God

sinner is unhappy because he loves *not* God. And the man newly forgiven, does not his cup run over with gladness, simply because he loves much? Is not heaven all happiness, because it is all love? And our own present joyfulness, does it not rise in proportion to our love? "Whom having not seen, ye love; in whom . . . . . ye rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." Yes; love is the main-spring of spiritual joy.

And the love of God, in like manner, is the spring of *hope*.—Thank God for a hope of heaven! Blessed be God, that amid the darkness of our night of weeping, He cheers us with the lamp of hope! There is confidence in it. Hope in a heaven already provided, prepared, and promised, is glorious. It is well called "bliss-inspiring hope." By its light we already "see the King in His beauty," and "the land that is very far off." By it we are able already in anticipation to drink of the river that "maketh glad the city of God," and to feed on the "fruits of the tree of life," whose "leaves are for the healing of the nations." It makes the light of the New Jerusalem shine down on the darkness of our present life, and transports us already to the blessed land, the inhabitant of which never says, "I am sick;" and where "there is no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, nor any more pain." Blessed hope! it wipes the tears from our eyes, lightens our hearts of their heaviest loads, and, amid all our darkness and trial, bids us remember that "the Lord shall be our everlasting light, and the days of our mourning shall be ended." But whence springs this "good hope through grace?" From love to God. It is love that gives relish for the blessings hoped for; for heaven is love. It is love that imparts fitness for their enjoyment; for love purifies. And it is love that gives the *assurance* of hope: for it brings us near to God; opens up the fellowship from whence arises confidence, and gives the blessed knowledge that, because it is God's heaven, it shall be ours. Yea, to sum up the whole, "hope maketh not ashamed; because the love of God is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us."

Seeing, then, the excellency of this grace, let us earnestly covet it. Though we have "the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love," we are "nothing." Love is the queen of the graces. It is the secret of power, the source of holy feeling and godly purpose. Let us pray for more love. While coveting earnestly "the best gifts," we shall find this the "more excellent way" to possess them. Whatever else God's hand gives or withholds, let us rest not without love. Let us agonize to be full of love. Let love be in us the master principle, the ruling passion. Let our hearts be loving hearts, and our lives, lives of love. Then shall we be Christians indeed.

"God only knows the love of God:
O that it now were shed abroad
In this poor stony heart!
For love I sigh, for love I pine:
This only portion, Lord, be mine,
Be mine this better part!"

Hay. I. E. P.

JOHN WESLEY'S TRAINING: AT HOME, AT SCHOOL, AND AT OXFORD.

THE case of the Wesley family is a capital illustration of the power and advantage of an intelligent and Christian home-education. Mrs. Wesley had the sole charge of her son John's religious and intellectual training until he was eleven years of age. The principles and rules of that home-school were clearly defined, and rigidly observed; while every thoughtful reader of the history

of that remarkable family must admire the system of education pursued in the Epworth rectory. The duties of the school were opened and closed with singing, (a practice by no means common in that day, though now largely incorporated in our systems of popular education,) and at five o'clock each child had a season of retirement, while during the evening she conversed privately with one or more of the children on religious subjects. During the six hours of the day devoted to study, no one was permitted to come into the room, that the attention of her pupils might not be diverted. The children did not begin to learn their letters until they were five, and she expected the task to be accomplished in a day; and from that time forward she kept them to a regular and systematic course of study. Thus was the Founder of Methodism disciplined and taught, until, in his twelfth year, he was transferred from the somewhat severe, but healthy, training of his home to Charter-House School, London. Here his circumstances, in many respects, painfully contrasted even with the comparatively poor provision of his country home; for, by the tyranny of the elder students, he was nearly always deprived of his portion of animal food, and in other ways oppressed; but his health and spirits continued good, and he prosecuted with determination and success his various studies.

At sixteen he entered Christ Church, Oxford, where he distinguished himself by his success as a scholar, and by his religious decision, self-denial, and efforts to do good. When about twenty-one, he is represented by Mr. Badcock as "a very sensible and acute collegian, a young fellow of the finest classical taste, and of the most liberal and manly sentiment." But, in spite of all these accomplishments, when he became decidedly serious, and his life sequence a standing reproof course followed by many fellow-collegians, he was subj great banter. This was es the case when he became a ca for a vacant fellowship in College; but, notwithstandi ungentlemanly opposition wh offered, he succeeded, by his ter and learning, in obtain prize he sought. Intelligenc event was received by his with more than satisfactio father, in his elation, wrote son, "*Whatever I am, my Fellow of Lincoln.*" The with her characteristic piet him, "I think myself obl return great thanks to A God for giving you good su Lincoln;" and every pare sympathize with their joy while on the subject of collegiate success, we cra mission to say that, howeve and grave the faults of S *Life of Wesley*, he has s most of Wesley's biographer proofs which he has adduce Founder's great and various l and accurate scholarship. the Poet-Laureate might ha incapable of forming a corr of the spiritual character a aims of the subject of his st undoubtedly, as he had the so did he thoroughly appreci logical acumen, classic tast feeling, and powerful el And much as we regret the religious errors of Southey yet he has done justice to talents and literary attainme introduced him to many c one who was both a schola gentleman, where previou name had only been rega the type of ignorant and fanaticism. Southey's sket be imperfect, and doubtless the divinest features of his

nting; yet are there touches of ce and beauty in the portrait, ich no other artist has given to subject. To a spiritual Christian, uthey's theory of accounting for igious effects on natural principles imply revolting; but, nevertheless, volumes contain much truthful graphic narrative respecting the gious labours and successes of sley, which cannot fail to make alutary impression on a large class minds, already sufficiently en- tened and independent to form ir own conclusions as to the man, the nature of that work to ch he devoted the energies of a and self-denying life.

We have already remarked that sley was laughed at, while at ford, for his religious life, and jected to a "brisk buffoonery." , exemplary as he was in diligence, -denial, and effort to do good, he not at this time possessed of , heartfelt religion. He was ply serious and devout, and was arded by those around him as ghteous overmuch;" but he w not as yet the scriptural way alvation. He desired to be right, , earnestly struggling with his rent corruptions, strove to starve destroy them by his own efforts; in this he necessarily failed, e it is only the blood of Jesus ich can cleanse from sin. He ceeded in partially subduing his sinfulness; but it still lived, often reigned. He sought to mend himself to God, not yet wing that the Gospel is a revela- n of mercy, not to the righteous, t to penitent sinners trusting in rist. The great truth which he erwards expounded and enforced th such power, that "to him that rketh not, but believeth on im that justifieth the ungodly, his ith is counted for righteousness," had still to learn.

His parents encouraged in him religious decision, and his fellowship with those who were like-minded with himself. The young men who thus met for spiritual improvement were designated, by the wits of the university, "The Holy Club;" and, in consequence of the exact moral method of their lives, were styled in derision, "Methodists." On hearing this at Epworth, the worthy Rector wrote: "I hear my son John has the honour of being styled the father of the 'Holy Club:' if it be so, I am sure I must be the grandfather of it; and I need not say that I had rather any of my sons should be so dignified and distinguished, than to have the title of His Holiness." But the "Holy Club," as Wesley and his friends were contemptuously called, were not permitted to pursue their humble course of visiting the prisoners in the castle, and the sick in the city, without having to encounter great opposition, both from collegians and persons in station and authority. Under these circumstances, the venerable Rector again wrote to cheer his son and fellow-labourers: "Be never weary in well-doing: never look back, for you know the prize and crown are before you; though I can scarce think so meanly of you, as that you should be discouraged with the crackling of thorns under a pot." These were seasonable words to the inexperienced and persecuted disciple, who was at least trying to tread in the steps of the great Master.

Here, then, was Wesley's first experience of that opposition and persecution for righteousness' sake, of which he afterwards was called so largely to partake. His first persecutors were men of education and position in society; subsequently he had to face ignorant and infuriated mobs; but in both instances he stood unmoved, nothing being able to turn him aside from what he conscientiously believed to be his duty. Long

did Providence keep His servant in the school of adversity, training him for a life of arduous toil and suffering, and from which, when he had once entered upon it, he never cowardly shrunk. Had Wesley been cradled in affluence and self-indulgent ease, and had popularity greeted him with its applause on his first public efforts to do good, in all probability he would not have been able to brave the opposition which, in the prosecution of his apostolic labours, he had to encounter. He was early taught to renounce the world; and even before the Sun of righteousness fully rose upon him, he had learnt lightly to esteem both the smiles and the frowns of men. The favour of God and a pure conscience were what he sought. And at length he found both in the presence and influence of the Holy Spirit, as the Spirit of adoption and grace.

Higher Broughton. D. H.

ELIJAH THE PROPHET.

PART II.

THE ASSEMBLY ON CARMEL.

VERY deep interest would the proclamation of the King, summoning the people of Israel and the priests of Baal to Mount Carmel, awaken. The report of the reappearance of the long-missing prophet would soon spread; and the forthcoming convocation, it would be naturally supposed, was the result of his interview with Ahab. Elijah did not tell the King what was his object in demanding this assembly; and, in the interval, every heart would wait in the longing of an anxious suspense. We may, therefore, well suppose that there would be no reluctance in obeying the royal summons, at least as far as it concerned "all Israel." The priests of Baal might not feel so ready; but the people, stricken down with suffering, and brought, in that terrible and universal famine, to almost the very last shifts of and hunger, would welco break in their monotony of and would anticipate the app day as the harbinger, perch hope and deliverance.

No more appropriate spot proposed gathering could the have selected. Carmel is a lofty promontory, about fifte dred feet high, jutting out Mediterranean Sea, and forn culminating point of a long m range, which is thrown up plain of Esdraelon. Wide, va everywhere beautiful, is the which stretches all around fi mountain-top. Its sides are with perpetual verdure, abundant pasturage for the the shepherd, and enriching th husbandman with the wealt fruitful vineyard and the dat To the west there roll th waters of the "great sea," which Phœnician merchants t with southern and western probably fetching their cargo from our ancient Cornish mi the south lies the luxuriant Esdraelon. The distant Galilee, with the heights of bound the eastern view; wi farther away to the north, mountains of Lebanon, al with forests of cedar, an loftier peaks glistening wi petual snow. Such was the meeting which the prophe when he said to Ahab, "Se gather to me all Israel unto Carmel, and the prophets four hundred and fifty, a prophets of the groves four h which eat at Jezebel's table."

ELIJAH'S APPEAL.

And now that the many th of Israel, with Ahab at thei and the priests of the forei detestable idolatry, have as on Carmel, Elijah stands f

speak to them about the crisis which they have reached. And O, with what intense eagerness would every eye look, and every ear listen!

The prophet's words are few; but they glow with a fire and an energy which serve well to show something of the mighty emotion which that day stirs his soul.

There is just one question, which in a moment goes right home to every heart, and lays bare the secret thoughts of Israel's ten recreant tribes: "How long halt ye between two opinions?" And this question is followed by a searching and irresistible demand: "If the Lord be God, follow Him: but if Baal, then follow him."

Here let us consider these first words of Elijah, as they open out the controversy of that memorable day. You have a question, and an appeal founded upon it.

Now, what is the state of things which this question indicates? In the mind of the people there seems to be a sad want of religious straightforwardness and decision. You see in them a sort of hesitation between an open and avowed acknowledgment of the God of their fathers, and an adherence to His worship, which would expose them to royal displeasure, and an open and avowed homage to Baal, which was the sure road to royal favour. In those dark and degenerate days, when the imperious daughter of the King of Tyre had it all her own way, and spread terror throughout the land, to be on the Lord's side was to be on the side of reproach and danger. To be on Baal's side was to conciliate Jezebel, and thus pass over to the side of honour and safety. No wonder that, at such a time, many were "double-minded," and were found trying to effect a compromise. They were hardly prepared utterly to deny and forsake the God of Israel; for there lingered among them traditions and memories which held some sway and restraint, and kept alive in their hearts something of the fear of the Lord of hosts. But all that just then moved their strongest worldly hopes and fears was linked with an adherence to the idolatries of Baal. And so, in these evil and perilous times, might they not secretly hold to the true faith, and worship the true God, and yet offer the outward reverence of the lip and knee to Baal? Might they not, in this bad sense, try to "make the best of both worlds?"

Are there not some who even now are attempting substantially the same compromise? The convictions of their judgment, and the course of their life, are painfully at variance. In fact, they can hardly be said to "halt between two *opinions*." They rather halt between two *professions*. It is by no means a point of uncertain and hesitating opinion as to whether Christ or Satan, religion or irreligion, has the true and rightful claim upon them. No; the real, and, with not a few, the sorrowful, hesitation lies elsewhere. The question with them is, as to whether or not they shall at once clearly and decidedly declare themselves the servants of Christ in all places, and at all hazard of ridicule or loss; or whether they may not, just at present, keep religious principles and convictions to themselves, and so wait for "a convenient season;" not rejecting salvation, only postponing the time of securing it. Why, this is nothing but a snare of the devil; and it has been, over and over again, to countless multitudes, a fond and fatal delusion. Yield not, O yield not, to it; but now decide and declare for Christ! Remember what He says: "Whosoever shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven. But whosoever shall deny Me before men,

him will I also deny before My Father which is in heaven." Of whom, or of what, are you afraid? Has He not said, "My grace is sufficient for thee?" Why, then, do you not boldly confess and trust Him?

ELIJAH'S CHALLENGE.

Very solemn must have been the silence of that pause which followed the few burning words of the Lord's messenger, when he demanded of the multitudes before him to accept at once one or other alternative: "If the Lord be God, follow Him: but if Baal, then follow him." That silence did no reply of either Baal's priests or Israel's people break. Elijah's words of rebuke and remonstrance leave them speechless and confounded. "The people answered him not a word." All silent, and all in suspense, they wait to hear what the prophet will say further. Nor have they to wait long. The man of God soon lays before them his proposal. "Then said Elijah unto the people, I, even I only, remain a prophet of the Lord; but Baal's prophets are four hundred and fifty men. Let them therefore give us two bullocks; and let them choose one bullock for themselves, and cut it in pieces, and lay it on wood, and put no fire under: and I will dress the other bullock, and lay it on wood, and put no fire under: and call ye on the name of your gods, and I will call on the name of the Lord: and the God that answereth by fire, let Him be God." How wise and well-chosen the proof to which the prophet thus offers to bring the question! For, consider, Baal was the *god of the sun*. His worshippers believed that he presided over the element of fire.

In those days of polytheism the dominion of the world was supposed to be divided among various divinities; and to each god there was assigned a particular and distinct ru instance, there was the go waters, and the god of th and almost innumerable de sides; and these "gods ma lords many," had no p authority, except within th sphere.

Neptune ruled the sea, Æ wind, Mars the battle-field. Baal had been the god c instead of the god of fire, h might have replied, and w reason, "We cannot acc challenge. Our god has r over fire: bring us to an which water is the trial of and then we may fairly co matter." But when Elij "The God that answereth let him be God," they wer excuse. "Your god is th fire; then let him fetch fro element the proof of his ov and divinity."

So fully did the proposal itself as most fair and satisf one, the result of which palpable to all, and decisive that the people raised one unanimous shout of appr is well spoken."

Baal's priests are told to first trial. They take th which was given them for fice, and, having placed it altar, they begin their im invocations, and appeal to to vindicate his honour, and answer of fire: "O Baal, As the day advances, and no rewards their reiterated cr stimulate each other into excitement of superstitiou and leap upon and around on which lies their unkind fice. At noon, Elijah, fi contempt of their idol van bitterly remembering how been dishonoured, and ho has suffered by the sin an Baal-worship, utters al

language of scornful irony, and bids them, "Cry aloud: for he is a god; either he is talking, or he is pursuing, or he is in a journey, or peradventure he sleepeth, and must be awaked." The prophet's sarcasm arouses afresh and intensifies their frantic zeal, and renewing their cries, and resorting to the last efforts in the rites which they practise, they "cut themselves with knives and lancets, till the blood gushes out upon them."

Surely there is one lesson taught us here which we shall do well to lay to heart. Were the priests of Baal so fervent, so importunate and persevering, that, though uncheered by any signs which gave indication and hope, they yet prayed on and on with louder cries and unyielding heart? And shall we, in pleading with God for His "sure mercies,"—for forgiveness, for renewal and holiness, for quickened spiritual life, for mightier baptisms of the Holy Ghost upon Ministers and people, for a revival of religion which shall rapidly extend the kingdom of Christ, and bring glory to God, and blessing to man; I say, shall we be cold and unbelieving? God forbid! What! though sin be strong, and ourselves weak; though the hindrances which oppose the progress of the glorious Gospel rise up in every form which the malice of the devil, or the blindness of men, can possibly mould them into; "Is not My word like as a fire? saith the Lord; and like a hammer that breaketh the rock in pieces?" And "is anything too hard for the Lord?" "Ye that make mention of the Lord, keep not silence, and give Him no rest, till He establish, and till He make Jerusalem a praise in the earth." "Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you." Why, with arguments, and "exceeding great and precious promises," such as these, we should say, undaunted by any difficulty or delay, "I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me." Then, sooner or later, shall the answer gloriously come, "Be it unto thee even as thou wilt."

BORROWED MISERY.

PAPERS FOR WEEK-DAY READING.

No. III.

POMFRET wrote,—

"Afflictions past can no existence find
But in the wild ideas of the mind."

There is much misery borrowed from past suffering. One would suppose that people would see at once the folly of plaguing themselves by grieving over past sorrows and pain; and yet a very limited observation of human conduct will confirm the statement, that men are apt very unnecessarily to add to the real pains and troubles of life by borrowing, for present mortification, imaginary ones from their own past experience, or from the past experience of other people. Whately has a suggestive paper on this subject, from which we derive some help. He dwells on the fact that sometimes former evils "do afford reasonable ground of affliction;" but that is because they may return, "or lead to some other evil." For example, the gentleman who had a savage fit of gout six months ago, may well think of that wofully, because, in addition to the pain it gave him then, it was evidence of gouty tendency; and as gout, like bad money, generally comes back to its owner, the gouty victim may well remember his last attack with a feeling of sorrow, and fear as to the future: but this is a very different case from that of a man whose leg has been amputated. When that operation was performed, he felt pain; but now that it is over, he has ceased to wince and pine about the pain, however much he may regret the loss of the limb.

Whately deals especially with the way in which people trouble themselves about the manner in which their friends died. "Did he die easily?" is the common inquiry. Survivors are consoled if they learn that he suffered little; but if he died in great agony, it excites their sympathy more than the case of one who is *living* in agony. But there is much mistake in all this: it is folly to grieve over it now, because, however great the suffering was, it has passed, and never can recur again: the dead are free. It may be said, "But they *did* suffer." True: last winter's snow was thick and cold, but it were absurd to shiver for that now.

In daily life it would be of great value to remember that as the acts of the past cannot be undone, as spilt water cannot be gathered, and it is, therefore, no use pining about them, so, in reference to past sufferings, seeing that they are past, it were best to cease to make them part and parcel of the miseries of the present. Of what advantage is it to persons constantly afflicting themselves with sorrowful recollections of the calamities to their business, their fortunes, their families, which, though sad enough at the time, can never be undone or return? We would do well to remember that, while the present brings enough cares of its own, it also brings duties; but very rarely ought the cares of the present to be married to the sorrows of the past; and that generally he who lives in the mournful recollections of former days, is hindered in the performance of life's great duties. If men are wise, they can generally prove that "sorrows, follies, and errors have their edges wonderfully softened off by retrospection: they become possessions rather than detriments."

All men make blunders, but a skilful general will not waste time or lose heart over mistakes he forces them into the p dear-bought experience. So we all make past sufferin failure, valuable working exp for never let us forget tha water may be spilt, but the c is not broken;" that is, fail belong to the past, the opp for improvement is still ours.

Some gloomy, dismal fo perhaps say, "Then if suffe valuable experience, why ol us looking for it, and bo misery?"

Because, good friends, comes often, and soon enoug all, unsought. You need ne invitations to the tax-gathe will hunt you up, depend u They never need to canv patients for hospitals: sickn force the victims thither; s doctors may wait calmly i rooms, well knowing that pain will come suing for relie so to us all, sorrows come in we may stay at home and —they will find us.

Poverty—indeed, suffering kind—generally provokes borrow more misery; and it a man to be firm, just, g resist the temptation, and be with the troubles he has. A it is one of the consolations o kind, commonplace as it is to that matters are never so b us, they could not be wors example, "A wise man in want was eating some gard which he had picked up, and to himself, 'Surely there is in the world more poor and w than I am;' and he turned and beheld another wise man the leaves which he had away."

Sadi, a Persian poet, sai this may be commended thought of all grumblers,) " complained of my condition b

my feet were bare, and I had
ioney to buy shoes; but shortly
ards I met a man without any
and I became contented with
t."

ery common plan of borrowing
y is by troubling one's-self
other people's opinions, and
ng to conform to them. We
now the fable of the man and
s; and I need, therefore, only
ou, friendly reader, to remem-

rvous, shy, self-distrustful
e are they who allow themselves
troubled thus. "But," say
"we do not ask people to give
eir opinions; and how can we
the misery?"

st, by having opinions of your
nd seeing to it that they are
having; and then holding to
with a firm gripe, despite all
rld.

:t, by simply, resolutely, re-
gratuitous meddling. There
rge class of persons who are
nstituted judges of their
ours' doings, and dictators of
actions. They are easily dis-
shed, and very harmless if you
how to deal with them: like
s, if you touch them lightly,
will sting; if you grasp them
r, their amiability will astonish

Insist on all plain-spoken
s and critics abstaining from
ence; and when men who have
ated you by telling you in
language disagreeable things
yourself, come again to "talk
mind," let them know that
they wish to do so, you wish,
hat they should "mind their

At least, do not borrow the
of caring much about what
say or think: do right, fear
nd burst the bonds of slavery
ich you have lived to the
ns of other people; and es-
y be wise respecting the con-
meddlers,—they, at least,
themselves are bad and faulty, whatever you are; for Jeremy Taylor was quite right when he said, "Every man hath in his life sins enough; in his own mind, troubles enough; in his fortunes, evils enough; and in performance of his office, failings more than enough; to satisfy his own inquiry: so that curiosity after the affairs of others cannot be without envy and an evil mind."

We are reminded, at this point, that often it requires a man to be almost superhuman to know current opinion about himself without being miserable.

Almost everybody has, at one time or another, had some vile slander, cruel calumny, uttered against him. He knew it was false; but it was hard to keep from borrowing misery, and adding it to the store already in possession; for false, vile, though the slander was, many a friend might believe it; all the gossips would like it; each old lady, of both sexes, that loved that sort of thing, would talk about it, and sweeten her tea with it. Who that had not an iron determination could defy all that popular lying, and be calm?

Public men are especially likely to suffer through wrong opinions respecting them; and often would it be to the lasting injury of holy, excellent causes, if they yielded to the current untrue notions. Well for them if they are able rightly to estimate the opinions of the mob, and abstain from borrowing the misery of believing that the crowd is any more likely to be right now than when it cried, "Crucify Him!"

We may learn a lesson, too, as judges. The doings of others are before us. Every day we deal with persons. Do not let us torment either ourselves or them by trying to make all think or act alike: one

groove will never do for all people. It will be well for us to make a resolve to have opinions of our own, and to hold them firmly, yet fairly towards others; and to be willing most frankly to allow them liberty as full as we desire for ourselves.

Oppose or concede as we may, we shall never be able to agree with everybody, or make everyone agree with us. We may try,—we shall fail; and sadder, wiser men, we shall regret our folly, and learn the lesson that Charles V. was taught in his retirement, of whom it is said, that he had a number of watches, which he endeavoured to make keep time together; but the watches beat him: go they would, but go differently; and the lesson that he learnt was, that it is next to impossible to make men think alike.

But let us not forget that many persons make themselves unhappy by supposing other people to be thinking about them, whereas those people do not give themselves the trouble to think of them at all. In one of his essays Montaigne says, "Many unhappy persons seem always to imagine themselves in an amphitheatre, with the assembled world as spectators, whereas all the while they are playing to empty benches. They fancy, too, that they are the particular theme of every passer-by. If, however, they must listen to imaginary conversations about themselves, they might at any rate defy the proverb, and insist on hearing themselves well spoken of."

Chatham. C. H. K.

"HOLD UP MY GOINGS IN THY PATHS, THAT MY FOOTSTEPS SLIP NOT."

BY GEORGE WITHER, 1588—1667.

Who knows, when he to go from home
Departeth from his door,
Or when, or how, he back shall come,
Or whether never more?

For some who walk abroad in healt
In sickness back are brought;
And some who have gone forth
wealth,
Have back return'd with nought.

Lord, therefore, now I go abroad,
My Guard I Thee confess;
And humbly beg of Thee, O God,
My going forth to bless.
Go with me whither I would go,
Stay with me where I stay;
Do for me what I ought to do,
Speak Thou what I should say.

From taking wrong, from doing ha
From thoughts and speeches ill,
From passion's rage, from plea
charm,
Vouchsafe to keep me still.
Let me abroad some blessing find
And let no curse the while
Befall to that I leave behind,
My honest hopes to spoil!

But let my going out and in,
My thoughts, my words, and wo
Be always safe, still free from sin,
And ever to Thy praise.
And when my pains effect shall ta
Or times of stay are spent,
With health and credit bring me h
With comfort and content.

THE DESERT.

In the East, wide, extended plai
usually liable to drought, and
quently to barrenness. Hence the H
language describes "a plain," "a de
and "an unfruitful waste," by the
word.

The term which is in g
rendered "wilderness," means, pro
"a grazing tract," uncultivated
destitute of wood, but fit for pastu
heath or steppe. The pastures o
wilderness are mentioned in Psalm
13; Joel i. 19; Luke xv. 4; and
be very well explained by referen
the fact, that even the Desert of A
which is utterly burnt up with
cessive drought in summer, is, in w
and spring, covered with rich and b
herbage. Whence it is that the Ar
tribes retreat into their deserts on
approach of the autumnal rains,

when spring has ended, and the droughts commence, return to the lands of rivers and mountains, in search of the pastures which the deserts no longer afford. The same word may, therefore, denote a region which is desert, and also one which, at stated seasons, contains rich and abundant pastures. But, in fact, the word translated in our Bibles by "desert," or "wilderness," often means no more than the common, uncultivated grounds in the neighbourhood of towns, on which the inhabitants grazed their domestic cattle.

The term, "a great desert," or "wilderness," is especially applied to that desert of Stony Arabia in which the Israelites sojourned under Moses. (Num. xxi. 20; xxiii. 28; Psalm lxviii. 7; lxxviii. 40, &c.) This was the most terrible of the deserts with which the Israelites were acquainted, and the only *real* desert in their immediate neighbourhood. It is emphatically called "the desert," without any proper name, in Exod. xxiii. 31; Deut. xi. 24.

The several deserts, or wildernesses, mentioned in Scripture, are those of Edom, Etham, Judah, Cadesh, Maon, Paran, Shur, Sin, Sinai.

"WELL DONE!"

THESE are the terms in which the Great Ruler will finally welcome His true and faithful servants. It is matchless commendation. There is in it no mixture of reproof, no whisper of censure. Has human praise ever approached it? What can equal this unerring "praise of God?" Not he who is flattered by mortal lips, not he that commendeth himself, is approved; but whom the Lord commendeth. And this is the seal of the righteous: "the Lord knoweth them that are His." He notices their constancy and fidelity;—

> "He knows, and He approves,
> The way the righteous go;"

guiding them throughout the whole of their course. When the race is run, and they have reached the goal, He will be ready there to greet them with His recognition and His love. While He graciously awards to them the crown of life, how overwhelming the words, "Well done, good and faithful servants!" Though salvation, from first *to last*, is all of grace, yet God will not suffer the integrity and faithfulness of His people to pass without His emphatic approbation. He "is not unrighteous to forget their work and labour of love."

How sweetly such greeting will sound in the ears of the saved! Having, through much tribulation, entered into rest, upon the believer's entrance into the paradise of God the tried and faithful one will meet this precious welcome. How it will thrill his soul to hear it! What rapture for him to receive it from the lips of his Lord! "Here, at last," will be his blissful thought, "here I find myself in heaven! Life's eventful race on the earth is run! Toil and suffering are at an end! The fight of faith is fought! The victory is won! All my doubts and fears triumphant grace has for ever quelled! Perils and hardships are all, all passed! And here am I at home, in my blessed Master's presence. Can it be that He is addressing unworthy me in words like these? To myself I seem to be less than the least of all saints; and yet I hear Him say, 'Well done!' even to me. Of what profit have I ever been to Him? What have I ever done for Him who gave Himself to the death for me? If I have gained anything by trading, the praise must all be His. I am a saved sinner, a debtor to His grace, a monument of mercy! With all my imperfections, and unprofitableness as a Christian, He is graciously pleased to recognise, to receive, to welcome me! In the hearing of all heaven, He greets me, fresh from the scenes and experiences of the earthly vineyard, with the salutation, 'Well done!' This, then, is the kindness of the Lord to His servant!"

> "His grace will all the work perform,
> And give the free reward."

EARTHQUAKES.

THAT there is something in the phenomenon of an earthquake which, more than any other, expresses with awful power the collapse and nothingness of human things, is obvious enough. Even the lower animal creation perceive its approach, as some of them have been said to discern and quail before and at the approach of death. In the earthquake at Naples, in 1805, the sheep

rushed in dismay against
before any human being had
ock; the dogs howled, the
ame furious in their stalls, the
bristled with terror, rabbits
rushed from their holes, the
scared into the air, the fish
the shore, the ants abandoned
ills, the locusts crept through
towards the sea; and all this
danger became sensible to any
But even men become sensible
efore they become sensible of
A gentleman of Copiapo wrote
Basil Hall: "Before we hear
, or, at least, are fully con-
earing it, we are made sensible,
now how, that something un-
going to happen; everything
change colour; our thoughts
d immovably down; the whole
ears to be in disorder; all
ks different from what it was
lo, and we feel quite subdued
whelmed by some invisible
Then comes the terrible sound,
heard, and immediately the
is all in motion, waving to
like the surface of the sea.
pon it, a severe earthquake is
to shake the firmest mind."
loubt, its phenomena are more
y preternatural than those of
human event. The ground
the appearance of running
deed, *does* transmit tidal waves
tly as the ocean itself. Not
alleys exalted, and hills made
nature appears to be working
awful and tragic scale, stage

After the great earthquake of
1797, many whom the earth-
prised in the town of Riobamba
d as corpses on the top of a
ated by a river from the place,
al hundred feet higher than the
town. The place was shown
oldt where the whole furniture
use was found buried beneath
of another; and it could only be
l for by supposing that it had
o the earth at one spot, and
gorged at that other. In
1783, whole estates were *shuffled*; so that, for example,
ion of mulberry-trees was set down in the middle of a cornfield, and a field of lupines was removed into the middle of a vineyard. For several years after, lawsuits were actively carried on in the courts of Naples to reclaim landed property thus bodily conveyed, without legal forms, from one man to another. Who can wonder that people who thus see what we call emphatically *real* property flying like shadows before their eyes, prostrate themselves before the great Earth-shaker in paroxysms of fear and superstition?

But it is not only superstition which these terrible phenomena contrive to elicit. If Roman Catholic countries did not happen to have two or three specially holy days in every week, it would be rather curious that the most memorable earthquakes have so often surprised the crowds kneeling in their churches and cathedrals; so that the rocking earth has availed itself, as it were, of the picturesque piety of the masses to bury them in hosts among the sacred ruins. The great Lisbon earthquake, in 1755, which buried or destroyed some sixty thousand persons in a few minutes, occurred on "All Saints' Day," a high festival among the Portuguese; and every altar was blazing with wax tapers, when the sun grew dim, and the Palace of the Inquisition fell in. The conflagration which succeeded the earthquake was thus directly due to the universal ritual illumination. The less fatal, but almost more scenic, catastrophe in Caraccas, the capital of Venezuela, on the 26th of March, 1812, occurred on Holy Thursday. The priestly processions were just about to start, and "the crowds assembled in the churches were so numerous, that between three and four thousand persons are said to have been crushed by the downfal of their vaulted roofs." And the effect upon the mind of the people was naturally enough that of a religious, rather than of an earthly, catastrophe. "People applied themselves to the exercise of those religious duties which, in their opinion, were most fitted to appease the wrath of Heaven. Many assembled, and passed through the streets in procession, singing funeral hymns; others, thrown into a state of distraction by these calamities,

confessed their sins aloud in the streets; numerous marriages were contracted between persons who for many years had neglected to sanction their union by the sacerdotal benediction; children found parents by whom they had not been acknowledged up to that time; restitutions were promised by persons who had never been accused of fraud or theft; families, which for many years had been estranged from one another by enmity and hatred, were drawn together by the tie of common suffering." And this last summer, in Manilla, the fearful earthquake similarly found the population on its knees on the eve of the *Fête de Dieu*. The prayers of thousands appeared to be answered by the sudden crashing of the masonry, and collapse of the earth. "After dressing," says an eye-witness, who describes what he saw in *All the Year Round*, "I walked slowly homeward, and, having to pass near the cathedral, I went in. Being the eve of the *Fête Dieu*, I found it crowded with worshippers. Men and women of every hue of colour were mingled with children whose fairer skins contrasted strongly with that of the elders, especially those whose parents were Europeans. There is at all times a striking devoutness displayed in the churches; but this struck me especially on this evening, no doubt because of the solemnity of the occasion. How many were in the building I cannot say, but the number was very great; for, though the cathedral was exceedingly large, I could not see a space large enough for a single additional person beyond a few feet from the door by which I entered. Some notion may be formed of the number present, from the fact that at this time there were not less than twenty-five priests officiating in different parts of the sacred edifice. The air was so bad that I did not remain more than two or three minutes, though the service had not long begun."

Not many minutes after, the same spectator returned to the spot where the cathedral had stood. Not a dozen people, he thinks, had escaped out of the building before it came crushing down upon the two or three thousand which its walls alone must have contained.

DEATH.

TWENTY-SEVEN hundred years ago, a funeral procession was moving along from a house of mourning toward the burial-place. The corpse lay uncoffined on the bier. Before reaching the narrow chamber prepared for this pale sleeper, the party were startled by the appearance of a band of marauders, which at this period were quite numerous in that unhappy country. Happening to be then very near a grave already occupied, they hastily deposited in it their lifeless burden, and fled. What must have been their amazement, on looking round a moment after, to see their friend issuing from the sepulchre where they had laid him, alive. The corpse had touched the ashes of the Prophet Elisha, and, at the touch, life returned. Is not life a strange donation for death's hand to bestow?

Some years ago there gleamed among the churches of Scotland the light of a silver lamp. Its rays crossed the border, and illumined many an English home and heart. The name inscribed upon that lamp was Robert Murray M'Cheyne. But his biographer tells us that the light of that gracious life was kindled at the bier whereon the corpse of his brother David lay. Another donation of life from the hand of death.

Here is a wayward son. Instructions, exhortations, sermons, revivals, prayers, parental solicitudes, have all proved in vain. But now God sends death to ordain the mother of that youth to preach in his ears the soul-winning sermon. And from those closed eyes and sealed lips, and from that pale face and prostrate form, there issues a power that saves her darling from the lions. Thus again death gives life.

Years ago, in a certain pew, there sat a man, Sabbath after Sabbath, listening, and not without interest, to repeated messages of mercy. At many a communion season he promised submission to his Lord ere another should arrive. One day, after long procrastination, death swooped down upon his household, and bore away the spirit of his little boy. Rarely has ever a more touching scene been presented than was witnessed at that funeral. The poor father was like a wandering spirit. He would

into the room where the little
s lay, and bending one knee, he
l gaze awhile upon that sweet
face, then rise and retire to the
room. A few minutes more would
him again in the former position,
hen again he would retire. And
we left that little coffin in that
grave, it seemed as if that stricken
would leave his life there with it.
ext communion found that father
us at the table. Another life-gift
death's hand.
hteen hundred years ago the
l Son of God died; and O, what
th! O, that bloody sweat! O,
that agonizing cry! But to-day there are millions on earth, and many, many millions in heaven, once "dead in trespasses and sins," and now alive for evermore. And all this life comes from that death. And this same death will be the source of all the life that will throb, and flash, and sing, at the marriage-supper of the Lamb.

Is this life yours? If not, for what are you waiting? For God to fill some coffin with the remains of the dearest of your earthly treasures? Will you not go to the communion-table till you have to go over the grave of mother, father, wife, or child?

Art and Science.

UR MICROSCOPE TABLE.

s have to consider more in detail
r two of the hydroid zoophytes,
were generally described in our
ary number, and will take one of
rgest and most showy of the tribe,
laria indivisa,) and which has this
iarity, that whereas others of the
y have numerous branches or spurs
ing from the central stem, this is
nching, whence its specific name.
ne who saw it for the first time
l suppose it to belong to the animal
lom. A simple, horny stem springs
ht from the creeping root, just like
rer-stalk, save that the colour is a
yellow; indeed, the stems are in
rance more like straws than any-
else. On the top of the stalk is
l the head, which, being bright pink
lour, and with a double circle of
tentacles around it, completes the
r-like appearance of the creature.
ine the white petals of a daisy to be
one rolled into a cylinder, instead of
flat, and the central eye of the flower
pink instead of yellow, and to be
a up into a blunt cone, on the apex
ich is seated the mouth, and you
a rude idea, on a large scale, of the
yte we are noticing. These
al-flowers are found in groups,
times of thirty or more, and grow
eight varying from one to twelve
s. The finest that have ever come under our notice were taken from a very singular place; not from the quiet seashore, but in the midst of one of the busiest scenes in England, with the tramp of feet overhead, coming and going the day through, and generally far into the night. The great landing-stage at Liverpool is supported on immense pontoons, or keels, which are always submerged to the same depth, and the sides of which are covered thick with mussels. These, again, furnish holding-ground for parasites, and the tide at every change brings ova of many kinds, and embryo forms, which develop in this convenient place; and along with such abundant food are the animals, which naturally prey upon it,—worms of brilliant colours and graceful motion, and still more beautiful and graceful sea-slugs; and, by the way, let no one judge of either class by their relatives of the kitchen-garden, any more than he would judge of the birds of Brazil from an English sparrow.

Some of these masses of Tubularia are a foot or fifteen inches in height, and at times having extraordinary clusters of ova pendent from the heads. For examination under the microscope, we choose a small specimen, of which there are sure to be many in the group, and place it in the large, flat-sided cell, which goes by the name of the zoophyte-trough. Half filling the trough with sea-water, the wedge just slightly holding the loose slip against the

object, so that the head is steadied against the side, we draw down the microscope until it is horizontal, and place the trough upon the stage, fixing it with the clamp for greater security. And now, using the lowest power, we see several features that ordinary inspection does not show. In the first place, the stem is not a simple tube, as it appeared to be, but a bundle of tubes enclosed in a common covering. We also observe that there is a space between the top of the horny tube, and the fleshy head of the zoophyte; and the neck, so to speak, which is thus exposed, has considerable play. Then the form of the head above the neck, or collar, is more noticeable, enlarging suddenly, just as the calyx of the rose, or the cup of the acorn, enlarges from the stalk, and so further increasing the general resemblance to a vegetable, rather than to an animal, product. Proceeding upwards, we have the lower and outer row of tentacles, filled with a granular substance that is uniform throughout, except that the granules are slightly denser at the extremity of each tentacle. Situated within this circle is a pink, fleshy cone, round the lower part of which is placed another circle of the important organs which are both fingers and tongue, and which carry, with unfailing accuracy, each minute atom of food to the mouth, which is placed on the summit of the cone. The head of this zoophyte is, however, much too opaque for the microscope to penetrate, so that the internal economy of the creature is almost entirely hidden. But we see that every now and then there is a spasmodic movement of the cone, or papilla, and that, with every such movement, occurring at irregular intervals, there is a corresponding movement in the contents of the upper part of the supporting stem. The head, or cone, or papilla, contains two cavities; or, if you prefer it, one cavity divided by a valve into an upper and lower chamber. The lower one is filled with the circulating fluid, furnished by the stem, as we shall presently describe, and is then driven into the upper chamber, to be again returned and passed down the stem. There is, therefore, an alternate filling of the two chambers preparatory to the renewed circulation of the fluid.

We now come to the stem, with its contained tubes, the existence of which has been repeatedly questioned. A section carefully made with a pair of fine scissors, and examined under the quarter-inch, will show eight or ten circular canals lined with cilia, which beat in alternately opposite directions, showing that the contents first pass downwards, then rest for a few moments, and then are driven upwards into the two cavities, and then *da capo*, thus maintaining a constant flux and reflux movement. Towards the upper part of the stem, the tubes gradually enlarge, until, at the summit, they all unite, forming the lower of the two cavities before spoken of.

It often happens that when this zoophyte is taken, the head is almost hidden by white grape-like clusters. These are female specimens, with their ova; or, more strictly speaking, their ovi-sacs, for each little capsule contains a single egg, from which, when fructified, there issues a ciliated germ; and this, after a few hours, becomes fixed on the spot to which it has wandered, and develops at once into a polyp like its parent, without undergoing those wonderful changes which characterize the hydroid family generally.

* * *

Study and Pulpit Thoughts.

THE SPIRIT GLORIFYING CHRIST.

"But when it pleased God....to reveal His Son in me,....immediately I conferred not with flesh and blood." (Gal. i. 15, 16.)

We cannot truly learn to know Christ *through the letter*, or by human instruction; nor can we fathom Him by reason: we cannot grasp Him in any other way except the Father reveal Him, and the Spirit glorify Him to us; except He present His image, as He gave Himself up and died for us on the cross, before the eyes of our hearts, and make clear to us

it of God of what import He
Then we see the brightness
ove of God in their highest
. open countenance, seeing that
Spirit has taken away the
that lies upon our natural
ding, and has opened our
His own impressions.
to whom Christ is thus revealed,
ike St. Paul, no longer to counsel
and blood, asks not self-love
pleased, but goes straightway,
uestions, and gives himself up,
at he has and is, to Him who
s Himself over to him, and is,
will be, his. O, where Christ,
ion of the world, has entered,
be no more questioning: May
now let go the world, and sin,
lf? What will the world say
What will this or the next
ink? Nay, one has then no
re, no wish, no question, except,
n I please Him? How can I
n uninterruptedly, and be con-
vith Him? How can I every
as often as possible, procure
ie joy of having Him, as He
imself to me in His love and

OKING UNTO JESUS.

run with patience the race that is set
ooking unto Jesus the Author and
our faith; who for the joy that was
him endured the cross, despising the
is set down at the right hand of the
od." (Heb. xii. 1, 2.)

harp sufferings and deep dark-
othing is more wholesome,
, and strengthening, than a
esus, the suffering and crucified
Therefore look not this way
way; seek not, here or there
ien, or in creatures, thy con-
seek Him where He is to be
here He is ready for thee:
esus. He that hath begun the
faith in thee, will, and must
h it. See Him suffering, dying;
at whose command were all the
glory of heaven from all
and who, nevertheless, of His
will, left all joy, and for thee
cross and death; but through
and death again entered into
His glory. What His Divine power could, and did, do in His humanity, it can also do in thee, in thy human nature; for thou art bone of His bone, and flesh of His flesh. As He has conquered in the great distress and anguish, in all sufferings, so wilt thou also conquer through Him, if thou dost look to Him in faith. As He, after His sufferings, was exalted to the right hand of God, and sits upon God's throne, in His human nature, so shalt thou also be exalted through Him, if thou conquer through Him. What He through Himself was able to do, and what He became, thou mayest do and become, through Him. Follow Him, with thine eyes, from the Mount of Olives to the right hand of God, and let His power work mightily in thee; so shalt thou also with Him from suffering enter into glory.

ABIDING IN JESUS.

"And now, little children, abide in Him; that, when He shall appear, we may have confidence, and not be ashamed before Him at His coming." (1 John ii. 28.)

COMING to Jesus, and being in Jesus, are not all: he only that *abideth* in Him to the end shall be saved. Some persons, as soon as they have tasted a little of nearness to Jesus, think that now they are all right for eternity, and get secure and proud, or cold, and at last quite lukewarm; and, instead of abiding in Jesus, they abide in conceit, and in a false claim to His grace, or in the vain honour of having once possessed and experienced Jesus. "Abide," says St. John, "ye must abide in Him." Ye must partake of Him continually. Every day must ye experience Him in your hearts, and always have Him near; daily must ye awake, renew, and strive to keep ever living and fervent, your faith, love, and communion with Him. Here comes in that prayer without ceasing, which our blessed Lord, both by His own words, and through those of St. Paul, so much recommends, and which all that have *continued* in Jesus have faithfully practised. Alas! one is indeed soon awakened, and rejoices in the coming of Jesus into his heart; but he does not hold Him fast, and does not abide in Him. He has found the treasure, but he does not preserve it;

he will not surrender all for Him; he would fain retain Jesus and the world at the same time; would fain enjoy sensual pleasures, honour and wealth along with Him; would fain abide in Jesus, and, at the same time, in himself. This, however, will not do: if Thou abide in thyself and thine old habits, Jesus abideth not in thee. Thou must go out of thyself, deny thyself entirely, and crucify the old man, or thou canst not be a disciple of Jesus, nor abide in Him.

Narratives.

WHAT PRAYER CAN DO.

It seemed as if the whole population of a little town had turned out to attend Margaret M——'s funeral. Everyone mourned as for a friend. Margaret, though a poor woman, was an important person in the place. Wherever there was a sick neighbour to nurse, or a mourner to be comforted, there this hard-working woman was to be found. No wonder, therefore, that the tears which fell on the day of her burial, were tears of true and abundant sorrow.

When the funeral-company had dispersed, a stranger still lingered near the grave. And when it was filled up, and the hillock smoothed, she took a young rose-tree from beneath her cloak, and planted it on the grave. With a quickened step she then passed down the village, stopped for an instant at the gate of Margaret's little garden, plucked a sprig of sweetbrier, and a bit of the flower which our villagers call the "everlasting," and was about to walk away.

"Dear me!" exclaimed one of the old people, "if that isn't Mrs. S——, the pawnbroker's wife, who used to live at the end of ——. Why, it must be well-nigh five-and-twenty years since she and her husband gave up business, and left the place."

"Nay, nay," said another elderly person, "it isn't she. Sally S—— was a hard, grinding woman, and never had a tear to spare for the living or for the dead."

I heard no more, for I hastened to overtake the stranger.

"Are you a relation of Mrs. M——?"

"No, ma'am; at least, not that sort of kin which you mean, though in heaven, I believe, it will come out that we are very nearly related;" and the woman wept like a child. "I believe," she continued, "that it is owing to the prayers of that dear saint whose body has been put into the grave this afternoon, that my soul was ever snatched from the wrath to come, and brought to Christ."

"Margaret herself would have told you," said I, "that the praise is due, not to her prayers, but to the saving grace and living intercession of God's dear Son. However, I believe we mean the same thing."

After a few minutes the old woman entered into a fuller narrative. "Late one evening," she said, "long after the shop was closed, Frank M—— (Margaret's unworthy husband) came to our side-door, with a bundle of wearing apparel to put into pawn. At first I refused to have anything to say to him out of business-hours; but he said he must have money on any terms. So my greediness of gain prevailed, as usual. I advanced the money, and took the things. In those days my heart was hard as flint. Yet, when I turned over the carefully-mended clothes; that cloak which had faced so many a storm; those shoes which had trodden so many a rough mile in duty's path; those coarse petticoats always tidy, yet worn so threadbare; somehow my heart misgave me. I tried to fight it out with conscience, but it would not do. So I rose earlier than usual, tied up the clothes in a bundle, and hurried with them and some breakfast to the cottage.

"Hearing Margaret M——'s voice, I waited, and listened for a minute at the window. I expected to hear reproaches and complainings; but the words I heard were these: 'Forgive him, Lord. Thou who clothest the lilies, wilt Thou not much more clothe me also? Thou knowest I have need of these things. Yet, though the fig-tree shall not

, neither fruit be in the vines, I
ice in the Lord; I will joy in
. of my salvation.' I heard no
but, after giving Margaret the
I hardly knew how it was, but
ng within prompted me to say,
as turning away, 'Mrs. M——,
ıy name sometimes, will you, in
ayers?' Till that hour I had
ared for prayer, and felt no
e for it, and no need of it.
is it,' said I to myself, 'that
ıer to differ from me? She talks
reat God as to a friend, and calls
a God of her salvation. I know
about the God of this Christian
'

en I came home, I went up-
an old lumber-room, and there I
n by myself. There was a heavy
upon my heart. I groaned aloud,
I hardly knew what I wanted.
ly I said to myself, 'I wonder if
ray;' but no words would come.
I fairly smote upon my breast,
ed, 'God be merciful to me a
' I knew afterwards, but not for
while, that God, by His Holy
had put those words into my
though I believe I had not heard
nce I was a child at a Sunday-

Well, I rummaged out the only
e had in pawn, (for we scarcely
ok Bibles,) and turned over its
I was as ignorant as a baby
to find the places. You will
believe it, but I searched all
a Genesis to try to find that story
the publican, from which I had
my first prayer.

new our business was not good for one to be in who wanted to be a Christian; and I urged Davie (that's my husband) to give up the pawn-shop, whatever it might cost us. At first he flew into a passion, and declared that he was not going to be 'hen-pecked' out of a good business by any woman. So, then, God showed me that my place was to wait awhile, and be patient, and to put the difficulty into Christ's hands.

"Well, to make a long story short, Davie soon felt much the same as I did. So we gave up the business, left the place, and settled in a neighbourhood where my husband had relations who might help us, we thought, into some other calling.

"There was one desire, one little prayer, which would always slip in, like a whisper, between my petitions; and this was that I might see Margaret M——'s face once again, and tell her of the change. I could not afford the journey; so I put it off from year to year, always hoping that the time would come. Now and then I sent her a little token of love,—some flower-seeds, a silk handkerchief, or a few yards of ribbon. It was all I could afford; and she never knew from whom they came. I thought I would tell her all when we met. I had managed to save a few shillings, and had fixed to come this very summer. But Margaret's Lord has sent for her, you see, before I could see her. So she never knew, on earth, that her prayers for the pawnbroker's wife had been heard and answered. And yet I think she knows all about it, in that place where 'there is joy over one sinner that repenteth.'"

The Monitor.

N'T SPOIL THE SERMON.

A WORD TO HEARERS.

Gospel is the Divinely-appointed
for effecting human salvation.
at Gospel must be preached; for
ased God by the foolishness of
ng to save them that believe."
se, in the necessary absence of the
r, personal edification may be
by the perusal of the Scriptures;
and a public good may be done by reading to others the holy writings, which are able to make men wise unto salvation. But God has not permitted us to supersede the public preaching of the word by reading; for He who said, "Search the Scriptures," said also, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." The historian praises the Bereans, because they "searched the Scriptures daily, whether

those things were so;" but he takes care to say, "These were more noble than those in Thessalonica, in that they received the word with all readiness of mind." It is quite true that "the testimonies of the Lord are sure, converting the soul;" and, therefore, we ought to "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" them. But the Apostle says, "Whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord shall be saved. How then shall they call on Him in whom they have not believed? and how shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard? and how shall they hear without a preacher?....So then faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." If, therefore, men are to be saved by the Gospel, that Gospel must be preached to them; and neither Bible colportage, Sunday-schools, the press, nor anything else, is to displace the pulpit. Neither ceremonies nor prayer-meetings may bring into disrepute the public "preaching of God's most holy word."

But if there must be preaching, there must be hearing; and the duties of the pulpit involve the responsibilities of the pew. The preacher is under obligation, both to God and the people, to preach the Gospel faithfully. But all the obligation appertaining to preaching does not rest with the preacher. Woe unto him if he preach not the Gospel; but of some it is said, "The word preached did not profit them, not being mixed with faith in them that heard it." There is danger of preachers becoming "false teachers, who privily bring in damnable heresies," and causing many to "follow their pernicious ways;" but there is equal danger that hearers "will not endure sound doctrine; but after their own lusts shall they heap to themselves teachers, having itching ears; and they shall turn away their ears from the truth, and shall be turned unto fables."

"Why are there so comparatively few conversions under the preaching of the word? Why has the pulpit lost its old power, and so signally failed in the work to which it is specially devoted?" Who has not heard these questions? who has not asked them? We might call in question the truth of the assumptions, and should have much to say on the side which those questions keep out of view. But we will rather take our stand on the ground chosen by these querists,—few conversions, feebleness in the pulpit,—and deal with the matter as they present it. We will admit that there has been blame in the preachers; that the pulpit has been disgraced by unworthy men, and paralyzed by inefficient ministrations; that sufficient attention has not been paid to the necessity of keeping pace with the times, and causing preaching to occupy the first place as the instructer of the age; and that the habits, tastes, pursuits, moral and intellectual feebleness of preachers, have done much to bring preaching into discstcem. But all the blame is not in the pulpit; a full proportion of the faultiness is in the pew. It may be that our ancestors had a more zealous and useful ministry; perhaps those Ministers had better hearers. There is a demand for more efficiency in the pulpit. Well, is there no corresponding demand for more co-operation in the pew? It is said, Preachers must be more talented, more effective. May we not add, Hearers must be more sympathetic, candid, pious? Even the matchless ministrations of the Lord Jesus produced no good effect on captious, unbelieving hearers. The preacher may be perfect, and his sermon faultless; and yet he may have to say, "All day long I have stretched forth my hands unto a disobedient and gainsaying people." If, then, there is need to bid preachers take heed to their doctrine, there surely is equal need to say to hearers, "Take heed, therefore, how ye hear." Many are saying to the preacher, "If you have received a Divine commission to preach, take care and preach good sermons." We would like to say to hearers, "If you wish to profit, and see others benefited, by preaching, don't spoil the sermon." In your interest, to aid you to make the pulpit more efficient, to prevent you from making the preaching of the word comparatively powerless in the conversion of men to God, we offer the following suggestions:—

1. Those who would hear well, and so make it necessary that men

preach well, must *prepare* for —Who doubts the necessity of ion for the pulpit? A sermon s nothing will be worth nothing, rally supposed. And, therefore, s are expected to be diligent to work hard in order that they ıg out of God's treasury things old, to be careful and thorough preparations; and are told that n be no justification of the offering lazy services to God. hat end is preparation for the ? there be no preparation for the What inducement has a preacher for the preparation of a sermon, arers take no pains to appreciate lolence in them will often cause e in him. If they manifest no in the vast themes of Gospel ill they not tempt him to tarry the region of common-place? ust study as well as he. To ng else people go prepared, when ge is in view; and those who have and enjoy good sermons pare to hear them. Why could rers read the best books on , and study the holy Scriptures, themselves of such aids as the hip of the times may furnish? hey not become familiar with views of truth, and so force the keep abreast of the intelligence ge, and make it worth while for cher to study, and present to his many-sided truth? If the range t themes is very limited, if the is no longer regarded as an in-, it is because the intelligence ublic has not been directed to hemes. Let hearers read and ore, and the sermon will ne- become more worth attention. ore thoroughly intelligent and ve sermons are demanded by ful, studious, earnest hearers, ill be produced. Intelligent will not endure twaddle in the nor will they be insulted with ious, earnest people, to whom re- a life-business, will not tolerate ul-less preaching; nor will it be to them. If power is wanted in , preparation in the pew would towards securing it. Surely nobody should complain that he does not enjoy a thing to which he pays no attention. Let those who seek good sowing prepare the soil.

2. Those who would hear well, and increase the power of the pulpit, must hear *attentively*.—Saith Jesus, "He that hath an ear to hear, let him hear." Of course the preacher must seek "to find out acceptable words, even words of truth," and open his mouth boldly to speak the mystery of Christ. But how if those to whom he brings his message are sleepy, and utterly careless? His duty may require that he speak, whether men hear or forbear; but surely their profit requires that they pay attention. Usually it may be assumed, that when people go where something has to be said, they pay heed to it. But we are not to assume that here. For it may be doubted whether there is such inattention anywhere as we find in the house of God while the Gospel is being preached. Let anybody look round upon one of our ordinary congregations during the sermon, and he will wonder why many of those whom he sees there came at all. The vacant stare; the nodding, yawning sleepiness, not to say actual slumber; the listless, careless, fidgety demeanour, proving that the service is felt to be a burden and weariness; the smirking and whisperings; show that there is no attention to the preaching. Hundreds of so-called hearers, in all probability, never hear a sermon: though they have gone to the house of God regularly, they have not heard one sermon in their lives. They do not listen; they feel no interest in the questions discussed; their thoughts are otherwise engaged; they pay no attention. Yea, so marked is this inattention, that sometimes the preacher observes it. He sees and feels that what he says is unheeded, unheard; and he mourns that his is the unthankful task of toiling for them who mock him with their presence, but pay no heed to his message. Nor is this the only hardship of his lot; for the men who pay no attention are among the first to find fault, the loudest to complain of his inefficiency. Hearers must not expect the Gospel to benefit them, if they pay

no attention to it. Nothing will more effectually spoil a sermon than sleepy, careless inattention.

3. They who would hear well, and so aid the preacher in his efforts to bring men to God by true conversion, must hear *patiently*.—Brevity is not the very best thing in a sermon. A long sermon is not necessarily tedious; a short sermon may be very poor. But long or short, those who intend to profit by a sermon must hear it out. It is impossible for a preacher to do justice to his subject, or his congregation, if his hearers are impatient. Why should he who comes with Heaven's message to man, who has done the very best he can to prepare that message, and who is overwhelmed with considerations of the importance of his mission, and with anxiety for its success, be told that the less he says, the shorter his discourse is, the better will he please his hearers? If men go to the opera or the theatre, they willingly allow the necessary time to the performers. How can they expect a man to preach well who have not patience to listen to the sermon? If the preacher spoils his sermon, gives little exposition, few arguments, scanty illustration, feeble and hurried appeals, may not the fault be theirs, who, ere he has well begun his sermon, turn to look at the clock, and give evidence that they wish the discourse ended? How can a man throw himself wholly into his work, when somebody whispers to him, just as he goes into the pulpit, "The people wish you to be short." Let none expect impossibilities. Those who say, "Give us good sermons," must expect to hear, "Give us time, and hear us patiently." We like neither dull, prosy sermons, nor impatient hearers.

4. They who would hear well, to their personal edification, must hear *honestly*.—We do not advocate a blind deference to authority, or urge that hearers should unhesitatingly accept the *dicta* of the pulpit. By no means. They are to try the spirits, and, by personal independent examination, to test the soundness of the teaching to which they listen. But there is danger lest they push this principle too far, and come into the Lord's house simply as critics and censors. It is quite possible to permit foreign considerations to damage the sermon, and rob it of all power and influence for good. Dislike to the manner of the preacher may prevent him from speaking with effect; and the sermon may be blamed, when really the hearer is in fault. A captious, fault-finding hearer can hardly be a honest one. If a hearer must complain, let it be his burden, his necessity, and then the complaint will issue well. Has it not often happened that hearers have been "offended at the word," grievously displeased at its personal bearings and charges, and have desired and demanded, where they could, that the message should be softened and changed? A most dishonest kind of hearing is that. And then how very common is it to hear for others; to put away from us everything likely to suit our case, and apply it to others! In practical preaching it will often happen that the moral condition of hearers will be portrayed; their feelings, habits, failings, will be most accurately described; and their perils and duties will be declared. And to many persons this sort of preaching is most disagreeable; for they persist in regarding it as an attack upon them,—a public exposure of their private life,—and they resent it. The preacher, meanwhile, knows nothing of their private life; and, if he did, would scorn to attack men in a place where they cannot reply in self-defence. Because he tells the truth, and that truth bears directly upon their case, they impute bad motives to him, and account him an enemy. Honest hearers would hear to learn, to be instructed, to be improved, as disciples, without disaffection or prejudice. They would not reject a truth because of a disagreeable manner in him who declares it; nor be displeased with a sermon because it exposed their faults. They would hear for themselves.

5. They who would hear well, so as to find and make the preaching of the word a means of grace, an edifying and soul-saving ordinance, must hear *prayerfully*.—It is fully understood that preachers should and must be men of much prayer; that sermons are best

l when they are laid before God
nt prayer; that the bearer of a
message should go direct from
speak to men. A prayerless
r is an abomination: what has
o to declare God's word? But
s as necessary for hearers as for
rs. The one party must pray to
led to speak rightly; the other
ey may hear to profit. Hearers
word should pray before they go
's house, pray while they are
ray after they have heard; and
ill not be unblessed. Praying
help their preachers as well as
ves. They who have prayed
od would make the word a
; and go expecting it to be so,
will not be disappointed. The preacher may know nothing of their desires; but he has asked for a word to speak, and they for a word to be sent; and God answers both. The sermon is often an answer to private and family prayer. Convincing speech, words which pierce men's consciences, and constrain sinners to cry, "God be merciful to us sinners!" have been granted in answer to the prayers of godly men. There will be better, more telling and useful sermons, when there is more prayer. To them who complain of the lack of pulpit power may it not be said, "Ye have not, because ye ask not?" "Brethren, pray for us, that the word of the Lord may have free course."

Anecdotes.

SSIONARY SUBSCRIPTION.

long ago, an appeal was made
lissionary-meeting on behalf of
ighted heathen. Amongst the
y was a youth of sixteen, the
of a family of seven, and his
a widow. A short time before,
found forgiveness at the feet of
and he was longing now to live
. At the close of the meeting,
er another were proffering their
subscriptions in aid of the work;
his turn came, the question was
'How much do you subscribe?"
if!" was the reply; and the
d mother's eye glistened with a
alm joy.

DO YOU BELIEVE?

day a woman came to Martin
nd thanked him with many tears
his sermons. Boos detected in
ok a certain uneasiness, which
im fear that she was not really

t do you believe what I preach?"
ired.
yes; I believe it all."
loubt it," said Boos; "for I see,
r distressed look, that you do not
whether God has forgiven you all
ns."
began to weep, and said, "Yes, certainly I am defective still in this respect; I am too great a sinner; it is not possible that God can forgive me everything."

"What!" said Boos. "Why God has loved you so much, that He gives you Jesus as a free gift at this very instant; and you have only to open your heart and hand, your mouth and ears, and receive the mighty donation. Do you believe this?"

Amidst a flood of tears, she answered with a loud voice, "I cannot do otherwise: I must believe."

"Blessed art thou," said Boos, "that thou canst not do otherwise. Go in peace; thy sins are forgiven thee."

"But I cannot go yet: I feel as happy as if I were in heaven."

"She stayed till the evening," adds Boos, "and took home with her the peace of God which passeth all understanding."

Three days after, she came again, desponding and weeping, saying, "Ah! I have lost my peace; it is all over with me; I shall scarcely be saved."

"But why not?"

"O! because I am a farmer's wife, keep an inn, have a drunken husband, and am the mother of many children. I have too many temptations, distractions, and occupations: it will not do for me."

Boos smiled, and said, "I am sure

your faith is a true faith, since already it is so violently assaulted. Only take courage! Jesus will be with you to carry you safely through. Keep your footing, and cry, 'Stand back, Satan!'"

A SOURCE OF SADNESS.

A FRENCH Protestant was sitting one day with some others at the table of his protectress, the King's sister, the Queen of Navarre. As the rest were conversing together, James Le Fevre began to weep. "Why those tears?" inquired Her Majesty. "O!" he replied, "it is the enormity of my sins." "What sins?" the Queen asked, in a tone of surprise; for the man's life was singularly blameless, even in an age of peculiar profligacy. "It is not," was the reply,—and O! let all the faint-hearted and the self-pleasers mark it well,—"it is not the remembrance of any lewdness, or of any flagrant vice: what grieves me is, that, having known the truth, and having taught it to several persons who have sealed it with their blood, I have the weakness to keep myself here in an asylum far from the places where the Master is distributing crowns of martyrdom." He went to bed; and in a few hours he died!

ERECT BEFORE MEN, ON HIS KNEES BEFORE GOD.

IT is related of Luther, that in his secret chamber at Worms he was overheard crying, "O God! O God! do Thou help me against all the wisdom of this world! Do this,—Thou alone; for this is not my work, but Thine. Amen. O God! help me. Amen." Yet, two days before, the same Luther, when timid friends were dissuading him from a bold confession of Christ before the assembled princes of Germany, telling him they would burn him, and reduce his body to ashes, as they had done a century before with Huss, intrepidly replied, "Though they should kindle a fire all the way from Worms to Wittemberg, the flames whereof reached to heaven, I would break through it in the name of the Lord."

The Portfolio.

FORMER MERCIES A SOURCE OF CONSOLATION UNDER PRESENT AFFLICTIONS.

THERE is a story of a man, aged fifty years, or thereabouts, who lived forty-eight of that time, and never knew what sickness was; but so it was, that all the last two years of his life he was sickly, and impatient under it; yet at last he reasoned the case thus with himself: "The Lord might have given me forty-eight years of sickness, and but two years of health; yet He hath done the contrary: I will, therefore, rather admire the mercy of God in giving me so long a time of health, than repine and murmur at Him for giving me so short a time of sickness." And thus must all of us consider that we have had more mercies in our life to cheer us up, than we have had crosses to discomfort us. What though the Lord doth now visit us with sickness, we have had more years of health than we have had of sickness. What though this or that comfort be taken away from us, yet we have a great many more left us still. Hence is that advice of the wise man: "In the day of adversity consider." What must we consider? That "God hath set the one over against the other;" that is, though we are in afflictions now, yet He hath given us mercies heretofore, and, it may be, will give us prosperity again. He hath balanced our present afflictions with former mercies; so that if we should set the mercies we have enjoyed against the present afflictions we suffer, we should soon find the tale of our mercies to exceed the number of sufferings, be they of what nature or quality soever imaginable.

WICKED MEN GOD'S INSTRUMENTS FOR THE GOOD OF HIS PEOPLE.

LEWES, of Granada, that devout Spaniard, maketh mention of a very poor, diseased man, dwelling in Italy, that was

low that he could stir neither ot; and seeking for a skilful o heal him, he found a potent rment him; who, to add unto , cast him into prison, and him with a very small allow- ad and water,—so much only eep body and soul together. happened that there being a government in that province, eased from his imprisonment sease together; for the want ended to take away his life, only remedy to preserve it. it is that God makes use of en for His people's good. l cast them into the furnace,) destroy them, but they rise more glorious than before; h deep furrows on the backs eople, but that makes them ful in good works; put them that proves their advantage; , trouble, and torment them; at they can do, they are still ot losers: so true is that of , "All things work together them that love God."

LESS GOD FOR ALL.

is a kind of dialogue betwixt r Thaulerus and a poor man that lay begging by the highway side. "Good morrow, poor man," said the doctor. "I never had any bad morrow," said the beggar. "No!" said the doctor. "Thou art a miserable, poor man; thou art as good as naked, without any clothes on thy back; no friends, nor anyone to relieve thee. How can it, then, be true that thou sayest, 'Thou never hadst any bad morrow?'" "I'll tell you," says the beggar; "whether I am sick or in health, whether it be warm or cold weather, whether I be clothed or naked, rich or poor, I bless God for all." "O! but, friend," said the doctor, "what if Christ should cast thee into hell?" "If He should," says he, "I would be contented; but I have two arms,—the one of faith, the other of love,—wherewith I would lay such fast hold on Him, that I would have Him along with me; and then I am sure that hell would be heaven if He were there." And thus it is that we should bless God at all times, in all places, upon all occasions, and in all conditions; as well for years of dearth, as years of plenty; times of war, as well as times of peace; for adversity, as well as prosperity; in sickness and in health, in weal and in woe, in liberty and restraint; whether it be that the Lord giveth, or whether He taketh away, still to bless the name of the Lord.

Memorials of the Departed.

ANNE, daughter of Mr. John was from early childhood a gracious impressions, which er effaced, but which induced ery tender age, occasionally to secret to pray and weep at a grace. In 1849, when she was rs of age, there was a blessed God's work, especially in the hool, and many of the chil- awakened and converted; and, ers, the subject of this notice. ; period, for twelve successive pursued the noiseless but even er way; exercising herself in as a scholar and teacher in the hool, and as a tract-distributer, igent attendance on the means of grace, until failing health called her to *suffer* rather than to *do* the will of God. In all things she adorned the doctrine of God her Saviour, and, by a consistent life and loving deportment, commended the religion she professed. Well grounded in the faith, hers was an intelligent Christianity; and she was ever "ready to give a reason of the hope that was in her, with meekness and fear." About two years previous to her decease, the symptoms were first noticed of the insidious disease which eventually baffled the power of medicine; and, at the same time, there was also a remarkable deepening of the work of grace in her soul. Towards the close of her illness, although the enemy of souls

was permitted to assault her, she was generally enabled to repel his aggressions, and to repose an unshaken confidence in God. Anticipating her dissolution, she would say, "Why is His chariot so long in coming? why tarry the wheels of His chariot?" Yet was she willing to continue to suffer, if God would be glorified thereby. At length, on the morning of Friday, the 10th of May, 1861, aged twenty-three years, she breathed out her soul into the hands of her Saviour; her last words being, "Come, Lord Jesus; come quickly."

Sophia Bartholomew was born at Thedlethorpe, in the Louth Circuit. Under godly training she was led, at the early age of thirteen, to give her heart to the Saviour. She then joined the Methodist Society, and remained a truly consistent member to the day of her death. At the time of her conversion, Sophia was a scholar in the Sabbath-school, and, as such, was conscientiously regular and punctual in her attendance, as well as attentive and devout. In due time the scholar rose to be the diligent and faithful teacher, the tract-distributer, and the Missionary collector, in all which she showed a modest zeal and earnest effort. Sophia was warmly attached to her Ministers, and to her leader, and would never willingly hear any of Christ's servants spoken against. From the time of her conversion she was never, in any one instance, known to disobey her parents; and so uniformly good was she, that she commanded the respect of all who knew her. The illness which resulted in her death was of fifteen weeks' continuance, during which time her sufferings were constant, and often very severe; but no sign or sound of the unsubmissive was found there. For the more junior of those who visited her she had generally a word of kindly counsel; and once and again did she, with most moving entreaty, beseech them to meet her in heaven. She died in triumph in the twenty-first year of her age. Her last words were, "Very happy—going to heaven—not a doubt—very happy." And so she passed away about the Midsummer of 1861.

Occasional Notes for Readers.

The reprint of the fourth volume of the 8vo. edition of the *Minutes of the Methodist Conferences* is now on sale at the Book-Room. Those who are desirous of possessing authentic information respecting the history of Methodism should be careful to secure, without delay, these volumes as they issue from the press; for, in all probability, they will soon be out of print again, and will become, as in time past, very difficult to procure.—The Rev. Dr. Macduff has added to his numerous works lectures on Elijah, which he publishes under the title of *The Prophet of Fire*. They partake of the lively fancy and devout and earnest piety which characterize his writings.—*Chinese Scenes and People*, written by the late Mrs. Edkins, the wife of one of the Missionaries of the London Missionary Society, contain many interesting notices of Christian missions and Missionaries, and of the rebellion during the years 1860—61.—*The Earnest Student*, by the Rev. Dr. Macleod, of Glasgow; being Memorials of John Mackintosh, has been added, by Messrs. Strahan and Co., to their cheap editions of popular works.—The Rev. Dr. Hanna, of Edinburgh, supplements his work on "The Last Day of our Lord's Passion" by a new and attractive volume, *The Forty Days after our Lord's Resurrection.*—*A Dictionary of Natural History Terms*, with their derivations, including the various orders, genera, and species, by David H. M'Nicoll, M.D., gives the information so much wanted by the young student of natural history.

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(*Philip Embury's House in New-York.*)

E INTRODUCTION OF METHODISM INTO NEW-YORK.

ITTLE more than one hundred and fifty years ago a colony of Ger-ıs from the Palatinate emigrated from their fatherland, and settled he west of Ireland, among the rich and fertile lands in the county Limerick. Their descendants are still called Palatines. Mr. sley early visited this part of Ireland, and, among the class we have ribed, laboured with great success. He was often at Balligarane. e Philip Embury was converted; and this was the spiritual birth-e of Mrs. Heck, to whom we shall have hereafter to refer.

Ir. Wesley, in his Journal, often notices his visits to Balligarane, as as the character of the inhabitants, and the result of his toils. In e 23d, 1758, he says, "I rode over to Court-Mattrass, a colony of mans, whose parents came out of the Palatinate about fifty years . Twenty families of them settled here; twenty more at Killiheen, nile off; fifty at Balligarane, about two miles eastward; and nty at Pallas, four miles farther. Each family had a few acres of nd, on which they built as many little houses. They are since iderably increased in number of souls, though decreased in number families. Having no Minister, they were become eminent for

drunkenness, cursing, swearing, and an utter neglect of religion. But they are washed since they heard and received the truth which is able to save their souls. An oath is now rarely heard among them, or a drunkard seen in their borders."

Mr. Wesley visited this place again July 9th, 1760, and makes the following record in his Journal:—

"I rode over to Killiheen, a German settlement, near twenty miles south of Limerick. It rained all the way; but the earnestness of the poor people made us quite forget it. In the evening I preached to another colony of Germans at Balligarane. The third is at Court-Mattrass, a mile from Killiheen. I suppose three such towns are scarce to be found again in England or Ireland. There is no cursing or swearing, no Sabbath-breaking, no drunkenness, no ale-house, in any of them. How will these poor foreigners rise up in the judgment against those that are round about them!"

What a mighty transformation had taken place among them! They had been "eminent for drunkenness;" now "no drunkenness at all." They had been very "profane;" now no "cursing or swearing."

Again Mr. Wesley says: "Wednesday, 16th, I rode to New-Market, which was another German settlement. But the poor settlers, with all their diligence and frugality, could not procure even the coarsest food to eat, and the meanest raiment to put on, under their *merciful* landlords; so that most of these, as well as those at Balligarane, have been forced to seek bread in other places; some of them in distant parts of Ireland, but *the greater part in America*."

In June, 1762, Mr. Wesley preached to them again, and wrote thus: "They [the Palatines] are a serious, thinking people; and their diligence turns all their land into a garden."

It would thus appear that among the first to welcome John Wesley and his coadjutors in Ireland were these German emigrants. Through their instrumentality, Philip Embury, while a young man, was converted. The anniversary of the Saviour's birth was the date of Embury's spiritual birth. On Christmas "the day-spring from on high visited" him, as he was "sitting in darkness, and in the shadow of death," not only to impart "light," but to "guide his feet into the way of peace." Then he looked up, and beheld,

> "Without a cloud between,
> The Godhead reconciled."

In a small book of family records, which came into the possession of his son, Samuel Embury, there is the following brief entry, written by Philip Embury:—

"On Christmas-day, being Monday, the 25th of December, in the year 1752, the Lord shone into my soul by a glimpse of His redeeming love; being an earnest of my redemption in Christ Jesus, to whom be glory for ever and ever. Amen.

"PHILIP EMBURY."

Mr. Embury had become a Local preacher in Ireland, before he migrated to America in the early part of 1760. He settled in the ity of New-York, and for some time resided in John-street, where his on Samuel was born, on the 24th of September, 1765. He was a arpenter and joiner by trade, and lived in his own hired house.

About the same time, a number of emigrants from the "Emerald sle" came to New-York, who had been Methodists in their own land. hey were not only "strangers and foreigners," but were like "sheep ithout a shepherd." They were away from the means of grace, from preached Gospel, from class-meetings, and love-feasts; and their

"Faith forsook its hold,
Their hope declined, and love grew cold."

The following year another band of emigrants arrived, and among hem a pious family of the name of Heck, from Balligarane, Ireland. Irs. Barbara Heck, "a mother in Israel," was greatly concerned at ie state in which she found those whom she had known to be devoted Iethodists in the country whence they came.

One evening she went into a company of them, and found them ngaged in playing cards. She seized the pack of cards, and, with a oly indignation, threw them into the fire, determined to burn up their lols. Mrs. Heck then warned them of the danger to which they were xposed, and expostulated with them in the most pathetic and earnest anner. Then going to Mr. Embury, she exclaimed, "Brother mbury, you *must* preach to us, or we shall all go to hell, and God ill require our blood at your hands!"

Poor Embury! to him her address was like a thunder-peal. Her anner, her countenance, the tone of her voice, as well as what she aid, aroused, astonished, and alarmed him. But still he wished to uiet his conscience, and hush his fears; so he inquired, "How can I reach, for I have neither a house nor a congregation?" Plausible as is excuse appeared, she had an answer ready, and said, with peculiar mphasis, which Mr. Embury never forgot, "Preach in your own ouse, and to your own company first." At length his responsibility as so pressed upon him that he could not shake it off; and he agreed o comply with her request, to hold a meeting in his own house, while he was to collect as many hearers as were willing to attend. Only ix attended the first meeting. They sung and prayed, and Mr. mbury instructed them in the doctrines of salvation. Influenced by desire to flee the wrath to come, and to be saved from their sins, nd to be kept from falling, they enrolled their names into a class, and esolved to attend regularly at the house of Mr. Embury for further nstruction. Thus their numbers gradually increased, till the place ecame too strait for them. They then obtained a more commodious oom in the neighbourhood, where they could worship the God of their athers. Here they assembled for mutual edification. The rent of he room was defrayed by a voluntary contribution. Mr. Embury

continued to lead their devotions, and to expound to them the word of life.

A question here arises,—"Was Philip Embury engaged in playing cards?" His countrymen were playing for pastime, playing for amusement, not for money: did Mr. Embury join with them? There are two accounts of the transaction, and we will notice both of them.

The *first* is this:—"That Mr. Embury was not present while the emigrants were playing cards; and that, as soon as Mrs. Heck had reproved them, and thrown the cards away, she proceeded instantly to Mr. Embury's house, and delivered a thrilling exhortation to him."

Another writer describes it thus:—"Having thus destroyed their playthings, she *went to Mr. Embury*, the Local preacher, and, prostrating herself before him, entreated him with tears to call a meeting, and preach to them, enforcing her entreaties by admonishing him that, unless he complied, the people would go to hell, and that God *would require their blood at his hands.*"

Other writers confirm the statement that Mrs. Heck went to the house of Mr. Embury. The conclusion of the whole matter is this: that Mr. Embury was not there when Mrs. Heck reproved the backsliders, and therefore *could not, at any rate that time, have been engaged in card-playing.*" The truth is, Mr. Embury was a very diffident man, and his

"Not doing was among his darkest deeds."

"He knew his duty, and did it not." In this consisted his sin. It was more in omission than commission.

The wood-engraving at the commencement of this article represents the home of Philip Embury. In this humble dwelling the first Methodist sermon was preached in the city of New-York; in this house the first class met; in this house the first Methodist Society was formed. What great results have followed this small beginning!

ELIJAH THE PROPHET.

PART III.

ELIJAH'S SACRIFICE.

TIRED and worn with the exhausting rites which they had been practising during so many hours, and filled with shame and despair at their utter failure, must the priests of Baal have been. Nor much less weary of witnessing their frantic and fruitless efforts, and listening to their loud and clamorous cries, "O Baal, hear us," must the people of Israel have been. And now the day was fast wearing away. One thing had been made pretty clear,—that, if the answer of fire from heaven is to be the test to declare and decide who is the true God, Baal's claim could not be made good. He was plainly an idol, and "nothing in the world;" for no hand did he stretch forth to vindicate his honour, and reply to his worshippers. Though they "called on the name of Baal from morning even until noon, saying, O Baal, hear us;" and though they "leaped upon the altar, . . . and cried aloud, and cut themselves with knives and lancets, till the blood gushed out upon them;" and though, "when

ay was past," they renewed supplications "until the time offering of the evening sacri- still "there was neither voice, ny to answer, nor any that ed."

reparing to arrange his sacri- nd await the proposed sign, "repaired the altar of the that was broken down." The ere mentioned was most likely mains of one which had been l in the days of the Judges; fering of sacrifice in "high " being frequently alluded to stom of early times. Some e that the Baalites had en down" the altar in con- of the true God, whose wor- they were supplanting, and memorial of whom they would ious to destroy. Reference to cient altar on Carmel is made fane history. One writer, in ng of it, says, "Both Suetonius acitus speak of the god of l, whom Vespasian went to t when he was in Judæa; but ell us that there was neither nor statue upon the moun- except one altar only, plain, nerable for its antiquity. The f Carmel seems to have had its l from this altar of the true hich the ancient Hebrews first l, and Elijah afterwards re- ; and which even the heathens a such veneration, that, when came to be masters of the y, they would not so much ce an image by it." The stones with which Elijah re- cted the altar were symboli- d answered "to the number tribes of the sons of Jacob, whom the word of the Lord saying, Israel shall be thy ' Thus were the people im- ly reminded of their old nt relation to the God of their , whom they had so miserably ured and forsaken. In con- necting them, by this significant action, with their remote ancestors, and reminding them of the days when God avouched them, amidst mighty signs and wonders, to be His people, Elijah would revive some of their best and truest sympathies, and well prepare them for the service upon which he was entering.

It must have greatly surprised the Israelites when Elijah "made a *trench* about the altar." Who had ever before heard of a trench around an altar of burnt-offering? Fire is wanted there, not water. Still more must it have set them wondering, when, having "put the wood in order, and cut the bullock in pieces, and laid him on the wood," he said, "Fill four barrels with water, and pour it on the burnt-sacrifice, and on the wood. And he said, Do it the second time. And they did it the second time. And he said, Do it the third time. And they did it the third time." What was the intention of this? The prophet's object must have been to show the people that there was no fraud on his part; that there was no subtle artifice by which fire had been secretly conveyed within the altar, and only awaited the given time, to burst forth, and kindle the wood upon the altar. Hence we read, just before, that "Elijah said unto all the people, Come *near* unto me." He wished them narrowly to observe all that he did. And now that twelve barrels of water have been poured "on the burnt-sacrifice, and on the wood," and have filled the trench at the foot of the altar, very glorious will be the sign from heaven, if fire shall come down so burning and intense, that it will be sufficient to kindle into a flame such fuel, and consume to ashes such an offering.

ELIJAH'S DESIRE AND PRAYER.

The prophet of the Lord of hosts standing by the sacrifice which he

has placed upon the altar, and pleading with God to fulfil His word, and show forth His glory as in the "days of old, the years of ancient times," impressively teaches us how we must expect success. Prayer must accompany toil, or most assuredly we shall labour in vain. "It came to pass at the time of the offering of the evening sacrifice, that Elijah the prophet came near, and said, Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel, let it be known this day that Thou art God in Israel, and that I am Thy servant, and that I have done all these things at Thy word. Hear me, O Lord, hear me, that this people may know that Thou art the Lord God, and that Thou hast turned their heart back again."

Let us now try to realize to ourselves just the position and the feelings of the prophet. Let us see what it was that he really desired, and why he desired it. He sought a direct and striking interposition of heaven; one that should carry home to every heart the very deepest conviction that the "God of Abraham, Isaac, and of Israel," was the true God, and that Baal was only a delusion and a lie. In the heart of the prophet there dwelt an unutterably anxious concern for the glory of God, and the welfare of Israel. Wherever his eye turned, he saw the sad and humiliating tokens of an idolatry as dishonouring to God as it was disastrous to the people who bore His name. The men who had been taught, by "line upon line, and precept upon precept," that an idol is nothing; that it has no eye to see, no heart to feel, no hand to help; that it is equally impotent to curse or to bless; these very men, whom God had taken such pains to instruct in the rites of a pure and ennobling worship, were going after the senseless abominations of the heathen, and debasing and sensualizing themselves before the loathsome altars of Baal. To Elijah it seemed that nothing but some mighty manifestation of the power and the presence of God would be sufficient to recover the deluded people from the snare in which they were entangled. And so he asks for fire to fall on his sacrifice, before the multitudes now thronging the heights of Carmel. "Let it be *known* this day that *Thou* art God in Israel."

Now let us, just in a few words, apply all this to ourselves. Why, there are thousands upon thousands, in this Christian land of ours, who were never trained in the Christian faith, and to whom the glorious truths of the Gospel are as strange as if they dwelt in the cities of China, or the wilds of Tartary. And there are multitudes besides who never enter the house of God; who regard the blessed truths which are your joy and hope as a mere piece of cunning priestcraft; and they are bold in their denial of the Bible, and equally bitter and scornful in their contempt of it. And then there are multitudes who once felt better, and were better. They had the training of Christian homes and Sabbath-schools, but they are not numbered with the church of the living God; they are not "on the Lord's side;" they neglect, if they do not wickedly despise, the great salvation. O, if we thought aright, and felt aright, about these things, how we should strive and pray! If we did but consider the value of the soul, and the price at which it has been redeemed, how should we plead with men, and intercede with God! Unquestionably, what we now chiefly want is "power from on high." This is the confession everywhere. We have sanctuaries, and Ministers, and schools, and teachers; we have mission-labours, and many agencies; but we lack—O! we do sadly lack—spiritual power. Yet all we need is provided,

ed, offered. Then why do we
aselessly supplicate, "O that
wouldest rend the heavens,
hou wouldest come down, that
ountains might flow down at
resence?" "Save now, we
h Thee, O Lord: O Lord, we
h Thee, send *now* prosperity!"
it be known *this day* that Thou
d in Israel!"

erve the fervour and impor-
of Elijah's prayer. "Hear
Lord, hear me, that this peo-
ay know that Thou art the
God, and that Thou hast
l their heart back again." It
ls you of Jacob: "I will not
se go, except Thou bless me."
pleading, with the spirit of
it is the evidence and the
is near, very near, the fulfil-
of that large promise, "I will
you the windows of heaven,
our you out a blessing, that
shall not be room enough to
e it." And in the "*offerings*"
Missionary Jubilee this year,
re not specially urge our plea?
alachi iii. 8, 10.

THE DIVINE ANSWER.

mention of "the God that
reth *by fire*" would awaken
recollections of Israel's past
r. This was a form of Divine
station which the Lord had
leased to adopt from the very
t times. When it was pro-
to Abraham that he should
t the land of Canaan, and he
"Lord God, whereby shall I
that I shall inherit it?" he
ld to present an offering consist-
"an heifer of three years old,
she goat of three years old,
ram of three years old, and a
dove, and a young pigeon."
victims of sacrifice he divided,
laid each piece one against
r." That night the Lord re-
Himself to Abraham, and the
presence was symbolized by
"a smoking furnace and a burning
lamp," (margin, "a lamp of fire,")
"that passed between those pieces."
(Gen. xv. 8, 9, 10, 17.) When God
appeared to Moses, in the desert, it was
in the "bush that burned with fire."
When the tabernacle in the wilder-
ness was finished, and all the
arrangements of Divine worship were
completed, and the sacrifices were
for the first time laid on the altar of
burnt-offering, "the glory of the
Lord appeared unto all the people.
And there came a fire out from
before the Lord, and consumed upon
the altar the burnt-offering and the
fat: which when all the people saw,
they shouted, and fell on their faces."
(Lev. ix. 23, 24.) Thus does Elijah
ask of the God that of old answered
by fire, the renewal of the well-
known symbol. Nor was that ear-
nest prayer and expectation dis-
appointed. How could it be? "I
said not unto the seed of Jacob, Seek
ye Me in vain." Scarcely had the
servant of God finished his supplic-
ation, when "the fire of the Lord
fell, and consumed the burnt-sacri-
fice, and the wood, and the stones,
and the dust, and licked up the
water that was in the trench. And
when all the people saw it, they fell
on their faces: and they said, The
Lord, He is the God; the Lord, He
is the God."

What a moment of triumph and
gladness was that! What a recom-
pense for those years of sorrow, and
exile, and hope deferred! "Blessed
are all they that wait for Him."

Let us now pass over nearly a thou-
sand years, and look upon another
scene; and let us see how the sacred
symbol of fire is used to set forth
something else,—something in which
we, and the entire human race, are
all deeply interested. By the river
Jordan there stands another prophet,
and he is the last and most honoured
of them. In such tones of authority
and power does he deliver his mes-

sage, that Priest and Levite, Pharisee and Sadducee, scribe, publican, and soldier,—all classes went forth to hear, and tremble, and receive his baptism. "This is Elias which was for to come." As they throng around him, he says, "I indeed baptize you with water unto repentance: but He that cometh after me is mightier than I, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear: He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost, and with fire." Yet a little longer, and the Lord Jesus, having suffered for our sins, and risen from the dead, is about "to enter into His glory." He holds His parting interview with His disciples; He gives them their commission to "preach repentance and remission of sins among all nations;" and then says, "But tarry ye in the city of Jerusalem, until ye be endued with power from on high." After His ascension, they remain in supplication and communion, and "encourage one another" with these words. Day after day passes away, and still they plead His promise, "Ye shall be baptized with the Holy Ghost not many days hence." Pentecost comes, and finds them still praying and waiting; when "suddenly there appeared unto them cloven tongues *like as of fire*, and it sat upon each of them." This "power from on high" is a light of instruction, and a well-spring of consolation, and an energy of spiritual life, and an unfailing source of strength. Fully are they now equipped for the work which lies before them.

That very same anointing of the Holy Spirit is as necessary to-day, to the church of Christ, as it was at the beginning. Without it, no sinner can be converted; no saint can "go on unto perfection." Without it, the Gospel can never fulfil its mission, overpowering human sin and stubbornness, and the opposition of Satanic malice and craft. This precious, all-sufficient gift of the Holy Ghost is, moreover, clearly ours,—fully, gloriously ours. "The promise is unto you, and to your children, and to all that are afar off, even as many as the Lord our God shall call." Then let us ask, entreat, and importune. And let us do so with close, honest heart-searchings, that we may at once, and altogether, put away whatever restrains the answer. Let each say for himself,—

"O that in me the sacred fire
Might now begin to glow!
* * * * *
O that it *now* from heaven might fall,
And all my sins consume!
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call,
Spirit of burning, come!"

And let us be "strong in faith."

"Said I not unto thee, that, if thou wouldest believe, thou shouldest see the glory of God?"

"A DAY MUCH TO BE REMEMBERED."

JOHN WESLEY.

THE day of a man's conversion to God is one of the most memorable of his life. How often did St. Paul, both before friends and foes, refer to the time when God revealed His Son in Him, and made him a partaker of a new spiritual life! Once self-confident in his pharisaic righteousness, though at the same time ignorant of the righteousness of God, he had a zeal, but not according to knowledge. He had, indeed, a knowledge, but it was defective; a faith, but it rested not on the true foundation until he saw the Saviour, and believed in Him.

At the time Mr. Wesley entered the office of the ministry, his views of evangelical truth were undoubtedly very defective. While he appeared to many a pattern of piety, he was a stranger to the Spirit's witness to his adoption into the family of God,

full regenerating grace of
pel. He was taught his
true religion under circum-
deeply humiliating to the
human nature, and by an
ntality most unlooked for,
ich at one time he would
have despised.
od's way is in the deep.
ds the end of October, 1735,
sailed along the Downs,
or the colony of Georgia, in
, having on board a singular
of characters. There were
essel upwards of a hundred
wenty-six of whom were
, and the rest English.
he latter were three young
en of self-denying habits;
heart of one of them was
set upon the conversion of
ve Indians of the colony to
istian faith. That young
an was John Wesley; and,
ay he stepped on board that
-bound vessel, a new era
life commenced; one that,
eginning, was particularly
by vexation, trouble, and
ntment, but which issued in
ization of substantial peace
uring enjoyment.
in importance to the posses-
religion is the knowledge of
t of it. The latter is, in
ndividual case, essential to
ner. Now it was on this
-bound voyage that Wesley
to suspect that he was at
fective in his religion. The
six Germans were members of
avian Church; and Wesley's
e soon discerned a confi-
eace, and humility in them,
e felt he did not enjoy.
e first sea-storm that arose,
e "English screamed terri-
d Wesley's heart palpitated
r, they were calm and fear-
d throughout the tempest
d to sing their psalms of
This contrast made a deep
impression on Wesley's mind; and he was led to converse much with them during the rest of the voyage; and, on landing, to hold intercourse with their pastor, who had previously arrived in the colony. Spangenberg (for that was his name) startled the young zealous Clergyman by the question, "Does the Spirit of God bear witness with your spirit that you are a child of God?" The question was altogether new to Wesley; and all he could at that time say in reply was, "That he knew Jesus Christ was the Saviour of the world, and he hoped He had died to save him." He had faith, but what he wanted was, (to use his own words,) "a sure trust and confidence in God, that, through the merits of Christ, my sins are forgiven, and I reconciled to the favour of God." This faith he found, not in all his fastings and labours at Oxford, nor in all his conflicts and troubles in Georgia, nor in all his heart-searchings on his homeward voyage: no, not until he met with one who, being himself taught of God, was able to teach him the way of the Lord more perfectly.

The same Providence who prepares the heart of man for the reception of saving truth, provides and sends forth the sower with the true immortal seed. While Wesley was crossing the Atlantic towards England, a bark was ploughing the waves of the German Ocean towards the same shores, having on board the man who was to lead England's future apostle into the true faith of Christ. There was only an interval of a few days between the landing of Wesley and Peter Böhler. The former met with the latter at the house of a Dutch merchant, in London, and was so charmed with his conversation, that he determined to enjoy as much of his society as he could while Böhler remained in England. Wesley at once accepted

Böhler as his religious teacher and spiritual guide, for which he was eminently qualified. In addition to his spiritual attainments, he was a person of no ordinary powers of mind; and it is no slight proof, as Southey remarks, of his commanding intellect, that he obtained such a powerful influence over his disciple. In all humility of mind, Wesley sat at the feet of the man whom he regarded as the chosen instrument in the hands of God of teaching him the Gospel method of salvation; first convincing him of unbelief,—at least, of the want of that faith whereby alone we are saved. The meeting of the Ethiopian eunuch with Philip in the desert was not a more memorable event to him, than was Wesley's meeting with the godly Moravian in London; and hence, in recording the fact in his Journal, he designates the 7th of February, 1738,—"A DAY MUCH TO BE REMEMBERED;" and so it was, for it was the beginning of a new spiritual epoch, both in his own life, and that of the British nation.

Mr. Wesley's judgment was convinced of the scriptural truth of Böhler's doctrine some time before he felt the power of justifying faith in his heart, with its attendants, peace, purity, and happiness; and he doubted whether, in the absence of a personal experience of the doctrine, he ought to preach it. Böhler's direction to him, in this perplexity, was, "Preach faith *till* you have it; and then, *because* you have it, you *will* preach it." And it was not long before the earnestly-sought blessing was received, though the interval was one of heaviness and sorrow.

May the 24th, 1738, was another remarkable day in Wesley's history, dawning, as it did, with the promise of comfort to his troubled soul, while at its evening-tide it was bright. Every step which Divine Providence led him to take on that day is deserving of particular record. About five o'clock in the morning he opened his Testament on the words, "There are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises: that by these ye might be partakers of the Divine nature." (2 Peter i. 4.) Just as he went out, he opened it again on the words, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." In the afternoon, when, with a sorrowful spirit, he was at St. Paul's, the anthem was, "Out of the deep have I called unto Thee, O Lord: Lord, hear my voice." "In the evening," he says, "I went very unwillingly to a society in Aldersgate-street, where one was reading Luther's preface to the Epistle to the Romans. About a *quarter before nine*, while he was describing the change which God works in the heart through faith in Christ, I felt my heart strangely warmed. I felt I did trust in Christ, Christ alone, for salvation: and an assurance was given me, that He had taken away *my* sins, even *mine*, and saved *me* from the law of sin and death. And I began to pray with all my might for those who had in a more especial manner despitefully used me, and persecuted me. I then testified openly to all there what I now first felt in my heart. But it was not long before the enemy suggested, 'This cannot be faith; for where is thy joy?' Then was I taught, that peace and victory over sin, are essential to faith in the Captain of our salvation. But that, as to the transports of joy which usually attend the beginning of it, especially in those who have mourned deeply, God sometimes giveth, sometimes withholdeth them, according to the counsels of His own will." That was indeed a memorable night for Wesley, when he, who for years had gone about to establish his own righteousness, was made a partaker of the righteousness which is of God by faith, and who, in consequence,

peace and victory. Still
l by the enemy, yet he met
h a new and victorious power
soul; and herein he found
erence between his new and
state chiefly consisted. "I
e says, "striving, yea, fight-
h all my might under the
well as under grace. But
was *sometimes*, if not often,
ed; NOW, *I was always con-*
' He was no longer under
, but under grace; and sin,
e, had no more dominion
m; for the law of the Spirit
in Christ Jesus had made
e from the law of sin and

Wesley particularly mentions
that, as soon as he received
rance that Christ had taken
s sins, he not only had power
ve his persecutors, but also
mightily for them. Public
raneous prayer, so familiar
vas new to him; for it was
ring the last two months
had thus learned to pour
soul before God. "April 1st,"
es, "being at Mr. Fox's
my heart was so FULL, that
not confine myself to the
f prayer which we were
med to use there. Neither
rpose to be confined to them
re; but to pray indifferently,
form, or without, as I may
table to particular occasions."
e *empty heart* that, for the
of devotion, is dependent
e "form;" to the *full heart*
rm" is not only not essen-
cessary, but is, under some
tances, a fetter, fixing a
ithin which it is impossible
soul to confine itself. Yet,
devotees of forms, this reso-
f Mr. Wesley will be deemed
lable.*

Mr. Wesley was confirmed in his new religious experience, and in those views of Gospel truth which he had now embraced, by a visit to the Moravian settlement at Hernhuth, in Germany, an interesting account of which he has left in his Journal. There he met with what he sought for,—living proofs of the power of faith; persons saved from inward, as well as outward, sin, by the love of God shed abroad in their hearts; and from all doubt and fear, by the abiding witness of the Holy Ghost given unto them. Gladly would he have spent his life among these people; but his Master called him to labour in other parts of His vineyard.

Wesley's conversion has given great offence to some Christian philosophers, and, among the rest, to Southey. His remarks, however, are superficial and flippant for so grave a subject, and have been sufficiently answered by Watson. It was certainly not an imaginary, but a real change, wrought in his heart by the Spirit of God, that the future founder of Methodism experienced, when he "felt his heart strangely warmed," and was enabled to believe in Christ as his personal Saviour. We gratefully recognise in it the abundant grace of God, which gave to him, who became one of England's greatest preachers, such a rich experience of the salvation of the Gospel, and such clear and consistent views of the great scheme of truth which it embodies and sets forth. Not only did the great change which Wesley felt to take place at the meeting in Aldersgate-street terminate his own bondage to doubt, fear, and sin, and fill him with peace, power, and hope; but it pre-

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ond-hand copy of Southey's "Life y" now lies before the writer, om the character of the notes in-serted in the margin, has evidently belonged to a determined formalist. He has written in the margin, in large letters, opposite the extract last quoted from Wesley's Journal, "WRONG."

pared him to remove the doubts and fears of others, and to lead them into the possession of the same blessings. When it pleased God to reveal His Son in Saul of Tarsus, he who had been a blind, pharisaic zealot received his grand qualification to become the apostle of the Lord Jesus; and when it pleased God to do the same for Wesley, he received the true fitness to be Christ's ambassador to a nation which was in a state of rebellion against His laws. Alas for those Christians with whom all spiritual religion is fanaticism, and the least approach to apostolic zeal is enthusiasm and madness! We hope, however, in our own day, that the Christianity of the New Testament is being better understood by all the churches of the land; and that, instead of the alarm-cry of enthusiasm being raised whenever an earnest and active religion begins to display itself, there is a perception of its harmony with the primitive spirit and effort of the pentecostally-baptized church; and, on the part of increasing numbers, a desire is evident to emulate the most zealous of the saints in their self-denying and persevering toil in the work of the world's salvation. The true spring of apostolic zeal is in the experience of apostolic piety: it is in the reception of the Spirit of power from on high that the power lies to witness for Christ.

Higher Broughton. D. H.

WILLIAM BLAKE, ENGRAVER AND POET.

PROBABLY very few of our readers ever heard of William Blake, who was a somewhat unfortunate and neglected genius of the last century. He was, during the greater part of his life, on intimate terms with Stothard and Flaxman, and was a contemporary of Goldsmith and Cowper. He was the son of a respectable London hosier; respectable, that is, as to character, and not in the modern sense of well-to-do. He was born November 28th, 1757. His education was only of a slender sort, reading and writing being the sum of his attainments, and these only very imperfectly; for, to the end of his life, he was subject to occasional slips, both of grammar and spelling. He was a dreamy, fanciful child, fond of sitting alone, fond of the country when he could reach it, and of flowers when they came in his way; fonder still of pencil and paper. At ten years of age he was sent to Par's drawing-school, in the Strand, afterwards Ackermann's print-shop, and now demolished. This Par was rather a celebrity in his time, conducting his academy much on the same principles as our Government Schools of Design; and, in fact, his school was the origin of the Royal Academy. At fourteen years of age, the lad having prepared himself in some sort for the business of an engraver, was taken to Ryland, the first engraver of the day, in order to be apprenticed. But, singularly enough, he was so strongly prejudiced against the man at first sight, notwithstanding his good looks and easy manners, that he would not hear of any arrangement, saying afterwards, with great earnestness, "Father, I do not like the man's face; it looks as if he will live to be hanged!" It was an extraordinary remark, but is only one of many that came true; for some ten years later, Ryland, who had always been in good circumstances, became embarrassed, forged a bill of exchange, was convicted, and hanged, according to the custom of those days. Young Blake was placed with Basire; (a famous name in the engraver's art for three or four generations;) and proving, after a short time, a skilful and steady workman, he was employed much out of doors, especially in copying ancient church monu-

This habit of working alone, y in such a place as West- Abbey, where he secured his finest examples, tended her to develop the dreamy, mystic spirit within him. , at the age of fourteen, he ten a little piece, which has cribable antique grace about was never surpassed by him -life, even in his happiest Before he was twenty he d a thin octavo volume of *Sketches;* and these also, unequal in merit, bear the of a mature mind, and are, possible, removed from any- yish. After leaving Basire, nenced business on his own taking in miscellaneous hiefly illustrations to books azines; becoming, in fact, a er's hack, and accomplishing hich, although it furnished h a living, has added nothing me.

venty-four years of age he a comely, well-mannered, ducated girl, who proved a lp meet for him, sustaining erily in the life-long struggle versity which followed their

Having written another olume of poems, and being led with his former experi- "the trade," he resolved to blisher on his own account. erefore, engraved the words ll-sized copper plates, em- ig every page with illustra- And these illustrations were r the present style, giving a rendering of some portion of t. Blake's illustrations had a limited scope. They were ies to the text, rather than tions of it; parallel readings, e poems. They were part of e; and when the poems are akedly, and put in ordinary pon an ordinary page, they st half their beauty. While he engraved, his wife printed off from the plates; and, when the copies were completed, she stitched and bound them, so that the whole work was done under his own roof. But so poor was he, (and a touching record it is,) that he could not pay for sufficient copper to work upon; so that when the full number of copies had been struck off one set of plates, he had to send them, notwithstanding all the labour they had cost, to be planed and polished, to be ready for fresh pages. Though the greater number were sold plain, he always kept copies by him ready for colouring; the amount of work which he put into them being regulated by the price offered by the purchaser. But, after all, a single page now, will realize almost as much as he himself got for the complete volume.

Among the finest of his works are the illustrations to the Book of Job. There is a largeness and grandeur about them that occasionally reaches the sublime. But, as usual with him, the effect is not pleasing. He was above anything slight and pretty. His style was not refined. It was broad, strong, bold. His designs impress one with a sense of power, much as Haydon's illustrations to his lectures are said to have done, when he dashed down on the black-board, in a few moments, a vigorous and accurate outline of his subject. Toward the close of his laborious life, Blake received a commission to illustrate Dante's *Divina Commedia* and it is very characteristic of the man that, at sixty-seven years of age, he set to work to learn Italian, in order to be above translations, and to read his author in the original. He lived to complete only seven of the series. He died in his seventieth year, worn out, rather than broken up by disease. The ruling passion was strong in death; for, seeing the light fall

favourably upon his wife's face, the once handsome features sharpened by age and care, he called out, "Stay; keep as thou art, and I will sketch thee." And so he did; but the right hand had forgot its cunning, and the drawing served only as the token of a love that had not grown old, and that could not die. During his illness he expressed his "hope of salvation through Jesus Christ;" and his last words were, that "he was now going to that country he had all his life wished to see."

He was a religious man; but his religion always had a vague, indefinite sentimentality about it. The Book of Job was his favourite study, and at these times he was frequently lost in reverie. He saw sights, and heard sounds, which he believed to be actual inspirations; and some of these grand, but incoherent, ravings he published. His enemies called him downright mad; and certainly the thin partition, that in so many cases divides genius from insanity, was, in his case, slighter than usual. His reveries, his pictures, his poetry, all have their mad side, and are streaked and marred. A few of the poems are tolerably perfect throughout; but many of his finest pieces are disfigured by incomprehensible, if not absurd, lines.

The poem before spoken of, as composed in his fourteenth year, might not be to the taste of all our readers; but we give one or two strains of his muse. The first two are in complete contrast to each other; the one simple, childlike, one would almost say childish, but for a trace or two of vigour; the other a wonderful sketch, full of action and energy, as befits its subject. Charles Lamb greatly admired it. One or two of the lines are really superb; but there is scarcely a verse that, as a whole, will bear criticism. And so it is with nearly all his poems. The whole is not equal to the parts.

THE LAMB.

Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee,
Gave thee life, and bade thee feed
By the stream and o'er the mead;
Gave thee clothing of delight,
Softest clothing, woolly, bright;
Gave thee such a tender voice,
Making all the vales rejoice?
Little lamb, who made thee?
Dost thou know who made thee?

Little lamb, I'll tell thee;
Little lamb, I'll tell thee.
He is called by thy name,
For He calls Himself a Lamb.
He is meek, and He is mild,
He became a little child.
I a child, and thou a lamb,
We are called by His name.
Little lamb, God bless thee;
Little lamb, God bless thee!

THE TIGER.

Tiger, Tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Framed thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burn'd that fire within thine eyes?
On what wings dared he aspire?
What the hand dared seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
When thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand form'd thy dread feet?

What the hammer, what the chain,
Knit thy strength and forged thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dared thy deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did he smile his work to see?
Did He who made the lamb make thee?

We conclude with another extract, which is very sweet and beautiful, though the divinity might not stand a rigid examination at Richmond or Didsbury. Those who are sufficiently interested may find fuller details of this singular man in the memoir of him by Gilchrist, though the tone of the book is somewhat laudatory and extravagant.

ANOTHER'S SORROW.

ee another's woe,
t be in sorrow too?
ee another's grief,
t seek for kind relief?

ee a falling tear,
t feel my sorrow's share?
ather see his child
nor be with sorrow fill'd?

nother sit and hear
nt groan, an infant fear?
! never can it be;
never can it be!

n He who smiles on all,
he wren, with sorrows small,
he small bird's grief and care,
he woes that infants bear,

t sit beside the nest,
g pity in their breast?
t sit the cradle near,
ng tear on infant's tear?

t sit both night and day,
g all our tears away?
never can it be;
never can it be!

h give His joy to all;
omes an infant small,
omes a man of woe,
h feel the sorrow too.

not thou canst sigh a sigh,
y Maker is not by;
not thou canst weep a tear,
y Maker is not near.

gives to us His joy,
ur griefs He may destroy;
r grief is fled and gone,
h sit by us and moan.

F. H. W.

UR ANCESTORS.

ncestors of the present Eng-
ple came from Germany
he middle of the fifth
having been first invited
the Britons to defend them
he Picts, after the departure
omans from Britain. The
having thus obtained a foot-
he island, soon became the
s of the entire country;
ng the former inhabitants,
g multitudes, and driving
to the mountainous country
of Wales, where their descendants are still to be found; while a considerable number left the island altogether, and, emigrating to the continent, settled in that part of France which was anciently called Armorica, of which the father of the renowned Prince Arthur was king in the sixth century, and which has since been, from these settlers, called Brittany, the inhabitants of which evince many characteristics of the Celtic race, of which the ancient British were a branch; and to this day a man speaking Welsh or Irish can make himself understood in Brittany.

The name "Saxons," which—or that of Sasanaghs—is still applied to the English by the Scotch and Irish, who yet retain their native language, is derived from their short swords, called *seaxes*, which this people used on their first arrival in Britain, and for many ages previously.* Nor is it unusual to designate nations and classes by the arms they used. Thus the ancient Quirites were so called from *quiris*, a short spear; and the Scythians, from *scittan*, to shoot with a bow; while we have also *musketeers*, *lancers*, and *carbineers*. The Saxons who invaded Britain were called Anglo-Saxons, because they came from Angloland, sometimes called Engleland and England, which these Saxons inhabited long before they came to Britain, as Venerable Bede, the ancient Saxon chronicler, testifies. Those who were left on the continent were called *Eald Seaxes*, or the "old Saxons." The origin of the name of *England* was the Angle-land, whereby they described the narrowness of the nook of land

* This gave rise to the couplet in Latin, quoted by Rapin in his well-known History, and which has been translated thus:—

"The Saxon people did, as most believe,
Their name from *saxe*, 'a short sword,' receive."

which they inhabited on the shores of the Baltic Sea. The word *ang*, or *eng*, signified a narrow strip, from which we probably have the word "*angle*," the long and narrow instrument, consisting of a rod, a line, and a hook, with which an *angler* catches fish. The word "*angle*," as describing the narrow point where two lines meet, although derived from Latin, may also have had its first origin from the Teutonic word *ang*, signifying narrow.

The Saxon King Egbert caused Britain to be called England, as well because it grows to a *narrowness* both towards the north and the south-west, as also out of affection to the original country of his ancestors; like as the first English emigrants to America gave such names as New-England and New-York to countries and cities on that continent, and more frequently without the qualification "New," as in London, Boston, Halifax, Richmond, and other instances. King Egbert may also have given the name of "Englishmen" to his subjects, now first united, after the Heptarchy, under one king, in allusion to the circumstance of Pope Gregory having referred the name of Angles, formerly given to a portion of the people, to the Latin word for an angel, to which it sounded similar. In reference to this, the first king of all England may have intended to describe his subjects as *angel-like* men.

A MEMORIAL.

BY ADELINE.

'Mid summer's rich and golden bloom,
  Thy spirit breathed to earth farewell:
Meet were it that upon thy tomb
  Her fairest wreaths from bower and dell,—
Her treasured wealth by fount and grove,
  In glade and woodland,—o'er should wave,
  As Hope illumining the grave,—
As Faith still whispering, "God is Love."

O, bright and beauteous thy young life!
  Its golden hopes, its promise rare!
Earnest and true, and girt for strife,—
  For Truth still brave to do or dare!
All brightly flashing in the light
  Of earliest morn thine armour shone,
  Helmet, and shield, and buckler on:
He spake, and held thee from the fight.

He bade thee suffer and be still:
  "They serve who only stand and wait."
Thy spirit own'd a higher Will,—
  Thy young heart bow'd not desolate:
For in the fire, and in the flood,
  One walked in glory by thy side!
  Thou knew'st His voice—the Crucified:
He led thee to the throne of God.

No tears for thee! that radiant brow
  Is circled with immortal light:
With seraph bands, a seraph thou
  Dost bend before the Infinite!
An angel's lyre thy fingers sweep,
  And raptured hallelujahs swell,
  'Mid glory bright, ineffable,
From hosts that ceaseless vigil keep.

No tears for thee! the victor's wreath,
  The conqueror's palm, for aye is thine;
Triumphant over sin and death,
  Victorious through the blood Divine.
For ever saved! thy joyous song
  Is mingling with the angel choir;
  And touch'd with pure, seraphic fire
Thy raptured heart, thy loosen'd tongue.

Farewell, farewell! the hearts that weep,
  Bereft and lone, at thought of thee,—
Who watch'd thee in thine anguish deep,
  Struggling with mortal agony,—
Tears for the *living!* stricken, sore!
  Be crushed affections bound again!
  Till in one bright, unsever'd chain
Ye round the Eternal Throne adore!

SAMARIA.

This city was situated near the middle of Palestine, built by Omri, King of

el, on a mountain or hill of the same
e, about B.C. 925. It was the metro-
s of the kingdom of Israel, or of the
tribes. The hill was purchased from
the owner, Shemer, from whom the city
took its name.

Samaria continued to be the capital of
Israel for two centuries, till the carrying

away of the ten tribes by Shalmaneser, about B.C. 720. During all this time it was the seat of idolatry, and is often as such denounced by the prophets, sometimes in connexion with Jerusalem. It was the seat of a temple of Baal, built by Ahab, and destroyed by Jehu. It was the scene of many of the acts of the prophets Elijah and Elisha, connected with the various famines of the land, the unexpected plenty of Samaria, and the several deliverances of the city from the Syrians.

On one occasion, mentioned in 2 Kings vii., a siege was raised, not by might nor by power, but by the Spirit of the Lord striking terror into the minds of the besiegers. The Lord, we are told, made them "to hear a noise of chariots and horses." Hereupon they all fled with the greatest precipitation, as for their lives: they not only fled from the camp, but left their horses. Samaria was thus delivered; but its inhabitants were not aware of this hasty retreat until they were informed of it by the four lepers. These men, who, according to a tradition of the Jews, were Gehazi and his three sons, having their lodging without the gate, and being in want of food, determined, as they could get none from the city, to go to the camp of the Syrians. They went, and found the camp deserted. The sequel of the story our readers well know.

Leprosy is the name given to a scaly disease of the skin. In the books of Moses there are three species mentioned, which were all included under the generic term of *Baheret*, or "bright spot." The first is called *Bohaq*, which signifies "brightness," but in a subordinate degree. This species did not render a person unclean. The second was called *Baheret lebanah*, or a bright white *Baheret*. The third was *Baheret kehah*, or dusky *Baheret*, spreading in the skin. These two last were also called "a stroke," as if a chastisement, and rendered a person unclean. The characteristic marks of the *Baheret lebanah*, mentioned by Moses, are a glossy white and spreading scale upon an elevated base, the elevation depressed in the middle, the hair on the patches participating in the whiteness, and the patches themselves perpetually increasing. There are some other slight affections mentioned by name in Leviticus, which the priest was required to distinguish from leprosy. If a person had any of the above diseases, he was brought before the priest to be examined. If the priest found the distinctive signs of a contagious leprosy, the person was immediately declared unclean. If the priest had any doubt on the subject, the person was put under confinement for seven days, when he was examined a second time. If, in the course of the preceding week, the eruption had made no advance, he was shut up for another seven days; and if then the disease was still stationary, and had none of the distinctive signs above noticed, he was declared clean. (Lev. xiii.)

Returning again to the city, tidings of relief to which were brought by the four lepers seen in our cut, it would appear to have continued, after the exile of the ten tribes, for a time at least, the chief city of the foreigners brought to occupy their place, although Shechem soon became the capital of the Samaritans as a religious sect. John Hyrcanus took the city after a year's siege, and razed it to the ground. Yet it must soon have revived, as it is not long after mentioned as an inhabited place in the possession of the Jews. Pompey restored it to its former possessors; and it was afterwards rebuilt by Gabinius. Augustus bestowed Samaria on Herod, who eventually rebuilt the city with great magnificence, and gave it the name of Sebaste. Here Herod planted a colony of 6,000 persons, composed partly of veteran soldiers, and partly of people from the environs; enlarged the circumference of the city; and surrounded it with a strong wall, twenty stades in circuit. In the midst of the city—that is to say, upon the summit of the hill—he left a sacred place of a stade and a half, splendidly decorated; and here he erected a temple to Augustus, celebrated for its magnitude and beauty. The whole city was greatly ornamented, and became a strong fortress. Such was the Samaria of the time of the New Testament, where the Gospel was preached by Philip, and a church was gathered by the Apostles. At what time the city of Herod became desolate, no existing accounts state; but all the

notices of the fourth century and later lead to the inference that its destruction had already taken place.

THE HELPER OF THE FATHERLESS.

On a dark December day A—— W—— drew the shawl more closely round her, to shelter her from the cold. At length her walk was ended, and she entered the shop from which she had of late obtained work.

"Have you any work for me?" The question was asked hastily and excitedly. All the morning she had been seeking work, and this was her last hope.

"No more; and there is no prospect of any. I am sorry; but it cannot be helped."

The words were spoken coldly, and she turned away with a heavy heart. Visions of her sick mother, that she had left at home that morning, rose before her. She sighed heavily as she thought that the crust of bread, which had formed their morning's meal, would be their only food that day. Thoughts of former happy days passed through her mind. Previous to her father's death all had been well; but, for many weary months since then, constant labour had been required to keep want from their doors. Now, without work, with health shattered, in a strange city, she knew not where to turn. For the moment she was almost tempted to doubt the love of God; but it was only for the moment. He had never yet forsaken her, and He never would. He was a faithful God, and His promise true: "Call upon Me in the day of trouble, and I will deliver thee." Her spirit was uplifted to Him, and she felt comforted.

It was long before she reached home, for her steps were feeble. Her brother met her at the door. A bright smile was upon his face; but noticing his sister's weary look, he took the basket from her, and drew up a chair before the fire; he then went to the closet, and bringing out a covered basket, placed it before her. His eyes sparkled with delight as he saw her look of glad surprise; and he said eagerly,—

"You remember Miss M——, A——, that you worked for last summer? Well, she has been here. She says she saw you passing the house this morning, and you looked sad and weary. She thought perhaps work was scarce, and she had some that she could give you. She left some, and this basket besides. I told her how glad I was, and how much you needed it; and she said she would try to get more for you when this was done, and some for mother too, when she was able to work again."

A——'s heart was full. God had indeed delivered her from her great trouble. Very thankful was she that she had been kept from doubting His love. She told her brother of the morning's despondency, and together they rejoiced at the mercy of God.

Their trials were not ended. Many met them in their after-life; but through them all God brought them safely, proving Himself, indeed, "the Helper of the fatherless."

The Scripture Expositor.

No. CXXXII.

Lest there be any profane person, as Esau, who for one morsel of meat sold his birthright. (Heb. xii. 16.)

He is a profane person who despiseth spiritual privileges and enjoyments. Upon this very account, Scripture sets that black and indelible brand upon Esau. And why is Esau stigmatized as profane for selling his birthright, but because, in those first ages of the world, the first-born, or eldest of the family, was a priest; and that sacred function, by right of primogeniture, belonged to him? And, therefore, we read that the tribe of Levi were taken by God to be His priests and ministers, in exchange for the first-born. Now, to slight and undervalue an office so holy and sacred, a privilege so eminent, a dignity so sublime and spiritual; to part with it only for the satisfying of his hunger; was a sign

of a profane spirit, in preferring the god of his belly before the God of heaven; and for ever renouncing his right of sacrificing to the true God, only that he might sacrifice one pleasant morsel to his impatient appetite.—*Hopkins's Exposition of the Ten Commandments*, p. 110. *Edit.* 1692.

No. CXXXIII.

As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after Thee, O God. My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God: when shall I come and appear before God? (Psalm xlii. 1, 2.)

As the poor deer that is closely pursued faints and melts with the heat of the chase, and hasteneth to the known river, where it was wont to quench its thirst, to find both safety and refreshment; so doth the holy soul reach and breathe after God. He thirsteth after the water-brooks, the streams of Divine ordinances, wherein God doth pour out His grace and Spirit to refresh the longing desires of this holy impatience. Not being satisfied with this, he still makes up to the Fountain, and never rests contented till he hath engulfed and plunged himself into God, and is swallowed up in beatitude. For from the fruition of the beloved Object springeth joy; for joy is nothing but the rest and acquiescence of desire. And therefore, according to the measure of God's communicating Himself to our souls, such proportionably will be the increase of our joy. Something we enjoy of God in this life, while we are absent from Him in the body: He is pleased to give us transient glances of Himself, when He fills His ordinances and our duties with His Spirit. Yet these reserved communications are so ravishing, that the distended soul is often forced, by the agony of sweetness, to cry out with holy Simeon, "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace, according to Thy word: for mine eyes have seen Thy salvation." How overflowing, then, will our joy be when we come to heaven, where our fruition of God shall be entire and eternal; where we shall see Him as He is, and know Him as we are known by Him; where the unveiled glories of the Deity shall beat full upon us, and we shall for ever sun ourselves in the smiles of God! The joy of such a state would, indeed, be intolerable, only that God who fills us will then enlarge and strengthen us.—*Ibid.*, pp. 54, 55.

No. CXXXIV.

Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work. (Exod. xx. 9.)

It is a question whether these words be a precept, or a permission only. To me they seem preceptive, requiring us diligently to attend that vocation and state of life in which the Divine Providence hath set us, and to perform the offices of it with care and conscience: for it is said, "Thou shalt labour;" not only, "Thou mayest labour." And those who contend that they merely signify a permission of the daily works of our calling, open too wide a gap for sloth and idleness to creep in, without violating any commandment, or being censured and condemned for sin.—*Ibid.*, p. 221.

Foreign Travel.

BUXTON (CANADA WEST).

ITS ORIGIN—PRESENT STATE—AND PROSPECTS.

(*Concluded from page 56.*)

WHO could rationally look for any high degree of prudent management, far-sightedness, or discernment of character, in the man who, with his progenitors for many generations, has been denied the exercise of these qualities; whose daily food and simple clothing have been provided without his care; whose offspring have never been dependent upon him, or under his control; who has never been permitted to act upon his own responsibility, nor required to judge of the probable result of an action? Yet, notwithstanding these immense disadvantages, the settlers already

exhibit an intelligence which justifies the hope that its free exercise will, in a few generations, enable them to stand on an equal footing with white men in similar condition.

The long dark ages through which this remarkable race has borne the curse of servitude are breaking into the morning of a brighter day, amidst storm and tempest. It was said years ago by a Southerner, that "the sun of slavery would erelong set in blood:" with fearful vividness do we see that prediction verifying at this moment. The black clouds still gather; the horrid thunders of war are bursting on our ears; its lightnings are still scathing the hearts, and desolating the homes, of thousands. Yet, over these seas of blood, a happier day is surely dawning to the down-trodden and benighted sons of Africa, and we trust, also, to that people amongst whom they have been enslaved.

Amongst the many perplexing problems that exercise the thoughts of American statesmen at the present crisis arises the portentous question,—"How are we to dispose of those millions of coloured people, should they become free?" The prevailing answer hitherto is in various schemes for removing them from the States, and forming them in colonies as a separate people. Some, veiling their real motives under the most shallow pretence of philanthropy, recommend a general exodus of the race, free-born and slave, *en masse* to the continent of Africa; urging, as a reason, the peculiar adaptation of its soil and climate to their wants and constitution; and still more, that, having become enlightened and Christianized in this happy land, they would be effective agents in communicating truth to their degraded brethren. Others again, amongst whom are President Lincoln and many distinguished men, are strongly in favour of colonization, regarding Central America as the most suitable location. They frankly avow that the chief object of the scheme is to avoid the naturalization of the alien race in the American States, under conditions that would entitle them to equal civil rights with the white race. They do not even attempt to allure the people with any tempting prospects in Central America. Evidences of rich and extensive coal mines afford the chance of profitable labour, until homes and settlements can be formed on the surface; but, should the coal-mine scheme succeed, the white capitalist would reap the advantage. The only purpose with regard to the coloured man is to get rid of him out of the States, and is the result of prejudice, selfishness, and expediency; though the region no doubt affords sufficient promise to induce many to go, and probably thousands will find their way and permanently settle there.

So also of Africa. Indeed, the idea of the vast mass turning their longing hearts and eyes to their ancestral shores, and hastening thither by millions, has something about it too sublime and touching to allow of our giving it up without a feeling of regret; yet a few moments' consideration will suffice to show that it is impossible. Numerically considered, their annual increase in North America is at least one hundred thousand; so that, supposing their transportation could proceed annually at this enormous rate, the four and a half millions would still remain undiminished; and it is, moreover, certain that, without severe compulsory measures, emigration would not proceed at half that ratio. In the year 1822 a society was formed by Henry Clay, for the purpose of carrying the free coloured population of the States to Liberia. He was aided by the most eminent statesmen of the day, and supported by all the Southern States. Every motive short of compulsion was used to induce the free blacks to enter into it; yet, as the result of all this, during a period of forty years, only sixteen thousand have been landed on the coast of Africa.

It is true that the love of home and of country is very strong in the negro; but an African-born negro is very rarely to be met with in the States. America, not Africa, is their native land; and anyone who has conversed freely with the coloured people of Canada has found that their yearnings and wistful thoughts are turned to the sunny south.

"Maryland," "Kentuck," "Old Virginny," are names with which they

associate ideas of childhood and of home; their fathers and mothers lived and died there; there, too, their own habits, manners, and tastes were formed; and, darkened as those old associations are by remembrances of tyranny and grief, memory still lingers among them with a tenacious fondness, which would induce them to return thither, could they do so with the assurance of personal safety and liberty.

Let it not, however, be supposed that we would discourage the idea of colonization on an extensive scale either to Africa, Central America, or any other region that offers a fair chance of success. Indeed, we entertain high hopes for the race in the fulfilment of that part of their mission; more especially in regard to their usefulness in developing the hidden resources of that vast continent whence they have sprung. Commercial enterprise, the desire to get wealth, and the love of adventure, have charms for them as well as for others, and will prompt thousands to seek a home and position on foreign shores. There will also be others, actuated by a loftier spirit, who will forsake all, with the ardent desire to impart to their heathen brethren the Gospel of Christ, and the blessings which follow in its track; but this spirit only acts in individual cases, not upon the mass; and we cannot expect men possessing the requisite qualifications for such work to be numerous amongst a people who have themselves been left hitherto in so low a state of moral and mental culture.

It seems plain, then, that the great bulk of this race must remain where they are, to cultivate the soil on which they were born, where their labour can be employed to greater advantage, both to themselves and the commercial world, than in any other part to which it is proposed to banish them.

Inevitable as this result is, no means should be left unemployed which are calculated to fit the liberated slave for his new position, and to stem that fierce hatred which, though it may rouse him to madness and desperation, or drive him into supineness and vagrancy, never will, and never can, thrust him beyond the pale of white civilization.

Little requires to be done beyond affording him Gospel teaching and ordinary education. It is necessary, also, that capital should be employed in the cultivation of those staples which afford him the means of supporting himself by free labour.

Simple and unpretending as these plans appear, they would, if admitted and carried out, do much to settle a vexed question. This people is in our midst, and will defy all efforts to remove them. With their ultimate destiny we have nothing to do. Time and the events of God's providence will reveal that: our part is to view their position as it stands, and to deal with them where we find them, not by a short-sighted and time-serving policy, but endeavouring to guide our actions by the grand principles of justice and humanity. God is now avenging the cause of the oppressed, and He will avenge it. Let the white man, then, turn from his injustice to the child of Africa, and treat him henceforth as a man and a brother.

Angry and tumultuous passions do and will arise when the right path crosses that of self-interest; but the right is the only safe path; for truth and justice shall yet prevail on the earth.

Buxton, Canada West. A. M. H.

Study and Pulpit Thoughts.

THE TROUBLES OF SIN.

AN OUTLINE.

BY THE REV. RICHARD TREFFRY, SEN.

"And Joshua said, Why hast thou troubled us? the Lord shall trouble thee this day." (Joshua vii. 25.)

THERE are two distinct kinds of characters whose names have been transmitted to posterity, and whose fame has been echoed and re-echoed by an astonished populace; some for their virtues, and some for their crimes; some for their glory, and some for their shame: and it was the lot of the person to whom the

text was addressed to be of the latter description; a man who committed a notorious offence, and who met with a shameful and a degrading punishment. The context will sufficiently illustrate the crime of Achan, the peculiar process by which that crime was detected, and the mischievous effects by which it was attended. We will take occasion from the text to show,—

I. THAT SIN IS A VERY TROUBLESOME THING.

The nature of sin may be clearly discovered in the subject before us. The children of Israel had just entered into the promised land; they had besieged Jericho, they had compassed it about seven days, had blown with their trumpets, the walls had fallen down flat, and they had taken possession of the city. Joshua had charged the people not to "take of the accursed thing," &c. (vi. 18). Achan violated this charge (vii. 21). Such is the nature of all our crimes. God has given us the most plain, positive precepts, capable of universal application; these precepts we either ignorantly or wickedly transgress; and this transgression is sin. To prove that sin is a troublesome thing, let us consider,—

1st. *The load of guilt by which it oppresses us.*—Whatever pleasure may attach to the anticipation or the act of sin, yet the recollection of it must, sooner or later, necessarily produce pain; arising from a consciousness that we have offended God, provoked His Majesty, grieved His Spirit, and exposed ourselves to the eternal punishment of hell.

2d. *The shifts, subterfuges, and tricks, resorted to for the purpose of concealing our sins, or transferring the blame to others, are convincing proofs that sin troubles us.*—Look at Adam, our great progenitor in crime: he first sought to hide himself from his Maker's presence; he then attempts to shift off the blame on the woman; and the woman, in her turn, transfers it to the serpent. Behold Achan, allured by the tempting glare of the gold, and the tawdry vestment: he slyly purloins them, digs a hole beneath his tent, and there conceals the pilfered spoils. Had he no fear of being discovered? There are thousands of crimes perpetrated in the dark, when the deluded subjects have trembled with fearful apprehensions lest they should be detected.

3d. *Sin troubles us by its corrupt and restless influence on the tempers and dispositions.*—Every sinful temper is troublesome. How troublesome to be proud—look at Haman and Nebuchadnezzar; to be envious—behold Pharaoh, Saul, and the ungodly Jews who crucified Christ; to be covetous—see Achan, Gehazi, Ananias, and Judas. (Isai. lvii. 20.) But it is chiefly into futurity that we are to look for the troubles of sin. (Prov. xi. 21; Ezek. xviii. 4; Rom. vi. 23.) Thus sin produces trouble *personally;* but it is relative trouble to which the text refers: "Why hast thou troubled *us?*" A sinner is a troublesome being; he troubles his family: look at Achan, verse 24. (Prov. xv. 27.) It is very questionable whether his sons and his daughters were burnt with him, or were only spectators of his punishment; at any rate, his sin must have been a source of inconsolable grief to his family. Happy for the world were there no such ungodly parents now; but alas! who can help seeing that characters not a whit better than Achan abound in every department of society? But the trouble produced by Achan's crimes was not merely domestic, but national. Israel was discomfited; some fell in battle; the hearts of the people melted, and became as water; Joshua, valiant and courageous as he was, rent his clothes, fell on his face, and regretted that they had ever crossed Jordan. (Chap. vii. 5—9.) The whole nation of Israel groaned under the curse of Achan's sin. O, how frequently has the pride or ambition of a few individuals troubled a whole nation, and disturbed the peace of millions!

II. HOWEVER ARTFULLY CONCEALED, SIN MUST BE EXPOSED.

Who can doubt but that Achan strove to conceal his crime? But, by the providence of God, it was exposed to the camp of Israel.

1st. *The most secret sins are often revealed in this world.*—Some "declare their sin, as Sodom." (Isai. iii. 9.) Others seek to conceal their crimes, and use a thousand artifices to cover their transgressions; but O, how vain! By a mar-

vellous Providence they are often disclosed; and not unfrequently sinners have revealed their own shame.

2d. *Those sins that escape detection here, will be manifested in the last day.* (Eccles. xii. 14.)

III. WHEN THE SINNER IS EXPOSED, HE IS LEFT WITHOUT ANY REASONABLE EXCUSE.

Joshua said, "*Why* hast thou troubled us?" What could he say? Could he plead ignorance of the law? No; it was published in the camp of Israel. The weakness of human nature? No; he had strength to do his duty. The prevalence of temptation? No; others had similar temptations, and yet conquered. And what shall we have to say when God shall summon us to His bar? Alas! if guilty, we shall be as speechless as Achan was.

IV. THAT PUNISHMENT TREADS UPON THE HEELS OF SIN.

"The Lord shall trouble thee this day."

1st. *God has power to trouble sinners.*—He can make the elements become the executioners of His wrath, as He did to Sodom, &c. He can make the most despicable insects plague His enemies, as He did to the Egyptians. He can arm the sinner's conscience against himself, as He did to Judas. Nay, the whole creation is a "capacious reservoir of means," which He can employ at His pleasure.

2d. *God will trouble sinners.*—He will either bring them to repentance, when they shall "look upon Him whom they have pierced, and mourn;" or, He will vex them in His wrath, and dash them in pieces as a potter's vessel. To be convinced that He will trouble sinners, we need only read His threatenings, and observe His general conduct. And what kind of trouble will be their portion, when God will shut them out of heaven, and plunge them, with His vengeful curse upon their heads, into a lake of fire burning with brimstone, I am at a loss to describe.

Infer, 1st. *What a powerful preventive this should be to deter us from committing sin.*—We all feel a repugnance to trouble; we shrink from its attacks, and sin must trouble us; then, why live under its power?

2d. *See the madness of sinners,* who, for the sake of a few sordid, despicable pleasures, which always leave a sting behind, will desperately plunge themselves into an abyss of troubles, which know no bound nor termination.

3d. *Since sin is so troublesome, let us all seek a deliverance from its dominion and influence.*—"The blood of Jesus Christ, the Son of God, cleanseth us from all sin."

4th. *Learn what ideas you should entertain of those who seek to entice you to sin.*—They are agents of the devil, and you should shun their company as you would shun perdition.

Art and Science.

OUR MICROSCOPE TABLE.

THOSE who have spent any time in "collecting" on the sea-shore will, perhaps, have noticed on some whelk-shell, tenanted by a hermit crab, a rough, brownish, mossy-looking coat. To the unassisted eye, and especially out of water, the substance looks like some vegetable covering, no longer living. When placed in sea-water, there will shortly appear minute white, flossy fibres, which a magnifying-glass shows to be a mass of polyps *densely* crowded together, each one bearing aloft a cluster of straight rods, or tentacles, which retain, with much exactness, their martial array. Touch one rudely, and, with the same soldier-like exactness, not one merely, but the whole battalion retreats,—disappears, you wonder where! Until recently, each separate polyp was supposed to be a distinct individual; but the entire group is now considered to be but one individual, the numerous polyps being only so many members of the body. The zoophyte bears the name of *Hydractinia echinata;* and to Dr. T. Strethill

Wright, whose discoveries in this department of natural history have been most important, we owe its true history.

If, on examining it more thoroughly, we scrape away a portion of the upstanding mass, we shall see that the foundation of the whole is a thin incrustation upon the shell, fitting closely upon it, following every little depression or excrescence, and requiring chemical aids in order to remove it. This substance is chitine, which is not unlike horn in appearance, and enters largely into the economy of the lower forms of life. It not only spreads laterally over the shell, but rises up from the surface in short, close-set spines. These latter are deeply grooved from top to bottom, each spine having four or five such grooves. In some cases, the ridges which divide the furrows are pierced with holes, and in others are irregularly notched along their edges. The bases of the spines communicate, running one into another, like the hills in an undulating country, so that it is impossible to say where the root of one ends, and another begins.

This, as a sort of skeleton, is covered by the soft, fleshy substance, which is, in fact, the animal; for, although it is necessary to speak of the horny base first, yet it is, in reality, secreted by the fleshy covering, which alone performs all the functions of life. This substance fills up all the grooves, and the perforations of the spines, and is continuous throughout, spreading gradually on all sides, until the whole shell is invested. It is pierced in every direction by tubes, which are connected with the alimentary canals of the polyps; and its surface is densely charged with the *cnidæ*, or thread-capsules, which are the common weapons of this class of animals, and with which our readers are already familiar.

Between the horny projections rise the polyps, to a height of about half an inch, like little hollow clubs, having a row of upright tentacles round a central mouth; and, at the base of these, another row of shorter tentacles, placed horizontally, and so standing at right angles to the rest. Between the outer and inner tissues of the polyp is placed the usual muscular tunic, which not only clothes the body, but is continued to the very extremity of the tentacles, and, by its instant contraction, withdraws the polyp under shelter of the spines. These polyps are the most obvious members of the compound body, and upon them devolves the duty of obtaining and assimilating the necessary food. Below the mouth is the usual cavity, or divided chamber; and below this again is the simple alimentary tube which, in each case, communicates with those other tubes which pass in every direction through the investing substance, and in which the course of the nutrient fluid can be distinctly traced, showing a flux and reflux movement, the result of ciliary action.

There are, however, other members, and those most important ones. Interspersed among the alimentary polyps may be found some smaller bodies not provided with tentacles, though the rudiments of these organs may be traced. Neither is there any mouth. They are nourished, not from without, but from below. The nature of the body-wall is the same in both cases; but here it projects into a series of capsules, which cluster round the stem like berries on a stalk. These capsules contain the germs of a new race, but the polyps investing the same shell are all of the same sex; thus strengthening the view that the mass is rather an individual than a commonwealth. In addition, there are sessile capsules, which, both in appearance and as regards their contents, are the same as the others, but which spring, not in clusters from a special organ, but singly, from the common substance of the zoophyte. In both cases the female capsules contain six or eight ova, which at the proper period rupture the sac, and make their escape. If they come in contact with the contents of a male capsule, each ovum in due time divides and subdivides, until it becomes a mulberry-like mass, each subdivision giving birth to a minute, elongated cone, having a hollow axis. This shortly alters its entire appearance, throws out creeping, hollow roots from its base, and comical little tentacles from its pointed extremity, and proceeds to extend itself, both above and below, in a steady, business-like way. These are not

the only modes of increase; for a new species of *Hydractinia* has been discovered, in which the reproductive polyps give birth to young in the ordinary way; while the *sessile capsules produce medusoids*,—little crystal bells which, as they escape from their prison, pulsate through the water, lead a roving life, increase and grow, and at length produce ova which develop into polyps. If the reader will imagine an apple-tree in full fruit, and the hollow apples giving birth to canaries or linnets, he will have some idea of this astounding metamorphosis, excepting, of course, that the illustration confounds the animal and vegetable kingdoms.

Provision being thus made for the feeding of the compound body, and in two forms for its increase, there remain to be noticed the special organs of defence. Round the mouth of the shell, and hidden from view, both by their position and by the body of the crab, are a number of snake-like bodies, which lie coiled up when at rest, and are comparatively indifferent to annoyance inflicted upon themselves. But if the zoophyte be irritated in any part, these bodies instantly uncoil, and lash themselves violently backward and forward in a threatening manner; and this not independently, but with a uniformity of action which is curious to behold. The two most marked features of their structure are the high development of the muscular layer, and the number of large thread-cells with which the outer coat is crowded. Dr. Wright looks upon them purely as organs of defence, though he does not see how they can avail in such a position. But as it is a fact that, in other cases of parasitic zoophytes, there is an understanding between the crab and the parasite,* it would not be surprising if such was the case here, and if the communication, on one side at least, was made through these organs. There still remain the great tentacles. These are placed, not all round the mouth of the shell, like the last-named, but at the two ends of it, and also along the extreme edge of the investing membrane. They hang downwards, from one to two inches in length, and therefore touch the ground; and, as the crab is a wasteful feeder, and scatters minute fragments of food as he continually tears portions of it asunder, the tentacles seize on these particles, and drag them up for the benefit of the alimentary polyps.

Thus, in the mere incrustation upon a shell, which itself is not very much larger than a cherry, and which nine persons out of ten would throw aside as rubbish, we find an animal of simple structure, it is true, but with contrivances for its well-being, elaborate out of all proportion to its nominal place in the scale of creation, and which no one can contemplate without admiration. There is a prodigality of contrivance, on

* The Cloak Anemone (*Adamsia palliata*) is here more particularly referred to. It spreads itself, like a band of flesh, all round the shell, leaving only the mouth of the shell free. One observer has noticed that when the crab has satisfied his own hunger, he will hold up fragments of food to be taken by his companion; though there must be a superabundance before he will thus share it. Another observer has reported a still more extraordinary fact. The hermit-crab, in time, outgrows his shell, and is compelled to seek another; and, in the case now referred to, the crab had been for some time in straitened circumstances. When an empty shell was placed near him in the aquarium, he became still more uneasy, repeatedly tapping the old dwelling with his large claw, and otherwise behaving himself in an unseemly way. He became more and more impatient; and it was observed that the anemone was gradually relaxing its hold of the shell, and that the two were preparing to remove together. The anemone, however, had been sickly for some time, and was unequal to the task; but it would seem, from the persevering efforts of the crab, that the usual course is for him to place his companion on the outside of the new tenement, and then for himself to take possession of the inside.

It may be further added, that in these cases there is generally a third tenant, who is rarely seen except at meal-times,—a large worm, who boldly helps himself to whatever may be on the board, literally taking the morsel from the crab's mouth. This worm belongs to a fierce and rapacious family, among the most active of the whole race, and is, to all appearance, as capable of leading a roving life as any of the rest, but displays the most sedentary habit, being carried about from place to place, as though perfectly helpless. This, however, in passing. Our purpose was to show not only the friendly feeling existing between such opposite natures, but the extraordinary fact of communications being *exchanged* with a creature of such a degraded type as the sea-anemone, standing as it does almost at the bottom of the scale of life.

behalf of what are called the "lower forms of life," a variety that seems illimitable and infinite, and which would seem to us almost a wasteful munificence, did we not remember for whose pleasure they are and were created, and who it is that is to "receive the glory."

* * *

The Monitor.

A COW TEACHING A LESSON.

Old Mr. B—— was a peculiar man. When a little child he was peculiar. He did not want to rock, or creep, or walk, like other children. He seemed to prefer to creep sideways or backward, rather than forward. And when a boy, no play suited him, no plan was exactly right. Not that he was cross or morose, but peculiar. He wanted everything done in his own way. When he became a man, and rode bare-back, when other people used the saddle, and milked his cow on the right side instead of the left, why, people said, "Mr. B—— is a peculiar man," and let it all pass.

But there were places where he found it hard to travel with other people. Especially was this so on the Sabbath. He never could enjoy the singing in the sanctuary, because the singers always got hold of the wrong tunes; and he could not enjoy the prayers, because they were too long or too short, too abstract or too common. They were always out of joint. If the heathen were prayed for, he thought that the heathen at home might as well be remembered. If the nations were mentioned, he thought the Jews ought to be mentioned by name. In all cases, somebody was left out, or something was put into the prayers that ought not to be. He did "not mean to scold, or find fault," he said, but he did "love to have things done right." Poor man! he never had them done right.

But a greater trouble was the preaching. He professed to like the preachers, and *did* like them as well as he could like anybody. But there were sad mistakes in the preaching. Sometimes a most important point, as he thought, was left out. Sometimes things were put in which nobody could understand. What could he do? He gave hints and propounded queries to the preachers; and they so gently and kindly passed them off, that it seemed like pouring water on a duck's back.

At length, when patience seemed about to give way, and when he could stand it no longer, he went over to a neighbour, who was a friend of his, and poured his troubles into his ear. Now this friend was a quiet man, said but little, but thought more. When he did speak, it was always to the point. He knew all about Mr. B——, had great patience with him, and even some regard for him. He used to say, "Mr. B—— loves to growl, but he never really bites."

This friend was just going out to the barn to fodder his cattle when Mr. B—— came up, and bade him "Good morning;" adding, "if I can call such a cold morning *good*."

"Now," he continued, "I've just one word to say. I can't bear our preaching! I get no good. There's so much in it that I don't want, that I grow lean on it. I lose my time and pains."

"Mr. B——, come in here. There's my cow; she can teach you a lesson."

"A cow teach! What do you mean?"

"Now see. I have just thrown her a forkful of hay. Just watch her. There now! She has found a stick; (you know sticks will get in the hay;) and see how she tosses it on one side, and leaves it, and goes on to eat what is good. There again! She doesn't relish that bunch, and she leaves it, and goes on eating. Before she is done, she will clear the manger of all, save a few sticks and weeds, and she will give milk. There's milk in that hay, and she knows how to get it out, albeit there may be now and then that which she leaves. But if she refused to eat, and spent the time in scolding about the fodder, she too would 'grow lean,' and my milk would be dried up. Just so with our preaching. Let the old cow teach you. Get all the good you can out of it, and leave the

rest. You will find a great deal of nourishment in it."

Mr. B—— stood silent a moment, then turned away, saying, "Neighbour, that old cow is no fool, at any rate."

Natural History.

NOTES RESPECTING THE LOBSTER.

Who does not like a lobster? Even the child knows the nursery riddle, "Black in the kitchen, red on the table." Without any warmth in their bodies, or even without red blood circulating through their veins, they are wonderfully voracious. They even devour each other, and may be said to eat themselves; for, changing their shell and stomach every year, these remains are generally the first morsel to glut their new system. They are always in harness, heavily armed to the teeth: seven-jointed is the cunningly-forged mail of their back. Beneath this protecting roof move four—yes, eight—scrawling feet, four on each side, pushes forward the unwieldy war-engine, like the Roman legion under the shelter of the battering-ram.

The two great claws are the lobster's instruments of provision and defence; and, by opening like a pair of scissors, they have great strength, and take a firm hold. Between the two claws lies the animal's head, very small, with eyes like two black, horny specks on each side; and these it can advance out of the socket, or draw in, at pleasure. The mouth, like that of insects, opens lengthwise of the body, not cross-wise, as with man and higher races of animals. It has two teeth for its food, but three more in the stomach. Before the pointed nose, the long, wire-like feelers, or horns, are stretched out, that seem to aid the dimness of its sight. The tail, or jointed instrument, is its great locomotive, by which it is raised and propelled through the water. Beneath this we see lodged the spawn in great abundance.

When the young lobsters leave the parent, they seek refuge in small clefts of the rocks, or crevices at the bottom of the sea. In a few weeks they grow much larger, and change their shell for *lobsterhood*. In general this is done once a year, and is a painful operation. For some days before this change the animal seems to lose its usual strength and vigour, lying torpid and motionless; but just before casting its shell, striking its claws against each other, every limb appears to tremble. Then the body swells in an unusual manner, and the shell begins to divide: it seems turned inside out, the stomach coming away with its shell. In like manner the claws are disengaged, the lobster casting them off much as you or I would kick off a boot too big for us. For several hours it now continues enfeebled and motionless; but in two days the new skin becomes hardened, and within forty-eight hours the shell is perfectly formed and hard, like the one just cast off.

The lobster has increased more than a third in its size; and, like a boy that has outgrown his clothes, it seems wonderful how the old shell could contain so great an animal as fills the new. Below, in his native element, he reaches the age of twice ten years, and loses a foot or claw without feeling its loss, for he very well knows that they will grow again. At certain seasons, lobsters never meet each other without a fight; and when a leg, or even a claw, is lost, the victor carries it off, while the vanquished retires for a thorough repair of his injured anatomy. This is quickly accomplished, for in three weeks the new limb is nearly as large and powerful as the old one. When hunting, the lobster resorts to stratagem, if his strength be insufficient. In vain the oyster closes the door against his grasping, vice-like claw; for, so soon as the unsuspecting muscle opens its house, in he pops a stone, and the breach made, that oyster must surrender.

The lobster has his rocky home at a depth of from six to twelve fathoms, and the propagation of his race is continued on in marvellous numbers. More than twelve thousand eggs have been counted in a single female. When he reaches

the light he is inactive; but in his own realm he dashes with rapid speed over chasms and rocky table-lands of the ocean. A motion of the tail is sufficient to hurl him down more than fifty feet deep, and thus escape the swiftest pursuit. So sure is this leap, that he never misses the entrance of his cavern, even in the most precipitous flight; although, too, it merely offers space enough to admit his body.

The Fireside.

TOBACCO.

It is as strange as it is deplorable, says Dr. Kurtz, that men should form the habit of using tobacco. It is *narcotic*, *emetic*, and *cathartic;* and, in its first use, disagreeable to the taste, offensive to the stomach, and sickening in its effect. It is decidedly injurious to the process of digestion, and seriously enfeebles the digestive organs, as well as the nervous system; and what is still worse, when the habit of using it is confirmed, it is almost impossible voluntarily to abandon it. It is very difficult for an inebriate to renounce intoxicating drinks, or an opium or hasheesh eater to give up his favourite narcotic, but probably more so for a tobacco-chewer to live without his quid. We have known habitual drunkards to dash from their lips for ever the inebriating glass, and thus assert and maintain their liberty; but those same men did not succeed in throwing away their tobacco; they lived and died victims to the insatiable craving of the morbid appetite, and slaves to the cruel and tyrannic charm of the nauseous weed. Still it is not utterly impossible; many have succeeded, and others may, if not by force of their own resolutions, yet by the grace of God, through which we can do all things. (Phil. iv. 13.)

Considering the arbitrary and tremendous control that tobacco usurps over its poor vassals, how careful should those be who have not yet fallen under its relentless sway to guard against its first approaches; and how prompt and determined those not yet utterly enslaved to break asunder the despot's chains without a moment's delay, since those chains are growing heavier and stronger, and being riveted closer and tighter, every day. We would especially entreat parents to watch faithfully over their children in regard to the use of tobacco in any and every form. Warn, reprove, admonish; leave no proper means unemployed to save them from a habit so wasteful to the energies of health, so expensive in its indulgence, so offensive to those around us, so inimical to the nervous tissue and the just rights of the stomach, and without a redeeming quality.

NOW.

Religion is the one thing needful. It is the good part which can never be taken away. Embrace it now. Cæsar had a letter given him by Artemidorus the morning of his assassination, as he went to the senate-house, wherein notice was given him of all the conspiracy of his murderers, so that with ease he might have prevented his death; but, neglecting to read it, he was slain. What can be done to-day, delay not till to-morrow. Neglect to embrace the Saviour to-day, and to-morrow it may be too late! Now, now is the accepted time; now, now, to-day is the day of salvation! Now turn and live.

The Portfolio.

GEMS IN OLD SETTINGS.

THE VICIOUS MEAN.

Zophar, the Naamathite, mentioned a sort of men in whose mouths wickedness is sweet: they hide it under their tongues, they spare it, and forsake it not;

but keep it still in their mouths. (Job xx. 12, 13.) This furnisheth me with a tripartite division of men in the world.

The first and best are those who spit sin out, loathing it in their judgments, and leaving it in their practice.

The second sort, notoriously wicked, who swallow sin down, actually and openly committing it.

The third, endeavouring an expedient betwixt heaven and hell, neither do nor deny their lusts; neither spitting them out, nor swallowing them down, but rolling them under their tongues, epicurising thereon, in their filthy fancies and obscene speculations.

If God at the last day of judgment hath three hands, a right for the sheep, a left for the goats, the middle is most proper for these third sort of men. But both the latter kinds of sinners shall be confounded together. The rather because a sin thus rolled becomes so soft and supple, and the throat is so short and slippery a passage, that insensibly it may slide down from the mouth into the stomach; and contemplative wantonness quickly turns into practical uncleanness.

"O THE DEPTH!"

HAD I beheld Sodom in the beauty thereof, and had the angel told me that the same should be suddenly destroyed by a merciless element, I should certainly have concluded that Sodom should have been drowned; led thereunto by these considerations:—

1. It was situated in the plain of Jordan, a flat, low, level country.

2. "It was well watered everywhere;" (Gen. xiii. 10;) and where always there is water enough, there may sometimes be too much.

3. Jordan had a quality in the first month to overflow all his banks. (1 Chron. xii. 15.)

But no drop of moisture is spilt on Sodom: it is burnt to ashes. How wide are our conjectures when they guess at God's judgments! How far are His ways above our apprehension! Especially when wicked men, with the Sodomites, wander in strange sins, out of the road of common corruption, God meets them with strange punishments, out of reach of common conception, not coming within the compass of a rational suspicion.

NOT WHENCE, BUT WHITHER.

FINDING a bad thought in my heart, I disputed in myself the cause thereof, whether it proceeded from the devil, or my own corruption, examining it by those signs divines in this case recommend.

1. Whether it came in incoherently, or by dependence on some object presented to my senses.

2. Whether the thought was at full age at the first instant, or, infant-like, grew greater by degrees.

3. Whether out or in the road of my natural inclinations.

But hath not this inquiry more of curiosity than religion? Hereafter derive not the pedigree, but make the mittimus of such malefactors. Suppose a confederacy betwixt thieves without, and false servants within, to assault and wound the master of a family: thus wounded, would he discuss from which of them his hurts proceeded? No, surely; but speedily send for a surgeon before he bled to death. I will no more put it to the question whence my bad thoughts come, but whither I shall send them; lest this curious controversy insensibly betray me into a consent unto them.

Memorials of the Departed.

MR. GEORGE WHITEHEAD, Greenhow-Hill, in the Pateley-Bridge Circuit, was born September, 1797. He was a subject of very early religious impressions. His pious mother took him with her to the house of God, and the truth took root in his soul. In his fifteenth year he sought and found redemption through

of Christ. He then joined the ı-Methodist Society. Walking ır of the Lord, he sought the of his fellow-men; and his conduct, earnest prayers, and deur, were followed by the Divine Among the sick and the dying often found speaking words of and at all hours of the night he l from his bed to pray with them. to the means of grace was l by his presence, and by the and happy way in which he ed God. The last two years of e was often afflicted, but was bly happy, and expressed his nfidence in his crucified and d. On the day of his death he on those attending him to sing. e closing scene drew nigh, and our was come, one of his sons im, "Father, is Christ precious "Yes," said he; "I am upon ;" then adding, "I have fought ght, I have finished my course, ept the faith." He had not to finish the text. When his n quoted the remaining words xt he could not end, he re- and then peacefully passed he skies, June 5th, 1861, aged r years, having been a consistent of the Wesleyan Church forty-s.

: 6th, 1861, Miss Mahala Vouse, ston-Garth, in the Hornsea She was a daughter of pious and enjoyed all the advantages rom home piety. In early life aught to bow before the throne avenly Father, and place con- ı His wisdom and love. While he was shown the way to the nd, at the age of twelve years, o an experimental acquaintance e principles of Divine truth. that only by obtaining an in the blood of the Saviour e secure forgiveness and peace. d she felt sorrow whilst medi- on the sacrifice of Christ. Whilst ne Sabbath evening under the . word, she made the resolve ilst the Spirit was striving, she ield. In the prayer-meeting which followed she was enabled to cast herself upon the all-atoning merits of Christ, and she was made to "rejoice with joy unspeakable and full of glory." From this time her path was like that of the just, shining brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. Her whole soul seemed full of light and love; and that love was manifested under all the circumstances through which she passed. In God's all-wise but mysterious providence, a gradual decline of health and great bodily weakness were permitted to come upon her, and for seven long years she was much afflicted. With all meekness she bowed under the weight of His afflicting hand, and with all confidence endeavoured to say, "It is the Lord: let Him do what seemeth Him good." In this condition she continued to live, loved by her friends, and admired by all who knew her. Having built upon a good foundation, there she remained, embodying in her life the principles of our holy religion. Patience and submission, meekness and love, were in her case most marked. At midnight, after all the members of the family were summoned to her bed-side, with a smile of joy lighting up her features, she exclaimed, "Good-bye! I am going;" and without a groan, without a sigh, she silently breathed her last, hastened to mingle among the happy spirits of a blissful paradise, and spend an eternal day,—

"Where all is calm, and joy, and peace."

Died, September 10th, 1861, in the Dungannon Circuit, Miss Alicia Trimble, aged twenty-three. During the Ulster revival of 1859 she was brought to feel herself a guilty sinner, and to seek and find mercy through Christ Jesus, when she at once joined class-meeting. Not long after, her health broke down. Towards the close of life her sufferings considerably increased; but grace was sufficient, and she suffered with entire resignation and exemplary patience. Her evidence of acceptance with God was throughout unclouded. During the last week, through Divine mercy, her sufferings almost ceased. On the night she died she had the impression that

she would be *at home* by twelve o'clock. Just about that hour, as her head lay reclining upon her sister, with the unfinished sentence on her lips, "Lord Jesus, recei——," her head gently inclined to one side, the mortal struggle was ended, and her happy spirit

"Pass'd through death triumphant home."

Occasional Notes for Readers.

No biography of the venerable WESLEY yet published contains such a life-like portrait of him as his own *Journal*. It is matter of congratulation, in these days of cheap literature, that a new edition of what is so singularly instructive, edifying, and soul-stirring, is now being issued by the Conference-Office in parts, at so low a price as to place them within easy reach of every member of the Methodist Society. Parts I. to IV., each containing ninety-six pages, are already published, at sixpence each. Five parts will form a volume; and the whole of this new and authentic edition will be completed in four volumes, at half-a-crown each. Volume I., in cambric, gilt-lettered, and ornamented with an elegant portrait of the author, is also on sale.—New editions of *Christian Experience, Illustrated in a brief Memorial of Captain W. H. Humphreys*, a devout soldier, by the REV. ROBERT NEWSTEAD; and of the admirable and judicious *Scriptural Conversations between George and his Minister*, are also issued this month at the Wesleyan Book-Room.—The REV. DR. JOBSON continues to render good service to the cause of truth by the publication of his tracts on spiritual religion, elegantly printed on toned paper. *Perfect Love for Christian Believers; Full Assurance for the Children of God;* and *Visible union with the Church of Christ*, are the last three of this series.—*No Fruit*, by the REV. BENJAMIN FIELD, although entitled a New-Year's address, may well be read at any time with great profit by those who would deal directly and faithfully with themselves.—*The Bible in the Church*, by BROOKE FOSS WESTCOTT, is a popular account of the collection and reception of the holy Scriptures in the Christian churches, from the apostolic age down to the sixteenth century, and is marked by an accurate and painstaking scholarship.—*Paradise; or, The Present Home of the Holy Dead*, is the subject of a sermon preached by the REV. WILLIAM CROOK, in the Wesleyan chapel, Drogheda, on occasion of the death of the late Archbishop of Dublin, to which is added an interesting sketch of the life and character of that eminent prelate. The sermon is an eloquent and argumentative defence of the generally-received doctrine of the intermediate state.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Barrass, Mr. Henry,	Chartershaughs,	Houghton-le-Spring,	60	Dec. 1st, 1863.
Blanchard, Mrs. A.,	Yokefleet,	Howden,	79	Jan. 15th, 1864.
Craddock, Samuel,	Brereton,	Stafford,	—	Feb. 2d, 1864.
Friend, Mrs. Mary,	Wisbeach,	Wisbeach,	79	Feb. 12th, 1864.
Hartley, Richard,	Preston,	Preston,	86	Jan. 30th, 1864.
Hornsby, R., Esq.,	Grantham,	Grantham,	73	Jan. 6th, 1864.
Houghton, William,	Grantham,	Grantham,	91	Feb. 14th, 1864.
Lee, Mrs. Sarah Ann,	Shadonhurst,	Ashford,	71	Jan. 21st, 1864.
Rugg, Mrs. Catherine,	Limehouse,	London,	63	Feb. 13th, 1864.

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ENTRANCE TO A SCOTTISH KIRK.

The most prominent figure in our picture is the elder, who for the day has charge of the people's offerings. He is a respectable and a much-respected man, and, next to the pastor, is looked up to by the people as a wise guide and faithful friend. He is comfortably clad, and needs it; for in many cases he is exposed to the wintry blast, from the time the doors of the sanctuary are opened till the close of the first prayer, when the beadle brings the strong-box, and the contents of the plate are emptied into it, and the box locked by the elder. The counting of the collection is generally, if not invariably, reserved for a week-day. The elder is an indispensable and important officer in the Presbyterian Church; he is elected, in the Free and in the United Presbyterian Churches, but not in the Established Church, by the male heads of families who are communicants, and is, by a solemn public service, set apart to his office. The number of elders in any church bears proportion to the number of communicants; and the elders, presided over by the pastor, form the Kirk session, or church court, where all matters of discipline, or arrangement for the well-being of the church, are

considered and decided; subject, however, to an appeal successively to the Presbytery, the Synod, and the General Assembly. The elders co-operate with the pastor in watching over the flock, and examining candidates for membership. In many Presbyterian churches the members are divided according to the districts in which they reside, and the elder for each district has the responsibility of visiting the members in his district; and he is to inform the pastor of any who are sick, or who require immediate attention from him. Applicants for admission to church-membership converse first with the elder of the district, who reports the case to the Minister, and arranges a meeting with him, after which the Kirk session are consulted in the matter. The distinguished Presbyterian Minister who a few weeks ago gave the writer these particulars, stated that a strong desire was felt by many to have something akin to our class-meetings, and that the organization above noticed was capable of being at once adapted to this farther and more spiritual purpose. It is not unworthy of notice, that while some modern Methodists seem to have "lost their relish" for class-meetings, and desire to get rid of them, the spiritually-minded of other churches long for such meetings, that they may enjoy the communion of saints. We are driven by this to the painful conclusion, that those who desire Methodism without class-meetings give evidence of spiritual declension, and need to urge the Psalmist's prayer, "My soul cleaveth unto the dust: quicken Thou me according to Thy word."

The worshippers approaching the sanctuary are of all ages: "both young men and maidens, old men and children," unite to praise the name of the Lord. The modern English notion of separating the children from their fathers and grandfathers, as an improvement on the mode of worship recognised in holy Scripture, has not infected Scottish congregations. In another respect the scriptural model is followed by the worshippers before us. The Psalmist says, "Give unto the Lord the glory due unto His name: bring an offering, and come into His courts;" and Moses declared, "They shall not appear before the Lord empty: every man shall give as he is able, according to the blessing of the Lord thy God which He hath given thee." In literal obedience to such directions, the people of Scotland are accustomed to place their free-will offerings on the plate at every service, Sabbath or week day, as they enter the Lord's house. Each contribution may be small, but the aggregate is considerable, and proves what the late Dr. Chalmers used to designate "the power of littles." The same practice prevails in our Methodist congregations in Scotland; and the door-collections, especially if the ministry be attractive, furnish an important source of ministerial support, and afford opportunity for those who are not members to contribute weekly to this object. On special collection-days, in some places, an additional plate is placed at the door of the kirk, and it is expected that silver and gold will be deposited there. It may be admitted that our connexional collections in Scotland

suffer from the habit of giving at every service in small sums, and from the rule of taking out the average weekly amount, leaving only the surplus for the occasional collection. But the givings of our people in Scotland in support of the ministry, when viewed in connexion with the means possessed by the people, will be found far to exceed the amount raised by those in similar circumstances elsewhere; and to this result the door-collections largely contribute.

Scottish Methodism is rapidly rising in financial power; and the arrangements now being made for ministerial support manifest the profound respect for the pastoral office which prevails all over that land. Nor can we admit the complaint so frequently made, that Methodism has not succeeded in Scotland. All who are acquainted with the minute history of Methodism in North Britain know that an incalculable amount of good has been effected by its instrumentality and influence, which is as yet chronicled in other churches, but will be revealed in the day when the books are opened. Fifty years ago the prospects of Methodism in Scotland were exceedingly encouraging; but, unhappily, a popular Minister, now deceased, fell into the error of supposing that he would greatly improve our position in the land by erecting expensive chapels, on sites for which an enormous yearly rent had to be paid. Many of the worthies of old Methodism were driven away from its communion by the mistaken proceedings referred to, and it has been crushed and crippled by a burden too heavy to be borne by the people; whilst the liberal aid from the Contingent Fund, thus rendered necessary, has damaged the character of Methodism in Scotland connexionally, albeit Scottish Methodists had no blame in the matter. Better days are dawning; Methodism in Scotland is regaining its old position, and renewing its vigour; and if a Methodist ministry, not inferior to that of other churches, will heartily enter into the work there, the night of weeping will be followed by the joy of the morning.

Complainers of our many collections will learn that religion lives in Scotland, and places of worship are crowded, though there is a collection at every service. Nor is Scotland alone in this; the practice prevails on the continent, and the writer has seen it regularly in Sweden, with this difference,—that in Scotland the offerings are received as the people enter; in Sweden, as they retire after service. In a country church he saw *two* collections successively made during one service for different objects. Possibly the "weekly offering," so strongly advocated in the present day, and practised so successfully by many Christian congregations, was suggested by the Scottish door-collections; and this mode of appropriating the Lord's portion most certainly harmonizes with New-Testament direction. "Upon the first day of the week let every one of you lay by him in store, as God hath prospered him, that there be no gatherings when I come." (1 Cor. xvi. 2.) This is the Divinely-inspired apostolic canon on the duty of giving. The rule does not allow exempt cases: "everyone" is to obey it. System is to be observed,—"on the first day of the week;" so that we are not to be

guided by impulse, or the example of others, but to lay aside for the Lord week by week, as a sacred Sabbath duty, as a part of the Lord's work; for in the six days we are to do all that we have to do. The measure of our giving is to be as God has prospered us. A proportion of our earnings is to be laid aside week by week for the Lord; and if the proportion continue the same, the amount will rise or fall as our prosperity rises or falls. So that the Methodist who contributed 2*s.* 1*d.* quarterly to his class, and 10*s.* 6*d.* yearly to the Missions, when he had less than £100 a-year, will, when his income rises to more than £1,000, give in the same proportion, or ten times as much. There are different opinions as to the proportion itself, and it may be difficult to fix a proportion suitable to all; for whilst a tenth may be too much for a man with a small weekly wage and a numerous family, a fifth would be manifestly too little for the man who has a clear income exceeding £10,000 a-year. In a recent pamphlet published by the Rev. John Ross, entitled, *The Lord's Treasury, and how to fill it*, he gives, amongst many other tables of proportionate giving, one for a church having two hundred representative members, as follows, viz.:—

50	persons having	10*s.*	a-week, giving	a tenth	£130
40	,,	£1	,,	,,	208
30	,,	£2	,,	a ninth	346
25	,,	£3	,,	,,	433
20	,,	£5	,,	an eighth	650
12	,,	£7 10*s.*	,,	,,	585
8	,,	£10	,,	a seventh	594
6	,,	£15	,,	,,	668
4	,,	£25	,,	a sixth	866
3	,,	£35	,,	a fifth	1,092
1	,,	£40	,,	a fourth	520
1	,,	£50	,,	,,	650
200	persons.				£6,742

Many congregations which have adopted "the weekly offering," instead of numerous collections for various objects, declare that the sum annually distributed greatly exceeds the amount formerly raised, and there are now "no gatherings" connected with the services of the sanctuary.

SAMUEL, THE PROPHETS, AND THEIR SCHOOLS.

SAMUEL was of the tribe of Levi, and of a very distinguished family in that tribe, that of the Kohathites, descended from Korah, the gainsayer, whose descendants were eminent for their musical skill in the service of the temple, and are by some commentators, probably for that reason, accounted prophets. His father, Elkanah, is believed by some men of learning to have been a prophet, and the son of a prophet, and his mother is numbered among the prophetesses; perhaps for no better reason than his having been of the city of Ramathaim-Zophim, which is

interpreted, "Ramah of the prophets;" though in strictness it is "Ramah of the watchmen," prophets being sometimes so styled in Scripture.

His father is believed to have been first married to Hannah, the mother of Samuel, whom he tenderly loved; but finding that she bore no children, he (through that eager desire of issue which swayed the Jews) took also another woman to wife, named Peninnah; who, finding herself prolific, could not forbear upbraiding Hannah with her barrenness: and as Elkanah went up year by year to Shiloh, where the ark then resided, to offer sacrifice, Peninnah took the opportunity of the feast which ensued to vex her with more than ordinary reproaches upon that head, in the face of her family and friends; and this she did one day to such a degree, that Hannah, rising from the feast, in which she could not share, poured out her complaints to God, and prayed and wept before Him in extremity of anguish, beseeching Him to bestow a son upon her, and vowing to dedicate him in a very distinguished manner to His service during his whole life.

God heard her petition, and she fulfilled her vow; for, waiting only till the child Samuel was weaned, (that is, till he was three years old,) and surmounting all the ties of tenderness, and foregoing all her female fears and fondness, she immediately conveyed him to the tabernacle, and dedicated him in a most solemn manner, and with a noble hymn of humiliation and thanksgiving, to the service of God.

Eli, the high-priest, received him as became his piety; and the little Samuel ministered before him from that day forward, and was early and signally distinguished by the Divine favour and influence, to the great and full satisfaction of all the people of Israel; insomuch that when Eli and his wicked sons perished, he succeeded to the supreme civil power over the whole nation, where he sustained the character of a most equitable and righteous ruler, and just judge; which last character he still sustained (even when God, for the sins of the people, gave them a king) to his dying day.

When Saul was elected to the kingly office, and Samuel was divested of the supreme power, he was not diminished in real dignity, or in his desire to do good, but continued to be revered alike by prince and people. Part of his time he gave to the administration of public justice; and the rest he dedicated to the more immediate service of God, in a learned and religious retirement in one of the prophetic schools at Ramah, over which he presided. Of these men and their schools take this short account.

The Jewish nation had no such schools for the education of their children as are now in use among us. With them parents were in the place of tutors; and as they had no regard—or, to speak more properly, as they had great contempt—for heathen literature, they contented themselves with teaching their children their own language and laws, upon full assurance that a proper proficiency and skill in these would gain them all the credit and esteem they desired; and, as their lawgiver had taken sufficient care to inculcate this duty, nothing was

more justly reputable amongst them than a conscientious discharge of it. However, as parents are not always the best qualified for the fulfilment of this duty, and a careful study and thorough knowledge of the Scriptures were of such vast importance, at once to inform and enlarge their minds, and to preserve them in the purity of their religion, and keep them a distinct people, it pleased God to institute several orders of men for this purpose, of which the principal were the priests, the Levites, and the prophets.

The business of the priests was to minister in holy things; to teach the law in all its parts; to judge and decide in all controversies; and the Levites were their subalterns in all these offices. But as a great part of their time was taken up in their attendance upon the altar, and other rituals of the Mosaic law; and as it is natural for men to lay a great, perhaps too great a stress upon those things in which they are themselves greatly concerned and interested, it pleased God to raise up another order of men, to be a check upon the priests, and to be the guardians of the spiritual part of the law of Moses, as the priests were of the ceremonial; and this was the order of the prophets,—a race of men trained up by a long course of study, discipline, strict temperance, and utter contempt of worldly grandeur, to be teachers of righteousness, and fitted, by the best habits of piety and virtue, to receive, upon extraordinary occasions, the inspirations of the Spirit of God.

These were to the Jews the great teachers of virtue and wisdom, as the philosophers were in some measure among the heathen; but with great disadvantage, from their deficiency in the last two characters; whereas these advantages empowered and inspired the prophets to preach true righteousness to the people, and to depress the value of all the rituals of religion, compared with it; to preach, and to prepare them for the kingdom of the Messiah; and to manifest their mission by miracles, and prediction of future events: which enabled them, on many occasions, to reprove and to repress alike the enormities of princes, priests, and people; nay, sometimes, to awe even the neighbouring nations into repentance and amendment.

Now though God, to show that the operations of His Spirit are not tied to human institutions, sometimes chose uneducated men, and even women, to receive and to publish His inspirations; yet, at the same time, to manifest the value of wise discipline and good institutions, and to show their fitness to prepare men for the influence of the Spirit of God, He generally chose His prophets out of such as were educated in the schools of the prophets; of which take this short account from the *Universal History*, a work of great learning, and of equal candour:—

"The Jews were careful to cultivate the knowledge of the holy Scriptures. We cannot, indeed, be sure that they had any synagogues before the captivity, though it be far from improbable, considering the great distance at which some of them lived from the temple; and that, at the best, they were obliged to resort thither but thrice in a year: but other places they had for prayer and instruction,—namely,

the schools of the prophets,—to which they might repair on the Sabbaths, new moons, and other festivals. By prophets we mean not those strictly so called, men endued with the spirit of prophecy; but their disciples, or, as the Hebrew idiom words it, 'the sons of the prophets.' The former were generally consulted by the kings, priests, and elders of their people, upon all extraordinary occasions, whether about religion or state affairs; and the latter were brought up under them, and fitted for instructing the people in the way of virtue, and the worship of God.

"These had their habitations chiefly in the country; they lived in a kind of society among themselves, and had generally one or more of the prophets to be heads over them, and to whom they gave the title of father. Their houses were mean, and of their own building; their food was chiefly pottage made of herbs, unless when the people sent some better fare for them, such as bread, parched corn, honey, dried fruits, and the like; their dress was plain and coarse, and tied about with a leathern girdle. Their wants being so few, were easily supplied by their own hands; and as their views reached no further, so they limited their labour to that, having so much more time to spend in prayer, study, and retirement. Riches were no temptation to them in such a state; and therefore Elisha not only refused Naaman's presents, but punished Gehazi in a severe manner for having clandestinely obtained a small portion of them. This laborious, recluse, and abstemious course of life, joined to the meanness of dress, gave them such a strange air, especially among the courtiers, that they looked upon them as no better than madmen. Their extraordinary freedom in reproving even princes for their wicked deeds likewise exposed them to imprisonment, and sometimes to death, especially in the reigns of some wicked princes, such as Ahab and Manasseh; but, in the main, they were respected by the better and wiser sort even of the highest rank, and used with reverence both in language and behaviour."

Many learned men have thought that in these schools they studied arithmetic and astronomy; and Dr. Patrick thinks that the Greek word *sophos*, which was the original title of astronomers, might be derived from *zoph*, which in Hebrew signifies a prophet.

One thing we certainly know, that in these schools they studied and practised music in great perfection; and as the praises of God made a considerable part of their business, it is not to be imagined that their music was without sacred song.

Here, says Dr. Trapp, was professed the true philosophy, which is a Divine and heavenly doctrine, far from that vain and deceitful philosophy against which St. Paul warned the Colossians, (chap. ii. 8,) and which, in truth, is nothing but sophistry, possessing the semblance of wisdom, but wanting the substance.

At the head of one of these schools was Samuel, an eminent prophet and patriot; a prophet, and the son and father of prophets; a child of piety and prayers, and a man of God.

CORNISH METHODIST WORTHIES.

No. II.

A POETIC FISHERMAN.

"When call'd by death, relentless death, away,
He wing'd his flight to realms of endless day;
And left to struggle here awhile below,
With cares and troubles, sickness, pain, and woe,
His hapless widow, children, brethren, friends,
Till life with them its transient tenure ends:
Then, then they go to join with him above,
And taste those pleasures he is gone to prove;
To spend with him, when broke the wheel of time,
Eternal ages in a happier clime."

IN the year 1815 there fell asleep in Jesus, in Mousehole, a young man who stood head and shoulders above his neighbours. It was in relation to him that the strong-minded and far-seeing Rev. R. Treffry said that, "as a man, he was certainly endowed with superior powers of mind; he not only had a strong, vigorous imagination and quickness of invention, but great promptness of execution: what he did was done quickly. He not only solved a geometrical problem, but, in the short space of one hour, he both solved and turned it into a rhyme, consisting of nearly thirty lines." This individual was born in an obscure village; was not favoured with what is termed a liberal education, for he worked hard for his daily bread; and was to fortune and to fame well-nigh unknown. Had the sun of prosperity shone around his head, and the beams of science illumined his mind, instead of being concealed, as one of his friends quaintly said, in a *Mousehole*, he might have been like a luminary of the world,—

"A light of the better morning,
Bidding darkness flee."

As a Christian he was inferior to none that the Minister already named had ever known. His religion was the religion of the heart; it illuminated his understanding, rectified his judgment, subdued his will, sanctified his affections, and turned the whole stream of nature's tide to God and heaven. "His love to God was ardent and unremitting; it was not a spark struck for a moment, and as instantly to expire; but a flame that burnt with increasing ardour, and assimilated everything to its own nature. It winged his thoughts to heaven, and swelled his sails with celestial breezes from the spicy hills of Zion." "The world," he said, "is ten thousand thousand fathoms under my feet, and grace and glory are in full view. Neither the world, nor the things of it, have any charms for me." He knew full well

"That wealth and title, place and show,
Are fortune's spangles, little worth;
The noblest man is he who does
The greatest good upon this earth."

As a member of a religious society his conduct was consistent. He was careful not to blaspheme that holy name by which he was called. He gave to the enemies of Christ no cause to triumph. His affections being fixed on Christ, he walked by the rule of God's word. He was a decided man. He counted the cost, and fixed his choice. Whether he was in God's house, or in the boat at sea, he was the same man. He prayed with fervour of spirit, and with strength of language; and he laboured earnestly to build up Methodism, as being the cause of Christ, and promoting the interests of his neighbours.

But the character of this worthy was more especially seen in his own house. That house was a Bethel. There he built an altar for God, and offered daily sacrifice thereon. In conversation his words were

seasoned with grace; and in his demeanour he was humble, yet dignified. Mr. Treffry says, "I lament that I cannot convey to the minds of my readers adequate conceptions of the high ideas that I entertain of this man. He was a complete Christian; and, I believe, in the sight of God, was without spot or blemish, or any such thing. But what he was, he was by the grace of God; and, in exalting his character, we only extol the riches of that grace. He owed it all to God, and he lived no longer than to breathe his soul to Him in ardent praise and prostrate adoration. He was a vessel of honour fit for the Master's use, and God has removed him to adorn His eternal temple above. He was a tree of righteousness that grew for a short period in the vineyard of God below, but is now transplanted to a better soil, to flourish with unfading verdure in the garden of paradise,—

'Where the Father folds His children
Safely to His loving breast;
Where the wicked cease from troubling,
And the weary are at rest.'"

It is a pleasant exercise to trace the way by which Richard Trewavas, jun., was led to this high excellence. He was trained and disciplined by his friends, as well as blessed by God. This Methodist worthy was born in Mousehole, early in the year 1774. His father was a good old Cornish pilot, and his mother was a woman that had a large share of female virtues. She was a conscientious lover of truth,—a godly Methodist for many years: she died well, and went up to the home of God. At a very early age Richard gave evidence that his heart was impressed with truth. He feared God, and was afraid of sin. He often wept tears of contrition for having done wrong. He was very fond of reading such books as *Janeway's Tokens for Children*, and the accounts of the conversion and happy deaths of children. The feelings that were by these means produced lived in his recollection, and brought forth fruit in after-time. He was taught to read by his mother, and received one year's tuition from the village schoolmaster. The lad acquired the art of writing well, and passed through the stages of arithmetic as far as the master could take him, and finished at vulgar fractions. Thus qualified, Richard Trewavas, being thought competent, commenced to instruct others, and took the position of schoolmaster, and taught, in a neighbouring parish, the children of the farmers. This pursuit, however, he soon abandoned, and entered upon the fishery, which is the principal occupation of the inhabitants of Mousehole. To this change in his mode of labour he himself refers in the following lines. They are his own composition, and will serve to indicate the character of his mind.

"When bidding books and trifling toys 'adieu,'
With mirthful glee I join'd this fav'rite crew.
As yet a stripling, an untutor'd boy,
To coil the footlines was my chief employ;
Useful on shore, and oft engaged at sea,
To raise the fire, and dulcify the tea;
To ply the bellows, broil the salted fish;
To wash a trencher, or to clean a dish;
To wake when call'd, and watch a nightly hour,
The fish to clean, and sable boards to scour."

The youth did not, however, on going to sea, give up the pursuit or communication of knowledge. He kept a school in the village; and he purchased books for his own reading with all the money that he could spare. He devoted all the time that he could command to the purposes of reading and study. He became proficient in geometry, trigonometry, algebra, &c., and was the best-taught navigator in the neighbourhood. Some of the most popular works of that day were enriched with articles from

his pen; but in after-life, when he was converted to God, he regretted that so much of his time and talents had been employed to such little purpose. He had written on questions of science, abstruse problems, rebuses, charades, &c.; and by one stroke he swept away the labours of the former part of his life.

Until he was thirty-nine years of age Richard Trewavas lived as a merely moral man: he knew no change of heart. There was one incident in his life that had very much affected him; yet it did not lead him to salvation. Being far from land, a-fishing, they were overtaken by a tremendous storm. For a long time the united efforts and skill of the crew were baffled, and destruction appeared to be certain. "I found myself," said he, "deeply distressed, and had no friend nigh to call upon. When I looked upward I saw an offended God, riding upon the angry storm, robed in majesty and terror; when I cast my wishful eyes behind me, the pursuing mountain-waves threatened to overwhelm the trembling bark, and involve us all in instant death; the dreadful deep appeared a gaping grave, to say nothing of a yawning hell beneath, ready to swallow up my soul. Thus dismayed, far from all hope, I did not attempt to pray; the terrors of Sinai kept me back; but I resolved to amend my life." The crew arrived safely at Dartmouth, and then Richard Trewavas prayed. There was a reformation of life for a short time; but he again sank back into his usual course, and forgot the God that had preserved him. He wrote a poetical description of the storm. It was a long poem, and included the following lines:—

"As sinking Sol in gloomy haze withdrew,
The bark-stain'd snare into the deep we threw;
When lo! the zephyrs now no longer sleep,
But the hoarse winds arouse the foaming deep.
All now alarm'd, accoutre, and prepare
Our tough broad rams' hides to regain the snare;
With manly force we straight this work perform,
And dare the dangers of the' increasing storm.
No ray appears, surrounding skies are dark,
While glowing surges lash the trembling bark;
To' augment our grief, the cordage snaps in twain,
And straight we drift along the trackless main.
Now to the crew, whom racking doubts perplex,
The senior thus his daring speech directs:
'Comrades and partners in severe distress,
Driven on this howling, wat'ry wilderness,
While here we stay, the sport of every wave,
Each gaping billow threats a greedy grave;
One plan remains, this fearful death to shun:
Before the raving blast prepare to run.'
Scarce had he spoke, when, dreadful to relate,
The gath'ring billows seem'd to fix our fate;
Lashings give way; securing-iron breaks;
The pitchy seams let in the numerous leaks;
The balanced mizzen by the squall is rent;
The toiling crew at pumps and buckets spent.
In this distress, when beams of day appear,
We pull the tatter'd mizzen from the rear,
And windward force the helm, the foundering boat to wear.
For six long hours each man his station held,
By tempest o'er the wat'ry waste impell'd.
The boisterous winds subside; we reach the land,
And lodge our anchors in the peaceful sand;
Thus safely moor'd, bid storms and waves adieu,
While smiling landscapes greet our joyful view."

Richard Trewavas often thought that, by entering the marriage-state, he should have more stability in serving Christ. He accordingly took that step; but he found no change of heart. He was too contented with

the form of godliness, whilst he knew not its power. His leisure time was spent, as he says, "in foolish studies, useless calculations, nonsensical queries, and in solving abstruse questions, or in composing trifling and foolish poems." Yet the Holy Spirit strove with him. He found, however, that for some time before he yielded, the strivings of the Spirit were less frequent and less powerful with him. He became afraid lest the Spirit had left him, and he wished that he had never existed. He then began to lose his relish for foolish studies and trifling pursuits; and manifested this change in composing a poem on the general judgment. This poem commences with,—

"No fleeting bubbles on this earthly stage
Shall e'er attract me, or my heart engage;
On scenes more awful would I ruminate,—
The dreadful judgment, and the final state."

After a description of the glorious appearance and perfect character of the Judge, and also of the righteous procedure of the judgment, he finishes the poem with the following lines:—

"The happy land of promise, peace, and rest,
A habitation for the good and bless'd,
Is now in view;—the heavenly mansions rise,
Where streaming tears are wiped from all their eyes;
From crystal streams they drink immortal joy,
And rapt'rous pleasures that shall never cloy;
And feast on fruits from life's immortal tree,
And be from death and sorrow ever free."

About Midsummer, 1812, Richard Trewavas was very seriously impressed whilst listening to a sermon in Mousehole chapel. This impression was deepened by an account that he received of his brother's death. This brother, while from home, was called suddenly to enter the eternal world; and Richard ever regarded this event as "one link in the chain of Divine Providence in accomplishing God's gracious purposes, and producing in him a change, and genuine conversion of soul." He concluded some stanzas on the death of his brother by saying,—

"Be still, my heart, and check each rising sigh,
And learn by every stroke to kiss the rod;
Bid each complaint and every murmur die,
And own the just chastisement sent from God."

It was not until the beginning of 1813 that he either found, to his own satisfaction, the favour of God, or united himself to God's people. At that time there was a most extraordinary revival of religion in Mousehole; and the majority of the inhabitants became members of the Methodist Society. Late in January Mr. Trewavas joined himself to the church of Christ; and, in the evening of the same day, God revealed Himself to him in an "instantaneous manner." His soul was filled with Divine love, and his heart with joy and peace in believing; whilst his eyes with tears of joy overflowed. God's word became sweet unto his taste; and it was "as ointment poured forth." He felt that the place on which he stood was "holy ground,"—"the house of God, and the gate of heaven." On the following day, towards evening, his spirit was dull, and his soul was clouded. But again God discovered Himself to him; so that he felt, and could sing,—

"On the wings of His love
I was carried above
All sin, and temptation, and pain;
I could not believe
That I ever should grieve,
That I ever should suffer again."

Temptations, however, very soon

assailed him, and he was in heaviness. He then cried unto the Lord, and God heard his cry, and "put gladness in his heart, more than in the time that corn and wine increased."

(*To be concluded.*)

HOW PAST MERCIES SHOULD INSPIRE CONFIDENCE AND HOPE.

"Because Thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice." (Psalm lxiii. 7.)

In many straits and dangers, which brought great anxiety and trouble, David was accustomed to think much of past experiences of God's goodness; and as he remembered these former loving-kindnesses, his careworn heart was not a little refreshed and comforted. "Surely I will remember Thy wonders of old." He carried his thoughts back to times of sorrow and fear, when seasonable help had brought him up out of his distresses, and so he resolves again to dismiss all apprehension, and trust in God. "Because Thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice."

It is supposed that David wrote the Psalm in which these words occur "when he was in the wilderness of Judah." He was secreting himself from the murderous rage of Saul, who was set upon his destruction. The jealous and exasperated King seemed to have given up himself to the execution of this one purpose; and, as he followed him about from one spot to another, the life of David was placed in the utmost peril. But the habit which he cherished, of drawing from past succours and deliverances comfort and confidence in present perplexities and exigencies, served well to sustain and revive him. "Why art thou cast down, O my soul? and why art thou disquieted within me? hope thou in God: for I shall *yet praise Him*."

In an earlier part of his history, when the providence of God was first bringing him into public notice, we find that he had already learned to treasure up recollections of the goodness of the Lord, and to gather from them sound reasons for renewed faith and courage. Hence his reply when Saul sought to dissuade him from accepting the challenge of Goliath. "Thou art not able," said the King, "to go against this Philistine to fight with him: for thou art but a youth, and he a man of war from his youth." See how David meets this objection: "Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion, and a bear, and took a lamb out of the flock: and I went out after him, and smote him, and delivered it out of his mouth: and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard, and smote him, and slew him. ... David said, moreover, The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion, and out of the paw of the bear, He will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine."

The heroic faith of the young shepherd-warrior, and the dauntless spirit with which it fired him, breathed new hope even in the desponding heart of Saul; while the result added another testimony to the faithful word, "Them that honour Me, I will honour."

Now what we should all diligently cultivate is just this very same spirit which was so conspicuous in David, and was one great secret of his successful life. To forget past mercies, or to remember them so faintly that they exert but little power over us, and do us scarcely any practical service, is a source of much spiritual feebleness. In fact, we herein both injure ourselves, and show sad ingratitude towards God, and a grievous shortcoming of confidence in Him; as if His repeated acts of faithful love were worthy of no regard.

Moreover, as this is a fault to which we are all very prone, therefore against it we should carefully guard. Would ancient Israel, think you, have turned so faint-hearted when the spies talked of the walled cities, and the tall sons of Anak, if they had kept in vivid remembrance all, or half, they had seen of God's power and providence working on their behalf? Surely not. They would have asked, Who smote Egypt with plague after plague, that we might escape from the house of bondage? Who overthrew Pharaoh and his host in the Red Sea, and opened for us a safe pathway through the divided waters? Who covered the wilderness with bread from heaven day by day? Who gave us water from the rock when it seemed as if we should perish with thirst? It would not have been left to Caleb and Joshua alone to say of the goodly land, "Let us go up at once, and possess it; for we are well able to overcome it." Every heart would have been quick and courageous to respond; and O, what dreary years of wandering and suffering would they have been saved from! And how many seasons of gloom and fear should we also have escaped, if we had but thought aright of the good hand of God, bringing deliverance and gladness to us in the years that are past! In the conflicts of sore and manifold temptations, has not Divine strength sustained us? and has not Divine shelter defended us? When our path has been full of perplexity, and our steps have well-nigh slipped, has not light risen upon our obscurity? And has not the word of promise been fulfilled, "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go?" When the remembrance of our sins has been afresh brought up, and we have been smitten with unutterable grief and regret, has not Jesus—blessed, for ever blessed, be that name!—spoken to us words of comfort and hope: "He hath sent Me to heal the broken-hearted?"

"In the time of my distress,
Thou hast my succour been."

Then let me "abundantly utter the memory of Thy great goodness;" for "though I walk in the midst of trouble, Thou wilt revive me." The same shelter to which I have so often fled in the windy storm and tempest, is still spread to cover and protect me. The same Almighty Saviour to whom I came with my heavy burden of guilt, and who took away my load, and compassed me "about with songs of deliverance," still says, "Come unto Me;" "Believe in Me;" "Abide in Me." He is "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever." "Grace to help in time of need" shall still bring me all-sufficient wisdom, and strength, and consolation; for it comes from Him of whom it is said, "He giveth more grace."

Nor let me forget the sure word in which He says, "I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee."

"This, this is the God we adore,
Our faithful, unchangeable Friend;
Whose love is as great as His power,
And neither knows measure nor end.
'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come."

"Because Thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of Thy wings will I rejoice."

SCENERY OF THE PARABLES.

"And He sat down, and taught the people out of the ship." (Luke v. 3.)

THE greater part of the parables delivered in Galilee are grouped in the discourse from the fishing-vessel off the beach of the plain of Gennesaret. Is there anything on the spot to suggest the images thus

conveyed? So, says Stanley, (if I may speak for a moment of myself,) I asked, as I rode along the track under the hill-side by which the plain of Gennesaret is approached; so I asked at the moment, seeing nothing but the steep sides of the hill, alternately rock and grass. And when I thought of the parable of the sower, I answered, that here, at least, was nothing on which the Divine teaching could fasten. It must have been the distant corn-fields of Samaria or Esdraelon on which His mind was dwelling. The thought had hardly occurred to me when a slight recess in the hill-side, close upon the plain, disclosed at once in detail, and with a conjunction which I remember nowhere else in Palestine, every feature of the great parable. There was the undulating corn-field descending to the water's edge. There was the trodden pathway running through the midst of it, with no fence or hedge to prevent the seed from falling here and there on either side of it, or upon it; itself hard with the constant tramp of horse and mule and human feet. There, near at hand, were all kinds of aquatic fowl by the lake-side, immediately recalling the "birds of the air" which "came and devoured the seed by the way-side," or which took refuge in the spreading branches of the mustard-tree. There was the "good," rich soil, which distinguishes the whole of that plain and its neighbourhood from the bare hills elsewhere, descending into the lake, and which, where there is no interruption, produces one vast mass of corn. There was the rocky ground of the hill-side protruding here and there through the corn-fields, or elsewhere through the grassy slopes. There were the large bushes of thorn—the *nabk*, that kind of which tradition says that the crown of thorns was woven—springing up, like the fruit-trees of the more inland parts, in the very midst of the waving wheat.

This is the most detailed illustration of the Galilæan parables. But the image of the corn-fields generally must have been always present to the eye of the multitude on shore,—of the Master and disciples in the boat,—as constantly as the vineyards at Jerusalem. "The earth bringeth forth fruit of herself; first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear." The reapers coming with their sickles for the harvest; the tall green stalks, still called *zuwan* by the Arabs, (in the Greek New Testament, *zizania*, and in our version rendered "tares,") at first sight hardly distinguishable from the wheat; could never be out of place in the plain of Gennesaret. It is impossible, moreover, to see even the relics of the great fisheries, which once made the fame of Gennesaret, the two or three solitary fishermen casting their nets into the lake from its rocky banks, without recalling the image—which here alone, in instant Palestine, could have a meaning—of the net which was "cast into the sea, and gathered of every kind," from all the various tribes which still people these lonely waters.

LOVE HEIGHTENS REVERENCE, AND DEEPENS SELF-DISTRUST.

THE Bible, says a recent writer, tells us—as, of course, we have heard over and over again—both that "perfect love casteth out fear," and that "the fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." "Fear Him; yea, I say unto you, fear Him," said Christ. It is not needful to dwell at any length upon the manifest distinction that lies between these two emotions that are expressed by the same word. The fear which is cast out, though it goes by the same

is, in reality, an altogether
nt thing from that which is
ed as the foundation of all
n, and as being the abiding
and joy too, of Christian men.
ne is simply the dread of per-
consequences falling upon me;
ther is that reverential and
tricken bowing down of myself
the face of the Infinite Majesty,
must ever be an element in
proach of created beings to Him.
t is worth noticing how love,
casts out dread, and makes us
to be afraid of God, perfects
nce, and makes us venerate with
awe far deeper than ever sub-
by the side of terror, and yet
much nearer to God than when
re slaves, and crouched before
nage of Him which conscience
p. A man who is trembling
personal consequences has no
appreciate the thing of which
afraid. There is no reverence
there is desperate fear. He
is trembling lest the lightning
d strike him has no heart to
he grandeur, and to be moved by
olemn awfulness, of the storm
his head. And a man to whom
hole thought, or the predomi-
thought, when God rises before
is, How awful will be the in-
ce of His perfections on my head!
not, and durst not, think about
, and reverence Him. Perfect
akes out of the heart all that
sense of possible evil coming
ne, and leaves me at liberty,
thankful, humble heart, and
eye, to look into the centre of
rightness, and see there the light
s infinite mercy. Love destroys
and perfects reverence. Love
oys fear, and perfects self-dis-
: "Work out your own salva-
" is the apostle's teaching,
h fear and trembling." If you
im "Father,"—the name that
hes from the loving heart,—
the time of your sojourning
here in fear. What sort of fear? The fear that is timid about self, because it is, and in order that it may be, confident of God; fear which means, "I know I shall fall unless Thou hold me up;" and which then changes, by quick transition, into, "I shall *not* fall, for the Lord is able to make me stand." Let that rule my heart. It blends in most blessedly and perfectly with perfect love to God; and there is no torment, but a solemn joy, in the deep sense of mine own infirmity. "I will glory in infirmity, that the power of Christ may rest upon me; for when I am weak, then am I strong."

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

Did you ever hear the word "husband" explained? It means literally "the band of the house," the support of it, the person who keeps it together, as a band keeps together a sheaf of corn. There are many married men who are not husbands, because they are not the band of the house. Truly, in many cases, the wife is the husband; for oftentimes it is she who, by her prudence, and thrift, and economy, keeps the house together. The married man who, by his dissolute habits, strips his house of all comfort, is not a husband;—in a legal sense he is, but in no other; for he is not a *house-band:* instead of keeping things together, he scatters them among the pawnbrokers.

And now let us see whether the word "wife" has not a lesson too. It literally means a weaver. The wife is the person who weaves. Before our great cotton and cloth factories arose, one of the principal employments in every house was the fabrication of clothing: every family made its own. The wool was spun into thread by the girls, who were therefore called *spinsters;* the thread was woven into cloth by their mother, who accordingly was called the weaver, or the wife; and another remnant of this old truth we discover in the word "heir-loom," applied to any old piece of furniture which has come down to us from

our ancestors, and which, though it may be a chair or a bed, shows that a loom was once a most important article in every house. Thus the word "wife" means weaver; and, as Trench well remarks, "in the word itself is wrapped up a hint of earnest, in-door, stay-at-home occupations, as being fitted for her who bears this name."

In Memoriam.

THE REV. JOHN MASON.

DIED MARCH 1ST, 1864.

I.

HUSH!—'tis the Master's voice!
In the still, golden eventide
He standeth by the Jordan's side,
And, lo! its surging waves are bright
With gorgeous hues of heavenly light;
And seraph forms are hovering o'er,
To guide to Canaan's blissful shore;
And angel-anthems fill the air,
That quivers with a thrill of prayer,
While through the parted waves, "dry shod,"
One passeth with his Saviour God.

Why weep? The victor's fadeless wreath
With glory crowns his radiant brow;
Triumphant over sin and death,
Before the throne behold him bow!
No sorrow there, no toil, no pain,—
Life's sever'd heart-links bound again;
No cloud to shade eternal light,
No mortal change, no earthly blight;
No sin to mar supernal peace,
No discord 'mid the blessedness!
Call it not death! 'tis life begun!
Earth's conflict o'er, the victory won!
Unknown, unutterable bliss!
Unspoken joys of paradise!

II.

Yet love doth mourn, and friendship weeps,
That home is desolate and lone;
Affection still sad vigil keeps,
Father,—true friend,—for ever gone!
O, brief is life! O, swift is death!
Unseal'd their mysteries, save to faith!
Yet radiant that one path of light
He trod, whose sun shall know no night!
His hoary head was glory's crown,
His name had won a true renown;
Faithful, and pure, and true, he stood,
E'er loyal to himself and God;
Earnest, and brave, and wise to win
The erring from the paths of sin;
Through myriad homes to pour the light
Of holiest truth, love infinite!

III.

One brief farewell! upon thy tomb
Would Friendship twine her cypress wreath;
Yet link with thee no thought of gloom,
For thou hast triumph'd over death!
With reverent love we mark the light
Still gleaming on thy pathway bright;
And fain would track that blissful road,
And greet thee at the throne of God!

Eastington. ADELINE.

ANCIENT WATCHMEN AND WATCH-TOWERS.

THE Orientals employed watchmen to patrol the city during the night, to suppress any disorders in the streets, or to guard the walls against the attempts of a foreign enemy. To this custom Solomon refers in these words: "The watchmen that went about the city found me, they smote me, they wounded me; the keepers of the walls took away my veil from me." This custom may be traced to a very remote antiquity: so early as the departure of Israel from the land of Egypt the morning watch is mentioned, certainly indicating the time when the watchmen were commonly relieved.

In Persia the watchmen were obliged to indemnify those who were robbed in the streets; which accounts for the vigilance and severity which they displayed in the discharge of their office, and illustrates the character of watchman given to Ezekiel, who lived in that country, and the duties he was required to perform. If the wicked perished in his iniquities without warning, the prophet was to be accountable for his blood; but, if he duly pointed out his danger, he delivered his own soul. These terms, therefore, were neither harsh nor severe; they were the common appointments of watchmen in Persia. They

were also charged to announce the progress of the night to the slumbering city: "The burden of Dumah. He calleth to me out of Seir, Watchman, what of the night? Watchman, what of the night? The watchman said, The morning

cometh, and also the night." This is confirmed by an observation of Chardin upon these words of Moses,—"For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night,"—that as the people of the East have no clocks, the several parts of the day and of the night, which are eight in all, are announced. In the Indies, the parts of the night are made known as well by instruments of music in great cities, as by the rounds of the watchmen, who, with cries and small drums, give them notice that a fourth part of the night is past. Now as these cries awoke those that had slept all that quarter-part of the night, it appeared to them but as a moment. There are sixty of these people in the Indies by day, and as many by night; that is, fifteen for each division. It is evident the ancient Jews knew, by means of some public notice, how the night watches passed away; but whether they simply announced the termination of the watch, or made use of trumpets, or other sonorous instruments, in making the proclamation, it may not be easy to determine; and still less what kind of chronometers the watchmen used. The probability is, that the watches were announced with the sound of a trumpet; for the prophet Ezekiel makes it a part of the watchman's duty, at least in time of war, to blow the trumpet, and warn the people.

In the cut which accompanies this article you have a specimen of a watch-tower perched on the top of a high rock. Usually these towers were placed on or near the gates of the city.

THE UNEQUAL YOKE.

A WARNING.

ONE of the most fruitful sources of disappointment and sorrow to the Ministers of the Gospel, and of backsliding and misery to a once hopeful class of professors, is the formation of matrimonial alliances between them that serve the Lord, and them that serve Him not. Nothing can be plainer than the directions of the Bible on this momentous point: "Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers," &c. (2 Cor. vi. 14—16.) "She is at liberty to be married to whom she will; only in the Lord." (1 Cor. vii. 39.) He who instituted marriage has thus expressed His will for the direction of His children; and, as if to enforce the injunction by motives that appeal the most powerfully to the heart, He has given us in His word numerous instances of disobedience to the law, and followed almost invariably by miseries personal, domestic, and national, extending even to the third and fourth generation. It seems strange that young men who are alienated from the life of God should ever fix their affections upon those who are manifestly decided for His service. And yet this is by no means uncommon; and, to gain the object of their choice, they will often renounce their former habits, be regular in their attendance at the house of God, and give the fairest promises for future life. And the temptation that is then presented to the too confiding one is this: "True, he is not saved, but he is not far from the kingdom; he greatly admires religion, and promises that he will never interfere with my religious acts. Moreover, *my* influence may lead him to the cross; even now he will do anything that I request; and may I not hope that after marriage I shall exert an influence that will save a soul from death?"

With indescribable power do these suggestions press upon the youthful mind; and, too often, they are seconded by the advices of worldly-minded professors, who think that the highest object at which a girl can aim is the securing of a comfortable home. The marriage at length is solemnized. She has married whom she will, only *not* in the Lord. And what is the result? Are the pleasing visions realized? Is the unconverted husband led in

penitence to Christ? Do they walk with united step to heaven? Alas! in the very act of marriage the wife has violated the law of God,—a law as plainly uttered as, "Thou shalt not steal." By such violation she has lost the favour of God; her spiritual strength is gone; she cannot speak to her unsaved husband on the claims of Christ, for conscience whispers, "*Thou* art found wanting." A course of backsliding commences; religious duties are neglected; there is no family altar erected; and, ere-long, she who thought to save her husband is one with him in worldly spirit, and in worldly act.

In *every* instance that has come under the notice of the writer, either this has been the case, or the offender has had to bear the consequences of her sin in a life of personal and domestic misery. The following circumstance, illustrative of the above remarks, has been communicated by a friend, and may serve as a type of many that our own recollections might suggest:—

In the west of England lived an eminently pious and devoted young woman, who was engaged in various ways in promoting the interests of religion. She was a teacher in the Sabbath-school, a distributer of tracts, and a frequent visiter of the sick and dying. While thus pursuing her pious and useful course, she received an offer of marriage from a young man, who was respectable in his position, regular in his habits, and frequent in his attendance on the house of God; *but* he was not converted. This was the only objection to his acceptance; but conscience told her it was an objection that could not be overlooked. The young man persevered; religious friends were consulted; some reminded her of the precept of the word, others encouraged the alliance; and at length, in disregard of the Bible and of the monitions of conscience, she was made the wife of one who knew not God.

Things moved on smoothly for a time. After a season, however, the round of duties became irksome to the husband. Could she not give up the school? It was done. Could she not resign her tract district to some who were less engaged? That also was done. Soon the attendance at class and the public means of grace was felt to be inconvenient; a less frequent attendance, therefore, must suffice. Sunday-morning service was but casually observed; the evening service entirely neglected. And thus, by successive steps, that young wife had wandered from God, had forsaken His house, and was covered over with a backslider's guilt. "Evil pursueth sinners." In little more than twelve months affliction came; death was near; friends were called; the husband hastened home; and, as he approached the bed on which she lay, she addressed him in words of deep remorse: "I loved you, and therefore yielded to your entreaties to become your wife. I loved you, and, listening to your wishes, left the school, my tract district, and my class. I loved you, and this led to my forsaking God, and now I am going to hell!" and in an instant she expired.

Young Christians, take warning. As you love God and your own soul, shun the unequal yoke. Let the union be ever so desirable, let the prospects be ever so flattering, let friends be ever so pressing, shun the unequal yoke. There is not a precept that authorizes it, nor a promise that sanctions it, nor a precedent that encourages it, nor a blessing that hallows it. "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not to thine own understanding. In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct Thy paths."

City-road, London. B. F.

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE GOSPELS.

THE Bishop of Bristol and Gloucester, in the introductory lecture of his course on the "Life of Christ," gives in a note the following condensed summary of the principal points in which the four evangelical narratives are distinguished from each other.

1. In regard to their *external features* and *characteristics* :—

The *point of view* of the first Gospel is mainly Israelitic; of the second, Gentile; of the third, universal; of the fourth, Christian.

The general *aspect*, and, so to speak, *physiognomy* of the first, mainly, is Oriental; of the second, Roman; of the third, Greek; of the fourth, spiritual.

The *style* of the first is stately and rhythmical; of the second, terse and precise; of the third, calm and copious; of the fourth, artless and colloquial.

The most striking *characteristic* of the first is symmetry; of the second, compression; of the third, order; of the fourth, system.

The *thought* and *language* of the first are both Hebraistic; of the third, both Hellenistic; while in the second the thought is often Occidental, though the language is Hebraistic; and in the fourth the language is Hellenistic, but the thought Hebraistic.

2. In respect to their *subject-matter* and *contents* :—

In the first Gospel we have narrative; in the second, memoirs; in the third, history; in the fourth, dramatic portraiture.

In the first we have often the record of events in their accomplishment; in the second, events in their detail; in the third, events in their connexion; in the fourth, events in relation to the teaching springing from them.

Thus in the first we more often meet with the notice of impressions; in the second, of facts; in the third, of motives; in the fourth, of words spoken.

And, lastly, the record of the first is mainly collective, and often antithetical; of the second, graphic and circumstantial; of the third, didactic and reflective; of the fourth, selective and supplemental.

3. In respect to their *portraiture of our Lord*, the first Gospel presents Him to us mainly as the Messiah; the second, mainly as the God-man; the third, as the Redeemer; the fourth, as the only-begotten Son of God.

ONLY THEY WHO LOVE SEE CHRIST.

ST. JOHN, the apostle of love, had a deeper and fuller knowledge of our Lord than the other disciples. He it was who *first* knew Him as He stood on the shore of Tiberias, and gave them directions to cast the net on the right side of the ship.

In religious matters love is the foundation of knowledge. There is no way of knowing a person except love. The knowledge of God and the knowledge of Christ are not to be won by the exercise of the understanding. A man cannot argue his way into knowing Christ. No skill in drawing inferences will avail him there. The treasures of wisdom —earthly wisdom—are all powerless in that region. Let man's understanding and natural capacity, keep themselves within their own limits and region, and they are strong and good; but, in the region of acquaintance with God and Christ, the wisdom of this world is foolishness, and the man's understanding is not the organ by which he can know Christ. O no; there is a better way than that: "He that loveth not knoweth not God, for God is love."

As it is in feebler measure with regard to our personal acquaintance with one another, where it is not

so much the power of the understanding, and the quickness of the perception, and the talent and genius of a man, that make the foundation of his knowledge of his friend, as the force of his sympathy and the depth of his affection; so—with the necessary modification arising from the transferrence from earthly acquaintance to the great Friend and Lover of our souls in heaven—so is it with regard to our knowledge of Christ. Love will trace Him everywhere, as dear friends can detect each other in little marks which are meaningless to others. Love's quick eye pierces through disguises impenetrable to a colder scrutiny. Love has in it a longing for His presence, which makes us eager and quick to mark the lightest sign that He for whom it longs is near, as the footstep of some dear one is heard by the sharp ear of affection long before any sound breaks the silence to those around.

Love leads to likeness to the Lord, and that likeness makes the clearer vision of the Lord possible. Love to Him strips from our eyes the film that self and sin, sense and custom, have drawn over them. It is these which hide Him from us. It is because men are so indifferent to, so forgetful of, their best Friend, that they fail to behold Him.

"It is the Lord" is written large and plain on all things; but, like the great letters on a map, they are so obvious, and fill so wide a space, that they are not seen. They who love Him know Him, and they who know Him love Him. The true eye-salve for our blinded eyes is applied when we have turned with our hearts to Christ. The simple might of faithful love opens them to behold a more glorious vision than the mountain full of chariots of fire which once flamed before the prophet's servant of old,—even the august and ever-present form of the Lord of life, the Lord of history, the Lord of providence. When they who love Jesus turn to see the voice that spake with them, they ever behold the Son of Man in His glory; and, where others see but the dim beach and a mysterious stranger, it is to their lips that the glad cry first comes, "It is the Lord."

THE LOSS OF A WIFE.

In comparison with the loss of a wife all other bereavements are trifling. The wife! she who fills so large a space in the domestic circle; she who busies herself so unweariedly for the precious ones around her; bitter, bitter is the tear that falls on her cold clay! You stand beside her coffin, and think of the past. It seems an amber-coloured pathway, where the sun shone upon beautiful flowers, or the stars hung glittering overhead. Fain would the soul linger there. No thorns are remembered, save those your hands may unwillingly have planted. Her noble, tender heart lies open to your inmost sight. You think of her now as all gentleness, all beauty, all purity. But she is dead! The hands that have ministered so untiringly are folded, white and cold, beneath the gloomy portal. The heart whose every beat measured an eternity of love lies under your feet. The flowers she bent over with smiles bend now above her in tears, shaking the dew from their petals, that the verdure around her may be kept green and beautiful.

There is no clinging arm over your shoulder; no speaking face to look up into the eye of love; no trembling lips to murmur, "O, it is too sad!"

There is so strange a hush in every room; no light footstep passing around. No smile to greet you at nightfall. And the old clock ticks and strikes, and ticks: it was such music when she could hear it. Now it seems a knell on the hours through which you watched the shadows of death gathering upon her sweet face.

And every day the clock repeats that old story. Many another tale it telleth, too, of beautiful words and deeds that are registered above. Yet you feel—O, how often!—that the grave—thank God! cannot keep her.

RELIGIOUS ZEAL.

A ZEALOUS man in religion is pre-eminently a man of one thing. It is not enough to say that he is earnest, hearty, uncompromising, thorough-going, whole-hearted, fervent in spirit. He only sees one thing; he is swallowed up in one thing, and that one thing is to please God. Whether he lives, or whether he dies; whether he is in health, or whether he is in sickness; whether he is rich, or whether he is poor; whether he pleases man, or whether he gives offence; whether he is thought wise, or whether he is thought foolish; whether he gets blame, or whether he gets praise; whether he gets honour, or whether he gets shame; for all this the zealous man cares nothing at all.

He burns for one thing, and that one thing is to please God, and to advance God's glory. If he is consumed in the very burning, he cares not for it; he is content. He feels that, like a lamp, he is made to burn; and if consumed in burning, he has but done the work for which God appointed him. Such a one will always find a sphere for his zeal. If he cannot preach, and work, and give money, he will cry, and sigh, and pray. Yes, if he is only a pauper, on a perpetual bed of sickness, he will make the wheels of sin around him drive heavily, by continually interceding against it. If he cannot fight in the valley with Joshua, he will do the work of Moses, Aaron, and Hur on the hill. If he is cut off from working himself, he will give the Lord no rest till help is raised up from another quarter, and the work is done. This is what I mean when I speak of zeal in religion.

THE BIBLE IN THE HYMN-BOOK.

This paper is compiled from answers given by the young ladies of a Bible-class to the question, "Trace out the scriptural allusions in the 429th Hymn, taken line by line."

BEHOLD the servant of the Lord!

"Behold the handmaid of the Lord." (Luke i. 38.)

I wait Thy guiding eye to feel,

"I will guide thee with Mine eye." (Psalm xxxii. 8.)

To hear and keep Thy every word,

"Blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it." (Luke xi. 28.)

To prove and do Thy perfect will;

"That ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect, will of God." (Romans xii. 2.)

Joyful from my own works to cease,

"He that is entered into his rest, he also hath ceased from his own works, as God did from His." (Hebrews iv. 10.)

Glad to fulfil all righteousness.

"Thus it becometh us to fulfil all righteousness." (Matthew iii. 15.)

Me if Thy grace vouchsafe to use,

"I was made a minister, according to the gift of the grace of God." (Ephesians iii. 7.)

Meanest of all Thy creatures, me,

"I am the least of the apostles, ... not meet to be called an apostle." (1 Corinthians xv. 9.)

The deed, the time, the manner choose;

"I heard the voice of the Lord, saying, Whom shall I send, and who will go for us? Then said I, Here am I; send me." (Isaiah vi. 8.)

Let all my fruit be found of Thee;

"From Me is thy fruit found." (Hosea xiv. 8.)

Let all my works in Thee be wrought,

"He that doeth truth cometh to the light, that his deeds may be made manifest, that they are wrought in God." (John iii. 21.)

By Thee to full perfection brought.

"The God of peace .... make you perfect in every good work to do His will." (Hebrews xiii. 20, 21.)

My every weak, though good design,

"Now it was in the heart of David my father to build an house for the name of the Lord God of Israel. But the Lord said to David my father, Forasmuch as it was in thine heart to build an house for My name, thou didst well in that it was in thine heart: notwith-

standing thou shalt not build the house; but thy son . . . . he shall build the house for My name." (2 Chronicles vi. 7—9.)

O'er-rule, or change, as seems Thee meet;

"A man's heart deviseth his way; but the Lord directeth his steps." (Proverbs xvi. 9.)

Jesus, let all my work be Thine!

"He worketh the work of the Lord, as I also do." (1 Corinthians xvi. 10.)

Thy work, O Lord, is all complete,

"I have finished the work which Thou gavest Me to do." (John xvii. 4.)

And pleasing in Thy Father's sight;

"I do always those things that please Him." (John viii. 29.)

Thou only hast done all things right.

"He hath done all things well." (Mark vii. 37.)

Here then to Thee Thy own I leave;

"Ye are not your own; for ye are bought with a price: therefore glorify God in your body, and in your spirit, which are God's." (1 Corinthians vi. 19, 20.)

Mould as Thou wilt Thy passive clay;

"O Lord, ... we are the clay, and Thou our Potter; and we all are the work of Thy hand." (Isaiah lxiv. 8.)

But let me all Thy stamp receive,

"I shall be satisfied, when I awake, with Thy likeness." (Psalm xvii. 15.)

But let me all Thy words obey;

"Then shall I not be ashamed, when I have respect unto all Thy commandments." (Psalm cxix. 6.)

Serve with a single heart and eye,

"The light of the body is the eye: if therefore thine eye be single, thy whole body shall be full of light." (Matthew vi. 22.)

And to Thy glory live and die.

"For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain." (Philippians i. 21.)

"THE HOUSE OF SIMON THE LEPER."

I.—The Supper.

Surely this was, in all respects, a famous feast, not so much by reason of the provision, as the guests; though no doubt the table was supplied with the best that Simon's house could furnish, and Martha's zeal could serve. But, Jesus being present, who cares to know the bill of fare? How mean the richest banquet without Him! How royally rich the slenderest meal with Jesus! And is it not a joy to know that, as He is not drawn by the abundance of wealth, neither does He turn away from the scantiness of poverty? Nay, great Lord of all, when my heart is really poorest, Thou art most willingly its guest; and, unlike other guests, Thou seekest to be bidden, not for the sake of getting, but of giving, reckoning the hungriest want Thy best fare.

But let us not lose the outward in searching for the inner truth. This is, first of all, a plain, housekeeping supper-lesson. Day by day, as the meal is spread, see that Christ is bidden; and see, too, that the bidding and the provision are such that you may hope for His presence. Though the feast be fit for a king, yet if not all honestly got, it will never be fit for Jesus. What He shares must have come righteously in answer to His own prayer, "Give us this day our daily bread." And unless the store has been hallowed by help given to the hungry poor, I cannot think that He will say a grace before meat: nor if the servants have been robbed of their rightful rest, and made to break the Sabbath in the more than needful preparation of the food.

At this supper at Bethany the host himself was a remarkable man. Certainly his title must have awakened attention and inquiry—Simon the Leper. That he was no leper now is manifest, or he could not have played the host. How came he then to lose the horrible disease which had once blighted his life? The presence of Jesus, so hospitably entertained in Simon's house, gives an answer which is almost more than conjecture. And if the cure has been

wrought by Jesus, no wonder that, in his grateful remembrance, Simon the healed still permits himself to be called, "Simon the Leper:" for the recollection of his former ill measures his present benefit; and the name of the disease he once suffered is a lasting praise of Him who healed him.

When St. Paul says, "But God be thanked that ye were the servants of sin," it would sound strange did he not go on to say, "but ye have obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine which was delivered you." Superstition, ever bending the right into wrong, has, in all ages, been wont to dedicate some memorial of deliverance or cure at the shrine of the deity or saint to whom the votary believed himself indebted for the blessing. So the mariner, saved from wreck, devoted a model of a ship; the man cured of lameness, a crutch; one healed of deafness, a waxen ear, and so on. And the saints of God, for the praise of His great mercy, never cease to make mention of their own evil; but all along the road, from where, through darkness and many tears, men are born into newness of life, to the threshold of the glorious home, over which none but the sanctified may cross, the song of the redeemed is chastened, not saddened, by the refrain, never forgotten, "God be merciful to me a sinner." And beyond the gates, where the white-robed ones offer such rapture of praise to the Lamb, who has redeemed them and washed them by His own blood, their everlasting psalm keeps in remembrance the sin and the stain from which His blessing did win, His blood did wash them.

Amongst the guests at Simon's table was one upon whom all others looked with much wonder. Lazarus, "*which had been dead*," was there. Through long ages, the tradition has crept down to us, whispering reverently, that this man, who had learned the dread secret "what it is to die," and knowing that he must die again, never more was seen to smile. The mind which bore the burden of such a memory might well refuse to be lightly moved. The unuttered—perhaps unutterable—mystery of death, which overshadowed all his other experience, must have marked him distinct from his fellows. He looked at every circumstance of life with the recollection of when he had lived before. What other men saw as a spectre moving uncertain in the future, he beheld as a substantial fact in the past, looked at it on *both* sides, and walked, "encompassed behind and before," with the laughter-quelling reality of the grave. At that supper could he even take food with the same relish as the rest, he who once had tasted death?

How fitly placed was Jesus here! On either hand a trophy; here the leper cleansed, and there the dead raised. Is not this group a beautiful emblem of the great marriage-supper of the Lamb? Will He not there also be surrounded on every hand by those whom He has delivered from all ill and death, and who, loving and worshipping, gaze on Him with eyes from which He has wiped all tears away?

Another most worthy name must yet be added to the group. Too often wrongly judged, so seldom rightly esteemed or understood, that fine type of earnest, unselfish devotion, Martha was there; and, of course, Martha served. To her, where Jesus was, there was no joy but in service, no rest but in toil.

How many, themselves uncareful through the indifference of mere feebleness, have presumed to judge this noble woman! Let all such remember that her fault had been no vulgar sin. It was a flaw in the rich gem of a most loving zeal. Many that upbraid Martha might well pray for themselves that they may become worthy to share her blame.

To-day, in Simon's house, Martha is as careful as ever; but a better-instructed faith has marshalled the "many things" into an orderly oneness of service about the Lord; so that, while her care is as great, her cumber is less. For her, the commonest duties of housewifery have become dignified into the rites of a most religious worship. Her zeal makes her a servant; her trustful love, a priestess. She herself is most satisfied when her Lord is best served. She needs no wages but her work; no encouragement but the privilege of ser-

vice; for, that she may give anything to Him, is more than recompense for all she can offer.

Very closely resembling Martha, in many points of temperament and character, was another of the company, Simon Peter, who, with his brother disciples, shared the hospitality of Simon the Leper. What trouble was in his mind! How his strong, warm heart heaved restlessly, as he mused on the solemn forebodings which the Master had been so often uttering of late! Did he sometimes forget the supper as he remembered these things? And did he start impulsively in his thoughtfulness, as he planned how he might hinder Jesus from running into danger, or how he could fight for Him, or die with Him, if danger came?

And the rest; what a cloud was gathering over them all! John's head nestles more closely in its favoured rest; and all are aware of a shadowy fear of coming woe.

Blackest of all, the darkness fell deep on Iscariot; for another shadow had well-nigh wrought the pall for his dead faith. Eye to eye, hand to hand, lip to lip with Jesus, he was chaffering with the devil, bargaining to sell his own Lord, and damn his own soul.

Here the type fails. In that great, eternal feast there shall be healed ones and quickened ones, and serving and loving ones; but thievish treachery shall have no place there. And even now Thou wouldst make such a heaven of my heart, occupying it Thyself, Thyself surrounded by health and life, love and service, all of Thine own bringing, and all for my blessing. So be it:—

"Come in, come in, Thou heavenly Guest,
Delight in what Thyself hast given;
On Thy own gifts and graces feast,
And make the contrite heart Thy heaven."

Hull. G. S. R.

STALWART SOULS.

We find by experience that our souls cannot live on that thin and spare diet which they are entertained with at their own home; neither can they be satiated with those jejune and insipid morsels which this world furnisheth their table with. . . . The more we endeavour to extract a self-power out of our own souls, the more we torment them, and force them to feel and sensate their own pinching poverty. Ever since our minds became so dim-sighted as not to pierce into that original and primitive blessedness which is above, our *wills are too big for our understandings*, and will believe their beloved prey is to be found where reason discovers it is not. They will pursue it through all the vast wilderness of this world, and force our understandings to follow the chase with them; nor may we think to tame this violent appetite, or allay the heat of it, except we can look upward to some eternal and almighty goodness which is alone able to master it.

It is not the nimbleness and agility of our own reason which stir up these hungry affections within us, for then the most ignorant sort of men would never feel the sting thereof; but indeed some more potent nature which hath planted a restless motion within us, that might more forcibly carry us out to itself, and therefore it will never suffer itself to be controlled by any of our thin speculations, or satisfied with those airy delights that our fancies may offer to it. It doth not, it cannot, rest itself anywhere but upon the centre of some almighty good, some solid and substantial happiness.

The whole work of this world is nothing but a perpetual contention for true happiness; and men are scattered up and down the world, moving to and fro therein, to seek it. Our souls, by a natural science, as it were, feeling their own original, are perpetually travailing with new designs and contrivances, whereby they may purchase the scope of their high ambition. Happiness is that pearl of price which all adventure for, though few find it. It is not gold or silver that the earthlings of this world seek after, but some *satisfying* good which they think is there treasured up. Neither is it a little empty breath that ambition and popularity soar after, but some kind of happiness that it thinks to catch and suck in with it.

It must be some Divine efflux running quite through our souls, awakening and

exalting all the vital powers of them into an active sympathy with some absolute good, that renders us completely blessed. It is not to sit gazing upon a Deity by some thin speculations; but it is an inward feeling and sensation of this mighty goodness displaying itself within us, melting our fierce and furious natures, that would fain be something in contradiction to God, into a universal compliance with itself, and wrapping up our amorous minds wholly into itself, whereby God comes to be all in all to us. And therefore, so long as our wills and affections endeavour to fix upon anything but God and true goodness, we do but anxiously endeavour to wring happiness out of something that will yield no more than a flinty rock to all our pressing and forcing of it. The more we endeavour to force out our affections to stay and rest themselves upon any finite thing, the more violently will they recoil back again upon us.

The foundation of heaven and hell is laid in men's own souls,—is an ardent and vehement appetite after happiness. The soul of man was made with such a large capacity as it is, that so it might be better fitted to entertain a full and liberal happiness, that the Divine love and goodness might more freely spread itself in it, and unite it to itself.—*John Smith.*

Anecdotes.

RESISTANCE OVERCOME.

The chaplain of a little English squadron in the Mediterranean was wont to preach alternately on board all the vessels of the squadron but one. The captain of that was an irreligious, profane man, who wanted "no Methodist parson to pilot him to heaven," and improved every opportunity to annoy him. Being of a violent temper, he also insulted the Commodore, who was on the point of sending him home. Hearing of his intention, the chaplain waited on the Commodore, saying he had come to ask a particular favour.

"It shall be granted," said the Commodore. "I am always happy to oblige you. What is it?"

"That you will overlook the conduct of Captain S——."

"Nay, nay; you can't be serious. Is he not your greatest enemy; and, I believe, the only man in the fleet who does not wish to see you on board his ship?"

"That is the very reason why I ask the favour, Commodore. I must practise as well as preach."

"Well, well, it's an odd whim; but if, on reflection, I can grant your request without prejudice to His Majesty's service, I will do it."

The next day the chaplain renewed his petition.

"Well," said he, "if Captain S—— will make a public apology, I will overlook his conduct."

The chaplain instantly got into a boat, and rowed to Captain S——'s ship. He met him with a frown on his countenance; but when the chaplain told him his errand, a tear stood in his eye, and taking him by the hand, he said, "Mr. ——, I really don't understand your religion; but I understand your conduct, and I thank you."

The affair blew over, and he urged the chaplain to preach on board his ship.

A TRADITION RESPECTING JOHN, THE APOSTLE.

Tradition has been more than ordinarily busy in preserving anecdotes of St. John. Eusebius relates a beautiful and not improbable story, to this effect:—St. John, on a visit to a city in the neighbourhood of Ephesus, commended to the care of the bishop a young man of fine stature, graceful countenance, and ardent mind, as suited to the work of the ministry. The bishop neglected his charge. The young man became idle and dissolute, and was at length prevailed on to join a band of robbers, such as commonly had their holds in the neighbourhood of ancient Greek cities. He soon became their captain, and attained to eminence in crime. Long after, St. John entered the city again, and inquired for

the young man. "He is dead," said the bishop; "dead to God." Having ascertained the particulars, the apostle exclaimed, "I left a fine keeper of a brother's soul;" then, mounting a horse, he rode into the country, and was taken prisoner. He attempted not to flee, but said, "For this purpose am I come; conduct me to your captain." He entered the presence of the armed bandit, who, recognising the apostle, attempted to escape. "Why dost thou fly, my son," said he, "from thy father, —thy defenceless, aged father? Fear not; thou still hast hopes of life. I will pray to Christ for thee. I will suffer death for thee. I will give my life for thine. Believe that Christ hath sent me." The man was subdued; fell into the apostle's arms; prayed with many tears; became perfectly reformed; and was restored to the communion of the church.

FRUIT GATHERED IN THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

Some years since, relates the late Dr. Morison, of Chelsea, I was called, as a Christian Minister, to visit a poor dying girl in the immediate vicinity of my own residence. As I entered the wretched apartment, in which she lay on a pallet of straw, she burst forth in an agony of tears, which completely choked utterance, and which issued in a deep faint, from which she did not recover for some minutes. As soon as consciousness was restored, I gently intimated to the dying creature that there must be some cause of agitation which it would be well for her to disclose. Laying her hand upon a little volume which lay upon her pillow, and which proved to be Legh Richmond's Tracts, "Here, Sir," said she, "is a reward-book which I received from your hand, at the anniversary of your Sunday-school, five years ago; but O, Sir, what would I give to recover the innocence and peace I then enjoyed!" The fact was, she had fallen a prey to the arts of the seducer, and proceeded from bad to worse, till, then prostrate in body and mind, she was on the brink of an eternal world, full of anguish and despair. "O!" said she, "I left the school in a fit of pride, because my teacher very properly complained of my dress as unsuitable to my station. This, alas! Sir, was the commencement of my ruin. I fell out of acquaintance with the good, and became intimate with a wicked young man, above my rank in life, who first flattered my vanity, and then destroyed my peace; and here I am in this miserable abode, the victim of my own folly and crime, without one friend to care for me whether I live or die. O, Sir, is there any hope for one so guilty as I am?" I did not fail, with due discrimination, to lay open to the view of this unhappy wanderer, the fountain of Divine mercy, and point her to the exhaustless compassion of Him who "is able to save them to the uttermost who come unto God by Him." After three days and nights of extreme bodily suffering, borne with exemplary submission, she died, expressing an humble but earnest reliance upon Him who alone is able to save. Never was confession of sin more unreserved, nor the sense of unworthiness more oppressive. She looked through her tears to the Cross, and was, doubtless, received by Him who casts off none who come to Him.

Our Country.

THE MINES AND MINERAL RESOURCES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

Part I.

Our Coal-fields.

Many centuries have passed away since the early inhabitants of our island first discovered the existence of coal. As they then gathered it in small quantities, where it cropped out at the earth's surface, little did they imagine what boundless treasures of the precious mineral lay stored up beneath the soil, which was at that time covered with dense and impenetrable forests. A recent writer says, "The Romans paced our coal-fields, but seem to have had no knowledge of the mineral, or at least,

of its useful properties, during the four centuries they held possession of the country." But in one of the papers recently read at the meeting of the British Association, we meet with the following statement: "It has been proved that coal was worked partially by the Romans, not only by the discovery of tools near the stations on the Roman wall, but cinders have also been frequently met with."

The scanty records of very early times, which have been preserved to our own day, contain scarcely any reference to the use of coal; nor is it likely it would be much sought for, as the extensive forests would furnish an ample supply of fuel to the limited population which then inhabited the country. In an ancient document of Anglo-Saxon times, dating as far back as 852, mention is made of twelve cart-loads of coal carried to the Abbey of Peterborough; and it was used in several other monastic establishments. In the year 1180, the Bishop of Durham made "a grant of land to a collier for providing coals for the cart-smith of Coundon, in the county of Durham: similar grants were made at Bishop-Wearmouth and Sedgefield." The superiority of this fuel to wood served now to bring it into wider use; and, in the reign of Henry III., a royal charter was issued, empowering the freemen of Newcastle-upon-Tyne to dig for coals. By the end of the thirteenth century the coal trade of that town had risen to considerable importance. It was about this time that coal was first sent to London; and it was soon found in general use in the breweries and smithies of the metropolis. However, the good citizens of that day made such complaints of the smoke, as injurious to health, and in many ways a most grievous nuisance, that the burning of coal was forbidden; and it is on record that one man suffered the penalty of death for contempt of this prohibition. This embargo was in force only for a very short time. Coal was seen to be so valuable an article of fuel, that it overcame all the prejudices and objections which had resisted its introduction; and, by the reign of Charles II., it had become so important an article of commerce, that, from a tax which was levied upon it, a large revenue was supplied towards rebuilding a part of the city, and seventy-two parish churches, after the Great Fire of London.

The progress which has been made in the consumption of coal may be pretty well gathered by a reference to the statistics furnished from the North-of-England district. Two hundred years ago, the "vend" recorded for the ports both of Newcastle and Sunderland only reach five hundred and thirty-seven thousand tons for the twelve months, although this is probably considerably below the quantity actually raised from the mines. In the year 1862, the produce of Northumberland and Durham amounted to upwards of ten millions of tons for the sea-traffic alone. Of this, more than six million tons were conveyed "coastwise" for home consumption, and over four millions of tons were exported. Our coal export trade figures very conspicuously in our trade returns; and it appears that it was a branch of foreign commerce at a rather early period; for we read of coals being carried to French ports in the fourteenth century. At present France, Denmark, the Hanseatic Towns, and Prussia, are our chief customers.

Let us now look at the principal sites of our coal-fields. If you take a geological map of Great Britain, you will find that the carboniferous system, or coal-producing strata, occupies a very large area. In fact, England, Wales, and Scotland possess these invaluable coal-measures on a larger scale than any other known portion of the globe of equal size. The Northern Division comprises large and rich fields in the counties of Northumberland, Durham, Lancashire, and Yorkshire. The Central Division embraces a wide district in Staffordshire, stretching a little into Worcestershire, and taking in subordinate, but locally-important, collieries in Warwickshire and Leicestershire. In the Western Division are ordinarily reckoned the mines of Coalbrook-Dale, on the Severn, together with irregular, detached patches in other parts of Shropshire; the Forest of Dean, lying between the Wye and the Severn; and the fields of South Gloucester and North Somerset, the

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all sorts of difficulties only, at a vast expenditure of labour and skill, to conquer them. Shafts have been sunk near Sunderland to the depth of one thousand eight hundred feet below the level of the sea. Some coal-mines have reached a still lower depth; and the works of a pit at Apendale, in Staffordshire, were carried on two thousand one hundred and seventy-five feet below the surface of the earth.

The question has been of late years frequently raised, and one of no little importance it is, as to how long the supply from the British coal-fields will last. The question is very difficult to answer, so many calculations have to be taken into account; and these calculations are seldom estimated at the same value. Sir William Armstrong says, "Assuming four thousand feet as the greatest depth at which it will be ever possible to carry on mining operations, and rejecting all seams of less than two feet in thickness, the entire quantity of available coal existing in these islands has been calculated to amount to about eighty thousand millions of tons, which, at the present rate of consumption, would be exhausted in nine hundred and thirty years." If, however, the rate of consumption should go on increasing according to the proportion of late years, and supposing the stock to be drawn upon to be the quantity named by Sir William, we should come to the end of our supply in a much shorter period; for the coal raised from the mines of the United Kingdom in the year 1861 was twenty-two millions of tons more than in 1855. But other authorities tell us that the treasures of our coal-fields may be reckoned by much larger figures. One geologist says, "The vast field of South Wales is supposed to be able to meet the entire national demand for nearly a thousand years." This calculation is made according to the present annual yield.

It would be difficult, indeed impossible, to ascertain the amount of capital invested in our coal-mines. The preliminary expense of sinking a shaft to reach the seams runs up to thousands, and sometimes tens of thousands, of pounds. The shaft of the deepest mine

in Northumberland cost, from first to last, £100,000. Perhaps this is the most costly on record. The difficulties met with in the process of sinking arise from quicksands, from hard rocks, and from water. Masses of indurated sandstone frequently occur, and the toilsome and monotonous work of boring has to be carried on by powerful and expensive machinery. In sinking the shaft of one of our collieries, the miners came upon springs connected with such vast internal reservoirs, at a depth of five hundred and forty feet, that the water rushed in at the rate of nine thousand gallons every minute; and steam-power equal to one thousand five hundred and eighty-four horses was required to keep under this enormous outburst. The cost of pumping water from the mines is often a considerable item. Some mines are mentioned in which, for every ton of coals raised, fifteen tons of water are drawn off. Sometimes no ingenuity or labour can overcome the incursions of the watery foe, and the workings have to be abandoned.

When a seam of workable coal is reached, horizontal galleries are opened from the shaft, out of which narrower passages are cut, until these subterranean roads and cross-roads extend often in very wide ramifications. "At the St. Hilda colliery, near South Shields, the main streets, side-streets, lanes, and alleys, have a total extent of full seventy miles; but the entire length of the excavations at the Hillingham pits is estimated at nearly one hundred and sixty-three miles. In one of the Whitehaven pits the direct distance is two miles and a half from the shaft to the extremity of the works, which extend considerably more than half a mile under the sea, but at the secure distance of six hundred feet below its bottom."

This branch of our mining industry furnishes employment on a very extensive scale to our labouring population. The collieries number about three thousand, and find occupation to two hundred and fifty thousand persons. The coal-vessels engaged in the coasting trade are manned by twenty-five thousand sailors, including men and boys. The coal conveyed up the Thames alone employs some three thousand vessels. Of late, large screw-steamers have been built for this trade, carrying nine hundred or one thousand tons; and a pretty active business some of them do, as will be seen when we mention that in the year 1862 the "Killingworth" made no less than sixty-five voyages from West Hartlepool to London; loading at West Hartlepool, and delivering at the Victoria Dock, London, thirty-eight thousand seven hundred and thirty-eight tons of coal.

As we sit by our bright fires on the cold winter evenings, and rejoice in the warm and welcome glow which they diffuse, we too seldom think of the toil and peril at which all this comfort is procured. Besides the hardships of the miner, labouring in darkness and damp, hundreds of feet below the earth's surface, there are fearful risks of life to which he is constantly exposed. One of these arises from the presence of carburetted hydrogen gas, which is sometimes generated in large quantities, and, when united to a certain amount of atmospheric air, if it should happen to become ignited, will explode with terrific force, and send a fierce fiery flame, scattering destruction and death in its resistless course. The safety-lamp of Davy has saved innumerable miners from injury and death; but the loss of life is still very great. Week after week our newspapers record accidents more or less disastrous and fatal.

No one acquainted with the history of our country during the last hundred and twenty years can think of the population of our chief mining districts without being reminded of the wonderful work of God under the ministry of the Wesleys, and their fellow-labourers. They found the colliers of Newcastle, Wednesbury, and Kingswood sunk low in the most deplorable ignorance and vice. We can form but little conception of the social and spiritual wretchedness which everywhere prevailed. The most debasing sports occupied their hours of recreation; and drunkenness and debauchery consumed the wages of their labour, and blighted their homes with

poverty and misery. But John and Charles Wesley, with Whitefield, impelled by warm-hearted love to the souls of these men, and fully confident in the power of the Gospel to reach and rescue them, visited these depraved neighbourhoods, and gathered the rough colliers around them by thousands; and, amidst many perils and persecutions, "ceased not to teach and preach Jesus Christ." How fully their faith was justified, and their toils and perseverance requited, was seen in a religious awakening and reformation which completely changed the condition of these districts, and turned the wilderness into the garden of the Lord; while the successful evangelists, rejoicing in the fruit of their labours, sung these jubilant strains:—

"Our conquering Lord
Hath prosper'd His word,
Hath made it prevail,
And mightily shaken the kingdom of hell.
His arm He hath bared,
And a people prepared
His glory to show,
And witness the power of His passion below.

"He hath open'd a door
To the penitent poor,
And rescued from sin,
And admitted the harlots and publicans in.
They have heard the glad sound;
They have liberty found,
Through the blood of the Lamb,
And plentiful pardon in Jesus's name."

(To be continued.)

The Portfolio.

THE TIMID CHRISTIAN ENCOURAGED.

I HAVE often seen, says Jeremy Taylor, young and unskilful persons sitting in a little boat, when every little wave sporting about the side of the vessel, and every motion and dancing of the barge, seemed a danger, and made them cling fast unto their fellows; and yet all the while they were as safe as if they sat under a tree, while a gentle breeze shook the leaves into a refreshing and cooling shade. And the unskilful and inexperienced Christian shrieks out whenever his vessel shakes, thinking it always a danger, that the watery pavement is not stable and resident like a rock; and yet all is in himself, none at all from without, for he is indeed moving upon the water, but fastened to a rock. Faith is his foundation, and hope is his anchor, and death is his harbour, and Christ is his pilot, and heaven is his country; and all the evils of poverty, or affronts of tribunals and evil judges,—of fears and sad apprehensions,—are but like the loud wind blowing from the right point; they make a noise, but drive faster to the harbour. And if we do not leave the ship, and jump into the sea; quit the interests of religion, and run to the securities of the world; cut our cables, and dissolve our hopes; grow impatient and hug a wave, and die in its embraces,—we are safe at sea; safer in the storm which God sends us, than in a calm, when we are befriended by the world.

THE BATTLE OF LIFE.

THE battle of life, in by far the greater number of cases, must necessarily be fought up hill; and to win it without a struggle were perhaps to win it without honour. If there were no difficulties, there would be no success; if there were nothing to struggle for, there would be nothing to be achieved. Difficulties may intimidate the weak, but they act only as a stimulus to men of courage and resolution. All experience of life, indeed, serves to prove that the impediments thrown in the way of human advancement may, for the most part, be overcome by steady good conduct, honest zeal, activity, perseverance, and, above all, by a determined resolution to surmount difficulties, and stand up manfully against misfortune.

"NO REST FOR THE WICKED."

SOME years ago an account was printed of a man condemned to death in China, the punishment to be inflicted by depriving him of sleep. He was allowed to eat and drink, and do all other things he pleased, with the solitary exception that he should not sleep. A sufficient guard was posted over him, and properly relieved at suitable intervals, who effectu-

ally carried out the sentence. The poor wretch suffered intolerably, and again and again besought his tormentors to kill him at once, and put him out of his misery. But they steadfastly refused, and confined themselves to the one work of keeping him always awake. In three weeks the man died, having sufferod far more than many a victim of crucifixion or impalement. This narrative suggests what, to a thoughtful person, is one of the most fearful delineations of future woes which the Scripture contains. "And they have no rest day nor night." Deprive any man of rest day and night here, and in a week he is either in a madhouse or in his grave. Yet this is the perpetual doom of the finally impenitent. If men did but consider, it would make the hair stand on their heads.

Memorials of the Departed.

MR. WILLIAM WHITEHEAD, Greenhow-Hill. He was lead to seek salvation through faith in Christ, July, 1839, in the nineteenth year of his age. Soon after he became a Prayer-leader, Visitor of the sick, and a Local preacher. His strong faith and earnest prayers made him a welcome and happy labourer in the Lord's vineyard for about twenty years. In his affliction his soul was happy in God, and he was ready to meet death with joy, and to say, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? . . But thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." So died William Whitehead, Sept. 3d, 1861, aged thirty-eight.

Occasional Notes for Readers.

THE first volume of the new issue of WESLEY'S JOURNAL, published at the Conference Office, is now in circulation. It contains five hundred closely-printed pages, strongly bound in cloth, boards, and is on sale at the remarkably moderate charge of half-a-crown. The whole work will be completed in four volumes. Surely no Methodist home will now be without a copy of these instructive and soul-stirring volumes.—*The Mother of the Wesleys: a Biography*, by the REV. JOHN KIRK, fully sustains the high expectations which were awakened on the announcement of its intended publication. It possesses every element of a successful biography. The diligent and patient research, as well as the judgment displayed in the arrangement of materials collected from every available source, are beyond all praise. There is no deficiency and no redundancy. The work has evidently been conceived and executed in that spirit of reverential love, which might well be awakened by such a subject,—one of the very first of her sex; the marvellous influence of whose wonderful family-training on the world's weal "the great last day" will alone declare. So well grouped are the facts and so vividly is the portraiture given, that the reader is enabled to live in her times and company. We regret that, at present, we can only subjoin the general headings of the chapters into which this fascinating book is divided; these are:—"Parentage—Girlhood—Future Husband—Marriage—Epworth—The Rector in his Parish—Modes of Education—Pecuniary Embarrassments—Last Days of the Rector—Widowhood—The Release—Religious Life—Relation to Methodism—Sons and Daughters."—*Christ at Sychar*, by the REV. N. L. WALKER, is a thoughtful and spiritual exposition of an interesting chapter in our blessed Lord's ministry.—The REV. W. NIVEN'S *Victory over Death*, is pregnant alike with instruction and consolation.—*The Imperial Bible-Dictionary*, edited by PROFESSOR FAIRBAIRN, of the Glasgow Free-Church College, has reached its ninth number, and continues to be marked by accuracy, conciseness, and fulness.

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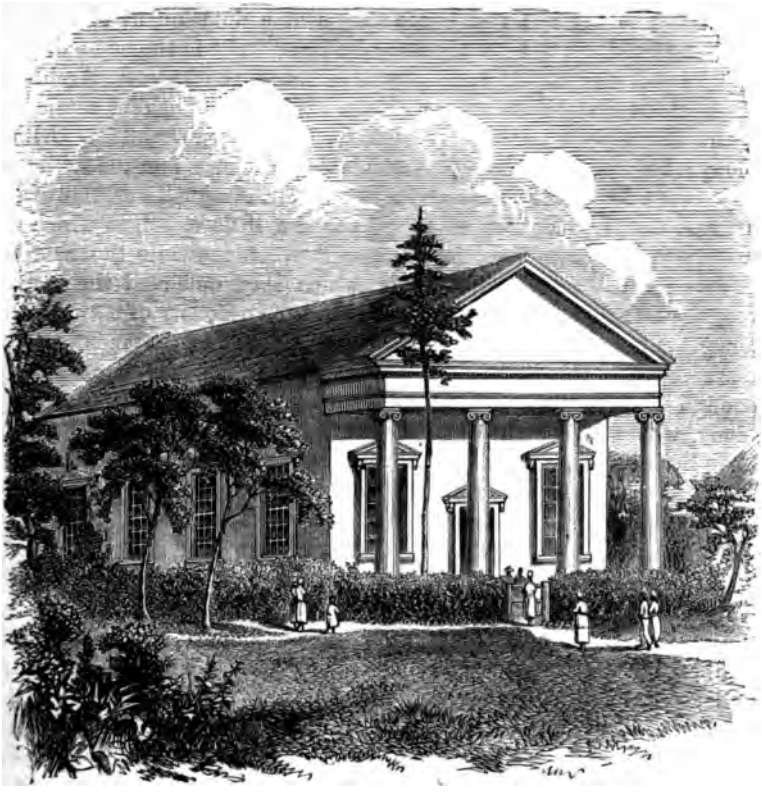


METHODISM IN NATAL.

THE colony of Natal, which is situated on the south-eastern coast of Africa, is one of the most valuable dependencies of the British crown. It contains an area of 13,000,000 acres, and is so varied in soil and climate, that it is capable of producing all kinds of fruits and cereals, and is, at the same time, admirably adapted for the rearing of sheep and cattle.

A few years ago it was in the possession of a number of native tribes, when Chaka, the fierce and bloody chief of the Zulus, came down upon it from the east, and swept away the vast majority of its inhabitants. A number of Dutch Boers, who had left the colonies of the Cape and Albany, then entered the land, and attempted to establish themselves as an independent people. They were attacked by the Zulus, but succeeded in repelling them; and in turn they invaded the territory of their enemies, destroyed their chief town, drove Dingaan, the successor of Chaka, from the chieftainship, and placed Panda, who professed to be a friend, in his place. But, erelong, the British government found that it would be a dangerous and unwise thing to allow Natal to be the seat of a republic such as these Boers were

attempting to set up; and hence they sent a detachment of soldiers through Kafirland, to take possession of the district in the name of Her Majesty the Queen. A Wesleyan Missionary, the Rev. J. Archbell, accompanied that detachment, with the view of establishing a mission in the country simultaneously with its being formed into a British colony; but the Boers offered a formidable resistance, and the regiment sent proved too feeble to encounter them. Mr. Archbell was, therefore, in great danger, and had to get on board a little vessel, in which he was conveyed, for a time, to Delagoa-Bay. Meanwhile the English soldiers formed a stockade, within which they defended themselves from the Boers until they were reduced to the necessity of eating their horses. A man named King managed to leave the encampment, and to break through the lines of the Boers, and then, making his way through Kafirland as quickly as he could, he reached the Albany colony, where he communicated to the authorities the position of the brave little band he had left. A steamer was dispatched from Table-Bay in the course of a few days, soon reached Natal, brought relief to the almost famished detachment, and compelled the Boers to fly.

Mr. Archbell now returned, and was for some time almost the only Christian Minister in the country. But large numbers of emigrants were soon attracted to it; and, in addition to these, thousands of the Zulus, greatly oppressed by their chief, Panda, fled from their country, and placed themselves under the protection of the colonial authorities. European and native towns were thus formed with great rapidity, and happily several Missionaries were sent, by our own Society and others, to take care of the spiritual interests of the people. At Pietermaritzburg, the capital of the colony, a commodious native chapel was erected, together with a smaller one for the English population; and here, as well as at Durban, the port within the bay, and in several other spots, Christian churches were formed, societies sprang up, and schools were established, which have gradually increased with the advance of years. What is the position now occupied by Methodism in Natal? Including part of Kafirland, it has ten stations, eighteen chapels, thirteen Missionaries, nine hundred and five church-members, and upwards of twelve hundred scholars in its various schools. A few years ago the English chapel at Maritzburg, as the town is now called, was found much too small; and in 1857 the Rev. H. Pearse, then the General Superintendent of the District, set to work to collect money for the erection of a new one. The foundation-stone of that chapel was laid by Mrs. Pearse on the 21st of September, 1857; and we now present our readers with a view of it, taken from a photograph just after its completion. It is a neat and commodious structure, and though the Missionary who built it has passed to his reward, others are labouring in the field, and God is crowning their efforts with success.

Now, it may be that some who will peruse this page have friends in the colony of Natal,—sons and daughters, or other relatives,—of

whom they often think, and for whom they often pray. Is it not a satisfaction to know that such a chapel as this exists in that country, and that there Christian Ministers are found, and all the means of grace established, just as in our fatherland? Not in a state of moral and spiritual destitution are those who emigrate to our colonies in South Africa, but surrounded with Christian privileges, blessed with Christian Sabbaths, and favoured with Christian sacraments and ordinances; whilst, if they are so disposed, they may take part in the great work of evangelizing the heathen population, and of extending the kingdom of their Lord and Saviour. Bright are the skies of Africa, and bold and magnificent is much of its scenery; but its history has hitherto been chiefly a very dark one,—a history of slavery, war, and bloodshed. A happier future is doubtless before it, and Christian colonists may be the means of hastening on that future, and of causing its desert wilds to resound with songs of praise.

T. S.

ON CHRISTIAN ZEAL.

CHRISTIAN zeal has been described by an old divine as "not any one single affection of the soul, but a strong mixture of many holy affections,—a gracious constitution of the whole mind, rather than any one particular grace,—swaying a devout heart, and filling it with all pious intentions, each of which is not only genuine, but most fervent." This is the nature of that zeal which has ever been the distinguishing mark of God's servants, whose efforts to promote His cause have been abundantly blessed, and whose names are now embalmed in the memories of the church as the best, the wisest of mankind. It would be well for the church, and for the world, if all the labourers in the Lord's vineyard would bring this holy zeal into the various departments where they are called to work; for, however great the talents, and profound the learning, if this be wanting, the duties will be performed but listlessly, and the success will be very small. On the other hand, the attainments may be feeble, the sphere of usefulness contracted, the time for doing good limited; yet, if every action be performed with diligence, every word spoken with fervour, every engagement entered upon in the spirit of prayer, the ultimate good may far exceed the good accomplished by the more favoured, but less zealous, servant; the saying, in this case, holding good, "Better is a small measure of the Spirit than great learning without piety."

These words apply especially to that large and useful class of God's labourers who devote their Sabbath days to His cause, preaching the word of life, teaching in the school, distributing tracts, or visiting the sick. Many such have not the opportunity of storing their minds with rich sayings, or strong arguments; the demand made upon their time by secular engagements will not allow much leisure for reading. Yet, while urging upon all the great importance of availing themselves of every opportunity for self-improvement and mental culture, they must

remember there can be no excuse pleaded for lack of earnestness. Everyone may carry the flame of a pure zeal for God's glory into the work; for this is not the product of great reading, or of deep research: it is the offspring of fervent piety, an humble spirit, and strong faith. Chrysostom says, "If you will rightly conceive of Peter's zeal in converting and confounding, you must imagine a man made of fire walking in the midst of stubble;" and the same Spirit that kindled the flame in his breast can kindle it in ours; the same live coal can be laid on our lips, and a measure of the same power attend our words.

The chief reason why so many grow weary in well-doing is because they allow their zeal to flag, their energy to abate; and, as soon as this takes place, they become comparatively useless; duties the most sacred are performed with indifference; the seed falls from a careless hand, is watered by no prayer, is watched by no attention, and very soon the field is forsaken altogether. "Let no man take thy crown." If you are engaged in the Great Master's cause, no matter how humble the position, it is one of trust, and you will find it quite enough to answer for. "Whatsoever thine hand findeth to do, do it with thy might." Watch carefully over your hearts, and resist strongly the first encroachments of that great enemy to all success, indifference. Pray earnestly for Divine help; pray that you may perform your duty faithfully in the sight of God, and towards your fellow-men; pray that you may carry into the pulpit heavenly wisdom, the Spirit's power, and apostolic zeal; that you may go to the Sabbath-school, to the class-room, the sick chamber, and the homes of the poor, as a bearer of glad tidings, thinking it may be your last errand for your Saviour, and the last invitation they may hear. O that all God's servants would ever keep before them the pattern of Him who "went about doing good," and remember the exhortation of Paul, that "it is good to be zealously affected always in a good thing!" Then, whether they are called to stand in the front ranks, or fill some important post in the rear of Christ's army, there would be power in all their sayings, earnestness in every effort; and they would then make it appear to the consciences of all that the top of their ambition was God's glory, and that they preferred the winning of souls to the winning of the world.

If the work is worth doing at all, it is worth doing well. We may not be called to the honourable position which some fill; but there is work for all to do, and it is better to be a good disciple than a bad teacher. We must reckon nothing mean, or beneath our notice, if in the faintest way Christ's glory may be promoted by it. Look around you. What a field of labour presents itself, even in your own neighbourhood! If you have the love of God in your hearts; if you have any care for the souls of those redeemed by Christ; if you would stand acquitted at the bar of God, go into the field, whether you have to drive the plough or sow the seed. Do it earnestly; throw all your soul into this grand work; for no prayers can be too fervent, no efforts too great, no sacrifice too costly, if but one poor, dark, despairing sinner be

brought to Christ; and if, amid your toils of love, you at times grow discouraged, and feel wearied, think on what James says by the Spirit to you: "Let him know, that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins."

P. N. A.

"I SUBMITTED TO BE MORE VILE."

JOHN WESLEY.

THE spirit in which Wesley returned from his visit to the Moravian Church in Germany was one of burning zeal for the glory of Christ and the salvation of souls. No sooner had he landed than he commenced that course which he prosecuted with unabated ardour until his eighty-eighth year. Here is his own artless account of his first week's work after his return. It was one Saturday *night* that he reached London; and on the next day, (Sunday,) he says, "I began again to declare in my own country the glad tidings of salvation, preaching three times, and afterwards expounding the Holy Scripture to a large company in the Minories. On Monday I rejoiced to meet with our little Society, which now consisted of thirty-two persons. The next day I went to the condemned felons in Newgate, and offered them free salvation. In the evening I went to a Society in Bear-yard, and preached repentance and remission of sins. The next evening I spoke the truth in love at a Society in Aldersgate-street. On Thursday I went to a Society in Gutter-lane; but I could not declare the mighty works of God there, as I did afterwards at the Savoy, in all simplicity. And the word did not return empty." On Friday he visited many in private, towards whom God gave him much love. On Saturday he preached at Newgate, and at Mr. E.'s Society; and, on the day following, once at St. Anne's, and twice at St. John's, Clerkenwell, but left with a "fear that they would bear him there no longer."

Nor was it at Clerkenwell only that those who were in authority would bear with him no longer; for the spirit which rejected him there, and ejected his brother Charles from his curacy at Islington, soon closed the metropolitan churches generally against these bold proclaimers of a free, full, and present salvation. Yet, perhaps, in some instances, it was not so much against the doctrine that exception was taken, as against the fervour and solemn earnestness with which it was delivered. It was altogether too personal, arousing, and exciting, to meet the taste of those who wished to slumber on in their sins, or were placing all their trust in their cold and lifeless formality.

Nor did it fare better with their friend Whitefield. Before he sailed for Georgia his popularity was very great, both in London and Bristol, the churches being crowded to excess whenever he preached; yet, on his return, those very churches were soon closed against him in both cities, and nothing remained for him but to seek some other mode of fulfilling his Gospel mission.

And it was just at this juncture that an event took place which had an important bearing on the future career of the brothers and Whitefield. A season was granted them of special spiritual preparation for that great work into which the Lord was about to thrust them out. As soon as John Wesley heard, at Oxford, of the arrival of Whitefield, he hastened up to London to welcome his return; and he feelingly speaks

of the sweet counsel which they took together. A few days after, on the evening of New-Year's Day, 1739, a lovefeast was held in Fetter-lane, at which the Wesleys and Whitefield, with about sixty of the brethren, were present. About three o'clock in the morning, *as they were continuing instant in prayer*, the power of God came mightily upon them, insomuch that many cried out for exceeding joy; and many fell to the ground. As soon as they had recovered a little from the awe and amazement which the presence of the Divine Majesty had inspired, they broke out with one voice, "We praise Thee, O God; we acknowledge Thee to be the Lord." The whole night was spent in prayer, thanksgiving, and sacred song. Well might Whitefield designate it "a Pentecostal season indeed;" and in this manner did the three evangelists begin together the *memorable year* which was afterward to be recognised as the epoch of Methodism.

On January 5th Whitefield records an occasion which foreshadowed the future. A Conference was held at Islington, with seven Ministers, "despised Methodists," concerning many things of importance. They continued in fasting and prayer until three o'clock, and then parted "*with a full conviction that God was about to do great things among us.*" Many were the adversaries of the Lord's servants; but He was about to open for them a great and effectual door of entrance for the Gospel into every part of the land.

WESLEY A FIELD PREACHER.

Whitefield, as is well known, was the first to take the field. At Kingswood and Bristol he had first entered upon the irregular course of going into the highways and hedges to seek and to save the lost. Cheered by success, and now fully convinced that this was their providential course, he sent for Mr. Wesley to come and help him. At first he could hardly reconcile himself to this strange way of preaching in the fields which his friend was pursuing, having been all his life (till very lately) so tenacious of every point relating to decency and order, that he would have thought the saving of souls almost a sin, if it had not been done in a church. The day after Wesley had, for the first time, heard Whitefield preach in the open air, he was expounding our Lord's Sermon on the Mount; and it occurred to him that this was a pretty remarkable specimen of field-preaching. *Monday, April 2d*, 1739, was another remarkable day in the beginning of Methodism, as it was on that day that Mr. Wesley, at four in the afternoon, "SUBMITTED TO BE MORE VILE," and "proclaimed in the highways the glad tidings of salvation, speaking from a little eminence in a ground adjoining to the city, [Bristol,] to about three thousand people." And his text proves how largely he had been baptized with the Spirit of the Gospel, when to those three thousand sinners he declared, "The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because He hath anointed me to preach the Gospel to the poor; He hath sent me to heal the broken-hearted," &c. On Sunday, April 8th, he had a glorious day of it. At seven, A.M., he preached to a thousand people in Bristol, and afterwards to about fifteen hundred, on the top of Hanham-Mount, in Kingswood, calling to them in the language of the evangelical prophet, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters," &c.; and in the afternoon, at Rose-Green, to about five thousand, among whom he stood and cried, in the name of the Lord, "If any man thirst, let him come unto Me, and drink," &c. On the next Sabbath day he explained the parable of the Pharisee and publican,

a o'clock in the morning, or seven thousand people in in the forenoon to three d, at Hanham-Mount. In ernoon he preached to a congregation at Newgate; ween five and six he went to een, and declared, to about usand people, "Christ, our righteousness, sanctifica- d redemption." Thus was led by the spiritual grace he had received, and the all which was now so clear, upon that apostolic course ir, the results of which have glory to God in the highest, earth, and good will toward Following the indications of Providence, he had delibe- aken his stand; nor could ount of obloquy, opposition, ution, turn him aside. Con- l bonds, which would have re- his usefulness, were snapped ; and he who had once it almost sinful even to save t of a church, now went forth aim Christ's Gospel in open or from mountain-tops, be- e Lord of all had given him hat the world was his parish, ; the terms of his commission Preach the Gospel to every ."

SIGNS FOLLOWING.

y effects followed Wesley's g of "a powerful doctrine sionate sincerity, fervid zeal, ement eloquence." In some s, those who heard were y affected to those who have stricken" during the recent in Ireland. Southey takes fence at what he calls "the and cries of these suffering, nthusiasts;" and, of course, s to account for all such af- on merely natural principles. lso angry with Wesley for pressing them with a strong hand; but comforts himself with the fancy that neither Wesley in old age, nor his followers since, have attached much importance to these strange affections. Wesley, as was usual with him, in reference to all such extraordinary events, records clearly the facts, sometimes modestly giving his own opinion about them, and in others leaving them entirely to the judgment of the reader.

The first instance of the kind occurred at Bristol. "I went to Baldwin-street, and expounded, as it came in course, the fourth chapter of the Acts. We then called upon God to confirm His word. Immediately one that stood by (to our no small surprise) cried out aloud, with the utmost vehemence, even as in the agonies of death. But we continued in prayer, till 'a new song was put into her mouth, a thanksgiving unto our God.' Soon after, two other persons were seized with strong pain, and constrained to 'roar for the disquietness of their heart.' But it was not long before they likewise burst forth into praise to God their Saviour." Again, "At Weavers' Hall, a young man was suddenly seized with a violent trembling all over, and in a few minutes, the sorrows of his heart being enlarged, sunk down to the ground. But we ceased not calling upon God, till He raised him up full of 'peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost.'" A few days after this, without any previous design, Mr. Wesley was led to declare strongly and explicitly that *God willeth all men to be saved;* and, if this were the truth, he called upon Him to bear witness to His word. "Immediately one, and another, and another, sunk to the earth. They dropped on every side as thunderstruck. One of them cried aloud. We besought God in her behalf, and He turned her heaviness into joy. A second being in the same agony, we called upon God for her also; and

He spoke peace unto her soul." His spirit grew mighty in the consciousness of the moral power he was now wielding by the word of God. On one occasion his soul was so enlarged, that he could have cried out in another sense than Archimedes, "Give me where to stand, and I will shake the earth." But the groans and shrieks of those poor sinners who fell under the word, as if thunderstruck, gave great offence to many. At a meeting in Gloucester-lane eight or nine fell down in succession. One of these was a young lady, whose mother was irritated at the scandal, as she called it, of her daughter's conduct; but the mother was the next who dropped down, and lost her senses in a moment; yet, recovering, went home with her daughter full of joy, as did most of those who had been in pain. These cases increased in number continually. Bold blasphemers were instantly seized with agony; and one great opponent of Wesley, being induced to read one of his sermons, was so affected while reading it, that he fell to the floor, and roared so mightily, that his neighbours ran into the house, and found him sweating, weeping, and screaming in anguish. He, however, recovered his self-possession, and arose rejoicing in God. The same effects, soon after, followed the preaching of Whitefield, though, on his first receiving the report of what had occurred at Bristol, he was strongly prejudiced against them, as also was Mr. Charles Wesley. All that Mr. Wesley asked, in reference to those things, is expressed in a single sentence in his Journal: "I trust we shall all suffer God to carry on His work in the way that pleaseth Him."

Similar things had occurred in New-England, under the ministry of Edwards; and in Scotland they have been frequent, as reported in Gillies' *Historical Collections*; and in America there have been seasons when they have largely prevailed. It may be a part of Christian duty to repress them, rather than encourage them, because the power of the work does not lie in them, but in the living agency of the Holy Ghost; yet, if He produces these effects as proofs of His great power, both to those who are affected, and also as a sign to others, reverent care must be taken not to grieve the Holy Spirit by speaking lightly of any part of His work. There is no question that many who are now sincerely praying for a great revival in England would find such a revival a sore trial to them, if like circumstances were to accompany it. They desire, indeed, that the multitudes of the people should be spiritually regenerated; but they would wish them all to pass through the new birth quietly and respectably. They are not prepared for any offence of the Cross; and ask, Why cannot we have the purely spiritual without this mingling of the physical with it, or the good simply, without this admixture of evil? But the bodily suffering may be the effect of the Spirit's agency, and that which is called "evil" may, after all, be a good and chosen mode of Divine operation. When will the church (to say nothing of the world) allow *God to carry on His work as it pleaseth Him?* Wesley did not rest his proof that these persons had been converted because they shed tears, fell into fits, or cried out aloud, but because a change had been wrought in them, whereby the lion became a lamb, the drunkard exemplarily sober, and the unchaste pure. These were his living arguments that God had given the remission of sins and the gift of the Holy Ghost to these once distressed, but now happy, people; therefore he declared that in this work he would rejoice, whoever might be offended at it.

And we would here remind those

Methodists who object to supplementing the public preaching of the word by prayer-meetings, that this mode is, after all, truly *Wesleyan*. There is no need, indeed, to wait until the after prayer-meeting for the tokens of God's power. His presence is with the godly preacher, and His Holy Spirit accompanies the word to the hearts of those who will receive it. The expectation, too, of the signs to follow, is in proportion to the degree of power accompanying the administration of the truth. When Mr. Wesley had finished expounding the glorious fourth chapter of Acts, he says, "We then called upon God to confirm His word;" and it was while so engaged that one and another cried aloud for mercy. Indeed, many were the instances in which, while the preacher was yet speaking, the Holy Ghost fell on those who heard, and the sermon was suddenly ended, that they might entreat the Lord's mercy for the sin-stricken souls; nor did they cease to plead until their sorrow was turned into joy. Those realize the greatest amount of power in the word who associate with their preaching and hearing the greatest amount of earnest prayer. And surely nothing can be more Christian than that a congregation, after hearing the Gospel, should unite in prayer for the Lord to confirm it before they part. Why have we so often to sorrow that the fruit of preaching is not more abundant? Does not the fault, in part at least, lie here, that more earnest prayer is not then and there offered for the Lord to confirm the word with signs following? Let us all pray that signs and wonders may be wrought in the name of the Holy Child Jesus; and that, having thus prayed, we may be all filled with the Holy Ghost.

Higher Broughton. D. H.

A STORY OF A MAN WHO COULD AFFORD TO KEEP A CONSCIENCE.

Is it not generally assumed that high-toned moral principle will not pay? Is it not said that, in the present condition of society, a resolute determination to act on principle would ruin a man? If we speak of conscience, are we not told that, now-a-days, men cannot afford to keep a conscience? Do we not find men declaring that he who would prosper must not be squeamish? that the main question for a man of business is, what will pay? Why should a man trouble himself about questions of right? Cannot he be content to do as others do? Is it not better to swim with the stream than to seek to stem the current? Is it likely that the individual can alter the general usage? If not, why should he stand out for what he calls right, and risk the utter ruin of his prospects? If he insist upon a severe morality in his transactions, he will certainly be left behind by the go-ahead men of the age, and find that conscience is a very expensive commodity. And as to religion, it is plainly a man's duty not to lose his business at the bidding of a squeamish conscience. If conscience can be kept, and gain secured, well; if not, let the former go, as a thing that will not pay.

But surely this is very foolish. Right must be the best. A man without good principle may, for awhile, prosper; but his triumph will be short; for the world does not prefer the man who cannot afford to keep a conscience. "Better is a little that a righteous man hath, than the riches of many wicked." It has often been seen that a man has risen in the world by steady adherence to principle, though he suffered for well-doing; while the unprincipled has sunk, in spite of all the efforts

made to keep him up. Crafty men have been made to feel that they were at fearful disadvantage when brought alongside of men who refused to trifle with conscience, or swerve a hair-breadth from what they considered to be the path of duty. Who does not honour the man that refuses to be bought? that will make sacrifices for conscience' sake? Yea, they that tempt him to an unmanly bending will think all the better of him for standing firm in the hour of trial.

To our story.

W—— is a small village in one of the Midland counties, in which Methodism early took root. It has a chapel and a school-room, and had visits from Mr. Wesley himself. The Society there boasts that it was begun by the venerable founder of Methodism, and looks upon itself as a sort of mother church. It is very likely that the introduction of Methodism there was not opposed, as there are no traditions of early persecutions; and for many years the little Society held on the even tenor of its way. But awhile ago, the nobleman to whom most of the village belonged took a violent dislike to Methodism, and resolved to pluck up, root out, and destroy the pestilent thing. He was High Church, and would have no vestige of nonconformity left near him, if he could help it. But there was no chance for him so long as there remained any small freeholds, for people would do as they pleased with their own property. So he sought to buy up the freeholds, that he might have the whole place in his hands. But he could not succeed. One of the members of the Methodist Society there had become possessed of some of this property, and resolved not to part with a yard of it, but to resist all encroachments upon the rights of his co-religionists. It was judged wise not to push the plan, but to try another scheme. If he could not induce the Methodists to sell their property, he could do as he liked about letting them occupy his; and he resolved to have no Methodist tenants. Nor was it long ere an opportunity arose for him to carry out this resolution. A small tradesman in the occupancy of one of his houses died, and the widow was obliged to employ a man to manage the business for her. He was a Methodist and had scarcely entered on his duties, when he received notice to quit the premises, for his Lordship would not have a Methodist tenant. No doubt this was considered a bold stroke; for if the Methodists could not live in the village, Methodism would die out. But the reckoning was without the host. The widow's manager told the case to the Methodist freeholder, and said the poor woman would be ruined if she were driven out of the village. "But," said the freeholder, "she shall not be driven out: if she may not live under his Lordship, I will build her a place. I will take care that her bread shall not be taken away because she is a Methodist." With a glad heart the manager went away, and told what the freeholder had said; nor was it long ere all the village, and the nobleman himself, knew of the design. And many a heart rejoiced that such petty tyranny was not to have its way; that there was one brave man in the village who dared to stand up against the great on behalf of the widow; and it was fully expected that the house would be set about forthwith. But such a defeat the nobleman resolved not to provoke; so he sent immediately to inform the widow that she might continue where she was, and would not be disturbed. Thus ended this matter. But the nobleman and the freeholder had been brought into conflict, and it remained to be seen which of them was to be the victor. Surely it was not difficult to crush a

radesman. The freeholder business, and had supplied ; he was, therefore, sent for, ed again if he would oblige ig his property. "No, my aid he; "I have neither need ntion to sell. I know that a to drive Methodism out of and I am resolved to prevent owe much to Methodism. It ie a wild, wicked youth, led God, has taken care of me, ie a religious home, taught ts of economy and industry, ill do what I can for it. I sell, and I will so dispose of erty that after my decease it be sold to injure Methodism." leman had no idea that any that place would have dared t thus in his presence, and eeding wroth. He was mor- yond measure that such a s able, and bold enough, to is project; but he saw that iseless to try and shake the er's purpose. He therefore said, "You refuse to gratify I decline to deal with you. rth, therefore, you will send to the Hall."

y good, my Lord," said the er; "though I am glad of ordship's custom, I do not upon it. I lived before I had may be able to live if you away. My purpose is un- "

ustom was withdrawn; but n vain; for if the nobleman oof, there were others ready to As he might have foreseen, that the nobleman persecuted lesman caused the people to und the latter. But a fact hich he could not have fore- The people whom he thought under his power, and who he fancied, do his bidding, and continued, to attend the ist chapel. He hated Me- ; but his cotters and tenant-farmers could neither be coaxed nor scolded from the little chapel. His hostility continued; but his best tenants and servants were Methodists, and he could not help himself. If he parted with a servant who knew nothing of Methodism, he was almost sure to engage a Methodist to fill up the place. Yea, even the Clergyman became friendly to the proscribed Methodists, and offered to aid them, but was forbidden.

So did the man prevail who could afford to keep a conscience; and not long ago the brave, godly man died, full of days and honours. He would not yield an inch where God, principle, and conscience were concerned; and God gave him an inheritance to bequeath to his children. He kept his place for God, and God kept him.

W. H. BAMBRIDGE.

CORNISH METHODIST WORTHIES.

No. II.

A POETIC FISHERMAN.

(*Concluded from page* 140.)

RICHARD TREWAVAS now found that time was of immense worth. He made the Bible his companion, and searched its pages with profit. He still indulged in what was at one time his favourite amusement, that of "turning his thoughts to rhyme." He, however, selected another class of subjects. He also longed for spiritual food, and when at sea would express himself thus:—

"O God of grace! O Sovereign Power!
Thy light and love impart;
Again diffuse a quick'ning shower,
And cheer my longing heart.

"Then I can gladly quit my clay,
To view my Saviour God;
And soar on angels' wings away,
To His divine abode."

The religious experience of this worthy was, in general, high, and deep, and broad. He himself says,

"Christ is all in all to me; He is my comfort and delight; my joy, my glory, and my crown. In my passage I experience but few eclipses. I may, now and then, behold a few thin clouds pass before my eyes; but they are so swift in their flight, that I quickly obtain a new observation of the Sun of righteousness, whose vivid beams dart more gloriously upon my soul. I generally glide very happily along the heavenly track, having my sails swelled with the precious gales of grace from the spicy hills of Zion, which yield a thousand sacred sweets. Sometimes I receive such heavy gusts from the celestial mountains, that my feeble, weather-beaten bark plunges into the Godhead's deepest sea, and is almost lost in the immensity of the ocean of Divine love. And although I have at times a few outward trials and disappointments in life, yet my inward peace is very great, having constant 'fellowship with the Father, and with His Son, Jesus Christ.' Yet I am but a babe in Christ, or, at best, a stripling in religion."

Among the last things that Richard Trewavas wrote we find the following cheering sentences: "It is precious faith which is the instrument in obtaining every Divine blessing; even of sanctifying, as well as justifying, grace." "I drank copiously from the healing streams of salvation; and my soul was replenished from the river of Jesus's love. What delicious fare His ordinances afford! How sweet are His entertainments! 'Lord, evermore give us this bread.' I cannot be long detained from Jesus. I feel I am ripening apace for His kingdom. I long to behold His glory without a dimming veil. Trials make the promises sweet, give new life to prayer, and lay us low at the feet of Christ. I know that it is pleasant for the young navigator, sometimes to have the sun opening to his view, in order to set all his dead reckoning right; but when the Christian anchor is firmly rooted in the Rock of Ages, and held fast by the cords of love, the vessel may roll, and be much shaken by the violence and fury of the wind; yet it shall be secure, and outride each boisterous storm, and finally enter into the port of bliss, and the harbour of eternal repose."

A short time before his death Mr. Trewavas felt that his soul was rapt into transport, and was ready to burst its bounds. He prayed, "O Lord, if it be pleasing to Thy Sovereign will, cut short the hours which keep me from Thy love, and grant me a free discharge; for I long 'to clap the glad wing, and tower away to mingle with the blaze of day.'" He exclaimed, "O that love of God which passeth all understanding! Eternal life! eternal life! Holiness to the Lord! holiness to the Lord! Harping! harping! Glory be to God for ever and ever!" Then, raising his dying hand, he cried out, as in triumph, "A Rock! a Rock! He is a Rock!" and fell asleep in Jesus Christ. Thus like a hero he continued faithful to his Master; and Jesus did not forsake him. He trusted Christ in every circumstance of his life, and urged his passage onward, and joyfully,—

> "With loving faith and calmly potent zeal,
> Perform'd and suffer'd the Redeemer's will;
> Steadfast in all the storms of life remain'd,
> And in the good old ship the haven gain'd."

That Richard Trewavas, jun., was indeed a worthy, a good, useful, and notable man, cannot be doubted. He was a genius, and one who, had he been better known,—and he deserved to be better known,—would have been regarded with a widespread respect, and have secured for

much renown. It was, r, under the influence of lism that he was led out. In- Iethodism directed his powers and made him, under God, e really was. In the year e wrote a letter that shows rable ingenuity. The friend om it was addressed had to him, and proposed some ns. He replied, "Your poeti- stion, delivered to me a few ince, afforded in perusal a rable degree of pleasure, and ly the greatest amusement. k that you make rapid im- ent in poetry, which for many gave me a peculiar delight. you will never arrive at any minence in the poetical de- nt, if you alter your present to steer to the southward, for annel and harbour of Matri-

Port Science lies to the ard, in Bachelors' Bay, where ay get constant employment the company of stationers and transport valuable car- nnually from that port to wn country; whereas, on the and, if you bear away for the Matrimony, you cannot fail g dismantled, and stripped of urels and evergreens, in pro- the staff of life. A great r of dangers, also, I might ut to you after passing into annel: suffice that I mention nly, namely, Hunger Haven, Coffer, and the dreadful or quicksand of Embarrass- These you may avoid by g to the northward for Ba- Bay, remembering to keep of sail, to stem the well- current that always sets the channel at the rate of miles an hour. The weather in all probability, be very nous in the latitude of Cape ; but, when you arrive at the one, this difficulty will be removed. But you may very possibly object to this northern navigation, because it is so seldom frequented by Europeans. Indeed, I cannot by any means promise the Bachelor coast to be altogether free from dangers. I recollect to have heard of the 'Trigeno,' a rich galleon, which was lost on Miser's Ledge, near Point Avarice, about half a cable's length from Cape Save-all. These dangers lie at the further end of Bachelors' Bay. Now if, after what has been said on both sides, you are inclined to run to the southward,—that is, into a warmer climate,—remember to consult the chart, which will direct you to keep on the starboard coast or continent of Frugality, and not to be carried to leeward by the current of Profession, on the rocky and dangerous shores of Scanty Coffer and Hunger Haven. A pilot, if possible, should be procured from the bay of Economy, belonging to the kingdom of Prudence, and educated in the school of Industry. Such a pilot as this any captain may venture to rely on as competent to the charge of his ship and cargo; and here I would beg leave to remark, by way of caution, to masters of ships or vessels, by all means to avoid engaging any of the pilots cruising off Point Grand or Cape Finery: those belonging to Port Fashion and Belle Island should also be rejected, being quite ignorant of the continent of Frugality, or the coast of Humility. To prevent deception,—for they all hail for the bay of Economy,—the shipmaster may know them by their uncapped heads, bare bosoms, jewels, and ornaments, instead of plain hats, handkerchiefs, and unringed ears," &c.

Towards the close of 1812 the friend to whom the letter of 1810 was addressed, in writing to the father of Mr. Trewavas, inquired "if the 'Richard' was yet going to sail for

the land of Canaan?" This led to a renewal of the correspondence between the two younger men. An extract from a letter that our worthy then wrote will show that a Divine influence had begun to direct his powers. He says, "How can it be possible that the commander of the 'Richard' should feel the least disinclination to the proposed voyage, when, on a close investigation into the historical, poetical, and prophetical charts, we find the staple commodities of that coast to be such as corn, wine, oil, milk, honey, &c., agreeable to the poet's description,—

'A land of corn, and wine, and oil,
Favour'd with God's peculiar smile,
With every blessing bless'd?'

The many transient and feeble attempts that the 'Richard' has made in undertaking this voyage prove the weakness and frailty of human nature; while the channel leading to the happy country seems much too narrow, and to require too much toil and watchfulness, both by day and by night. This is so irksome to flesh and blood, that I have often been glad to put my helm hard-aweather, in order to *wear ship* clear of so many dangers that seem to surround me. Besides, a contrary and destructive current ran so strong to leeward, that no ground was gained; and the fact is that, by observation and a view of the chart, I find myself no nearer Canaan now than I was three or four apprenticeships ago, though in company with many gallant and stately ships, painted fair, and much ornamented. In this predicament I have to request that, in your crowding along, you will keep a good look out for me, and not pass by on the other side; but bear down upon me, give me the end of a line, take me in tow, send your boat on board, and impart a few sailing directions to me, for I am a very forgetful person in these particulars. The good Pilot will not only commend you for being thus kind to other vessels, but will insert it in His journal, giving you credit for it against the day you make up your accounts; and if you only supply an indigent mariner sailing on these dead latitudes with a cup of cold water, you will not lose your reward. And, although our glasses may be dark and doubtful at present, yet, in a few days' correct run, the sky may begin to clear; then, by a sharp look-out from the mast-head, we may discern the happy country,—

'Where all the ship's company meet,
Who sail'd with the Saviour beneath.'

With this transporting view, we shall exclaim, 'O, wonderful country! incomparable kingdom! O blissful seat of everlasting happiness!'

'O, may we reach the heavenly shore,
Where winds and waves distress no more!'"

Richard Trewavas, jun., wrote several poems. Some of them were the production of his early years. Perhaps there is scarcely any of them of such a character as would lead a severe critic to pronounce their merit great; yet there is evidence that he possessed the poetic spirit. We are aware that the poetic spirit does not consist in jingling sentences together; nor in apostrophizing every flower or plant that may lie in the pathway. Poetry may exist without a bell to the end of every line: it is often found in the rambling dissertation, and in the philosophic treatise. Poetry is that part of man's nature which, influencing him in all his powers, delights in whatever is great, beautiful, and generous. It was termed by the ancients the *mens divinor*, "the diviner mind." Perhaps, after all that has been said, this is as good a definition as can be found. It is the finer spirit which God has

breathed over all His creation. It often dwells with poverty, calamity, and ruin, and employs these as its theme. Where the widow weeps, and the orphans droop in neglect, there poetry weeps with them. We believe, therefore, that Mr. Trewavas had the poetic spirit, and we do right in calling him the "Poetic Fisherman."

As one of the Cornish Methodist people, he stands scarcely inferior to any of them. It is the glory of Methodism that it leads men to holiness,—the full consecration of all that is possessed to God, and to His service; and that under its guidance men become the temples of God. The teachings of Methodism conduct men to, and fit men for, eternal life. All this took place in a high degree in relation to Richard Trewavas. It was under the influence of Methodism that he secured a character. The formation of character—a righteous, holy, godlike character—is the end of the Gospel. To become a perfect man, to attain to the stature of a man in Christ Jesus, to know and love, and, in knowing and loving, to become like God, is the height of Christian excellence. Not only freedom from blemishes and stains, but symmetry and beauty of character, are produced by true religion; for it transforms man, and conforms him to the image of God. It is only under the power of godliness that there can be exhibited "whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report." Where these are, there is the great man, the hero, the citizen of heaven, whose "life is hid with Christ in God." This was the character of Richard Trewavas, jun. He was one of the Cornish Wesleyan-Methodist worthies. He did his work on earth, and then, reposing on his Lord, he went to live in that country where—

"Day no more shall be succeeded
By the gloomy shades of night;
Sun and moon shall not be needed,
For the Lamb shall be their light.
In His brightness shall they yonder
Full of joy and rapture wander,
Gazing on the glory there,
Which they shall for ever share."

South-View. N. J.

HE GIVETH HIS BELOVED SLEEP.

IN MEMORY OF L. DE F.

He giveth His beloved sleep.
E'en so,
Sweet spirit! thou dost calmly sleep and rest
In Jesus. He hath call'd thee to His home;
Around thee are His arms of love; and on
His breast thou dost repose, O happy one!
Then shall we mourn that thou art gone; or grieve
That thou hast found an early grave; or bid
Thy ransom'd soul return to this dark vale
Of tears?
Nay, sister; it were wrong to wish
Thee here again, or call thee back from home,
Where Jesus wipes, with loving hand, the tear
From every eye. Thy path on earth was rough
And lone, beset with many thorns; but thou
Didst meekly kneel, and say, "Thy will, my God,
Be done!" And now the cross thou hast laid down,
To take the victor's palm; and on thy brow
A starry crown in dazzling splendour shines.
Array'd in robes of spotless white, made pure
In Jesu's blood, thou tun'st thy golden lyre,
And singest angels' songs of praise, unknown

To mortal ear. And in the paradise
Of God, that New Jerusalem, there is
No sun nor moon; the Holy Lamb Himself
Doth shine in never-ending day; the stream
Of everlasting bliss flows from the fount
Of love; and by its side the tree of life
Its healing branches spreads. Around thee hosts
Of ransom'd ones this rapturous chorus swell:
"O holy, holy, holy is the Lord
Our God; and Thou, O Lamb, art worthy to receive
All honour, praise, and thanks; for Thou wast slain
On earth for us." And with them at the throne
Of God in adoration thou dost bow,
And cast thy golden crown before His feet.
And thou hast seen those heavenly visions closed
To mortal eye, the unutterable things
Of God,—His holy majesty and throne.

No hunger dost thou know, nor thirst, nor pain,
Nor sin; for thou hast conquer'd death through Christ,
And now dost rest with God. And to the loved
Ones pass'd before thou art united now,
And ne'er shalt part again.
O blessed are
The holy dead who in the Lord have died!
They rest from all their labour here; their works
Do follow them.
Jesus, we murmur not,
That Thou hast taken hence, to be with Thee,
A friend so dear to us: we have a sure
And certain hope to meet her in Thy realms
Above, where parting is no more; and though
Our tears will fall, as fond remembrances
Arise of happy hours gone by, we look
To Thee for strength and help to say,
"Thy will
Be done, who givest Thy beloved sleep!"

A.

THE DAY OF JUDGMENT.

Hear, O ye dead, awake, arise,
The sounding clarion shakes the skies;
The awful Judge is near!
Angelic guards attend Him down,
And flaming round His fiery throne,
A thousand terrors glare.

Pale Guilt looks upward with amaze,
She trembles while the terrors blaze,
And Conscience tells her doom;
Struck with unutterable dread,
She hides again her frighted head,
And shrinks within the tomb.

The proud and mighty mourning lie,
Or to the rocks and mountains fly,
To shun the burning ray;
Bold hearts, that never felt a fear,
Now start at flaming vengeance near,
And melt like wax away.

In vain they fly; they wail in vain,
His thunders drive the wretched train
Where seas of sulphur roll:
In everlasting darkness there
Dwell Sorrow, Pain, and mad Despair,
And horrors rend the soul.

But ye, His happy saints, rejoice;
No terrors hath the Saviour's voice,
He looks no frowns for you;
He comes your spirits to convey
To regions of eternal day,
To joys for ever new.

"Bless'd of My Father, haste," He cries;
"In shining triumph mount the skies,
To nobler worlds above;
There ye shall share My blissful sight,
And taste the fulness of delight,
In My eternal love."

The Scripture Expositor.

No. CXXXV.

"*I will bring distress upon men, and they shall walk like blind men, because they have sinned against the Lord.... Neither their silver nor their gold shall be able to deliver them in the day of the Lord's wrath.*" (Zephaniah i. 17, 18.)

Put a man into a pang of any painful malady and bodily torture, as into a fit of the stone, strangury, deep melancholy,

gout, colic, or the like; let some incurable ulcer, cancer, elephantiasis, take hold upon any part of his body; and let him tell me then what account he would make of all the imperial crowns upon earth, attended with the height of human felicities? or what comfort could he take in the riches, glory, and pleasures of the whole world? or what ease and refreshing can large possessions, sumptuous buildings, pleasant walks, princely favours, dainty fare, choicest delights, or anything under the sun, afford in such a case? The very prick of a needle, or pain of a tooth, for the time, will take away the taste of all carnal contentments and pleasure of the world's monarchy. If the Lord should let loose the cord of thy conscience, and set His just wrath a-work to kindle flames of horror in thy heart, what help couldest thou have in heaps of gold, or hoards of wealth? They would be so far from healing the wound, or allaying the smart, that they would more horribly afflict thy already enraged spirit, and turn them even into fiery scorpions for thy further torment. Let thy last sickness seize on thee, and then say—for the hour of death, they say, is the hour of truth—whether all the gold and goods in the world can any more deliver thee from the arrest of that sergeant than can a handful of dust? Nay, whether then the extremity of thy spiritual affliction and anguish of soul will not be answerable to the former excess of thine inordinate affection for earthly things, and delights of sense?—*Bolton's Four Last Things*, pp. 39—41. *Edit.* 1639.

No. CXXXVI.

"*The wicked are like the troubled sea, when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace, saith my God, to the wicked.*" (Isaiah lvii. 20, 21.)

The mind of a wicked man is like the sea when it roars and rages through the striving of several contrary winds upon it. Furious lusts and wild passions within, as they war against heaven, and the more noble and Divine part of the soul, so they war against themselves, maintaining perpetual contests, and contending which shall be the greatest. Hence it is that the soul of a wicked man becomes a very uninhabitable and incommodious place to itself; full of disquietness and trouble, through the contests and commotions maintained within it. The minds of wicked men are like those disconsolate and desolate spirits our Saviour speaks of, Matt. xii. 43, which, being cast out of their habitation, wander up and down through dry and desert places, seeking rest, but finding none. The soul that finds not some solid and self-sufficient good to centre itself upon, is a boisterous and restless thing. Being without God, it wanders up and down the world, destitute, afflicted; tormented with vehement hunger and thirst after some satisfying good; and as anyone shall bring it tidings, "Lo here, or lo there," is good, it presently goes out towards it, and hastens after it. The sense of an inward indigency doth stimulate it to seek its contentment without itself; so it wanders up and down, from one creature to another, and thus becomes distracted by a multiplicity of objects. And while it cannot find some one and only object upon which, as being perfectly adequate to its capacities, it may wholly bestow itself; while it is tossed with restless and vehement motions of desire and love through a world of painted beauties, false glozing excellencies, courting all, but matching nowhere. Whereas, in all good men, virtue and happiness is one form and soul to them all; it unites them together; and there is the one simple and uniform good that guides and governs them all. They are not as a ship, tossed in the tempestuous ocean, without any compass to steer by; but direct their course by the certain guidance of the One Last End, as the true Polestar of all their motion. Behold, then, the vast difference between the way of sin and the way of holiness. Inward distractions and disturbances, "tribulation and anguish, upon every soul that doeth evil; but to every man that worketh good, glory, honour, and peace;" inward composedness and tranquillity of spirit; pure and Divine joys, far excelling all sensual pleasures: in a word, true contentment of spirit, and full satisfaction in God, whom the pious

soul loves above all things, and longs still for a nearer enjoyment of Him. The life of holy men is a life not touched by these vanishing delights of time, but a flight of the soul to God alone.—*Smith's Select Discourses*, pp. 421—423. *Edit.* 1659.

No. CXXXVII.

"*Christ Jesus: whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in His blood, to declare His righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God; to declare, I say, at this time His righteousness: that He might be just, and the justifier of him which believeth in Jesus.*" (Rom. iii. 24—26.)

A propitiation: the title of the mercy-seat, partly in regard it covered the tables of the law, which were broken by us, to signify that by Him pardon is procured for us; and principally because God was rendered propitious by the sprinkling of the sacrifice on it, and exhibited Himself there as on a throne of grace, favourable to His people. For this reason He gives the name of the figure to Christ; for He alone answers the charge of the law, and interposes between justice and our guilt, and by His own blood hath reconciled God to us. Now the design of God in this appointment was "to declare His righteousness;" that is, that glorious attribute which inclines Him to punish sinners. For in the legal propitiations, although the guilt of men was publicly declared in the death of the sacrifices, yet the justice of God did not fully appear, since He accepted the life of the beast in compensation for the life of a man; but, in the death of Christ, He hath given the most clear demonstration of His justice, a sufficient example of His hatred to sin, condemning and punishing it in the person of His beloved Son, that the whole world may acknowledge it was not from any inadvertency, but merely by the dispensation of His wisdom and goodness, that He forbore so long. And by the death of Christ He hath declared the glorious mystery, which no created understanding could ever have conceived, that He is *inflexibly* just, and will not suffer sin to pass unpunished; and that He justifies those who are guilty in themselves, if by a purifying faith they receive Christ for pardon.—*Bates's Harmony of the Divine Attributes*, pp. 237, 238. *Edit.* 1675.

"LOVE THE SAVIOUR;" OR, THE WAYSIDE SEED.

Late in a short winter's day, duty called me to leave the study, and go forth into the country to sow the precious seed. The train would leave me within a few perches of my appointment for that evening; so I readily accepted of its kindly services, and off I started for the station. I had previously learned that trains wait for no man, not even for a youthful Levite, so I was at the station in good time. Many minutes were spent in pacing up and down the well-trodden platform. The railway officials were on the alert; one passenger after another arrived, and was waiting for the train; solitude attracted me to the extremity of the walk, and there held me. My eyes were soon fatigued in searching in the distant horizon for the streaming smoke, so for ease they began to rove; but soon were they arrested in their wanderings, when they were directed to some wooden paling, once painted white, which stood before me. Here were pencilled these words, so few, so simple, yet so forcible: "Love the Saviour."

Many were the thoughts which chased each other through my mind as thus I stood and read. I thought of her who wrote them there; for it was evidently the writing of a youthful maiden. Probably she had not been long initiated into the mysteries of union with Jesus. The raptures of that state had just been felt; its wonders were but unfolding gradually to her widening vision; its beauty, glory, and felicity were entwining themselves around her soul; and thus drawing and binding her closer to Him whom she had lately for the first time seen and known; when, constrained by the love of Jesus,—ever so unselfish and benevolent in its character,—she desires to direct others to the only door which leads to the blissful land of Beulah, and to place in the hand of each

the key which unlocks that secret and therefore she writes where eyes may see it, "*Love the r.*"

e she had joined with the "many" ir cry, "Who will show us any " but still remaining restless, un- d, unhappy, till she became an tant of that country, she pities the s search of others, who look for ess apart from Christ; and she these words upon that paling that ay serve as a beacon, in the midst darkness and tempests of this to show the endangered mariner fest way across the stormy sea: *the Saviour.*"

n she had felt the bitterness of lience to the commands of God, w love, the fulfilling of the law, he sweeter through contrast; and ace, the natural result of love, is sily yielded, by doing in this e what the Lord commanded the n of Israel to do after He had nown unto them His will. "Thou ve the Lord thy God with all thine ind with all thy soul, and with might. And these words, which mand thee this day, shall be in eart. . . . . And *thou shalt talk of hen thou walkest by the way. . . . . ou shalt bind them* for a sign upon and, and *they shall be as frontlets thine eyes.* And thou shalt write pon *the posts of thy house, and on s.*"

re is that dear child-Christian ho, in the simplicity of her heart, rn in the emotions of her first ribbled this admonitory counsel? not.

s have likely passed since she d that paling; but the marks of ing been there are still visible. be her hands are now actively ed with the affairs of this busy and she is forgetful of ever having n that spot; or perhaps hers has s lot of those tender lambs whom rders to bring early in the day homestead, lest the heat of noon hurt, or the chill of evening

It may be that her voice is l with the many voices of heaven ng the song of Moses and of the Lamb, whose strains, as they fell upon the ears of the enraptured John, seemed like "the sound of many waters." Those gentle hands may have dropped the pencil, and now wave the palm. Be it so. Wherever thou mayest be, thou hast not trod the beach against which flow the waves of eternity's ocean without leaving footprints:—

> "Footprints that perhaps another,
> Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
> A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
> Seeing, may take heart again."

As I gazed, and read and thought, that short but brimming sentence entered into my heart; and, like a sunbeam which strikes through the window, it not only served to expose the floating dust, but also to warm, enlighten, and cheer.

That day was gloomy and disheartening. Heavy, dark clouds were overhead; the air was moist and cold; the range of vision was contracted; in a word, everything bore testimony to winter's reign. But these words reminded me how, amid the keenest blast, the darkest day, the most appalling scenes, "though the earth be removed, and the mountains be carried into the midst of the sea; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled; though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof;" man may enjoy constant "summer in the soul" by hearkening to this simple counsel of a child, "*Love the Saviour.*"

I was to be that day a traveller; and though the journey would be but short, I should meet with persons I might never see again till the general meeting summoned by the archangel's trumpet. What shall I do? Shall I join in their worldly talk, or be singular for Christ? Shall I breast the rushing stream, or be carried on its bosom? Principle was tested; but Christian fidelity appeared the proper path, as pointed out by these words, "*Love the Saviour.*"

As a human being redeemed by Christ, and offered by Him a full and free salvation, as one to whom constant mercy had been shown, this inscription appealed powerfully to my heart; and it told me that, as the evidence of gratitude to my great Deliverer and Benefactor I should "*love the Saviour.*"

But *as a labourer for Christ;* as one just going to endeavour to declare His love to sinful men, to tell them how He died, lives, and saves, I was taught this lesson, that we "cannot serve God and Mammon;" and if a man is to serve God successfully in His vineyard, he must serve Him also by giving God his heart. In other words, he who would preach the Gospel must "*love the Saviour.*"

Reader, permit me to enforce this important command upon you. It has many claims upon your obedience. Say that he should have no place in your memory, who would plunge headlong into the surging tide to save you from the power of the waves; say that the benefactor who, upon finding you a homeless orphan, without a friend to care for you, or food to sustain your life, should offer you a father's home, and a parent's heart, would have no claim upon your gratitude; say that the mother who bare you, who nurtured, cherished, loved you, while yet you could not even ask her to supply your wants, deserves not the affection of her child; but dare not to say that you should not, need not, "love the Saviour." The claims of Christ are such that whosoever falleth upon Him shall be broken; but on whomsoever He shall fall, He will grind them to powder. St. Paul knew it, and felt it. Therefore he declares, "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maranatha." If you have hitherto neglected and despised His claims upon your affection, continue not to do so. The love of Jesus hallows all the duties and relationships of life. Without it you are like the vessel without ballast, a prey to the fury of the waves, and destined to utter destruction. From the midst of these tumultuous waters, let your cry enter the ear of the Lord God of Sabaoth; and soon your experience shall be, "I love the Lord, because He hath heard my voice and my supplication." And after having tasted it through life, tested its sweetness and known its value, your latest breath will not be thought too precious to be used in renewing your oft-repeated vow:—

"Thee will I love, my joy, my crown,
Thee will I love, my Lord, my God;
Thee will I love, beneath Thy frown,
Or smile,—Thy sceptre, or Thy rod:
What though my flesh and heart decay,
Thee shall I love in endless day!"

Armagh. G. G. B.

"THE HOUSE OF SIMON THE LEPER."

II.—Mary's Memorial.

Martha's hands render most diligent service, and their offering is accepted. The hands of Mary serve in bearing a costly gift, and their service is accepted. Each offers her best.

It is permitted to some to do both the giving and the working; and of such favoured ones the double sacrifice will be required. But, as a rule, for all the Lord's disciples, sometimes one way, and sometimes the other, is open to them. Now they are strong to become yokefellows with toiling Martha; and now they can but stand at the Blessed Feet, offering and worshipping.

How shall I fix my slippery, deceitful heart to the learning of this lesson? When the way of giving is wide open, what a false diligence it is that goes seeking about, mourning that it cannot find an opportunity of being useful! When there is earnest, burden-bearing work set out for me to do, it is but a mock devotion that would buy off my lazy hands at the unfelt expense of my pocket.

What a power to do great things was hidden in the still depths of Mary's love! Those quiet natures—outwardly quiet—which so rarely reveal their thoughts and feelings, do store and husband their powers with a restraint which is often painful; until at last, from the long deepening, strengthening roots of thought and purpose, a growth breaks through, bearing those most original acts which leave their ineffaceable record on the memory of the world.

Mary's love to Jesus has become both her life's joy and her life's burden; and since the raising of her brother from the grave, the burden has grown too heavy to be borne without some acknowledgment. Artlessly, and with no studied effect, as naturally as the vine bears no

t grapes, Mary's thank-offering is
actly, most beautifully, in har-
rith her own character.
fast her heart was beating as,
ng thought and preparation, she
all at once out of her wonted
nd bowed reverently over the feet
s as He lay! Then a mystery of
s fragrance, like the breathing of
lowers, spread itself through all
e; and its own sweetness told of
deed of praise. She had brought
r a vase of alabaster, filled with
ch had been made to drink the
ss of many a spray of the
us nard, until it became all laden
e wealth of gathered perfume.
e soft, pearly alabaster had been
t with such curious art that, once
sel was closed, it kept fast the
odour, which might not escape
its beautiful prison were broken.
nder fingers that held so trem-
were strong enough to break the
and within their pressure the
shell is crushed, and on the holy
nd feet as well, of Jesus her
Mary pours the rich drops.*
haking down the glory of her
e reverently wipes His feet there-
or nothing less entirely her own
consent to use in such a holy

l the house was filled with the
f the ointment." Perfect type of
g service rendered to Jesus! The
t savour of it spreads very far,
many to watch whence it has
o leading them to see Jesus.
e heart of this tender woman of
y there dwelt a spirit as royal as
f David, when he put back
h's kingly offer with the kingly
"Nay, but I will surely buy it
at a price: neither will I offer
fferings unto the Lord my God
which doth cost me nothing."
gift was "very costly;" the
d wealth of long saving, hoarded
to be lavished, kept that it might be given. Her love had taught her the most jealous thrift, begrudging any expense that would make her purposed gift less rich. That love could not stay short of its utmost; and, at its furthest reach, grieved that it could do no more.

Mary's soul could not have breathed in the murky flats where those mean spirits crawl, who ever study how they can square together religious decency and little cost; who stand chaffering with the blessed Lord, to cut down the service of Him as cheaply as may be; who cover their shabby greed with cast-off rags of prudence, and wait right in front of the Cross, fumbling in their pockets, and asking, "What can I afford to do?" which, being interpreted into truth, means, "What can I give without feeling it?" These can never understand Mary's sacrifice. They never knew "the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, that, though He was rich, yet for their sakes He became poor, that they through His poverty might be rich."

Yet Mary had nothing akin with the vulgar boasting which knows no higher praise than, "See how good it is, for it cost so much." She will both save and spend her gold thriftily, that Jesus may have not only the costliest, but the choicest and fittest gift. The oil of anointing shall bear the rarest and richest odour, and the vessel that holds it shall itself be precious and beautiful. Love like hers could be swayed by no other motive than, "What He has must be the best." Then the offering must be entire: the gift must be all given. That three-pronged flesh-hook was an invention worthy of Eli's wicked sons. Would that its use had died with them! How many offerings seem to be offered only to be robbed, or altogether withdrawn. When one would have a greater indulgence than usual, it helps conscience marvellously if one or two pious reasons can be got to stand at the door while desire enters in. Will not this be a rare chance of treating myself to the luxury of delicious spike-nard? I can consecrate it all, and drop a driblet or two on the head of Jesus; and the rest—— Why, verily, godliness is exceeding profitable!

See this devoted man. He often tells

---

e is no warrant whatever for the sup-
—and it is nothing more,—that this
only meant *unsealing*. The word used
ark is far too strong to admit of so
sidering. See, for the meaning of the
m, Rev. ii. 27: "As the vessels of a
all they be *broken to shivers*."

the Lord that all he has is given to Him; yet the Lord gets very little of the gift. See yet another. He makes the outer vessel of his worship so beautiful and so perfect, that it keeps always shut up that fragrant heart-service which would be the most acceptable to the Lord.

In Mary's hands the very flask is so given that it can never be reclaimed for any unworthier use; so broken, that not a drop of the rich offering may be withheld.

Now hearken to the great altar-lesson borne on the sobbing music of David's penitence:—

> "The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit:
> A broken and a contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise."

Ah! this takes us to the innermost shrine of all worship. Shall we enter? Wherewithal shall we come and appear before God? If a pure and worthy heart were demanded, then must I turn away hopeless and unblessed. But Thou, most gracious Lord, requirest me to bring not a deserving, but a broken, heart. Yet, from so vile a vessel, can any sweetness come? Here, then, I see Thy great mercy. As long as my heart is whole, and stout in its self-trust, all its contained evil is foul and abominable to Thee. But let my heart break, and Thou takest my grief for sweetness, and dost accept my offering of repentance for sin, while I trust in Thine own most precious atonement for sin.

Dear brothers and sisters all, you and I have had to learn the teaching of the broken flask in lesser things, and since our first sacrifice of the contrite heart. Was it so that we were getting to begrudge Jesus the possession of that one fragrant hoard, because our love was growing so strong for the beautiful vessel which held it? He saw we should hurt ourselves by robbing Him, and neglect His worship by making an idol of the alabaster vase. Then, in His steadfast love, He ordered it that a strong, cold, ruthless hand slipped within our fostering fingers, and the lovely vessel was all death-broken. And the rare sweetness it held, what became of it? Was it all wasted, wafted away, and lost? Thanks be to His grace, helping us to say, "Thy will be done," so turning our sorrow into service, our loss into a hallowed offering.

Devout love, musing upon its treasures thus laid up in heaven, finds their memories, like the fragments of Mary's vase, ever sweetest because of their consecration to Jesus.

Hull. G. S. R.

GOD KNOWS ALL.

"He knoweth the secrets of the heart." (Psalm xliv. 21.)

The soul of man is an invisible world. Closing our eyes to outward things, and turning the full force of our thoughts within, we find ourselves introduced into another world. A country close beneath our eye, yet strange and unexplored. An inner kingdom, ruled by the monarch, Will, whose subjects are thoughts, feelings, energies, purposes. A kingdom where laws are in force, and where is set up a tribunal of judgment; a kingdom where sometimes peace reigns, and again war rages; where battles are fought, and revolutions take place, more important *there* than the rise or fall of monarchs, or the destinies of earth's grandest empires. All this within one man's breast! Yet the strifes, and upheavings, and changes are invisible and noiseless, and all unknown save to the man himself. The eye that scans my face cannot read my soul; nor can those with whom I am united in closest fellowship discover the secret of this inner life. Could its deep mystery be exposed, it were a mystery still. Its history and laws are written in characters which I only can read: the whole an enigma of which I alone have the key. This is true of men; but God knows all. To His eye "all things are naked and opened." There are no secrets to Him. What to man is darkness impenetrable, to Him is transparency. His eyes read the book of the inner life. "He knoweth the secrets of the heart." A truth, this, terrible or joyous according to the soul's condition. To a foul, sin-loving heart, the thought is full of woe; to a sincere spirit it is "very full of comfort." *God knows all:* there is the fact at which the unholy tremble, and the righteous rejoice.

God knows the heart's secret *sorrows*. Such, more or less, have all men, arising, perhaps, from outward things, but seated in the soul. The lines sorrow marks on the face often evidence deeper furrows in the heart. Dark, bitter, soul-crushing sorrows, all the more woeful because not to be revealed. Sorrows that break the heart, and keep it long breaking. Sorrows that cannot, must not, be told; but which the heart must number among its secrets, and bury in its deepest chambers. Yet God knows all. There is one Eye to which nothing is hid; one Ear which hears the sighing and groaning within; yea, one Heart of deep compassion that is moved in pity. That Eye, that Ear, that Heart, are God's. "He knoweth the secrets of the heart."

And within the soul there is yet a world of unspeakable *desire;* desire of which others know only by the feeble echo of speech; desires implanted by God Himself, and which will be satisfied with nothing but the blessings they long for. The soul's peculiar wants shape themselves in wishes that are inexpressible. The body is too vast for the garment of language. "Groanings that cannot be uttered." Hunger as great as the soul's own capacity; thirst to be quenched only by God Himself. To know the hidden desire, men listen to the uttered prayer. If they only knew what was within! But God knows all. This intense longing for His love, His presence, His holiness; this constant, burning, quenchless, yet secret, thirst for Himself; He understands it all; for "He knoweth the secrets of the heart."

Nor are the soul's motives and purposes hid from Him. Deeds are but the offspring of purpose,—streams flowing from a hidden fountain. Men's eyes are in the work: they weigh its worth, and judge the motive that prompted it. Judging "after the appearance," they often hastily and wrongfully condemn. The purpose may have arisen on the calm surface of the soul "little as a man's hand;" but as it grew, and showed itself in actions at which men gazed, and then condemned, how it changed! What changes in the passage from the thought to the deed; from the soul's depths to the life! And men saw it with other eyes. They saw the stream discoloured by the soil over which it had passed, and they said the spring must be foul. Yet not unknown to God was the first feeble action of the motive. This no eye but His could have seen; but "He knoweth the secrets of the heart."

And knows He not the soul's sore *temptations?* Satan entered Eden; and more easily now, alas! he gains admittance into the heart. And there he uplifts the standard of revolt against the soul's true Monarch. His forces overrun the land, and the harassed spirit is agitated by wars and tumults. Sometimes the tempter's whole force is directed against one weak point, and, like a tree in a tempest, the soul's principle is strained till it bends low to the force of the storm; at others, coming in "like a flood," he threatens to overwhelm all. Sudden assaults are tried, and seductive fascinations. All this within! And the outer life passes on as before, and men look in our face, and speak with us, and count us happy! Nor dare we tell of the fierce strife within. Injected thoughts at which we dare not look a second time, and temptations of unspeakable bitterness, afflict us; yet must the soul endure, and resist, with none to know the pain, or share the struggle. Yet doth not God know? Witnesseth He not the conflict, the weakness, and the heart-tremblings? Hears He not the cry, knows He not the strength of the foe? Looketh He down with unconcern upon the scene of strife? Nay, for He knoweth all. "Satan hath desired to have thee; but I have prayed for thee." Doth not Christ still pray? It is enough. "He knoweth the secrets of the heart." My cries are not unheard, nor are my inward conflicts unbeheld. I am no longer alone. In the burning fiery furnace there is One at my side. Passing through the waters of sorrow, a voice behind me speaks, "I am with thee." And amid the confusion and toil of this daily conflict, while the foe rages, and hosts oppose, there is a Protector nigh, whose arm defends, and whose voice of comfort declares, "Him that overcometh will I grant to sit with Me on My throne." He knoweth all,—

the weakness, the struggle, the purpose.
Let man judge, approve, or condemn;
"*He* knoweth the way that I take.
When He hath tried me, then shall I come forth as gold."
Hay.

I. E. P.

Our Country.

THE MINES AND MINERAL RESOURCES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

PART II.

IRON.

THE discovery of iron ore, and the manufacture of iron into various useful and ornamental articles, carries us back to a very remote period of our history. During the time of the Roman occupation of this island, iron, to a considerable extent, was obtained by the foreign conquerors, from both the north and the west. Masses of iron *scoriæ* may still be seen in the counties of Northumberland and Durham, which are supposed to be remains belonging to this distant era; and iron knives, lance-heads, and rings of the same period have been occasionally dug up. The Forest of Dean seems to have furnished the Romans with a large supply of iron; and they established, in the city of Bath, a college of armorers for the manufacture of military weapons. The ore which was obtained would be most likely only that which lay near the surface, and could be reached without any very difficult mining operations.

From ancient records we learn that the Anglo-Saxons of the west directed their attention to this branch of industry, and in the year 979 six forges were in work at Gloucester. In Domesday-Book there is also an entry of bars of iron, paid as tribute to William the Conqueror.

From the thirteenth to the seventeenth century iron was procured chiefly from the counties of Kent, Surrey, and Sussex. These fertile districts, which are now so beautiful in their quiet, rural landscapes, and so rich in the produce of the orchard, the field, and the hop-garden, then presented a very different aspect, in the smoke and roar of numerous furnaces, and the din of busy hammers. The iron-work of the monument of Henry III., in Westminster Abbey, was made at Lewes, in Sussex; and the iron balustrades and gates around St. Paul's Cathedral, weighing upwards of two hundred tons, were cast at Lamberhurst. These furnaces were fed with wood-charcoal, and a very reasonable alarm was excited in consequence of the enormous quantity of valuable timber which they consumed. This was the case not only in the south-eastern counties, but also in some parts of the north. The author of a tract, written in 1629, complains of a wholesale destruction of timber, both for smelting purposes, and to obtain bark for the tanners. He says: "There is one whose dwelling-place is within twenty miles of the city of Durham, who has brought to the ground (to omit all underwood) above thirty thousand oaks in his lifetime; and (if he live long enough) it is doubted that he will leave so much timber in the whole county as will repair one of our churches if it should fall, his iron and lead works do so fast consume the same."

Several years before this time, and during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, no less than four Acts of Parliament were passed to limit the use of timber in the smelting of iron. As it was in the noble forests of the south-eastern counties that the greatest inroads had been made, one of these Acts prohibited the erection of any new iron-works in Kent, Surrey, and Sussex.

This restrictive legislation soon began to act unfavourably on the iron trade, both raising the price and limiting the production of the metal; and early in the seventeenth century attempts were made to substitute coal for wood in smelting operations. The apparatus then employed for fusing the ore was, however, found to be altogether unsuitable to the use of mineral fuel; and it was not until after the patient repetition of various unsuccessful experiments, during about a hundred years, that coal was at length

made available for the smelting process. The Darbys, of Staffordshire, first accomplished the task of applying coal successfully as the fuel of the blast furnace. This was in the reign of Queen Anne; and in the year 1713 iron was also made from coal at the long-celebrated works of Coalbrook-Dale, in Shropshire.

Owing to the restricted consumption of wood by Act of Parliament, the production of iron had greatly declined, and we were largely dependent for our supply upon foreign countries. The discoveries by Watt and Bolton of the enlarged capabilities of the steam-engine, and the employment of this powerful agent to drive the blowing apparatus of the newly-introduced blast furnaces, formed a new era in our iron manufacture. Still, for several years, the supply was unequal to the demand. In the reign of George I. we received from Sweden and Spain an average importation of some fifteen thousand tons; and in one year, in the reign of George III., Russia alone sent us thirty-four thousand tons. But the successful use of coal and the steam-engine in the operations of the blast furnace gradually turned the scale, and by the year 1688 the manufacture of pig-iron had risen from seventeen thousand eight hundred tons, in 1740, to sixty-three thousand tons. Our annual production of iron now exceeds that of France, Belgium, Sweden, Russia, and Prussia.

The distribution of our iron ores has a very wide range, extending over a broader area than the coal-fields, and varying considerably both in amount and quality of deposit, the seams of ironstone occurring from a few inches to several feet in thickness.

South Wales, Staffordshire, and Yorkshire contain our most productive ores. The shales of the coal-measures in those districts abound so largely in bands and nodules of ironstone, that they not only find employment for large blast furnaces on the spot, but also furnish ore for immense smelting works in the north of England.

The carboniferous fields of Northumberland and Durham, although so rich in coal of superior quality, are singularly deficient in iron ores. The layers of ironstone are generally both thin and poor; and while, at various times, considerable quantities of iron have been obtained, the mines have soon either become exhausted, or have been abandoned as unremunerative in their yield. A recent authority has stated that, "in a general sense, ironstone of the coal formation of the north of England forms no element, at the present day, in the consumption of the blast furnaces of that district."

The best ironstone deposit of the extreme northern district was met with on the western edge of the coal-field at Shotley-Bridge; but the yield of metal did not exceed, even there, twenty-six per cent., and the available resources proved quite inadequate to the demand of the furnaces which had been erected in the neighbourhood.

Particular interest is attached to the history of the iron manufactures of Northumberland, from the circumstance that, about three hundred years ago, some German settlers, refugees from persecution, came to the neighbourhood of Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and employed themselves as iron and steel implement-makers. In the wall of an old house at Shotley-Bridge there may still be seen a stone, with an inscription characteristic of these old Lutheran colonists. It has been thus translated: "The blessing of the Lord maketh rich without care, so long as you are industrious in your vocation, and do what is ordered you." This witness, without doubt, is true!

The eastern coast of Yorkshire has valuable deposits of ironstone, which have been of late years a prolific source of supply to the numerous furnaces of Northumberland and Durham.

One wonders that the resources of this region were not sooner discovered; for considerable quantities of ore, disengaged from the shale in which it is found, and scattered along the sea-beach, might have suggested the proximity of those rich beds which thus plainly invited the attention and enterprise of the miner. The ironstone of the coast-line was first worked at the beginning of the present century; but it was not until the year 1836 that the principal deposit was discovered, about five miles from Whitby

Various mines have been opened in this extensive bed, and ironstone to the amount of eighty thousand tons annually has been obtained.

Many different kinds of iron ore are found throughout the country; but the metal is chiefly extracted from a species called *argillaceous*, or "clay ironstone." It has a grey or brownish appearance, and looks like an ordinary stone, except that it is much heavier. There is nothing in it that would indicate to a common observer the presence of iron. It is met with in the coal formations in horizontal bands, separated from each other by layers of clay and coal.

One of the principal advantages in our iron manufacture arises from the proximity of the ironstone and coal deposits. We have seen how limited must be the supply of iron if the furnaces are made permanently dependent on wood fuel; and this will be yet more evident when we mention that upwards of five tons of coal are consumed in the production of one ton of iron.

The iron mines of some countries are greatly diminished in value, either owing to the entire absence of coal, or in consequence of the coal-measures and the iron ores lying in different and remote districts. This is the case in Russia, for instance, where hundreds of miles separate the ironstone from the fossil fuel so necessary to fuse it.

The primitive mode of extracting the metal from the ore was by smelting it in small quantities with rude bellows, or placing it in a situation exposed to a sharp current of air. In this manner what is called a "bloom" of iron was obtained.

In the paper on the Manufacture of Iron, read at the last meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, the following interesting fact is mentioned: "This simple mode of smelting—viz., the 'bloomery'—is the one which appears to have been universally adopted in the first instance for obtaining iron. Captain Grant, who has recently returned from his expedition to the source of the Nile, found the inhabitants of the Land of the Moon gathering small nodules of ironstone from the sides of the hills, and smelting them on the bare ground in a charcoal fire. The blast was produced by two or four persons working each a small bellows formed of wood and goat-skins. At the end of the wooden bellows-pipe was a short tube, or *tuyere*, of baked earthenware, which conveyed the compressed air to the fire. The bloom resulting from the operation was beaten into a thin bar, and then drawn out into wire, which was chiefly used for ornamental purposes." A wondrous advance upon this is the English blast furnace of the present century, which, in some instances, has been large enough to contain no less than one hundred and fifty tons of mineral, consisting of ironstone, limestone, and coal, and which has been known to run off five hundred tons of ore in one week, leaving, under favourable circumstances, a yield of two hundred tons of metal.

The first process in the manufacture of iron is called "roasting." The ore is broken into small fragments, and placed in large heaps with alternate layers of coal; the coal is then set on fire, and the combustion of the burning mass continues from four to six days, according to its size. The burnt ore, which is thus freed from various impurities, is next thrown into the furnace, with certain proportions of coal and limestone; powerful steam-engines supply blasts of air; and the intense heat gradually reduces the hard mass to a state of fusion. The iron sinks to the bottom, and is drawn off through a hole, from which it runs into moulds of various shapes. In this state it is called pig or cast iron. In order to give the metal greater tenacity, and adapt it to general use, it is converted into malleable iron. This is accomplished by further melting, and also rolling, in large forges; it can then be hammered and drawn into the numberless forms in which we see it employed.

The wealth with which our iron mines have enriched this country is beyond all calculation. Gold and silver ores confer small advantages in comparison with those supplied by beds of iron and coal on such an extensive scale as Great Britain possesses. The uses to which iron can be applied are almost endless, from the most delicate instruments in a watch to the ponderous beam and fly-

wheel of the stately steam-engine, and the massive iron plates which clothe our modern war-vessels. There is not a dwelling, from the palace to the cottage, nor a branch of our widespread manufacturing industry, which is not constantly dependent for comfort or luxury, or essential use, on this invaluable metal. In the sword, the bayonet, and the rifled cannon, we see how iron can be turned into a terrific instrument of desolation and death; but in the plough which cultivates our fields, and the telegraph which sends our messages, and the engine which drives the loom and the lathe, and the locomotive which has created such marvellous facilities for travelling, and in ten thousand other successful applications of this metal to advance human comfort and civilization, we see how iron has become one of man's principal benefactors. Of all the treasures which in countless bygone ages God was pleased to store up in the rocks and stones of this earth, certainly, for the highest usefulness, iron holds the first rank; and when the time shall come that human selfishness shall give way before the beneficent power of Christianity, then shall this, and every other gift which God has so bountifully bestowed upon man, become far more widely and successfully an instrument of progress and blessing.

Art and Science.

OUR MICROSCOPE TABLE.

When at Morecambe last month, we resolved to turn out early in order to take advantage of a low spring tide, and visit a fragment of wreck lying about a mile from the town. The water had fallen so far that every boat was left high and dry on the beach; and we had to launch our bark before pulling out for the stranded vessel, of which but little remains after the storms of ten or eleven winters. On reaching the place, she lay very awkwardly, but the man was resolved not to lose his labour; and so, anchoring the boat, he waded ashore, carrying naturalist, case, jars, tools and all, and then across the sandbank, through more water, to the black timbers that stood on the other side, three feet or more above the sand. The whole mass was covered, from end to end, with lumps of slimy jelly, white, salmon-coloured, and light red,—an abominable mess, as ninety-nine persons out of a hundred would not hesitate to say; but a sight at which the eyes of anemone-hunters would brighten marvellously. For there were scores of the Plumose Anemone, (*Sagartia dianthus*,) the most beautiful of that very beautiful tribe, and often attaining an immense size. Several of the red specimens in this case, when fully expanded, would be eight inches in height, looking quite out of proportion in an ordinary tank. But the graceful and ever-changing outline, the projecting shoulder, the fringe of short, translucent tentacles overhanging the tall column, make it a really fascinating object, very different from its forlorn appearance when left by the tide. Tearing away a fragment of rotten plank, it was transferred to the boat, to be cleared of the specimens afterwards. Contrary to expectation, nothing more was to be seen on the wreck; but in the sandbank were embedded numerous stones, large and small, grown over with seaweed, and studded with mussels, and certain to furnish harbourage for such vermin as we were in search of. Worms of several kinds, numerous specimens of *Pycnogonum littorale*, a creature like a small crab, and which may be called the sloth of the sea, for it requires a quarter of an hour to walk its own length; crabs, shrimps, branching zoophytes without number, and notably two mussel-shells nearly covered with rose-coloured fleshy patches, were made welcome prize. But the variety was not great, and the intense cold prevented any very long search. The rose-coloured masses were groups of a common zoophyte, but in remarkably fine condition, —*Clava multicornis*, a near relation of *Hydractinia echinata*, which was described in the April number of the *Christian Miscellany*.

On returning to the landing-place, the tree zoophytes that came from the sandbank were all thrown away; for the tide

having now fallen to its lowest point, the whole channel was seen to be literally paved with masses of corallines of many kinds. Selecting a few stones bearing specimens of *Laomedea dichotoma*, *L. geniculata*, and several species of *Sertularia*, we completed a very satisfactory "take." The Laomedea, first named, is one of the noblest of the tribe. Many of these examples were six, eight, and ten inches high; and, under favourable circumstances, it has been met with as much as two feet in height. It has an extremely regular outline, growing tall and narrow like a young poplar, but more tapering. But it is not until the microscope comes into play that its chief beauties are perceived. When a small specimen is placed in the trough with a proper supply of sea-water, and examined under a one-inch glass, the appearance of the zoophyte is something of this kind. From the central stem, which, notwithstanding the numerous colony it sustains, (some thousands of dwellings,) each with its solitary inhabitant, is still not thicker than sewing cotton,—from this main trunk,—branches spring at regular intervals, and always on alternate sides; one branch strikes from the left, the next above it from the right, and so on. These primary branches give off other branches from either side alternately, on which the polyps are seated. Fixing our eye on one of these, we see a graceful stem as clear as glass, which, at its point of junction with the primary branch, has eight whorls, or rings, or constrictions; and the same ornamental figure is repeated at the opposite extremity. Just above the topmost whorl the transparent substance expands suddenly into a cell, shaped like a deep ale-glass, the top of which (the lip of the glass) is not plain, but is saw-edged. This appearance is very deceptive, and often cannot be detected; but an empty cell is just crossing the field, slowly revolving as it goes, and showing the toothed edge unmistakably. Ramifying through every crystal branch and stem is seen the medullary core, which shows dark and granular, in very curious contrast with the material which encloses it. This contained substance is itself hollow, and up and down its centre is seen the usual circulation of the more fluid portion. The core passes up through the bottom of each cell into the body of the polyp, which may generally be seen drawn up to the full height of the cell, and expanding a circle of very curious warty tentacles over the edge of it.

Interspersed with these alimentary polyps are numerous other cells, devoid of tentacles, and, in fact, closed at the top, until the proper time comes, when the lid is forced open, and first one, and then another and another contained germ, forces its way out as a medusa, or jelly-fish, infinitesimally small; and, as it flaps its way through the water, is laden, even at the moment of its birth,—wonder upon wonder!—with the seed of another generation.

I have now finished this series of papers. They have not taken exactly the direction which I at first intended; but my own tastes lying toward marine rather than fresh-water researches, and there being comparatively few students in this field, I have sought to induce others to enter on the same course. It is, however, quite hopeless to give correct impressions of a confessedly difficult subject without the aid of illustrations. A lesson in natural history without diagrams is like a lesson in geography without a map. Let anyone try to describe the outline even of a familiar country by words only, still more of a country little known, or altogether new, and he will understand something of the difficulty of the case. I can only hope that those who have had the patience to go through these papers will understand that there is really something in the subject worth good, hard study; and that, by the aid of such illustrations as most text-books furnish, they may yet find the descriptions intelligible.

The volume of nature is as truly a revelation of God as is His written word, and is as certainly intended to be read. And assuredly there is no page of it more crowded with wonders than that upon which we have opened; nothing that gives grander views of the illimitable wisdom and the boundless resources of the great Father of all, than the history of these lowest and least regarded

of His works. To use the words of a devout Christian and profound naturalist, "Is it not an end worthy of a Being infinitely wise and good, that He has stocked every nook and corner of His world, even to overflowing, with sentient existences, capable of pleasure, and perpetually enjoying it to the full? It is sin alone that is the cause of suffering; and though, as a whole, the domain of man partook of the lapse of its federal head and lord, and so 'the whole creation groaneth and travaileth together until now,' 'by reason of him who so subjected it to vanity;' yet we may suppose that at least the invertebrate portions of the animal creation suffer their share of the fall rather corporately than individually; rather nominally, in dignity, than consciously, in pain or want. And yet I suppose that at that glorious 'manifestation of the sons of God,' when creation shall be more than reinstated in primal honour, and shall be permanently established, so as no more to be liable to lapse, in the immutability of the manhood of the Son of God, who is able to 'bear the glory,'—even these low-born atoms, of almost unseen and unsuspected life, shall in some way or other get an augmentation of happiness, and thus take their humble share in the blessing of the redeemed inheritance." * * *

Foreign Travel.

BABYLON.

A WRITER in *Blackwood* paints the following picture of the desolation that surrounds and enshrouds the once mighty Babylonian empire.

In the distance, high above the plain, loomed a great mound of earth. On both sides of us lay what looked like long parallel ranges of hills. These lines are pronounced to be the remains of those canals that once conducted the waters of the Euphrates over the length and breadth of the ancient Babylonia. What mighty canals must they have been, that still showed, under the roll of centuries, such substantial traces! Now not so much as a drop of water; no, not even a drop of heaven's pearly dew, ever glistens where once ships must have navigated. These mighty banks, that carried fertility to every corner of the ancient kingdom, are now mere useless, sightless mounds.

No morning mist, moistening the thirsty earth, ever hangs over them. No rain-clouds ever shadow them, tempering the rays of a fierce, daily-returning sun. The end of her that "dwelleth upon many waters" has been brought only too surely. The awful prophecies had been fulfilled, and desolation in all its nakedness, in all its dreariness, was around us. After riding some two hours, we arrived at the foot of the great mound that we had seen in the morning. We dismounted, and scrambled to the top; for we had even arrived at the ruins of Babylon; and this great mound of earth that we were on was the grave of the golden city.

I believe from the summit, raised some hundred feet above the plain, the walls of the ancient city may be traced. But a hot wind, driving burning sand and the impalpable dust of ages into the pores of our skins, made every effort to open an eye so terribly painful, that we gave up the idea in despair of either tracing walls, or, indeed, of looking about us much anywhere.

I remember seeing, away to the west, lines of willows, and a silver thread winding away into the distance; and nearer, some unsightly bare mounds, looking as if volcanic fire had been at work underneath the smooth surface of the plain, and had thrown these mounds up in the spirit of pure mischief. That silver thread was our first glimpse of the waters of the Euphrates, and the mounds all that remained of the once beautiful hanging gardens of Babylon; at least, so the conjecture of men of research has accounted for them. But so completely have the prophecies been fulfilled—so completely have the "name and the remnant been cut off" of all pertaining to the once mighty city—that even the great hill on which we were standing is only by conjecture supposed to be the ruin of some great building

or royal palace that stood within the walls,—possibly the palace of Semiramis.

We descended from the great mound, and made for those lesser mounds which are supposed to be the site of the hanging gardens of Nitocris and Semiramis. In one spot—the only thing we saw in the shape of a building in a state of ruin—was a mass of vitrified brick-work, piercing the old soil and *débris* of centuries, angle upwards. The bricks were square, of large size and beautiful make; the angle of some clear and sharp, as if the brick had but left the kiln yesterday, instead of nearly twice two thousand years ago. Turning into a little hollow way between the mounds, we came suddenly upon the colossal stone lion. Time, with its leaden hand, had knocked away all the sharp angles of the statue. The features of the lion are completely obliterated, as are also those of the prostrate form that lies so helpless, so utterly and wholly human, beneath the upraised paw of the king of beasts.

The group presents itself to the eye, owing to the wear of old Time, much in the appearance of those vast blocks of Carrara marble which the bold chisel of Michael Angelo struck into; and then, at the point that the shapeless marble had begun to assume the merest "abozzo" of the great sculptor's idea, the block was suddenly abandoned, and left as a wonder and a puzzle to future ages, so does this group of the lion and the man now bear an unfinished, unwrought appearance; but you cannot look at it a moment, and not instantly avow the mightily embodied. This dark colossal statue, which may once have stood under the gorgeous roof of a temple, and before which the queenly Semiramis, proud and supremely beautiful, may once have bowed, stands now canopied by the grandest of canopies, certainly,—high heaven,—but never noticed but by the wind that sweeps moaning over it, and the jackals that yelp around, as they hold high revel over the bones of some camel which has been good enough to die in the vicinity.

Memorials of the Departed.

DINAH BRAITHWAITE was born at Slathern, in the Vale of Belvoir, February 23d, 1837. She was favoured with pious parents and a religious training; and from a child she feared the Lord, and departed from evil. She was loving and obedient to her parents, and endeavoured in all things to please them. Her disposition was mild and gentle. Her conscience was quick and tender, and led her to avoid the appearance of evil. She had no relish for worldly pleasure. When invited by other children to engage in any doubtful amusement, she would ask herself, "Shall I have to repent of this?" She avoided conformity to the world in spirit and dress. In this state she lived until she was twenty-one years of age, when the Lord vouchsafed a manifestation of His love to her soul. Her heart was gently opened to receive the Lord, and she entered into the enjoyment of all the blessings which belong to an adopted child. Henceforth to the end of life her heart was full of love to God, to His house, and to His people. She was diligent in the Sabbath-school, and as a tract distributer. Her last affliction was long, and sometimes very painful. At the commencement, Satan was permitted to disburb her peace; but after a short struggle she obtained effectual relief, and her mind was ever after kept in perfect peace. In prospect of death she had no fear, but felt a more earnest desire to depart than to stay here. There were two reasons why she sometimes wished to live: one was to glorify God; the other was to be a comfort to her parents, she being their only child. According to her own inclination, she would rather be in heaven than on earth. She showed her love to the Saviour by requesting her father to present an offering to the Mission cause, in memory of her when she was gone. A few days before her death, she was so filled with glory and with God, that she called for her father and mother to unite with her in praising the Lord for His goodness. As she entered the valley of death, she

found it full of light, and said to her mother, who was standing by her bedside, "Mother, is this death?

'If this be death, I soon shall be
From every sin and sorrow free;
I shall the King of glory see:
All is well, all is well.'"

So departed, in peace and triumph, Dinah Braithwaite, on Saturday, October 5th, 1861.

THOMAS SHELDON.

MRS. ANN RAINS, relict of the late William Rains, of Winster, near Matlock, Derbyshire, died October 5th, 1861, aged seventy years. She was born April 18th, 1791; and not being blessed, as thousands mercifully are, with godly parents, the first twenty-two years of her life passed away in darkness and insensibility as to her soul's condition, and the great salvation provided by Jesus Christ. But God in His kind providence watched over her while she knew Him not, and at length, in His infinite mercy, so powerfully wrought upon her heart by the Holy Spirit, that she was brought to a sense of her lost condition. She clearly saw that, without repentance and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, she must be for ever undone. Her sorrow was deep, accompanied by great humiliation, shame, and self-abhorrence. These powerful convictions began about the month of May, 1813; and in the following month, with a heart almost overwhelmed with her sorrow, though opposed by her parents, she united herself to the Wesleyan Society. She had counted the cost, and had made her choice; nor could she be turned aside by any opposition. The advantages she derived from class-meetings and other means of grace were soon apparent; for she saw the plan of salvation, and, by faith in the sacrifice of Jesus Christ, she received the knowledge of forgiveness, and of acceptance with God. Being born again of the incorruptible seed, which liveth and abideth for ever, she followed on to know the Lord, and soon experienced an increase of the gifts and grace of the Holy Spirit, and was anxious that others should be partakers of the same benefits. The love of Christ constrained her to earnest and vigorous efforts for the salvation of souls; and God wonderfully blessed her labours. Where the widow and the orphan wept; where the sick and the dying moaned; or where the poor sinner was struggling for liberty, thither her footsteps hastened, and there she ministered to their wants, addressed words of consolation on their ear, shed tears of sympathy, exhibited the truths of the Gospel from the sacred volume, and poured out her soul for them in prayer. She was, indeed, a daughter of consolation to them that mourn. Her ardent attachment to the Wesleyan section of the church of Christ remained firm during the seasons of its severest trials, and to the end of life. She loved the ordinances of God's house, and nothing that lay in her power would she ever allow to hinder her from attending the means of grace. Being a woman of strong faith, she lived in the spirit of prayer. Indeed, what could she have done but for prayer, when the heart was overcharged with grief, her body reduced by disease, and the grave closed upon her sole earthly stay, and over her loved ones? She then appealed to the widow's God, and bore her bereavements and family troubles with Christian fortitude and resignation. She had a holy tranquillity of mind amidst the storms of life; trials, which beat sense and reason to the ground, raised her faith, and drew her nearer to her God. The virtues and graces she possessed were maintained and invigorated by her habit of prayer. With the "new and living way into the holiest by the blood of Jesus," she was intimately familiar. Thither the "Spirit of grace and supplications" daily conducted her; and in praying and believing she had "fellowship with the Father, and with His Son Jesus Christ." She retained her intercourse with God. Yet her heavenly Father showed her great and sore adversities, that He might try her as silver is tried, and bring her forth from the furnace "purified seven times." It was during these refining processes that she found the worth of being a Christian. Though her way was planted with thorns, and watered with her tears, the candle of the Lord shone upon her head; and

from step to step she had reason to cry, "Hitherto hath Jehovah helped!" The last few years of her life were chiefly spent in Manchester, where most of her family then resided, and where she soon formed an acquaintance with some excellent women whose hearts the Lord had touched, and who, like herself, wrestled for souls, and delighted in labours of love. Eternity only can fully declare the blessed results of their united, unostentatious, and pious endeavours. Admonished at length by the infirmities of age, and importuned by her friends, this venerable matron retired from active duties. She was well prepared, for her affections were set on things above; she was ready for the coming of her Lord, whose appearing seemed to be the object of her liveliest hope and desire. During her last illness, which lasted seven or eight weeks, she suffered much, but passed through all with the greatest patience and resignation, seeming to be every moment in communion with God. Although frequently insensible, her wandering speech was nearly all spiritual. For some days before she died she was so prostrated through weakness, that she was no longer able to converse with her family. But, in answer to the question whether Jesus was still precious, and whether He was present and supporting her, exerting all her strength to speak, she said, "Every moment!" These were her last words. B.

Occasional Notes for Readers.

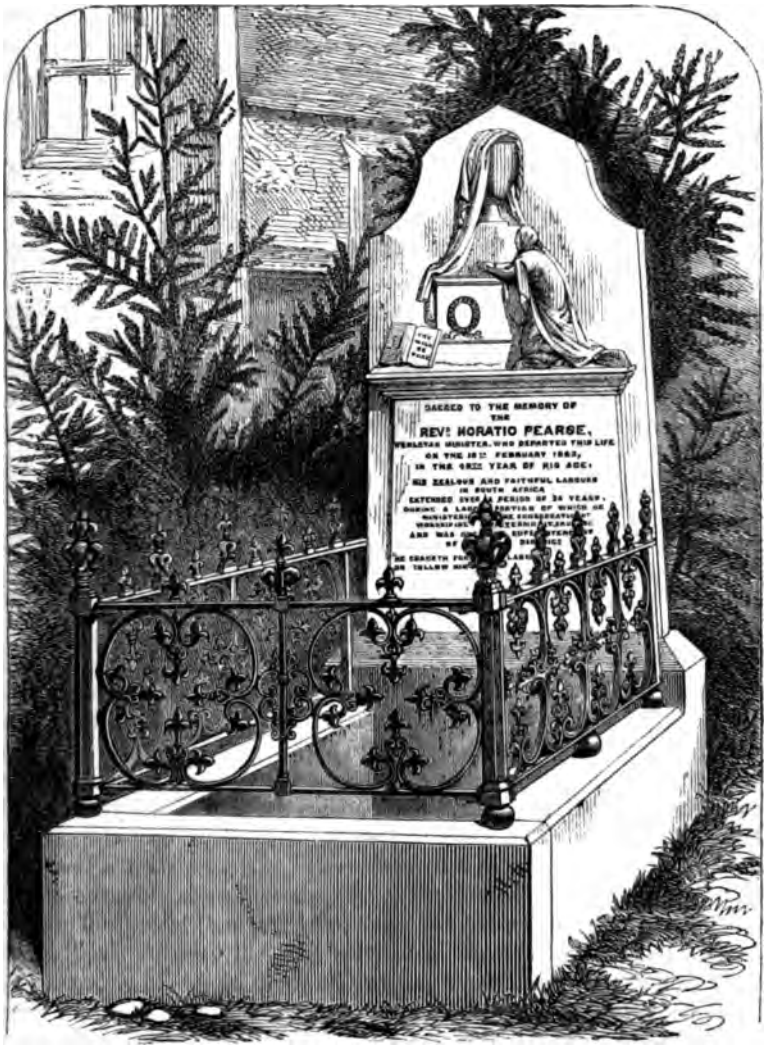
The lovers of sacred biography will find a rich treat provided for them in a beautiful volume, just published, under the title of *The Earnest Missionary: A Memoir of the Rev. Horatio Pearse, late General Superintendent of the Wesleyan Missions in the Port-Natal District, South-Eastern Africa.* By the Rev. Thornley Smith. Mr. Pearse prosecuted his labours as a Missionary with exemplary zeal and fidelity, and with encouraging success, for many years; and the notices of the effects of the Gospel among the savage tribes of Africa, with which this narrative of his life abounds, give an increased interest to the volume.—An admirable *Lecture on the Morning Service of the Book of Common Prayer, as that Service is used by the Wesleyan Methodists*, by Edward Corderoy, is worthy of the special attention of the people for whose benefit it is intended. It is equally devout and elegant, worthy of the piety and talent of the gifted author, who has shown a just appreciation of the form of sound words to which he invites the attention of his Methodist brethren and sisters, especially those who belong to the London congregations.—The lovers of the Bible will be gratified to find that the admirable sermon preached before the last Conference, by the President, the Rev. George Osborn, D.D., and entitled, *The Honour paid by Christ to the Scripture*, has been printed for publication in a separate form. Nothing could be more seasonable in this age of rebuke and blasphemy, when even ecclesiastical dignitaries, following in the wake of our elder deists, endeavour to throw discredit upon the oracles of God.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Bell, Mrs. Mary,	Bridlington,	Bridlington,	82	Dec. 28th, 1863.
Berriman, Mrs. Ann,	Bempton,	Bridlington,	73	Nov. 20th, 1863.
Hastie, Mrs. R. B.,	Edinburgh,	Edinburgh,	74	Dec. 1st, 1863.
Little, Hannah,	Galligill,	Alston,	—	Nov. 20th, 1863.
Robinson, Elizabeth,	Utterby,	Louth,	46	Sept. 24th, 1863.

J. ROCHE, PRINTER, 25, HOXTON-SQUARE, LONDON.



THE MISSIONARY'S GRAVE.

THE remains of many a devoted Missionary of the Cross lie slumbering in a foreign land; and scarcely a year passes away in which one or more are not added to the number. The plains of India and the island of Ceylon; the Friendly Islands and the Fiji group; the shores of Western and of Southern Africa, have all become, as it were, consecrated spots, by the interment there of those who, amidst idolatry, superstition, and barbarism, have faithfully proclaimed Christ as the

Redeemer and Saviour of our race. We might remind our readers of such men as Gogerly, and Waterhouse, and Hunt, and Crosby, with many others whom they will, perhaps, remember. And now we have to mention Horatio Pearse, a memoir of whom has just been published,* and an engraving of whose tomb, taken from a photograph, we are here able to present.

The story of his life and labours is told at length in the volume referred to. He was born at Bodmin, in Cornwall; and that town and county may thus claim another Missionary-worthy as their own, of whom they have no need to be ashamed. Chiefly through the influence of Sabbath-school instruction, he gave his heart to God in early life, and soon became a zealous and devoted labourer in the church. At the age of twenty-two he entered the Wesleyan ministry; and, after terminating his probation, left his home and country to preach the Gospel in Southern Africa. Here he laboured, first among the barbarous Kafirs,—with whose language he became familiar,—and afterwards in the colony of Port-Natal, where he spent twelve years of hallowed and successful toil. His entire Missionary career extended over a period of twenty-four years; and though he was not a man of remarkable talent, or of extensive learning, yet such was his earnestness, and such his zeal, that he was the instrument of considerable good, both to the natives of South Africa, and to many of the European colonists of that land. He was intending to return to England with his wife and daughter, when, by a mysterious providence, he was thrown out of a vehicle, and so greatly injured, that he died in a few days, at Durban, Port-Natal, supported to the last by the presence of that Saviour whom he had served so long.

He was held in very great respect by the inhabitants of the colony, and was interred, at their expense, close by the Wesleyan chapel, Durban. Nearly every shop and store in Durban was closed; and most of the principal families were present, together with a long line of natives, who were amongst the deepest mourners. In the chapel the burial-service was read by the Revds. Jesse Pilcher and Joseph Jackson; and at the grave an address was delivered by the Rev. R. Stott, and the last portion of the service read by the Rev. J. Gaskin. A picturesque spot, under the spreading branches of a venerable tree, had been selected as the place of sepulture for the Missionary; and there he now rests, in hope of the resurrection to eternal life. Over this spot there has been erected, by a widow's fond affection, a neat monumental stone, which was sent from England after her arrival here, and which bears the following appropriate inscription:—

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* *The Earnest Missionary:* a Memoir of the Rev. Horatio Pearse, late General Superintendent of the Wesleyan Missions in the Port-Natal District, South-Eastern Africa. By the Rev. Thornley Smith. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co.; Wesleyan Book-Room, Paternoster-row, &c.

Sacred

TO THE MEMORY OF

THE REV. HORATIO PEARSE,

WESLEYAN MISSIONARY,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE

ON THE 18TH OF FEBRUARY, 1862,

IN THE 49TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

HIS ZEALOUS AND FAITHFUL LABOURS IN SOUTH AFRICA
EXTENDED OVER A PERIOD OF TWENTY-FOUR YEARS,
DURING A LARGE PORTION OF WHICH HE MINISTERED TO
THE CONGREGATION
WORSHIPPING AT PIETERMARITZBURG;
AND WAS
GENERAL SUPERINTENDENT OF THE NATAL DISTRICT.

HE CEASETH FROM HIS LABOURS, AND HIS WORKS DO FOLLOW HIM.

PAYING TOO MUCH FOR IT.

We do not mean in mere shop and market merchandise, because, though that is frequently done, it is but seldom men do not strive to avoid that. But, in matters of graver moment than these, the price is paid without much thought. When, for example, a person makes up his mind to grow rich, and so applies himself to his calling in life as to sap the foundation of a good constitution, and brings premature decay into his well-knit frame, there is too much paid for that; because health is better than money, and life is too important in all its relationships and bearings to be bartered for hard cash. Or, when in eager pursuit of the same object, the mind is left without culture, the intellect a wilderness, sorrowful ignorance, like a dense fog, resting upon the undrained and unploughed marshes of the soul, then there is too much paid for it; for "wisdom is better than rubies." "It cannot be gotten for gold, neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof." "The gold and the crystal cannot equal it; and the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of fine gold." Or when, for the sake of speedy growth in wealth, a man knows nothing, and cares less, about the warm affections of his rising family; sees them only at breakfast in a morning; rushes, after a hasty meal, into his business, without prayer; exchanges no thought of mind, nor feeling of heart, at his own fireside at night; but sacrifices the warm devotions of social blessings, allows his children to give their love to another, and is almost a stranger to the wife of his bosom; we say he pays too much for it; he parts with that which wealth cannot supply; he barters one of life's most im-

portant branches of love and duty; ruinously gives up, to his own intellectual and moral loss, that form of human bliss which,—

> "More than all other gifts
> That earth can offer to declining man,
> Brings hope with it, and forward-looking thoughts."

Nor may it be pleaded, in excuse, "There is so much push and competition in the world, these things must give place. It cannot be avoided; there's no help for it." No, there's no help for it, so long as you mistake the end for which you live; so long as you "*will* be rich," give what price you may for money; so long as every sacred tie is secondary to position. But surely some things may be bought too dearly; and what if you should be able to give up business a few years sooner? What if your children will have a larger fortune? You and they have lost more in the gain, even if that gain were a thousand times more than it is likely ever to be. You pay too much for it. O, let not the tide of time roll back, and break in remorseless waves over a wreck of health, mind, and family, which no amount of wealth can possibly redeem!

The consequences of human action ought to be looked at by every wise man. It is only "the simple"—the fool—who will not foresee the evil. To rush on, heedless of results, certainly is madness. And how fearfully—perhaps imperceptibly, perhaps slowly—this madness grows upon a man! A man gets into temporary difficulty; he has the confidence of his friends; he applies for help; he promises payment at a given time. The time comes; payment is not made; the lender applies. Again he borrows to pay; again he promises. His difficulties are intensified; his word is again broken; his reputation damaged. Again he promises, again borrows, again fails; and all so secretly done, that the one knows not but all is right with the other until a fearful crash tells the world that lying and deceit have done their work, and the once fair fabric of character lies shattered in ruins. He who buys momentary relief at the cost of reputation, pays too much for it; for "a good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold." Character is too precious to be bartered for mere relief: the highest position in life gained by the traffic is utterly unworthy the price paid for it.

To do right, regardless of all consequences, is the fruit of noblest principle. The great question with us, in any condition of life, is not, What is it *expedient* to do? but, What is it *right* to do? and, seeing the right, to do it, even though the doing may involve the loss of all things. You cannot pay too dearly in buying a good conscience; its worth is beyond all possible calculation. There was once upon a time a man who was an able reckoner, well skilled in all the wisdom of his times; a man of no mean mind, nor obscure station; astute in intellect, and noble in heart; one who had very extensive knowledge of his subject, had seen it in all its bearings, studied it in the truest school;

knew men and things well; had much experience of life in its many-sided aspects; and his testimony ought to weigh with us in our estimate of things, and this is it: "But what things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ." Nor does he consider that he had paid too much in the matter; for such was the conviction he had of the inestimable boon, that he intensifies his testimony: "Yea doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ." To him there was a bliss for which he was willing to pay ease, fame, friends, wealth, home, liberty, country, yea, his own life also; and yet he says, "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us;" as though the price was so insignificant as not to be worthy of being named, so great the contrast between the loss and gain, the price and purchase. And if, for all the pleasures of the court of Pharaoh, all the honours of the Egyptian throne, Moses had paid even the "*afflictions*" of the people of God, he would have paid too much for them. It doubtless is right to say, "How shall I do this thing," and thereby lose my character; lose my reputation; lose my friends; lose my hope of rising in the world; lose my position amongst my fellow-men? But it is a nobler and better thing to say, "How shall I do this thing, and *sin against God?*" O, if all who are tempted to sinful pleasure, sensual gratification, worldly enjoyments, would only ask the same question, how many thousands would be preserved from paying a price for sinful indulgence which the wealth of nations cannot buy back again!

There were three young men once who would sooner face a fiery furnace, heated seven times hotter than it was wont to be heated, than deny their God, and worship an idol of gold, and who to despotic royalty were brave enough to say, "Be it known unto thee, O king, that we will not serve thy gods, nor worship the golden image which thou hast set up." And if they had bought exemption from the fire, and the enjoyment of all the honour and good which Nebuchadnezzar could have given them, by just bowing their knees when others bowed, and in the great crowd, they would have paid too much for it; for they would have given up the honour which cometh from God only. The "noble army of martyrs" are a cloud of witnesses to this great truth, and, "being dead, yet speak" to us in these ease-loving, money-getting, duty-neglecting, pleasure-seeking times. What language can describe the ineffable pleasure arising out of honest, hearty, heroic toil in the service of Christ? There is a luxury in *working* for Christ, such as the mere *giver*, blessed as it is to give to Christ's cause, never enjoys. And what if, labouring less in the field, the world brings us more quiet, and longer hours of enjoyment at home? What if we thereby should even prolong our length of days in the world, and live longer because we do less? There is a possibility of paying too much for fireside comforts,—too much for lengthened existence; and he who

loses the luxury of Christian toil, with its boundless reward, for these things, we think pays too much for even these almost invaluable blessings. There is One who tells us that "whosoever will save his life shall lose it; but whosoever shall lose his life for My sake and the Gospel's, the same shall save it." To Him let us give ear. We have paid too dearly already for many exemptions from cross-bearing, self-denying toil for our Master; lost many precious hours of rich blessing in the various departments of holy service. O, let us beware lest we lose that which no price will ultimately be found to redeem! "For what shall it profit a man, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul? or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Possess the treasure hid in the field, though thou sellest all to buy it. "Buy the truth," at any price, "and sell it not." Lay up treasures for yourselves, where the moth and rust do not corrupt, nor "thieves break through and steal." The Merchantman of the kingdom has goodly pearls to sell, for which you cannot pay too dearly, but whose loss no treasure on earth can possibly fill up. When things of time are bought at the cost of things eternal, too much is paid for them; but when things eternal are realized, at the cost of even all things on earth, the "purchased possession" is worth more than the human purchase-price.

CORNISH METHODIST WORTHIES.

No. III.

A CONSCIENTIOUS ACCOUNTANT.

"O, listen, man!
A voice within us speaks that startling word,
'Man, thou shalt never die!' Celestial voices
Hymn it unto our souls; according harps,
By angel-fingers touch'd, when the mild stars
Of morning sang together, sound forth still
The song of our great immortality.
Night, and the dawn, bright day and thoughtful eve,
All time, all bounds, the limitless expanse,
As one vast mystic instrument, are touch'd
By an unseen, living Hand, and conscious chords
Quiver with joy in this great jubilee.
. . . The dying hear it, and, as sounds of earth
Grow dull and distant, wake their passing souls
To mingle in this heavenly harmony."

THE present life bears an important relation to the future. To the individual who realizes this fact, and to whom the future judgment-day, with all its momentous realities, is a vivid perception, and is also near, daily life and conversation, personal acts and influences, assume a religious and responsible aspect. Such an individual regards all men as being heirs, either of eternal blessedness, or of everlasting shame; and he looks upon the holiest friendships of earth as intimations and earnests of a union more pure and happy in the world beyond. A man with such views of the future, and with such expectations, cannot but regard the death of one with whom he has had but a transient intercourse with powerful emotions, and affections, and hopes; and the thought of his relation to, and intercourse with, the departed, in their bearing on the future of that spirit, and on his own future, will rise in his mind. Memorials of the holy dead are, therefore, treasures to be preserved.

Very early in the year 1811, in the church-town of St. Just, not far from Cape Cornwall, John Edwards Trezise was born. He grew up a gentle, modest, and truth-loving boy; he utterly detested prevarication even

in play. His conscience was very tender, and he early manifested a love for reading, giving the preference to works of religious biography. All the money that he could spare he spent in the purchase of books, and by their aid he informed his youthful mind. At school he was diligent and persevering: his profiting, therefore, appeared unto all. While he was yet a child his heart was affected by the operations of God's Holy Spirit; yet he was not a subject of those strong emotions and outbreaks that distinguish youths of evil passion and deep depravity. The impressions were, however, but transient; and, as in too many cases, they soon disappeared. When he was about twelve years of age, the Spirit of God operated more powerfully on his heart; and he was led to a diligent perusal of God's word, and to carefulness in his outward life. He was then "not far from the kingdom of God;" yet he did not quite enter thereinto. He was kept back by his natural diffidence, and so he lost much of that help that he would otherwise have secured; for he did not, as he ought to have done, make known the state of his feelings and desires. This natural reserve was a hindrance to him through life, and he suffered therefrom great loss.

"I believe in the communion of saints"—is a sentence that expresses one part of the creed of Christians; and to realize what is thus expressed is of immense value, both to the seeking and to the sanctified soul. Nothing contributes more powerfully to the prosperity of a church than the cordial and sincere union of the hearts and hands of its members in the service and kingdom of Christ. This union is, in fact, an answer to our Lord's own prayer, "That they all may be one, even as we are one." Where this oneness prevails, the influence of heaven is felt to be the pervading element through the souls of saints. There they gather hand in hand around the mercy-seat, and are found with one accord in earnest prayer and joyful praise, their souls being knit together in fraternal love:—

"Then, rising and refresh'd, they leave the throne,
And follow on to know as they are known."

The church that is thus united, and is one in Christ, is as a tree of God's planting. The leaves thereof "are bright biographies of Christian lives; its flowers emit the fragrance of the King's garden; and its fruits are great multitudes of white-robed and happy souls in paradise." John Nelson once said, "I believe it is a sin not to declare to the children of men what God has done for my soul, that they may seek the same mercy." Young men, however, are sometimes timid; and through this shyness their conflict is prolonged, and impressions are often lost, or become seriously weakened. This was the case with the subject of this sketch, and it was much to be deprecated.

"The West-end" is a familiar phrase. It suggests grandeur, dignity, and wealth. There are, moreover, other west-ends beside that which belongs to London. In some of these, as well as in that, there are found great riches, much dignity, and true grandeur. Cornwall has a west-end; and all who visit it find themselves well repaid for their labour. "The Land's-End district" is a phrase as familiar in Cornwall as the "West-end" is in London. About the former many books have been written, and much information has been furnished in different periodicals. Some of the things that have been written are true, while others only argue the superficial acquaintance of the writers with what they attempt to describe. The west-end of Cornwall is rich and grand. To the geologist, and mineralogist,

and antiquarian, there are but few places that will present so much to interest. Cromlechs, crosses, and caves abound. There are also submarine forests, quoits, and cairns, as well as odd-looking stones, standing upright to indicate strange doings, and stranger people, of past times. The naturalist and botanist will also find much that is curious, much that is rare, and much that is useful. The minerals and ores of this district are vast and valuable; and, in their association and combination, the minerals are unrivalled. While the miners are engaged in pursuit of the precious metal,—

"Buried at work, where vapours chafe,
Hot, stifling through each cave,
Their place of toil, *this* moment safe,
May *next* become their grave."

Yet their voice is heard as they cry from the bottoms of the mountains,—

"Lord, Thou canst hear from depths profound
Thy meanest follower's call:
On earth, at sea, or under ground,
Thine eye is over all.

"From cavern'd floods, where rocks impend,'
Or fire-damps round him lurk,
O God Omnipotent! defend
The miner at his work."

There have been, and there still are, other treasures to be found in that district. Great men have lived there. Yea, both great, grand, and wealthy, because they were good men. They have gone from thence to the home of the good, and are with Christ. The Cornish motto of the Polwhele family is, *Karenza whelas karenza:* "Love worketh love." This motto has been beautifully acted out, in numberless instances, in the west-end of Cornwall. Good men are the treasures of the church, and the real wealth of the neighbourhood in which they live; for they are God's chosen instruments in blessing the world. Some of these good men have been overlooked and forgotten. Perhaps the reason has been, that some brighter constellations have risen to adorn the firmament of the church, and the lesser ones have been eclipsed. It is of some importance, therefore, to reproduce the story of the lives of some of the men who were but lesser lights. They may not have been extraordinary; their orbits may have been limited, and they themselves best seen in their retirement, and in those places where greater men were not known. Many such persons have been known to God; and several of these have lived and shone in the far-west, and have blessed and adorned the district. It was in this locality that Mr. Trezise lived and died.

Methodism has a direct tendency to lead men to abandon sin, to seek personal holiness, and to exhibit a holy power in an humble, but earnest and persevering, discharge of all duties. It thus makes men good and useful; and it helps to give a character to the people at large. It did all this for John Edwards Trezise; and it did more than this, for it conducted him to the heaven of God, the home of saints. He was one of those lights that shone in a limited orbit, and the sun went down whilst yet it was noon.

The following remarks of a living author are so pertinent that we quote them: "The true history of our earth is not the history of the sleeping many, but of the waking few. Its object is to trace out their story, and record it for a memorial to all generations. The world has written at large the history of its sleeping multitudes; it becomes the church of Christ to record the simpler, briefer annals of its awakened ones. Their story is as full of interest as it is of importance. The waking up of each soul would be matter enough for a history: its various shakings and startings up, ere it was fully aroused; the word, or the stroke,

that effected the work; the time, the way, in which it became awake for God and for eternity; all these are fraught with an interest to which nothing of time or earth can ever once be compared. And then, when the voice of God awakens not one only, but thousands, it may be, in a day; when whole villages and districts seem as if arising and putting on new life, how intensely, how unutterably interesting! At such a crisis it seems as if the world itself were actually beginning to awake; as if the shock that had broken the slumbers of so many were about to shake the whole world together. The history of the church is full of such awakenings; some of them on a large, and some on a smaller scale. Many a wondrous scene has been witnessed from the day of Pentecost downward to our own day; and what better deserves the attention and study of the believer than those pages which contain the record of these outpourings of the Spirit? Besides the interest that cleaves to them, there is much to be learned by the church. To see how God has been working, and to mark the means and instruments by which He has carried on His work, cannot fail to be profitable and quickening. It makes us sensible of our own shortcomings, and it points out the way by which the blessing may be secured." When this blessedness comes upon the church, then—

"Night no longer spreads her curtain;
Moon and stars no longer shine;
Darkness yields to day eternal;
Christ the Sun can ne'er decline:
He the Light, the Lamb, the Temple,
Fills the place with joy Divine."

The 11th of March, 1832, is a very remarkable day in the history of Methodism in St. Just. On that Lord's day great power attended the preaching of God's word; and the results were extraordinary, unparalleled, and permanent. The Rev. John Hobson preached, in the morning, from Gen. xxii. 12. The energy of the preacher was more than usual, and no description could convey a correct idea of the influence that accompanied the delivery of the discourse. Tears ran plentifully down the cheeks of the assembled people; and there were signs of deep, but suppressed feeling, seen and heard in every part of the house of God. Many persons felt that sin was a burden, and many found the freedom that God's Son alone can bestow. It was a time of refreshing from the presence of God. The power of God was wonderfully shown, both in wounding and healing, in killing and in making alive; yet very many persons went to their houses filled with grief and distress.

In the evening of the same day the above-named Minister again officiated, and preached from Acts viii. 5—8. The chapel was filled with people, and the power that was felt surpassed that of the morning. Nearly fifty individuals found peace with God, and double that number returned to their homes "weary and heavy laden." Within a few weeks more than three hundred souls were added to the Society in St. Just alone. There were some very striking incidents that occurred in connexion with this revival. One young man, the son of respectable parents, had long wept and cried unto God, his mother standing by and watching him in his agony. When he found peace he stood up, and, seeing his mother, he fell upon her neck rejoicing, while she embraced him as did the Shunammite her revived child. Many similar scenes presented themselves, relating to husbands and wives, parents and children: the whole event was like the return of Pentecost. There were many who were remarkable for their wicked course of life, who were turned from sin to the Lord. One

of these, a man that had the care of an engine at a mine near the sea-side, not returning to his home at the time that he was expected, it was feared that some injury had befallen him. Early on the Lord's day his friends found him in the cliff. God had broken his heart, and he had spent the whole night in prayer. This visitation was altogether such a one as the oldest inhabitant of the parish had never previously seen. It is also worthy of remark that there was no very great reaction, for the converts continued to be faithful.

"Led by God, no more they wander'd
From their heavenly Shepherd's fold,
Or their heart's affection squander'd
On time's joys, earth's fame and gold.

"Of their loved Redeemer thinking,
All their pilgrim life they spent;
Of the 'Rock' they still were drinking,
While through this world's wastes they went."

(*To be concluded.*)

AN IRISH BLACKSMITH.

In the year 1780, when the late Rev. Henry Moore travelled in an Irish Circuit, he says, stopping one day at a forge to have my horse shod, I entered into conversation with the smith, who was a plain man in his appearance, but of an acute and reflecting mind. I found, also, that in religion he was no novice; and he soon found liberty to relate to me the Lord's dealings with him. "Sir," said he, "I belonged to that Presbyterian meeting on the side of yonder hill. Our Minister was a rare man, and used to tell us all about Antichrist and the whore of Babylon. We knew all about those things, and we thought we were a great people who were delivered from those abominations. I became very knowing, and could dispute about doctrines with any opponent; and if an Irishman (the term by which the Papists were distinguished in the north of Ireland) came into the forge, I was sure to be at him immediately about his church. While I was thus going on, a neighbour asked me if I would go to hear a man preach in a village about two miles off. I asked where he was to preach, for there was no meeting-house there. 'O,' said he, 'he is to preach in the mill.' I laughed at the notion of a man preaching in a mill; but the oddity of the thing made me resolve to go. A great number of people were assembled, and the mill was well filled. The preacher stood upon a chair, and had a most solemn appearance. I said in my heart, This is a good man; and I felt myself affected by his presence. After singing a hymn and praying, he gave out his text: 'If any man have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of His.' (Rom. viii. 9.) The words went through my heart; and I began, for the first time in my life, to fear that I was not a Christian: but, before he had spoken a quarter of an hour, I knew I was not a Christian; and, before the end of the sermon, I was convinced that I was a poor guilty creature; that I knew nothing as I ought to know; that I had deceived myself all my life, and was in danger of eternal death. Here, Sir," he continued, "began all my good. I attended the ministry of this good man while he remained in the country, and soon found that Christ came to save sinners; and now it is my constant desire to be a Christian altogether, and serve Him who has done so much for me."

I asked for the preacher's name, and was told, in reply, JOHN MANNERS. Mr. Wesley has mentioned him with honour in his *Journal*. He was not remarkable for what is called "talent;" but he was a man of faith, and greatly owned of God in the conversion of souls. He was a clear and forcible preacher of the plain, but powerful, doctrines of the

Gospel, and the very man to take the honest farrier off from all that barren information, (however needful in its place,) and prepare him for that Gospel which is "the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth." He finished his course in a few years; and died, as he had lived, full of faith and love, and a witness that Jesus Christ is "able to save to the uttermost all them that come unto God by Him."

AUSTRALIAN SHEPHERD-LIFE.*

THE WONDERFUL CROP OF ONIONS.

THE sun is the sun, whether his rays illume the summit of the loftiest mountain, or light up the recesses of the lowest deep. Height and depth alter not the character of his light, nor change the quality of his rays. If they meet in their downward course the stupendous water-gushes of a Niagara, and there form the rainbow; or if they cast forth hues of the rose as they repose upon the crystal glaciers of a Jungfrau, they are yet the rays of the same sun. It is so with faith. It has the same rays which work by love, and the same rays that purify the heart, come they to the cottage, the palace, the prince, the peasant, or the peer. They ever emanate from the Sun of Righteousness, arising with healing in His wings, that man may go forth and grow up in the strength and beauty of holiness and grace.

My friend John was a shepherd; the scene of his labours the western district of the colony. The blessed rays of which we have been writing came shining down upon John, and upon all his house; and they made a great change there. John welcomed those blessed rays at his door, and prayed them to sit by his hearth on the best seat; and John also besought the cherished guests to shine upon his wife's heart, and upon his children's hearts; and they did so, and made themselves very much at home in John's habitation. Any Christian observer might readily perceive that they had begun to shine upon all around; in fact, upon all that John had. When I visited the locality in which John lived, near the mighty mountain Canoblas, my leisure was limited to a few hours; and, in order to avoid a very circuitous route to his humble dwelling, it was necessary to strike right into the pathless bush. I once tried this, and wandered about fruitlessly; and, in order to obviate the difficulty, John shouldered his axe, and marked a line of trees to his hut, thus enabling me to drive right upon him. John said it was no trouble to him to do this, and we said it was no trouble to us to visit John. We should have been very much unlike the Wesleyan generation of our fathers if it had been; for salvation had come to his house, and with him all things had become new. Our steed soon learnt to turn to the left when he came to a certain dead log on the Guyong track; he knew there was a visit to be paid there, and a horse becomes very knowing in such matters.

There is little difficulty in ascertaining the time when an Australian shepherd may be found in his habitation. "Man," says the Psalmist, "goeth forth unto his work and to his labour until the evening." It is thus with the Australian shepherd. He rises from his cot at daybreak, and sets forth, after breakfast, with his flock, accompanied by his trusty dogs. The sheep leisurely feed and spread out. Should their wanderings prove excessive, a shrill whistle, the meaning of which they well know, promptly recalls them; or, if that intimation prove insufficient, a dog is told what duty to perform, who

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* From Vanderkiste's *Lost but Not for Ever*.

gently brings them into closer contact for fear of the wild dogs, and then returns quietly to his master's side. The sheep, shepherd, and dogs gently advance, until the shortened shadows of all things tell of noon; the sheep then commence their homeward course, or, failing, are gently headed by their canine guards that they may so do; and ere the shadows of the evening are stretched out, the flock is in fold, the dogs are lying around keeping their watch, and the shepherd is taking his evening meal, generally with the hut-keeper his only companion; sometimes, like John, surrounded by an affectionate wife and children:—

"There, seated by the blazing fire,
The babe repays its toil-worn sire;
And mild, meek mother smiles to see
Her heart-buds blooming round her knee."

When I reached John's forest-home, the best it afforded was always placed before me. Damper, salt beef, salt mutton, and tea, generally without milk, may form a contrast to the table of many a home; but the sauce of the bush imparts heightened flavours to common things, and tea has never been sweeter to me than when I have alighted from my horse, and partaken of it at the invitation of rough men, camped by the track-side of these vast countries,—they might be bushrangers for aught I knew or feared,—endeavouring to sow spiritual things to them the while. John's children learnt hymns to repeat to me, and were always ready for examination in the progress they had made under home-instruction; for from any other school they were far, far away. John would attend a place of public worship, and hired a man occasionally to attend his sheep, that he might do so. It was his happiness, and that which is a man's happiness will he seek after; it was his pleasure, and that which is a man's pleasure will he strive for. John would begin, "I feel, Sir, that I can't be sufficiently thankful for my mercies. The Lord has done great things for me, a poor sinner, praises be to His name! I feel, Sir, that I can't be sufficiently thankful to my blessed Saviour for His mercies." In these conversations respecting mercy and judgment, John's wife was far from keeping silence: her voice was vocal with praise. On one occasion she gave me the following relation. The rafters of the hut were thickly studded with bunches and ropes of very fine onions; and pointing to them, she exclaimed, "Bless the Lord, Sir, He's very good to us. Look at those beautiful onions. John sent his old mother, in England, £20 last year, and £20 this year: we never could have done it, though, but for the great crop of onions. You know, Sir, Paul may plant, and Apollos water, but God giveth the increase. O," said she, "God's very good to us; and what a comfort it is to John's old mother!"

Next year John's old mother became a tenant of another world, where old mothers no longer need financial benefits, even should they be the sweet-smelling savours of filial affection. The crop was afterwards only an ordinary one. The wonderful crop ceased with the ceasing of the need of John's old mother.

CHRIST IS THE LIGHT.

A QUIET autumnal evening. The sun had just set, and with him the dark rain-clouds, that had hung threateningly for hours, had passed away. It was that still, Sabbath-like hour, in which all nature seems to pause ere it turns to rest. I was walking along an old, forsaken tramway, the high hedges of which deepened the gloom of the twilight, and brought the night nearer than it really was. Passing into a more open space, my eye caught sight of a beautiful cloud in the sky above.

The cloud itself was black as midnight, but its edges were fringed with light. The first thought that rose ascribed the shining to the lingering rays of the departed sun; but a moment's reflection showed that this could not be. One line of redness, in the west, marked the place of the sun's setting, and told that it had long gone down. And this cloud was in the east. I turned to a gate that stood there, and watched the beautiful cloud; and the more intently I looked at it, the more I admired its beauty. Its light became brighter and brighter; and presently the rim of the moon peeped from behind. More and more of its face was revealed, as though claiming the notice its beauty deserved. And in a few seconds, separated from the cloud, it turned its full countenance upon it, and seemed to say to me, "There, you see whence its lustre was derived. Dark in itself, *I* threw forward the ray that fringed it with brightness, and made it beautiful. The dark cloud shines; but look upon me,—*I* am the light." So spake, or seemed to speak, the voice of the moon. And I passed on. My willing thoughts were soon gathering themselves round Him who is the Light of the world; and I thanked the cloud with its fringe of silver, and the moon with its quiet beauty; and I thanked the great God and Father of all for directing my thoughts to Jesus. The Light, the true Light, the Light of life, the Light of the world, is He. And if there be in His followers anything that is attractive, anything shining, anything that is beautiful, it is derived from Him. Christ is the Light.

Let us enter this darkened sick-room, and look down on the face of this afflicted one. Tread softly as you enter, and if you speak, let it be in a whisper; for death is already at work. Of those who are present, a cloud darkens every face save *one*. And there is a weight of grief on every heart, and bitter tears in every eye, save *one* heart, and the eyes of one in that company. And that one is the sufferer, for whom all weep. The pain is severe and constant. Days and weeks have passed slowly and wearily of late, because there has been no rest, and the agony has ceased not. The wasted frame has lost all strength, save strength to suffer. Men have come and gone. They have looked into this chamber, and, shuddering, have hurried away to other scenes, and other thoughts; and have returned to find the afflicted one still living, and living only to suffer. Others have become worn and wearied with watching by that bed, and heart-sick with witnessing the pain of the sufferer. Yet the smitten one has murmured not; has uttered no complaint. Nay, there has been a light in the eye, and an indescribable something on the face, that have told of peace within. Yes, a light has fringed the cloud of suffering; a light has shined amid the darkness of that sick-room. It is the light of patience, of lovely resignation. It is not dazzling, but unchanging and beautiful. And, as we gaze upon it, it compels admiration. If you ask the secret of this, and whence comes the light that shines so brightly there, here is the answer: It is the light of Jesus, Himself once a man of suffering and grief. It is the light of His grace in that heart that smooths that anguished brow, and makes that eye to glisten. And it is the patience His Spirit imparts which causes that dying face to shine. The lustre on that cloud is beautiful; but give Him the praise. Christ is the Light.

Some of God's people are eminently a joyful people. There are mourners in Zion, whose very happiness is clothed with the spirit of heaviness. But there are others

whose garment is "the garment of praise," and who "rejoice evermore" in their Lord. They are, in their happiness, a wonder unto many, and the possession of their joyfulness is often longed for. They certainly are made of the same flesh and blood as others; they find rough places in the path of life, as others; they have their dark days, and times of trial, even as others. Yet they are usually joyful. And one can readily see that their joy is the joy of God. It is not mere buoyancy of the animal spirit; nor a habit of forced merriment; but a joy that is deep, spiritual, and Divine. We can see it in their countenance, and read it in their eyes. Their words ring with joyfulness, and their prayers sound with gladness and praise. Yes, their joy *shines*. The edges of their character glisten with gladsomeness; and the first thing you notice in them is, that they are joyful. Who does not admire such a character as this? Someone has said that the thing a Christian ought to dread most, next to sin, is sorrow. And if this be so, a joyful spirit is a spirit to be desired. Brother —— has this spirit. He is a joyful man, a joyful Christian. All his family feel it, and his class-mates feel it; and the preacher feels it as he catches the light of his rejoicing eyes. It is a shining thing, this godly joyfulness. But whence has Brother —— this light? Ask him, or ask the teaching of his life, and you will know that all his light and gladness are derived from Christ. Jesus the Light has shined upon his soul, and you see the reflection. He communes with Christ on the mount; and when he descends, Moses-like, his face shines. His light blesses and gladdens others; but its source is Christ. He has heard and believed the Gospel,—written "that your joy might be full." He has known and believed in Jesus; and His joy remains in him, gladdening his own spirit, and shining blessedly in his character. The light of joy is pleasant to the eyes; but—Christ is the Light.

I have, among my friends, one who is eminently *meek*. His image presents itself whenever I think of a gentle, peace-loving spirit. He was so in the days of his early piety and youthful devotion to God; and now, in manhood, he is the same. "Now the man Moses was very meek." And *he* is meek. This grace, more than all else, shines in him. If its brightness is pale, it is lowly, and good to behold. Even in the track of the blazing sun there is a time and place for the soft starlight. And amid fiery zeal, and burning earnestness, such as God gives to some, it is good for the soul's eye to rest sometimes on one who is "very meek." It is not said of such a one that God will clothe his character with dazzling glory; but "He will *beautify* the meek." Yet this is not natural,—is not born into the world with us. Cold and apathetic we may be by nature; but meekness is Divine. When, therefore, you see the shining of this grace, look beyond the man in whom the excellence is seen. Meekness is a reflection of the light of Jesus. If you knew all, you would discover that the character of that man of meekness—ever gentle, mild, and easy to be entreated as he is—is a faint copy of the meek and patient Saviour. Jesus was meek, and the disciple resembles his Lord. The spirit of meekness you see in the servant is the imparted spirit of the Master. He has "learned of Him," and hence is "meek and lowly in heart." The saint shines; and as we behold, we say, "Blessed are the meek." But it is a beauty altogether derived from his Saviour. Christ is the Light.

The excellence that shines most in others of God's people is *zeal*. Earnestness for God is the most marked

feature in their whole Christian character. They are men who daily feel the tremendous importance of eternal things. Their prayers are earnest prayers; their words of warning are burning words; their love to Christ is burning love, as intense as it is constant. As Local preachers, Sabbath-school teachers, tract-distributers, prayer-leaders, they are thorough-hearted in duty, and leave their mark behind them. What they do is done with all their might. Under the impression that the work is vast, and the time short, they labour with all their heart and soul and strength. And they accomplish much for Christ. They have earthly toil as other men, and business cares, and repeated anxieties. Yet the sick are cared for, the absent scholar is visited at home, and the class and prayer meetings are attended. If, as an old writer says, "Zeal is the dagger which love draws in God's quarrel," they have it ever in hand. The word of warning or reproof is ready for the careless; the text of comfort for the ear of the mourner. They are saints in earnest. The zeal of God's house consumes them. They are "a peculiar people, zealous of good works." And zeal, like meekness and joy, *shines*. Perhaps not with a moon-like loveliness, but with a burning and shining light. Men love its fervency, and God loves to behold its warmth. It is a coal from the altar. Let us rejoice that the churches have such men. Only let us not give to them the glory which belongs alone to God. Zeal is faith and love on fire; but God sets it burning. And what is zeal in any man, but a spark of the Saviour's spirit? What is it but somewhat of that "burning charity" which possessed the Master, and which is communicated in a degree to the servant? The zealous Paul declares himself constrained by the love of Christ. And when we admire the whole-hearted earnestness of some zealous disciple, let us think how cold and dark is every soul, till He who "baptizeth with the Holy Ghost, and with fire," imparts light and heat. Source of all holy zeal, Christ is the Light.

There is another lineament of the Saviour's image, which shines in some of His disciples with especial beauty. Among all the graces, none is more blessed than *love*. Its own name bespeaks its beauty; and when we would describe it, we can only say, It is *lovely*. Brighter in excellence than its companion, Faith, or its sister, Hope, it moves first in the train of the Spirit's heavenly graces. It is the light which shines from the windows of God's habitation; for "he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." We have seen it glisten in the eyes of a child, and glow in the face rugged with the furrows of age. We have seen it in the possessor of robust health, and in the wasted prisoner of the sick-room. But it has always shone, and its light has been ever beautiful. In the midst of dark clouds,—such clouds as poverty and sorrow create; beneath loads of unkindness and wrong,—we have seen its shining, and its rays have ever been blessed and purifying. Blazing in Peter's zeal, or smiling in the gentleness of John; flaming out in Paul's self-devotion, or glimmering in the good deeds of Dorcas, love is ever the same radiant thing, true to itself, and everywhere lovely. To see it is to admire. It is a light that shineth ofttimes in a dark place. What a dark world would this be without love! Yet not by its own light does love shine. It "*vaunteth not itself;*" it gazes not at its own glory, nor exults in the splendour of its own robe of brightness. "Love is of God." And if, in the life of any, this grace shines, let us praise Christ. But for Him, man would be all dark, unlovely, and

unloving. But, when Christ shines upon him, the cloud is covered with light. Let us, therefore, glorify Him who "first loved us." In the servant's shining face, let us see the Master's image. Every ray is borrowed. Life, purity, love,—all are from Jesus. The moon deserves no praise for its shining; the sun gives it light. The heart may glow, the understanding may be enlightened, the face may shine; but—Christ is the Light.

O, Sun of Righteousness, shine upon my soul! Let me reflect some of the rays of Thy meekness, zeal, and love. And while the light Thou dost impart shines before men, the glory of every bright and good deed shall redound to Thee. Scatter my darkness by Thy pure light; give me life by Thy warmth. And grant me, in reflected glory, to shine in Thy heaven, as "the stars, for ever and ever!"

I. E. P.

Hay.

REJOICING IN HOPE.

BY SAMUEL CROSSMAN, 1664.

My life's a shade, my days
  Apace to death decline;
My Lord is Life; He'll raise
  My dust again, ev'n mine.
Sweet truth to me! I shall arise,
And with these eyes my Saviour see.

My peaceful grave shall keep
  My bones till that sweet day,
I wake from my long sleep,
  And leave my bed of clay.
Sweet truth to me! I shall arise,
And with these eyes my Saviour see.

My Lord His angels shall
  Their golden trumpets sound,
At whose most welcome call
  My grave shall be unbound.
Sweet truth to me! I shall arise,
And with these eyes my Saviour see.

I said sometimes with tears,
  "Ah me! I'm loth to die!"
Lord, silence Thou these fears:
  My life's with Thee on high.
Sweet truth to me! I shall arise,
And with these eyes my Saviour see.

What means my trembling heart
  To be thus shy of death?
My life and I shan't part,
  Though I resign my breath.
Sweet truth to me! I shall arise,
And with these eyes my Saviour see.

Then welcome harmless grave!
  By thee to heaven I'll go;
My Lord His death shall save
  Me from the flames below.
Sweet truth to me! I shall arise,
And with these eyes my Saviour see.

THE BEAUTY AND GLORY OF RELIGION.

Soft are the fruitful showers that bring
The welcome promise of the spring,
  And soft the vernal gale:
Sweet the wild warblings of the grove,
The voice of nature and of love,
  That gladden every vale.

But softer in the mourner's ear
Sounds the mild voice of Mercy near,
  That whispers sins forgiven;
And sweeter far the music swells,
When to the raptured soul she tells
  Of peace, and promised heaven.

Fair are the flowers that deck the ground
And groves and gardens, blooming round
  Unnumber'd charms unfold;
Bright is the sun's meridian ray,
And bright the beams of setting day,
  That robe the clouds in gold.

But far more fair the pious breast,
In richer robes of goodness dress'd,
  Where heaven's own graces shine;
And brighter far the prospects rise
That burst on Faith's delighted eyes
  From glories all Divine.

All earthly charms, however dear,
Howe'er they please the eye or ear,
  Will quickly fade and fly;
Of earthly glory faint the blaze,
And soon the transitory rays
  In endless darkness die.

The nobler beauties of the just
Shall never moulder in the dust,
  Or know a sad decay;
Their honours time and death defy,
And round the throne of heaven on high
  Beam everlasting day.

The Scripture Expositor.

No. CXXXVIII.

"*Now then we are ambassadors for Christ, as though God did beseech you by us: we pray you in Christ's stead, be ye reconciled to God.*" (2. Cor. v. 20.)

What man can possibly ponder seriously this place, but must be transported with admiration of the bottomless depth and infinite height of God's incomprehensible, everlasting, and free love? We, most abhorred, vile wretches, are offenders, traitors, rebels, and enemies, and ought to seek and sue unto Him first, upon the knees of our souls, trembling in the dust, and, if it were possible, with tears of blood: and yet He begins unto us; entreating us by His own Son, and His servants the Ministers, to come in, accept His favour and grace, enter into the wise and good way, which is honourable and pleasant, that He may hereafter set upon our heads everlasting crowns of glory and bliss. An earthly prince would disdain, and hold it in scorn, to send unto his inferior for reconcilement; especially to one who had behaved himself basely towards him, and justly provoked his royal indignation. But it is otherwise with the King of kings, who "bringeth the princes to nothing," and "maketh the judges of the earth as vanity." He is content to put up with this indignity, if I may so speak. He is glad to sue unto us first, and send His ambassadors, day after day, beseeching us to be reconciled to Him. O incomprehensible depth of mercy, and encouragement to come in, and trust in His mercy, in case of spiritual misery, and to trample under foot all opposition of raging hell, or of distrustful heart!—*Bolton's Instructions for Comforting Afflicted Consciences*, pp. 435—437. *Edit.* 1635.

No. CXXXIX.

"*And this is His commandment, That we should believe on the name of His Son Jesus Christ.*" (1 John iii. 23.)

This command alone, of the all-powerful God, should infinitely outweigh and prevail against all other commands of earth, flesh and blood, Satan, nature, reason, sense, the world. It should swallow up all scruples, doubts, and fears. Coming to Jesus Christ with broken hearts, according to His commandment, it will bear us up against all opposition, accusations, in evil times, in the hour of temptation, and upon the bed of death. It will be a plea at such times, above all exception, against all allegations, terrors, and temptations to the contrary, to say, "I was humbled under the burden of sin, and sense of my spiritual misery; God, in mercy, offered me His Son Jesus Christ freely, in the mystery of the Gospel, by the ministry of the word; I thereupon thirsted for His person and precious blood, that I might thereby obtain pardon and power against my sin. He called upon me, and commanded me to drink of the water of life freely. I accepted His gracious offer, and, according to His commandment, cast myself upon the Lord Christ, against all the contradiction of carnal reason, and the sophistry of Satan; and since that time He hath given me power to serve Him in sincerity of heart. This is my ground and warrant, even the commandment of my blessed God, against which the gates of hell can never prevail."

Sinner, wilt thou then, being broken-hearted, stand off from believing, and refuse, when He commands thee, to take His own Son? especially when thou takest with Him the excellency and variety of all blessings both in heaven and earth, a discharge from the everlasting pains of hell, deeds sealed with His own blood of thy right to the glorious inheritance of the saints in light; in a word, all things, the Deity itself, blessed for ever, to be enjoyed through Him, with unspeakable and endless pleasure. Prodigious madness! cruelty to thy own soul, or something at which heaven and earth, man and angel, and all creatures may stand amazed, that thou shouldest so wickedly and wilfully forsake thine own mercies, and neglect so great salvation!—*Ibid.*, pp. 237—239.

"I TOUCHED THE GOLD."

We have the following incident recorded in a New-York newspaper. The steamer "Atlantic" was sunk in one hun-

dred and fifty feet of water, and many unsuccessful attempts were made to recover her money-chest, said to contain sixty thousand dollars. The claim of ownership over property thus lost ceases after three years. When this time had expired, a celebrated submarine diver resolved, if possible, to obtain possession of the money. He was taken to the place where the ill-fated steamer went down, and descended by means of a line. He soon found the vessel, groped his way to offices, and making fast his line, gave the signal that he wished to ascend. After resting for a time, he again descended, and reaching the spot, he shattered a window, and laid his hand on the safe. He was unable, however, to reach far enough, and returned to the surface for a hook. As they made ready for his third descent, he fainted, fell on the deck, and was unable to renew the attempt. Coming to himself, he declared that, if his life were spared, he would yet be the owner of the chest. On his rising to the surface the second time, his first exclamation was, "*I touched the gold.*"

Reading this account, I thought of one who, awhile ago, was seeking Christ's salvation. A feeling of uneasiness had crept over him, and there was ever present with him a conscious want of something in his soul. He felt this want when he arose in the morning, and when he lay down to sleep at night. It was with him when at his daily toil, and with him during the rest of the Sabbath. The feeling at first was faint; but it strengthened and increased within him, till it filled his whole soul, and he was constrained to confess himself an unhappy man. It was the result of no particular sin; it was the effect of no particular sermon, nor of anything he had heard or read. When he sought to understand the nature of this feeling, he saw its chief element to be a hungering for peace of soul, and it became clear to him that he wanted religion. To that subject, therefore, he wisely turned his attention. He prayed now frequently, read good books, and listened earnestly to the preaching of the word. And soon he saw before him the blessing he so much needed. Not that his perceptions were clear, or his views of the matter just; but he discovered that pardon was to be had, and newness of nature, and peace of soul, in the possession of the religion of Jesus. His thoughts now gathered themselves round this centre, and his whole soul asked anxiously the question, How is true religion to be obtained? He tried fasting, and prayers, and good deeds; he mortified the flesh, read the word, attended the means of grace. But peace came not. Yet he pressed on. He saw the preciousness of the blessing he sought, and felt that, to secure it, no effort could be too great. He already counted all, in comparison with this treasure, as loss. Religion had become, in his eyes, the one thing needful, the true riches, the pearl of great price. He sought it with continually-increasing ardour. God's people prayed for him, and at length it was evident he was not far from the kingdom. Gleams of light again and again lit up his darkness, and inspired him with fresh hope. *He touched the gold.* A few more struggles, and "righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost," were his. He was near that state of blessed self-despair, when the last struggle ceases, and the soul, resigning itself to be saved in God's way, and on God's terms, finds immediate rest. But at this point he paused, drew back, and, from an earnest search for the hidden treasure, rose to the surface of the world again. The strength of his resolve grew faint, and from that time he went quickly back. It were hard to tell why. Only God and his own spirit know the cause of the change, and why, when so near the possession of salvation, he gave up the search. But his heart, losing its ardour in seeking the peace of God, was filled up, and sought to satisfy itself with the peace of the world. O, it was sad! so near the treasure as actually to touch it, and then to lose it altogether!

And similar has been the conduct of some of God's people in searching for purity of heart. It was after the first joy of our adoption that we began to feel its necessity. Mixed up with our spirituality and peace were the remains of sin, and we were soon longing for complete deliverance. As we prayed, and studied the Divine word, deeper

and deeper became the conviction that we must possess entire holiness. Driven by many plain commands, and drawn by many "exceeding great and precious promises," we began the search. We saw the blessing to be in value more precious than rubies; and conscience within, and God above, and Jesus before the throne, seemed speaking to our souls, Be ye holy. How blessed a state of heart purity seemed then! To be fully the Lord's; to love Him supremely; to have our inward foes not only wounded, but destroyed; for every thought to be held in sweet subjection to the law of Christ; and, after being tossed with doubts and fears, to enter into rest, and be kept each moment in perfect peace; this seemed indeed a priceless blessing. We could say, with the late James Smith, of Cheltenham, "I would give all the world to be holy;" and we feel, with the sainted M'Cheyne, that "to be holy is to be happy, and that, to bring us to perfect holiness and likeness to God, was the very end for which Christ died." For this we longed, we prayed, we wrestled in a holy passion. David's prayer was uprising in our souls, and ever on our lips: "Create in me a clean heart, O God!" And our prayers were heard. Our endeavours were speedily followed by a quickened spirituality, and we rapidly grew in grace. Keeping in view the full salvation God had promised, we grew in likeness to Jesus. The good land spread its riches before us, and we hoped shortly to be in possession. We had foretastes of its blessedness, and almost in ready anticipation realized it. Yes; *we touched the gold!* But, alas! only touched; for, to this day, we possess it not. And why? Because we drew back. But why drew we back? What quenched the flame of holy desire, and robbed us of our birthright-blessing? Was it shame, or fear, or the example of others, or some adroitly-inserted temptation? or was it our own unbelief? O, cursed unbelief, to deprive us of a blessing so glorious, and so near being our own! O, worst of robbers, most cruel of thieves, to take away what Christ had bought, and God had given, and our hand was outstretched to receive! We were within reach of the treasure, but drew back, and lost it. O, had we but persevered, what peace should we have had, what power in prayer, what success in Christian labour! Instead of months of coldness, conscious leanness, and lack of power, then had our peace been "as a river, and our righteousness as the waves of the sea."

Let us hasten back. Let us again plead for entire holiness, and rest not till our souls consciously possess it. Discouragements we shall have; but they ought to increase our diligence. It will be suggested, "You sought it earnestly before, and failed: can you hope to possess it now?" Ah, deceitful heart! Ah, lying tempter! Yes, we may succeed; succeed without passing through months of wearying failure. "This is the victory, even your faith." "The word is nigh thee." God is this moment able, perfectly willing, ready, to save. Let us grasp the treasure. Let us by simple faith make it our own; and, instead of dishonouring our God by questioning His power or faithfulness, let us be "strong in faith, giving glory to God."

'Though earth and hell the word gainsay,
The word of God can never fail;
The Lamb shall take my sins away,
'Tis certain, though impossible:
The thing impossible shall be;
All things are possible to me."

Hay. I. E. P.

BIBLE-DIFFICULTIES.

I REMEMBER reading, says a modern popular and voluminous writer, that on cutting down an oak that must have been two hundred years old at the very least, there was found, in the very heart of the oak, a musket bullet. When it was stated to the peasants and villagers that it was so, they said it must be a trick; that the woodman must have stuck it in, and pretended that it was found in the oak. But, when men of science and practical knowledge investigated it, they found it was beyond all doubt that the bullet was in the very heart of the oak, and there was no opening by which it could be inserted, and no symptoms of a rent by which it could have been admitted. But a country gentleman in the place

turned over the leaves of his history, and he discovered that in that very forest, when that tree must have been a mere sapling, a great battle was fought; that the presumption, nay, the certainty, was that a bullet had fastened in the sapling, that as it grew and broadened in bulk, in size, in form, for two hundred years, it had grown over the bullet, and the bullet had come to be imbedded and inserted in the very heart of it, without any opening by which it could have entered in past times; and thus the difficulty, that perplexed at first, became solved and easily explained by further and more extensive research. In the same manner, when we meet with difficulties in Scripture, when we cannot explain them to-day, lay them up for investigation to-morrow; and you will find that as we grow in light, in practical experience, in research, in study, that the things which seemed impossible a few years ago, will only seem difficult and hard to be understood to-day; and that, in the course of a year or two, all will be so plain that a wayfaring man can understand it, and need not err therein.—*Dr. Cumming's "Things Hard to be Understood."*

A NOTE OF ADMISSION TO THE LORD'S TABLE.

In the year 1789, the late Rev. Henry Moore was stationed in London, when a gentleman of some distinction, by some impropriety of conduct, gave just offence to the Methodist Society. He was not a member of that body, but had been in the habit of receiving the Lord's supper at the hands of Mr. Wesley, and of the Clergymen who were accustomed to officiate in the City-road Chapel. Mr. Moore, having waited upon the gentleman for an explanation of his conduct, was not satisfied with it, and told him he should be obliged to refuse him the accustomed note to the holy communion.

The gentleman succeeded in making out a better case to one of the Clergymen, and obtained from him a promise to apply to Mr. Wesley, when he came to town, for such a note, so as to silence all scruples as to the future. After Mr. Wesley had preached, he went, as usual, into the vestry, and Mr. Moore having shortly followed saw him writing the accustomed note, and about to hand it to the Clergyman; addressing Mr. Wesley, he said, "Sir, do you intend to give a note of admission to the holy sacrament to Mr. ——?" Mr. Wesley replied, "Yes, Henry; I have reason to believe the report of his conduct is a mistake." "I have fully examined it," rejoined Mr. Moore; "and I find it is no mistake. If you give him a note, I shall not take the holy sacrament myself." Mr. Wesley looked earnestly at Mr. Moore, and replied, "I would take the holy sacrament if the devil himself were there." "And so would I," rejoined Mr. Moore; "but not if you gave him a note of admission." Mr. Wesley immediately put the note into the fire, and returned into the chapel, unwilling to sanction, as a communicant, a man who was known to be living in wilful sin.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF THE LATE WILLIAM DAWSON.

BARNBOW, *July 18th*, 1837.

MY DEAR MISS ——,—I have not forgotten your request that I would at some time send you a letter. To gratify my young friends, in promoting their interest and happiness, both temporal and spiritual, affords me great pleasure; and I assure you that, if I can contribute in the smallest measure to your welfare, it will give me real satisfaction. I cannot forget the affectionate attention that I have received from your eyes and hands, which, I doubt not, were the obedient servants of your heart. To see you steady and decided Wesleyans, when so many around you have rallied round another standard, excites in my bosom growing sentiments of gratitude and admiration. To behold your heads and hands contriving and executing plans to promote the glory of God, in supporting the Missionary cause, increases my affection for you, and, no doubt, arrests the attention and approbation of angels; and, what is best of all, Jesus smiles upon your efforts, sprinkles them with His blood, and presents them before the

throne of mercy, "an odour of a sweet smell, a sacrifice acceptable, well-pleasing to God." (Phil. iv. 18.) I know there is no merit in the sacrifice and service of your studies and labours for the cause of God; but, as the Lord looks upon the work of His own hands, and says, "It is *very good;*" so He looks upon "works of faith, and labours of love, and the patience of hope," with approbation, and says, "Well done." The kindness and liberality of the Philippians melted St. Paul's generous heart into thankfulness and praise, when he says, "Ye sent once and again unto my necessity;" and then the token of love which they sent by Epaphroditus kindled his gratitude afresh; and, in the language of warmest affection and triumphant faith, he exclaims, "But my God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus:" and, according to his usual custom, he makes all the lines of his views and feelings, ends and aims, studies and labours, meet in God; breathes out his soul in the profoundest adoration, and says, "Now unto God and our Father be glory for ever and ever. Amen." O, my beloved young friends! let all your cares and labours centre here; viz., to bring "glory to God and your Father for ever and ever." This can be done by a life of faith in the Lord Jesus Christ; that life of faith which views His blood as the only plea for a sinner's pardon and acceptance, and looks upon Him as the delightful and honoured medium of communion with God, and communications from God. Never forget that "through Him we both" (Jews and Gentiles) "have access by one Spirit to the Father." It is in the face of Jesus Christ that we can see the glory of God; and while we gaze, we can be "changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." These are not pompous, mystical, unmeaning words, but real spiritual truths; and are enjoyed by the soul that "lives by faith in the Son of God, who loved us, and gave Himself for us." The blessing of entire sanctification can only be obtained and retained by living, entire faith in Him, who is emphatically "the Resurrection and the Life;" and the reason why we live at so low a rate of Christian experience is, I believe, we separate what God hath joined together; viz., denying self and taking up the cross, as well as believing in and following Christ. Now our faith is too exclusively taken up with looking at the atonement and all-prevailing intercession of Christ, without also fixing our eye to the way that leads to the throne; and that is daily self-denial and taking up the cross. When I say our faith looks too exclusively, you are aware that there is a sense in which we cannot look too much at that only ground of all our hope, and all our plea; but we must remember, that the man who looks off from everything besides, and only looks at Jesus, must also lay aside every weight, "and the sin which doth so easily beset him." In those acts he must always "look to Jesus, the Author and Finisher of his faith; who for the joy that was set before Him endured the cross, and despised the shame." We should connect self-denial, and the taking up of the cross, with acts of faith in our Saviour. Only let living, active faith take the Lord Jesus Christ in all His offices, and our life will be a life of spiritual liberty, and even more than angelic enjoyment. We shall "walk in the light, as He is in the light," and feel "the blood of Jesus Christ cleansing us from all sin." O, my beloved young friends! I desire "that ye come behind in no gift; waiting for the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ." It is your high calling of God in Christ Jesus; and your trying circumstances in the church call especially for its enjoyment, and will most strikingly manifest its reality and beauty.

"Affliction is the good man's shining scene;" and though at times you may "lie in heaviness through manifold temptations," yet you need not doubt the final and pleasing results, which will be, "that the trial of your faith, being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire, shall be found unto praise, and honour, and glory, at the appearing of Jesus Christ." What a soul-reviving termination of sanctified temptations and trials; of sanctified enjoyments, sacrifices, and labours in the service of the Lord, for

anything that we can do or suffer in the service of God, to be at last "to praise, and honour, and glory, at the appearing of the Lord Jesus Christ," is a consideration enough to strengthen the weakest hands, confirm the feeblest knees, and cheer the most drooping heart when engaged for such a Master, whose labours are crowned with such an end. All that faith has done and suffered shall be found especially and primarily to the praise, and honour, and glory of Christ, the "Author and Finisher" of it; but we shall share the praise, and honour, and glory. Nay, more, we shall exhibit it before the eyes of assembled worlds. The Lord Jesus shall be revealed from heaven, with His mighty angels, in flaming fire; but the grand end of that revelation is not to "take vengeance on them that know not God, and obey not the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ,"—this is only a secondary part of that awful day,—the grand end and design of His coming is "to be glorified in His saints, and admired in all them that believe." Archbishop Leighton says of the saints, "They shall be glorious in Christ, and, therefore, in all their glory He shall be glorified; for as they derived their glory from Him, it shall all return back to Him again. How beautiful shall He be to those that love Him, when He, as the glorious Head, shall appear with the whole body mystically together with Him!"

I cannot deny myself the pleasure of finishing the quotation from the writings of that wonderful man (so Dr. Doddridge deliberately calls him). He adds, "Then the glory and praise that all His saints shall be honoured with shall fully recompense all the scars, and ignominies, and distresses they met with here; and they shall shine all the brighter for them. O, if we considered often of that day, how light should we set by the opinions of men, and all outward hardships that can befall us! How easily should we digest dispraise and dishonour here, and pass through all cheerfully, provided we be found in Him, and so partakers of praise, and honour, and glory, in that day of His appearing!" *

* Leighton on 1 Peter i. 7.

O, how delightful the thought that our sanctified, social, friendly, brotherly pleasures we have enjoyed together on earth shall be perfect, permanent, uninterrupted, increasing, glorified pleasures in the day of the Lord's appearing! My heart swells with delight at the idea; and I hope to see you, my truly-respected young friends, in the centre of its glory, and share your happiness to all eternity. Amen, even so, Lord Jesus! Amen, and amen, says the heart of

Yours sincerely,

W. Dawson.

FRENCH EMIGRANT PRIESTS.

In the autumn of 1792, says the late Rev. Henry Moore, the dreadful days of the French Revolution, I and my wife were on a visit at Dover. One morning, as we were standing on the beach, a crowd of boats approached the shore, in which were a multitude of priests, vomited forth, as polluting their native land. She saw and deplored the wickedness of the transaction; and she felt, through her whole frame, the words of Moses, "Thou knowest the heart of a stranger." She turned to me, bathed in tears, and said, "O, Henry, could we give them all a dinner at the inn?" This could not be; but love will do what it can. She went to a fruit-stall, and, buying as much as she could conveniently carry, approached the poor strangers, and, with the smile of an angel, presented her offering. It is impossible to describe the effect. Tears, profound salutations, their eyes appealing to each other with gratitude to, and admiration of, the kind offerer. O, how true is the declaration:—

"All my worldly joys are less
Than this one joy of doing kindnesses:"

FEMALE CRIMINALS.

Male criminals are influenced by some amount of reason and forethought; but, says the author of *Female Life in Prison*, the female prisoner flies in the very face of prudence, and acts more often like a mad woman than a rational, reflective human being. Those who are cunning enough to carry on by signs, and looks,

and tappings on the wall, a correspondence with their neighbours, are less refractory than those of less experience in evading prison rules. I have known many women, in defiance of a day or two's bread and water, suddenly shout across the airing-yard, or from one cell to another, with a noise all the more vehement for the long restraint to which they have been subjected; and such a proceeding, if remonstrated with, is generally followed by a smashing of windows, and a tearing up of sheets and blankets, that will often affect half a ward with a similar example, if the delinquent is not speedily carried off to refractory quarters. It has long been observed that the force of example, in the matter of "breakings out," is sure to be strikingly exemplified; that for the sake of change even, and for that excitement which appears to be part of their being, without which they must go melancholy mad, two or three women will, in a quiet, aggravating manner, arrange for a systematic smashing of windows, and tearing of sheets and blankets. I have even known women address their matrons in a style similar to the following:—"Miss G., I'm going to break out to-night." "O, nonsense; you won't think of any such folly, I'm sure." Persuasion is generally attempted at first, as a "breaking out" disturbs a whole prison for a day or two. "I'm sure I shall, then." "What for?" "Well, I've made up my mind, that's what for. I shall break out to-night: see if I don't!" "Has any one offended you, or said anything?" "No, no; but I *must* break out. It's so dull here. I'm sure to break out." "And then you'll go to the 'dark,'" is the answer. And the breaking out often occurs as promised; and the glass shatters out of the window-frames, and strips of sheets and blankets are passed through, or left in a heap in the cell; and the guards are sent for, and there is a scuffling, and fighting, and scratching, and screaming, that Pandemonium might equal, nothing else.

THE PRAYING SPIDER.

I WISH I could show you a very curious insect we found the other day; but, as I cannot send it to you, I will try and describe it to you, and see if it cannot *teach us a lesson*. Yes, *teach us a lesson*: why not? If the busy *bee* and the industrious *ant* can teach us lessons, why may not the praying spider also teach us a profitable lesson? That is the name of this curious insect,—the *praying spider*. He is more like a very large daddy-long-legs than one of our Irish spiders. His body is straight and thin, as if he had been fasting and doing penance till he had worn all the flesh off his poor bones; and his arms and legs are like the long, lanky arms and legs of a skeleton. When we caught him, he put his thin body erect upon his hind legs, and bent these hind legs as if he was praying. He then put up his front legs, (just as a man would put up his arms and clasp his hands,) as if begging for his life. It was very pretty to see the poor fellow do this; and he continued in this praying posture till we let him go. Now, the lesson you may learn from this little creature is this: When we worship God, not to be mere "praying spiders," only bending our knees and clasping our hands; but to worship God as the angels do, with all our heart and soul. "God is a Spirit: and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth."—*Old Jonathan.*

Our Country.

THE MINES AND MINERAL RESOURCES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

PART III.

TIN AND LEAD.

UNLIKE the widely-diffused ores which we have been considering, tin, in our country, is restricted to a very limited territory, being obtained exclusively in the counties of Devon and Cornwall. It is probable that the enterprising Phœnician merchants visited the Cornish coast, for the purpose of obtaining this metal, some three thousand years ago. Subse-

quently the Romans engaged in this traffic, and conveyed the tin of Britain to the ports of southern Europe, ultimately absorbing the commerce of the original traders. A Roman historian, writing about half a century prior to the Christian era, speaks of the natives of Britain procuring tin from the mines on their coast, and selling it to foreign merchants, by whom it was shipped to Gaul. Historical records inform us that King John leased the tin-mines of Cornwall to Jews, who paid a certain rental for the privilege of working them; and they seem to have carried on a lucrative traffic for several years, until, at length, a cruel edict of Edward I. banished all Jews from the kingdom.

The lodes of tin are met with in the granite rocks which constitute so prominent a feature in the geological formations of Cornwall and Devon. Tin is also largely found in deposits, which, by the action of the atmosphere during countless centuries, have been peeled off the surface of the granite hills, and washed down into the lower levels and valleys at their base.

Some of the mines on the coast are sunk to the depth of a thousand feet, and occasionally even lower; while sideways have actually been driven beneath the bed of the sea. As the hardy miner toils in the passages which have been cut in these subaqueous rocks, he can hear the waters of the Atlantic tossed by the winds, and heaved by the restless tides above his head.

In preparing for the operation of smelting, the ores are broken into small pieces, and then reduced to a coarse powder in stamping-mills. They are next calcined until the arsenical vapours have passed off; and, after some other processes, to free them from remaining impurities, they are ready for the furnace. When the fusion of the ore is completed, it is conveyed into a large vessel, from which it is ladled into moulds. A course of refining finishes the cleansing of the metal, and prepares it for sale in the form known as *block tin*. As in the case of iron, charcoal was in former times the fuel for the smelting furnace; and it was not until the close of the seventeenth century that coal was brought into use for that purpose. The saving thus effected in the expense of smelting is an item of considerable importance, for it was soon discovered that mineral fuel is far more economical than wood. Less than two tons of coal is sufficient for the smelting of one ton of iron. At present, however, when, in the reduction of the finer ores, tin of particular purity is required, charcoal is resorted to.

The superior advantages which our manufacturers possess in the employment of coal, and in various mechanical contrivances, in the production of the metal, will be evident when we mention that the ores can be brought from the Malay Islands of the Eastern Archipelago to the Cornish furnaces, smelted and refined, and the tin returned and sold at a lower price than it costs on the spot. The amount of tin which the ores yield varies from fifty to seventy-five per cent.

Considering the very long period of some thirty centuries, during which our tin-mines and metallic deposits have been worked, and the greatly-increased activity of the trade in more recent times, it is wonderful that so large an annual supply is still forthcoming. A hundred years ago the average production of the mines was about two thousand four hundred tons. From 1817 to 1837 it rose to an annual average of four thousand two hundred and eleven tons. In eighteen years afterwards,—that is, in 1855,—it had reached nearly nine thousand tons. This large amount of ore produced six thousand tons of tin, valued at £720,000. "Tin has a high metallic lustre. Its colour is silver-white, with a tinge of yellow. In tenacity it is exceeded by several of the metals, but is very ductile; and as *tin-foil* it is met with in plates varying from 1-250th to 1-1000th of an inch. It suffers but little change on exposure to the atmosphere, and is unaffected by moisture." It is one of the most useful metals, being capable of application to various purposes, although, owing to its softness, it is seldom employed alone in metalline manufactures. Laid in a thin coating upon sheet iron, by a process called *tinning*, it is extensively used in the manufacture of culinary and other articles. It is very

ble as an ingredient in various
und metals. In union with copper,
as bell-metal and bronze. It also
into the composition of solder,
rs' type, gun-metal, and several
of pewter. Tin is one of the
used in the well-known and
y-manufactured alloy called Bri-
-metal. After having been brought
ed heat in a cast-iron pot, melted
ony, copper, and brass are poured
t. When the fusion is complete,
etal is cast into slabs, or ingots, of
s sizes; and they are reduced to
quisite tenuity for the manufac-
by passing them between steel
. The numerous articles of do-
use into which Britannia-metal
de form an important branch of
erce, both for home consumption
portation. The chief seats of the
facture are Sheffield and Birming-
Its production in the former place
from about the year 1770.

is also used as the basis of some
cal compounds, and, in solution
arious acids, is of great importance
art of dyeing. It easily unites
nercury, and the compound result-
om this mixture is used for silvering
rs.

metal known as *Banca* tin is
ed from an island of that name,
lies at the north of Sumatra.
in ores of this island are found in
al deposits, and have long been in
, both for their abundance and
or quality.

LEAD.

richest lead-mines of England are
in the five northern counties of
umberland, Durham, Cumberland,
morland, and York. The lime-
formations, with the other rocks
ining veins of lead, crop out, in
mt places, at the surface of the
The culminating point of this ex-
e and productive district occurs in
ountain of Cross-Fell, in Cumber-
and it is in the lofty moorland and
tain-ranges around that the most
tant mines are found. The upper
s of the Tyne, Wear, and Tees,
lso some of the valleys formed by
tributary streams, possess mines of
erable value.

The carboniferous limestone of the Peak of Derbyshire has long been noted for its lead ores. They extend from the high elevations which rise in the north of the county, southward to the neighbourhood of Matlock. At one time these mines formed a principal source of supply, but the yield has now greatly diminished. Flintshire and Denbighshire, in North Wales, and the counties of Devon and Cornwall, are important lead-producing districts. The ore is also found in the range of the Mendip Hills, in Somersetshire, and in Staffordshire and the Isle of Man.

In addition to the lead sites which we have already mentioned, the writer of a work on the *History, Laws, and Places of the Chief Mines and Mineral Works in England, Wales, and the English Pale in Ireland*, published in the year 1670, enumerates the following counties as containing lead ores, viz.; Worcestershire, Leicestershire, Dorsetshire, Buckinghamshire, and three counties in South Wales. History also speaks of a lead-mine worked in Essex in the reign of Henry IV.

Rich lead-mines have been opened in the Lowther Hills, in the south of Scotland. They are situated at Leadhills and Wanlock-Head, on the borders of Dumfriesshire and Lanarkshire. These mines give employment to a busy population, whose industry has converted a bleak mountain solitude into a cultivated and thriving region.

The existence of lead ores in our country was discovered in very early times. Blocks of lead, bearing Latin inscriptions, have been met with, carrying us back to the period when the Romans held possession of the island. The construction of their great northern road, called the Maiden Way, would lay open metallic veins; and traces of very ancient smelting-places have been met with in the neighbourhood of Roman stations.

Antiquarians are of opinion that both the Saxons and Danes obtained the metal from some of the mines of Derbyshire; and occasionally ancient records mention a grant of land, or a royal charter, at various intervals, showing that our forefathers were acquainted with lead-mining.

Before the Norman conquest a grant of land was bestowed, in the lead district of Derbyshire, by an abbess, the condition of which was, that a certain quantity of lead should be annually supplied to the Archbishop of Canterbury. Henry III. and Edward I. conferred special privileges on some of the miners of the north, certain rights being reserved to the crown, and, probably, to the lords of the manor. Between two and three centuries later, mention is made of two hundred lead-mines in Derbyshire, showing pretty active operations in the metal three hundred years ago.

For the general regulation of the mines, local courts were anciently established. These courts had somewhat extensive juridical powers, and their decision appears to have been in most cases final.

The following account of the manufacture of lead is given in the *English Cyclopædia:* "The first processes are those of crushing, or pounding, and washing the ore, in order to separate, as far as possible, by mechanical means, the impurities from the metal. The ore is then smelted, sometimes in a common smelting furnace, and sometimes in a reverberatory furnace, both of which are very similar in form and construction to the furnaces used for melting and puddling iron. When the fusion has been continued long enough to cause the expulsion of the sulphur contained in the ore, and the separation of the earthy matter in the form of scoria, the latter—which, from its smaller specific gravity, floats on the melted metal—is removed from the furnace through an aperture provided for the purpose; and the lead is allowed to run into a large iron pan, from which it is ladled into cast-iron moulds. It then constitutes what is called *pig*-lead. The scoria still contains a portion of lead, and is subjected to the heat of another furnace, called a slag-hearth, for its separation, which occurs on its fusion; the metal then falls into a cavity, whence it is run, and also cast into pigs."

The value of the lead ores is increased by the presence of one of the precious metals, viz., silver, which occurs in various quantities. Occasionally the proportion of silver has turned out very large. This was the case in a mine worked on Broomhill-Moor, in Yorkshire, where as much as two hundred and thirty ounces per ton were extracted. This, however, is the highest amount of which we have any record, and far exceeds anything ever met with in any other English mines. In some mining operations in Devon and Cornwall, one ton of ore has yielded one hundred ounces of silver; but this, also, is a quantity rarely found. The *average* of our northern mines is taken at eleven or twelve ounces to the ton. Until within the last five-and-thirty years, it was not considered remunerative to incur the expense of extracting the silver when the proportion fell below twenty ounces to the ton. But, in the year 1829, a greatly-improved de-silvering operation was introduced, by which it pays to secure the silver when only three ounces can be obtained from one ton of lead. The discoverer of this method of extracting the precious metal was Mr. Hugh Lee Pattinson, who in early life was a poor boy employed in a chemist's shop at Alston, in Cumberland. He took much interest in the lead-works in the neighbourhood, became well acquainted with their various operations, and ultimately found out what is called the *crystallizing* method of extracting silver from lead. It appears that this important discovery has effected a saving of some two hundred thousand ounces of silver annually. This process also saves large quantities of lead.

In the year 1858 there were raised, from English mines, sixty-eight thousand three hundred and three tons of lead, valued at £1,489,000; and five hundred and sixty-nine thousand three hundred and forty-five ounces of silver, worth £156,569.

Lead is a metal of various application in the arts of life. Sheet-lead, manufactured both by casting and rolling, is largely employed in the roofs of buildings and the lining of cisterns, although other lining is to be preferred where the water is used for drinking and culinary purposes. In the case of new cisterns, water should be allowed to remain for

time without being renewed, for ıfter a crust has been formed does rater become safe. The lead on is often found perforated with small

Curiously enough, these are l by the larva of an insect, in ı stomach lead has often been . An inside lining of gutta-percha terns and pipes has been recently ed, which succeeds well, and re- ı all danger. Tinned lead is also

ite-lead and red-lead are employed in the preparation of paint. These ingredients are, however, very unwholesome, frequently causing a disease called *painter's colic*. Red-lead is also used in the staining of paper, and the manufacture of flint-glass. Sugar-of-lead is extensively employed in calico-printing; and, united with acetous acid or vinegar, it is used medicinally for external application.

Our next paper will conclude the series on "Our Mines and Mineral Resources."

The Household.

EXAMPLE.

MPLE is a living lesson. The life ı. Every action has a tongue. s are but articulate breath. Deeds s *fac-similes* of the soul; they prowhat is within. The child notices fe. It should be in harmony with ess. Keen is the vision of youth; mark is transparent. If a word own into one balance, a deed is n into the other. Nothing is more tant than that parents should be tent. A sincere word is never lost; vice, counter to example, is always ted. Both cannot be true; one is

! MISSION OF A SUNBEAM.

UNBEAM left its home of light on and of love and kindness. It came the first blush of morning, breaky its magic glow, the spell with sleep had enchained the world. ated the clouds with beauty, and med the earth with its smile.

ı trees wooed it to their embrace, he rippling stream flowed softly, g it on its bosom. The flowers, delicate colouring was traced by ıcil, opened wide their petals to its ving ray. In the halls of wealth d a softer and richer glow. Its d light struggled into the low ng-place of poverty, bearing to espairing watcher there the boon pe and peace. The little child l up and smiled, as it paused to rith its golden curls. The tottering step of age grew firmer, as its silvery beam fell on his locks of grey. Everywhere it inspired joy. The gay and happy felt their pulses bound with more gladsome life. The sad and friendless were comforted by its peaceful influence.

At last, its mission ended, it returned again to its source. Its last bright rays were shed upon the evening clouds, gilding them with colours with which no painter's pencil can vie; while the earth lay calmed in its mellow radiance.

Would that our lives might be like sunbeams, that wherever we go we may cause joy and peace to spring in our pathway, and the blessing of hearts made glad by our presence to rest upon us! And when this short day of our earthly life shall close, and we pass away, may we leave behind us the bright light of our example to lessen the sorrows of life, and guide wayward man in the path to glory and to God!

DISCIPLINE IN CHILDHOOD.

YOUNG people, says Lord Jeffrey, who have been habitually gratified in all their desires will not only more indulge in capricious desires, but will infallibly take it more amiss when the feelings or happiness of others require that they should be thwarted, than those who have been practically trained to the habit of subduing and restraining them; and, consequently, will in general sacrifice the happiness of others to their own selfish indulgence. To what else is the selfishness of princes and other great people to be attributed?

It is in vain to think of cultivating principles of generosity and beneficence by mere exhortation and reasoning. Nothing but the practical habit of overcoming our own selfishness, and of familiarly encountering privations and discomfort on account of others, will over enable us to do it when required. And, therefore, I am fully persuaded that indulgence infallibly produces selfishness and hardness of heart, and that nothing but a pretty severe discipline and control can lay the foundation of a magnanimous character.

The Portfolio.

GEMS IN OLD SETTINGS.

GAD, BEHOLD, A TROOP COMETH.

THE Amalekite who brought the tidings to David began with truth, rightly reporting the overthrow of the Israelites. (2 Sam. i.) Cheaters must get some credit before they can cozen; and all falsehood, if not founded in some truth, would not be fixed in any belief.

But proceeding, he told six lies successively:—

1. That Saul called him.
2. That he came at his call.
3. That Saul demanded who he was.
4. That he returned his answer.
5. That Saul commanded him to kill him.
6. That he killed him accordingly.

A wilful falsehood told is a cripple not able to stand by itself without some to support it; it is easy to tell a lie, hard to tell but a lie.

Lord, if I be so unhappy to relate a falsehood, give me to recall it or repent of it. It is said of the pismires, that to prevent the growing (and so the corrupting) of that corn which they hoard up for the winter provision, they bite off both the ends thereof, wherein the generating power of the grain doth consist. When I have committed a sin, O, let me so order it that I may destroy the procreation thereof, and, by a true sorrow, condemn it to a blessed barrenness!

"LINE UPON LINE."

MOSES, in God's name, did counsel Joshua, Deut. xxxi. 23: "Be strong and of a good courage: for thou shalt bring the children of Israel into the land which I sware unto them." God immediately did command him, Josh. i. 6: "Be strong and of a good courage;" and again, v. 7: "Only be thou strong and very courageous;" and again, v. 9: "Have not I commanded thee? Be strong and of a good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed." Lastly, the Reubenites and Gadites heartily desired him, v. 18: "Only be strong and of a good courage."

Was Joshua a dunce or a coward? Did his wit or his valour want an edge, that the same precept must so often be placed upon him? No doubt neither; but God saw it needful that Joshua should have courage of proof, who was to encounter both the froward Jew and the fierce Canaanite.

Though metal on metal, colour on colour, be false heraldry; "line upon line, precept upon precept," (Isai. xxviii. 10,) is true divinity.

Be not, therefore, offended, O my soul, if the same doctrine be often delivered unto thee by different preachers; if the same precept, like the sword in Paradise, "which turned every way," (Gen. iii. 24,) doth hunt and haunt thee, tracing thee which way soever thou turnest; rather conclude that thou art deeply concerned in the practice thereof, which God hath thought fit should be so frequently inculcated into thee.

THE WRATH TO COME.

AN irreligious young man went to hear Mr. Whitefield, who took the following passage for his text: "But when He saw many of the Pharisees and Sadducees come to His baptism, He said unto them, O generation of vipers, who hath warned you to flee from the wrath to come?" (Matt. iii. 7.) "Mr. Whitefield," said the young man, "described

the Sadducean character. This did not touch me; I thought myself as good a Christian as any man in England. From this he went to that of the Pharisees. He described their exterior decency, but observed that the poison of the viper rankled in their hearts. This rather shook me. At length, in the course of his sermon, he abruptly broke off, paused for a few moments, then burst into a flood of tears, lifted up his hands and eyes, and exclaimed, 'O, my hearers, the wrath to come! the wrath to come!' These words sunk deep into my heart, like lead in the waters. I wept; and, when the sermon was ended, retired alone. For days and weeks I could think of little else. Those awful words would follow me wherever I went: 'The wrath to come! the wrath to come!'" The result was, that the young man soon after made a public profession of religion, and in a short time became a very eminent preacher.

Memorials of the Departed.

Ann Paddick was born in Salford, October 22d, 1840. From her childhood she was gay and lively, but by no means light and frivolous. She always manifested a great love to the Sunday-school, which, from a very early age, she regularly attended. When very young she was brought by her sister to Regent-street Wesleyan Sunday-school; but, after a little time, her parents thought it wise that they should be removed to the Independent school, where they themselves attended, and where they would be more immediately under their care. She continued to attend this school for some years, and received several prizes as the reward of her amiable conduct. Nothing very remarkable seems to have taken place while here, save that the seed of the kingdom had been effectually sown, and had found a lodging-place in an honest and good heart. Early in 1850 some unaccounted-for influence led her again to Regent-street. Probably the blessed Spirit was the only agent in this; for, in her subsequent experience, she has been heard to say, "I could never find out how it was I first came to Regent-street." Regent-street, however, became the place of her second birth. She knelt there at the mercy-seat, suing for pardon, crying, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" The blessing was obtained, and she returned home a new creature in Christ Jesus. From this time she became decidedly religious. Her outward actions told of the change that had been wrought within. She loved, with all the intensity of a new-born spirit, the means of grace, and attended them at every opportunity. She has often spoken very delightfully of the blessed seasons she enjoyed, and made every sacrifice in order to get to the band or prayer meetings. She became very much attached to Regent-street school. The attachment grew with her faith and love. She had a great desire to spend her Sabbaths here, and at length obtained full permission from her father. She joined a class, and received her first Society-ticket in June, 1858. From this time she made steady progress, and continued to hold fast her profession without wavering. She usually expressed herself by saying, "I am still determined to press forward." Things unseen seemed to her vastly more important than aught else. She was regular at school as a teacher, and was a bright example to others, especially as a tract-distributer. She could not be persuaded on any occasion to neglect this duty. I once accompanied her through her district, and was surprised to find the interest she took in her work; inviting the people to the house of God, and speaking to them of things that make for their peace. She laboured as one who must give an account; for that what her hands found to do, she did it with her might. She continued regular at her duties until very early in December, 1860, when her health

began to fail. At first she thought that she had only caught a cold, and expected, when the severe weather was past, that she would be able to attend the school as before. But her day was far spent; her weakness increased; medicines were unavailing; and, to everybody but herself, the conviction was that her warfare was nearly accomplished. During the early part of her illness she expressed a desire to get better, but resigned herself to her Saviour's will. When asked what she thought of the bright inheritance of saints who finish their course with joy, she directly said, "Heaven's my home," and gave most cheering evidence that her feet were upon the Rock. On Tuesday, March 19th, she became much worse. Her left side was paralyzed, and now she gave up all hope of getting better. Yet she was cheerful, and sang, as well as her weakness would allow,—

"We are going home to glory."

Her heart was in heaven; and she frequently began to sing,—

"Jesu, lover of my soul," &c.;

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me," &c.

Her sufferings were very great; but she bore them without a murmur. As I stood by her she eagerly grasped my hand, and said, "I wish we were crossing the river together. I should like you to go with me." I told her I would go as far as I could, and that Jesus would never leave her. She replied, "Precious Jesus! He will never leave me." When her pain was great she would say, "O, when will His chariot-wheels be here? I am waiting for them. I thought I should have been in heaven before now; but I must be patient." Her last words were, "Jesus, my Redeemer!" She fell asleep in Jesus in the twenty-first year of her age. On Sunday evening, May 12th, a solemn and impressive discourse, on the occasion of her death, was delivered in Regent-street school, to an attentive and deeply-affected congregation.

E. M.

JANUARY 17th, 1862, at Dumfries, in the sixtieth year of her age, died DINAH LACEY. Upwards of forty years ago she gave herself to God, and became a member of the Wesleyan Society. Shortly after her conversion, she met with considerable opposition from an ungodly relative, but continued faithful. She found special pleasure in the visitation of the sick, and, according to her small means, rejoiced to relieve the needy. In seasons of deepest trial, (and her trials were by no means few,) she derived unspeakable comfort and support from the word of God and prayer. Her last illness was protracted and distressing; yet on no occasion did her confidence in God appear to be shaken. The writer had many opportunities of seeing her in her affliction; and never once did he find her in darkness, or in doubt. She at all times rejoiced in God her Saviour, and occasionally repeated, as the exultant language of her soul,—

"Not a cloud doth arise to darken the skies,
Or hide for a moment my Lord from my eyes."

Sometimes, after a sleepless night, she would remark, "I had no sleep last night; but what a blessed season it was to me! I have had power in prayer, and my mind has been sweetly stayed upon the Lord, and is kept 'in perfect peace.'" The night before she died, one of the leaders being with her, observed, "You will soon leave this world of sin and suffering." She answered, "Yonder....my house." Her speech faltered; she could say no more. The friend who was with her caught her words, and finished the verse. She was afterwards heard to say, "Come, Jesus; come, Jesus!" and then quietly lingered a few hours, apparently unconscious, when the "earthly house of this tabernacle" was dissolved, and her spirit passed away to its rest and home in heaven.

T. R.

ROBERT SWANN was born at Leyland, in the Preston Circuit, in the year 1821, and was early placed in the Wesleyan Sunday-school of that place, where he received his first religious impressions, and which led to his union with the Methodist branch of the Christian church. He did not, however, for some years attain to the full freedom of a child of God, but remained in a state of

rative gloom and bondage until ear 1855, when he received the of adoption, and was enabled to Abba, Father." From this time ok greater interest in the work of ord, and strove to consecrate his nd talents to the service and glory rist his Saviour. He connected lf in Preston, where he came to , with a Ragged Sunday-school, ich he was made useful in directing ing sinners to Jesus; and also e a visiter of the Samaritan Society. services brought him into con- with some of the most sinful and ved of the people; but, from among deeply-fallen ones, he had the ness to witness the triumphs of Di- grace; so that, where sin abounded, did much more abound. Many of were saved at the eleventh hour, rere as brands plucked out of the He was exemplary in his attend- on the public means of grace, and at his class. He often, on these ions, was heard to say that he would r be a door-keeper in the house of than dwell in the tents of wicked-

His experience was generally s, and encouraging to others; for oke of progress in the way to n. He assisted in the conducting e meeting, and often gave out the :—

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When my eyes shall close in death;
When I rise to worlds unknown,
And behold Thee on Thy throne;
Rock of Ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!"

disease which terminated his life n affection of the heart, which pro- l paroxysms of pain, reaching, in instances, the point of agony. t a month before his death he gave l hope of recovery, when he said to end, "I have given all up into the s of the Lord, and am able to say, r will be done.'" On another occa- when struggling for breath, he in broken accents, "What could I I had religion to seek now?" In er to the inquiry of a friend as to nature and ground of his hope, he ed, "I have a good hope, not be- I have been better than other men, but because Jesus died for me; and I take Him for my life and salvation." During periods of extreme suffering, and which were often of long continuance, he was constantly heard to pray, "Lord, help me!" One night, when his pain was most severe, he cried out, "Praise the Lord! it will not last long; it will soon be over." During the last night of his sore conflict with disease and death, he was heard repeatedly to whisper, "Come, Lord Jesus! Come, Jesus! Come, Jesus!" And in this frame of mind he departed, leaving his blessing with his household, February 26th, 1862, aged forty-one years.

D. H.

Died, at Oswestry, March 29th, 1862, Elizabeth Davies, who was born at Wrexham, in the year 1812. It was not her happiness to enjoy the advantage of an early religious training; and, to the age of twenty-two, she lived in ignorance of her condition as a sinner against God. Being now favoured with the visit of a pious uncle, she was invited by him to attend the Methodist chapel. Of this invitation she at once availed herself, and in all her after-life she looked back on the occasion with gratitude, unfeignedly thankful to God for the gracious providence that had directed her uncle to call upon her. Under the preaching of the word she was convinced of sin; and, impressed with the necessity of calling earnestly on the name of the Lord, she began, without delay, to beg for mercy. Asking, she received, and seeking, she found, "the grace that bringeth salvation;" so that, "being justified by faith," she obtained "peace with God." Now she began to think of others, desiring that all to whom her influence extended should be made as happy as herself in God's forgiving love. She induced her mistress to accompany her to the chapel; and not in vain, for she, too, soon became a "partaker of Christ." From the time of her conversion she strove to produce sacred impressions on the minds of the children of whom she had the charge, and her labour in this respect was far from being fruitless. It was mainly through her instrumentality

that one of these little ones, now grown to manhood, and living to God, was brought "to the knowledge of the truth." For more than twenty years she went on her way rejoicing. It was the desire of her heart, and the labour of her life, to glorify the Master by doing His will. Now, however, she was called to glorify Him "in the fires," by suffering with patience a severe and protracted affliction. Days of pain and wearisome nights were appointed to her. For a considerable time before her death she was unable to attend the public means of grace, which, to one who had been in the habit of going up to the Lord's house

"At every solemn hour of prayer,"

was a painful privation. Now, also, the enemy of souls, taking advantage of her physical weakness, made many attempts to shake her confidence in Christ; but the afflicted one still kept "looking unto Jesus." In connexion with the strong pain of body which she suffered, the measure of her holy joy was, for a time, sensibly reduced; but, shortly previous to death, she was enabled, as before, with a steadfast faith and an exultant hope, to triumph in the Lord. The enemy was vanquished; death lost its sting; and, after exclaiming, "Come, Lord Jesus!" the happy spirit of this suffering saint passed calmly away to the "rest that remaineth for the people of God." D. S.

May 8th, 1862, at Bocking, in the Chelmsford and Maldon Circuit, died Frances Smee, aged seventy-seven years. She did not obtain true religion until she was thirty years of age, at which time she was sojourning in Mansfield, with her husband, who was then serving in the Militia. She joined the Methodist Society in that town, and continued to hold fast her profession to the day of her death. In the year 1827 she was appointed to take charge of a class in the Society at Bocking; and, through many trying circumstances, she faithfully discharged the duties devolving upon her. At length, after thirty-three years of diligent service, she was compelled, by infirmities, to resign her charge. During the period of feebleness and retirement she sought resignation and patience. Daily committing her soul into the hands of God, she was enabled to hold on her way, trusting in Jesus. Mrs. Smee cherished an ardent love to the cause of God; and the memory of faithful Ministers, who had been entertained under her roof, was held in affectionate regard. By those who went before has she been greeted on the shores of the happy land, where Ministers and people unite in better service than here below, and share in fuller joys than earth affords. Her Christian course, comprising forty-seven years of her life, was not dazzling with splendour, nor remarkable for extraordinary acts; but it was an unbroken exemplification of Christian simplicity and godly sincerity, exhibiting the union of meekness of spirit with unfaltering steps in the path of duty, and perseverance in the use of the means of grace. Her last hours were peaceful and unclouded. W. S.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Batterbee, John,	Methwold,	Thetford,	74	Dec. 16th, 1862.
Hopkins, James,	Grantham,	Grantham,	15	Mar. 25th, 1864.
Spencer, John,	Feltwell,	Thetford,	58	Nov. 6th, 1863.
Watts, George,	Methwold,	Thetford,	53	Jan. 25th, 1864.
Wortley, Dorcas,	Methwold,	Thetford,	71	May 23d, 1863.

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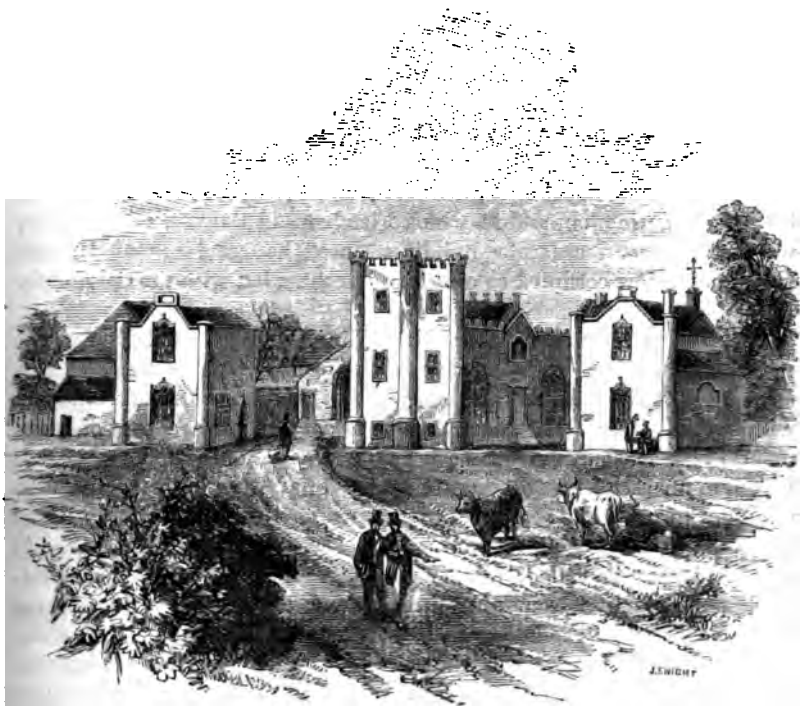

TREVECCA,

A lovely valley in South Wales. In the distance, westward, may be seen the dark tops of the Brecknock Beacons, two thousand eight hundred feet above the sea-level. Eastward, a range of hills known as the Black Mountains, stretching across the country far as the eye can see, and forming a dark background to the whole picture. Another range of hills to the north-west; and, still more northward, the valley of the Wye. Here and there a gentleman's seat relieves the prospect; a tower of massive stonework, the keep of a castle now destroyed, rises among the trees; and the quiet Llynfu winds among the fields, and falls into the Wye a few miles below.

In this valley stands the little town of Talgarth, once a borough, and a place of some importance, but now little known, seldom visited, and of few inhabitants. In the parish of Talgarth, and little more than a mile from the church, is Trevecca, a place sacred in its associations, and for its relation to early Methodistic history. Trevecca is dear to the Welsh Methodists, as the birthplace and residence of Howell Harris; the communion bearing the name of Lady Huntingdon regard it with reverence, as the situation of her first college; while to Wesleyan Methodism it is interesting as a place not seldom visited by the Wesleys, and for its connexion with John Fletcher and Joseph Benson.

Trevecca is in the parish of Talgarth. A word in passing respecting the ancient church of this little town. It stands on a rising ground, above the town; and in it sleeps the dust of Howell Harris, not wrongly named the Welsh Apostle. A tablet on the wall informs us that "here, where his body lies, he was convinced of sin, had his pardon sealed, and felt the power of Christ's precious blood at the holy communion."

The two places of interest at Trevecca are the old college, established by Lady Huntingdon, and in which Fletcher and Benson, successively, were tutors; and a larger building, once the residence of Howell Harris, and now occupied as a college in connexion with the Calvinistic Methodists.

The college is an interesting old building. It is said to have formed part of an ancient castle of the twelfth century. The walls of the chapel are of remarkable thickness; the doors of massive oak, studded with nails. Over the main entrance is a stone with a coat-of-arms upon it. The chapel has long been used as a lumber-room; and we found, to our grief, on entering, that a wall had been built through the middle, the part thus separated being used as a carpenter's shop. But much that is interesting remains. The old pulpit is still standing,—if a pulpit it may be called. It is a wooden desk, supported by a framework of ornamental iron. From this desk Fletcher gave his addresses to the students. "And they seldom hearkened long before they were all in tears, and every heart catched fire from the flame which burned in his soul." * Behind this desk Whitefield has stood. The floor immediately round the desk is raised, and separated by an iron railing, apparently for the students, or, perhaps, for the aristocracy, or to give room to the preachers who assembled here on great occasions. The whole place now wears a most forlorn appearance, and is rapidly falling into ruin. Strange that a place so sacred in its associations should be abandoned to neglect and decay!

About two fields' breadth from the old college stands the larger building, having a somewhat more modern appearance: of this a sketch is given above. Mr Wesley says of it, "Howell Harris's house is one of the most elegant places which I have seen in Wales. The little chapel, and all things round about it, are finished in an uncommon taste; and the gardens, orchards, fish-ponds, and mount adjoining, make the place a little paradise." † It has undergone some alteration since Mr. Wesley's days. Some ancient yews, cut into arbours, adorn the garden to the right; and the chapel-like buildings to the left are the stables.

Let us first enter the chapel, in which Divine service is still held every Sabbath, and a prayer-meeting once a week. The room is comparatively small,—not much larger, indeed, than an ordinary farmhouse kitchen; but doors open on each side into other rooms, so that

* Benson's *Life of Fletcher*, page 146.
† *Journal*, August 19th, 1763.

three hundred persons could hear the preacher's voice from the pulpit. Ah, this old desk! We approach it with reverence, for men whose very names are sacred have stood behind it. It is formed of carved oak, which a singular taste has covered with a coating of paint. The desk has a movable iron candlestick, and an old oaken footboard below. Here Wesley has preached. The grand voice of eloquent Whitefield has made these walls resound. Howell Harris, the burning seraph; John Fletcher, whose portrait to this day seems glowing with holy fervour; and Joseph Benson, learned, pious, and eloquent, have preached here. Blessed men! hallowed memories! How my heart kindles as I utter these glorious names! What souls have been born in this place! How many have been here cut to the heart by the Spirit's sword, and how have these rooms echoed with the songs of the newly-forgiven! May the truths uttered by these men of God be ever heard, and ever, when proclaimed, be attended by Divine power! And grant, blessed Spirit, that the mantle of our fathers—their zeal and power—may fall on those who fill their places!

Immediately before the pulpit is a door opening into what was once the kitchen of the establishment. It is a spacious and lofty room. From this place, during the days of Howell Harris, food was dealt out to the one hundred and forty, or more, persons who formed his "family." They were gathered from different parts of England and Wales: farmers, shoemakers, weavers, fed from one table, and united in the one purpose of living for the glory of God. They were a holy, happy family! When John Wesley visited his friend Harris in 1756, he wondered that he did not go out to preach as usual: "But he now informed me, he preached till he could preach no longer, his constitution being entirely broken. While he was thus confined, he was pressed in spirit to build a large house; though he knew not why, or for whom. But, as soon as it was built, men, women, and children, without his seeking, came to it from all parts of Wales; and, except in the case of the orphan-house at Halle, I never heard of so many signal interpositions of Divine Providence." *

Look at this old table. It is made of solid oak, one plank forming the top, supported by massive, roughly-carved limbs. Those racks overhead were usually filled with dried and salted meat. That old clock was the property of the Welsh apostle; and those two muskets on the wall were his at the time when he was known as Captain Harris, of the Brecknockshire militia. But his great life-conflict was spiritual. He would be a better preacher than soldier.

From the kitchen we ascend to a room immediately above, now used as the college library. It was once the dining-hall. The books, many of which were once the property of Howell Harris, now belong to the college. Over the fireplace are some old prints of George Whitefield, John Wesley, John Gambold, and Howell Davies. Among the old

* *Journal*, March 21st, 1756.

books we notice Charles Wesley's *Hymns on Scriptural Subjects*, in two volumes; Wesley's *Appeals;* and some ponderous tomes bound in genuine "boards." And here is a familiar name,—*Fletcher's Works.* We are glad to see you, old friends. May your voice, speaking so loudly and lovingly of Christ's free and universal Gospel, never be disregarded!

This small room by the staircase was once the study of Howell Harris. He probably chose it for its perfect quiet. The book-shelves in the corner are said to have been made and fixed there by his own hands. In this room the holy man would spend hours in prayer. But the most interesting feature in the room is a square hole cut in the wall below where his bed stood. Several bricks have been removed, and a board, pierced with three round holes, placed across. The chapel is just below, and in this room he would plead with God before he went down to preach to the assembled people. And here, in the time of his last illness, when unable to rise from his bed, he would lie, hearing every word spoken, and mingling his prayers with those of the worshippers below.

Ascending the staircase, we pass by the students' rooms, and at length reach the top of the building. What a splendid landscape lies before us! A beautiful plain, varied with meadow and wood, stretches for miles, and the dark hills in the distance close the prospect. Notice especially this large field just below. On that spot the great revival-meetings were held. "The influence of the Spirit of God," writes Lady Frances Hastings, "was evidently afforded with His word, and many were added to the Lord. Rowland's sermons seem especially to have been attended with extraordinary effect; immense multitudes were moved by the truth as a forest by the wind, and prayed aloud for the Divine mercy." * On this occasion Wesley was present. He preached in the evening to an overwhelming congregation in the chapel, and at nine gave an exhortation to Howell Harris's family. He "then went back to my Lady's, and laid him down in peace." †

We cannot now speak of Lady Huntingdon's connexion with the place. A little room in the college is pointed out as having been her sitting-room. One side of the room is panelled with carved oak; and a piece inserted in the ceiling overhead has on it, in Hebrew characters, the sacred name of Jehovah. Doubtless in this room she penned many of her beautiful letters. It will be remembered how not a few of them are headed "Trevecca." We were permitted to look at an original letter of the Countess, written in a beautifully neat hand. Who can tell when the blessed influence of her life shall cease? Her character is noble, and her name must be immortal. "She stands," says her biographer, "unrivalled for a life of peculiar usefulness, and devotedness to God. . . . . Thousands, living and dying, blessed God

* Stevens's *History of Methodism.*
† *Journal*, August 23d, 1769.

for her, as having been the means of bringing them out of darkness into marvellous light." *

It must be mentioned, in closing, that for much of our information we are indebted to the kindness of the Rev. D. Charles and his excellent lady, he being tutor of the college at the time of our visit.

Hay. I. E. P.

THOUGHTS ON ST. JOHN'S THIRD EPISTLE.

Not more truly does the quiet lake mirror the mountains towering round it than a naturally-written letter reflects the feelings and character of the writer. As we can never see St. Paul in the pulpit, or hear St. John uttering those last words of peace in bustling Ephesus,—"Little children, love one another,"—a careful perusal of their letters,—those priceless legacies and heirlooms of the church,—will best supply our lack of personal acquaintance.

This third Epistle is familiar, and from a full heart; but we should do it wrong if we lowered it to the rank of common correspondence. It is ennobled by the inspiration of the Holy Ghost. Still it has its natural side, and by this we approach the Divinity within. The temple-courts of old were of stone and wood, quarried and carved by men; but the cloud of presence that filled them was from God. The Epistle has its pen and ink; was written by man's hand; sprung from a man's heart; but is hallowed by that Spirit whose humblest dwelling is a temple of God.

Gaius saluted.—It matters not who Gaius was, though we should love to think that he was the friend of St. Paul and St. John; but it does concern us to know in what the love of the elder consisted. It was bounded by the truth, and lived only within that limit. Truth was one of St. John's favourite themes. The Word, when made flesh, was as full of truth as of grace. The superiority of Christ to Moses is that, instead of giving a law received from another, terrible in its severity, and at best having only "a shadow of good things to come," grace and truth came through Him. Night-clouds of doubt and error were rolled away, and the world gladdened by the true light. The truth that came from Him broke through the entanglements of falsehood, unmasked the licentiousness which, in the guise of liberty, allured to the slavery of sin, and by its own might made us free. It was the sanctifying power that purified the soul, as well as illuminated the understanding. Its fruit was love unfeigned. It made it possible to fulfil the command, "Honour all men." It made affection rest, not on the treacherous base of caprice, but on an immovable foundation, adorning it with purity, and enriching it with the comprehensiveness of Divine love.

Gaius a cause of joy to the Apostle.—Some represent St. John as con-

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* *Life and Times*, vol. ii., page 510.

templative, mystical, and constantly dwelling either in the past or the future. He, however, recognised the joys, sorrows, and duties of the present. He rejoiced greatly when he found the children of a pious mother who remembered her teaching while away from their home. Now his chief wish is for the prosperity of his friend, in business and in spiritual affairs. He pleaded for him the promise made to just men in the first Psalm. His joy flourished afresh when he heard that Gaius was in the truth, and the truth in him. He was abiding in the true Vine, and bringing forth much fruit. It was meet for the Apostle, as one of the husbandmen, to rejoice in the prosperous condition of this plant of the Lord's right-hand planting. The Apostle had seen great sights, and knew many mysteries; but, great and wise as he was, the fountains of his affections were not sealed. He believed on his Lord; and, as the Scripture hath said, out of him was flowing "living water" to make glad the city of our God in all time; yet he did not disdain to mention "children" in the postscript of the second Epistle, or desire kind words to all the friends by name in this. The mightiest rivers will gurgle and eddy round the smallest creek; so St. John could embrace children in his love, and rejoice greatly in the welfare of hospitable men. These are beautiful words: "I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth." He was waiting for his Lord. He would soon depart; but his children were his second self, treading in his steps, following in his ways. These were his joy and crown of rejoicing.

We may here mention one peculiarity of this Epistle. Christ is never once named in it. Yet the Apostle uses terms that would have no meaning unless He were in his mind. What is truth, if "the Truth" have not appeared? What becomes of "the church," if you take away "the Chief Corner-stone; in whom all the building fitly framed together groweth unto a holy temple?" Who are "the brethren," without the First-born among them? The distant hills could never present that graceful curve and bold outline, were it not for the wondrous courses of mighty rock that the Almighty Artificer has hidden from sight; nor can the spirit and tone of this Epistle come from any but an unseen Christ, hidden in the heart of His apostle. If we will search, we shall find Him.

Gaius praised.—St. John did not stint his praise. He was no time-server; but he knew how to give warm, hearty praise to those who deserved it. Whatever Gaius did was faithfully done. Good steward as he was, he did not say, "My Lord delayeth His coming." Freely he had received; freely he gave. Brethren, and especially strange brethren, were welcome to his house. He received them as angels of God, and, sending them on their way worthily of Him, did an excellent deed. "He that receiveth Me, receiveth Him that sent Me," said Christ; and when His disciples, for the sake of God, went forth from friends and home, strangers, wanderers, and lacking all things, those who received them did it as stewards of the manifold blessings of God

bestowed on them. After this commendation, Gaius would be more ready than ever to entertain such, and send them on their way rejoicing. No good man looks to human praise as his reward; but it cheers him to have his labour acknowledged. The reaper does not toil that he may be cooled by the fresh breeze from the hills; but that breeze is none the less refreshing at sultry noontide. A few cheery words of honest praise are worth much to tired workers, particularly if they feel their inability to fulfil their own ideal. They can receive rebuke and unpalatable counsel, but grow impatient of continual carping. A little hearty sympathy is what they crave. Give it them, as John gave it Gaius,—"in the truth,"—and you are their friends for life. There is good reason for receiving and cheering the labourer, that we may become "fellow-helpers to the truth." Gaius did not go forth, but was the host of them that did. Those who supply food to the army are soldiers, and can fight if needs be. The sharpener of the tool is a fellow-helper of the user. Take interest in the plans of the actual workers. Show the bright side to the despairing ones. Refresh the jaded.

Diotrephes blamed.—If John knew how to praise, he had not forgotten how to threaten. Diotrephes, through love of the pre-eminence, refused to receive an apostle. He could not bear him to have any influence in the church. He is one of the flies preserved in the amber of sacred writ. Ambitious and a prater, filling up the emptiness of his talk with malice, he singles out as the object of his detraction the holiest man then living,—the man of the most profound insight into things present, and things to come. Not content with this, he forbids others to do good. He loves the pre-eminence. In his little-mindedness he endeavours to exclude the Apostle, and then plays the tyrant over those who were left, lest their good deeds prove his boasting vain. He was of that class who think "dwarfs are taller by standing on giants;" so they would throw the giant to stand on his body. Envy, malice, tyranny, are the steps of this "grievous wolf." "Wherefore, if I come, I will remember his deeds which he doeth," said the Apostle. No light punishment either; for, after all the toil and suffering he had undergone for the truth's sake, and inspirited with his intense love for his Master, John's would be a heavy reckoning with this unloving Diotrephes. If nothing is so terrible as goodness, it were worth his while to make his peace with those whom he had wronged. The sin of Diotrephes is not banished from the world, and usually follows the same course. The cockatrice egg, envy, breaks forth into the viper, malice, and, wherever it can, will sting unto death.

Gaius warned to follow a good example.—After the threatening for Diotrephes, how gentle the fourth-repeated "beloved" sounds! Gaius is in danger. If overweening Diotrephes, the chief man in the church, and, perhaps, its pastor, sets so bad an example, lording it so tyrannously over God's heritage, might not even Gaius be entangled in the same snare? "Follow not that which is evil." By this sign are the

children of God distinguished from the seed of evil-doers. Your Father makes His sun to shine on the evil and the good. Imitate Him, and not Diotrephes, who does harm to the very household of faith. Do evil, and you cannot see God. The evil-doer dwells in the darkness, and will not come to the light, for that would make his deeds manifest. All the apostles love to link precepts of immediate importance to principles of eternal truth. They would rather furnish us with secure anchorage than stout cables, because every ship can procure its own cable, but not its secure harbour. The precept is only of use for one thing; the principle constantly admits fresh applications. Here, while Diotrephes is held up as a warning to Gaius, the reason for shunning evil is eternal. The evil-doer never sees God, here or elsewhere. The doer of good is of God, and shall dwell with Him for ever. The eyes of his understanding are opened. He sees God in Christ reconciled to him. He continues in the practice of the truth. Hereafter he will see the undimmed and unbeclouded glory of the Only-begotten of the Father.

How varied are the applications of this truth! It must always hold good. Let the evil be glittering; decked with skill, to hide its deformity; sweetened, to correct its bitterness; emboldened, to hide its cowardice; pleaded for, indulged, defended, idolized; imitate it not. Imitate the good; "for he that doeth good is of God." If Diotrephes was to be shunned, Demetrius was to be copied. All men spoke well of him. His very enemies were at peace with him. Truth gives him an excellent character, and the Apostle affixes his signature to the testimony. He challenges belief on his own veracity. Truly the praise St. John gave was not grudgingly bestowed. Where it was true, it knew no bound but that of truth. He did not continually interpose the condemnatory preface, "But there is one thing." Here are no fulsome compliments; no unctuous flattery makes the victim's lip curl, if he is an honest man; nor after it does he strut more conceitedly if a vain one. To be praised by a general flatterer does no good to those who need encouragement, and injures those whose ears are always pricked up to catch the faintest whisper of their good deeds. To the fatigued and desponding man give true praise without niggardliness. Write well of Demetrius to Gaius, and speak well of him; but not to his own face, before half the city.

Let us imitate the good. Not slavishly copying the language and style of any man, but using good models for our morals, as we do for our houses. It is better to imitate the good, and never be heard of outside our own little circle, than gain notoriety by an eccentric badness. Further, it is better to gain a good end efficiently without any stir, than cause more notice to be taken of us, but not accomplish so much. Better do our work after the fashion of the sun,—noiselessly drawing pure water from the sea in great plenty,—than after the manner of a waterspout, that draws but little water, and that salt. Our praise and our reward will come in due season.

One of St. John's characteristics is eminently seen in this Epistle. In his Gospel he gives us strongly-marked traits of Andrew, Philip, Thomas, and Jude; whereas Peter is almost the only one whose individuality is strongly marked by the other evangelists. In this short Epistle we see the hospitable Gaius, overweening and tyrannical Diotrephes, and Demetrius of good report of "the truth itself." Doubtless, these three are average samples of the primitive Christians; at least, of the leading men amongst them.

The conclusion of these two last Epistles would almost suggest that writing was become a burden. The hand that had penned the "Gospel of the Spirit" had grown tired. The aged disciple had more love in his heart than his wearied hand could commit to paper by pen and ink. "Face to face" was becoming the sole way of communicating with him who had lain in the bosom of the Lord. Even now he can write, "Peace be with you." His Master's legacy he will hand down to those who come after him. Sacred and holy words were these to his mind! They formed the subject of the last conversation before the betrayal, and were the first spoken to the company of the apostles after the resurrection. Well-beloved Gaius could receive no more precious gift than this peace.

Not often are friends mentioned in the New Testament, for this title is swallowed up by the higher one of "brethren;" but here it is most fitting for the apostle of brotherly love to mention friends by name. Happy were John's friends, for they were friends of Him who said, "I have called you friends; for all things that I have heard of My Father I have made known unto you." Happy is the man whose Friend is John's Lord! Blessed will it be to see Him face to face, when this glass is taken away for ever, in which we see darkly the shadows of His face. Blessed shall be the day when the "rest in peace" is finished, and we are planted in the likeness of His resurrection. As friends of God, let us be friends also one of another, loving not in word, but in deed:—

> "Filling our odorous lamp with deeds of light,
> And hope that reaps not shame; ....
> That when the Bridegroom, with His feastful friends,
> Passes to bliss at the mid-hour of night,
> We gain our entrance, virgins wise and pure."

N. E.

CORNISH METHODIST WORTHIES.

No. III.

A CONSCIENTIOUS ACCOUNTANT.

(*Concluded.*)

It was in March, 1832, (the memorable day referred to in our previous number,) that John E. Trezise joined himself to the Wesleyan Society in St. Just. During the period of the revival he was deeply penitent. His heart had been broken by the power of God's Spirit; and he was particularly attentive to the means of grace. Yet he long walked in darkness and sorrow; the Comforter, whose presence he had some time previously

enjoyed, seemed for a while to refuse to return. In private he often bowed before God, and sought a preparation for the ordinances of God's house. In the wild solitudes of his native parish he rambled, and there he wept and fervently prayed. He daily read the Scriptures on his knees, looking to the Author for light by which to understand them. Other books he read and studied, hoping to find his way to Christ. The Wesleyan Hymn-book, and Mr. Fletcher's *Address to Earnest Seekers of Salvation*, were among those to which he gave special attention. While he was thus engaged he found "the joys of penitence," and almost "luxuriated in his grief." Gleams of Divine light broke upon his darkness; and, in one or two instances, it seemed for a moment as if the blessing of peace was realized. These occasional and transitory consolations greatly encouraged him, and he believed that God would eventually make manifest His favour in saving him. Instead of becoming weary and discouraged, he grew more and more earnest and diligent. The struggle continued for ten months. In the latter end of January, 1833, being still unhappy, he wandered into a solitary part of the neighbourhood, and drew from his pocket Mr. Fletcher's *Address*. He opened it casually, and his eyes fell upon the following words: "Be attentive to the calls of the Spirit, and follow the drawings of the Father, till they bring thee to the Son; and keep thine eye upon the dawning light of the Gospel, till the Morning-Star arise in thine heart." Instantly his sorrow was gone; the glorious light of the Divine favour filled his mind; he felt that he was accepted of God, and a co-heir with Jesus Christ. His views of Divine mercy became distinct and clear. A spirit of humble confidence took possession of his breast. He was drawn to the contemplation of the riches of grace. Hope flung its cheering rays around him. Everything appeared changed. A smile of heavenly cheerfulness played on the works of nature. A reconciled God shone in them all. The gloom, that had so recently lowered over every object that met his eye, passed away like the morning cloud. It was a memorable epoch; memorable through eternity. Then it was that life began; for all before was a spectacle of putrefaction and death.

"When first o'erwhelm'd with sin and shame,
To Jesu's cross he trembling came;
Burden'd with guilt, and full of fear,
Yet drawn by Love, he ventured near,
And pardon found, and peace with God,
In Jesu's rich atoning blood."

Before he was converted to God, when he was about thirteen years of age, John E. Trezise was appointed account-keeper, or clerk in a mine. This appointment indicated confidence in his reputation; but it also exposed him to temptations and evils that can only be understood by one who is similarly situated. He, however, often made the account-house, or office, a place of prayer; and there he sought protection and help from God. God heard his prayer, and preserved the lad, and guided him. When he was eighteen years old, he obtained a situation in London as a cashier in an office in Lincoln's-Inn. In this position he discharged his duties with so much faithfulness, that he secured the high approbation of his employer. The situation of a youth just from the country, exposed to all the perils of a London life, being removed from all those restraints which he had been wont to feel at home, can be imagined, and must be seen to be exceedingly difficult. There would have been no room to marvel, however much it might have been deplored, if John E. Trezise had fallen into some of the snares by which his

path was beset. But here, also, he was preserved by that God who is present alike in the city and in the wilderness. The young man was careful and conscientious. He avoided scenes of temptation, and kept aloof from new associates. He was particularly attentive to the means of grace, and earnestly worked in prayer to God in private. He was thus an example to young men who are called to leave their homes, and to mingle with those who are more gay, and less thoughtful. There will be trials peculiar to the position of one so situated as was John E. Trezise; but when duty is done with fidelity, and God is trusted heartily, all must be well. He who thus acts will feel,—

"And now from home I go again,
In peace this world's coarse tumult breasting;
What care I for its surging main,
When calmly on my Lord I'm resting?
And what to me its praise or blame,
When Christ, my Lord, has named my name?"

During the stay that this young man made in London, he was, on several occasions, much impressed and profited by what he heard of God's truth. He was, however, more than usually affected under a sermon, preached from Eccles. xi. 9, in Chelsea Chapel. This sermon was preached at the request of a young man who had been led on, from forsaking God's house, to an association with bad company and Sabbath-breaking, and had become confirmed in sin, and died on the gallows. He requested the Minister that visited him to preach a sermon in the chapel, in which, in early times, he had been wont to attend Divine service; and there "to warn the congregation against evil ways." That sermon greatly impressed John E. Trezise. There is also evidence that the Holy Spirit gradually carried on His saving work in the young man's heart, and was thus preparing him for that further change which took place some time after. Light was stealing on his spirit; and his perceptions of the truth were being increased; yet he looked on his state with distrust, and did not fully acknowledge God's work on his heart, nor did he join himself to God's people. About thirteen months after his arrival in London his health began to fail. A rapid change took place in his physical system, and his physician ordered his immediate return to his home. "He left town, and arrived at St. Just with all the symptoms of an advanced stage of consumption." At home he partially recovered; but was never again able to undertake any regular employment. As his health improved, he yielded to a false shame, and so was kept from uniting himself with the people of God. He was led into worldly society, and lost his peace and comfort. He continued to use the means of grace; but he became cold, heartless, and formal. He felt that, if he could have met with some pious person to whom he could have made known his case, he should have been saved from the backsliding state in which he found himself; but no one took any particular notice of him. "I became," he says, "as one twice dead, and plucked up by the roots; for at no time, that I can remember, since I was twelve years of age, was I more spiritually dead than at the close of the year 1831." He regarded himself as being one of the wayside hearers, out of whose heart Satan succeeded in taking the good seed that was sown in the public ordinances. But when God restored unto him His favour, and the light of His countenance, then his joy was such that, except by experience, it is not to be conceived of, much less can it be described. He felt indubitably that he was a child of God, and delight filled and

overflowed his heart. The soul, now saved from sin, rose to spiritual life; it regained its native level, it felt health and active power in every faculty, it hungered for celestial food, and was only satisfied by finding wisdom, and happiness, and God. He obtained the religion of Christ; he entered, by Jesus, into paradise, and found pasture; he was led to the still waters, and into blissful scenes; and he rejoiced in God his Saviour.

The disease under which this young man was suffering soon brought him very low. All who gazed on his tall figure, pale cheek, and bright eye,—who listened to his feeble voice,—could easily detect the rapid advances that consumption was making on the system. He himself also knew that he was being conducted to an early grave; while those who loved him only loved him the more, as they saw him passing from among them.

"Pale and wan he grew, and weakly,
Bearing all his pain so meekly,
That to them he still grew dearer,
As the trial-hour drew nearer."

During a period of about three years, from the time when the Comforter returned, John E. Trezise continued to decline in bodily health, and to improve in spiritual life. He was not capable of active effort; but he shone with a steady light, and increasing brightness. His own language expressed his experience: "I felt my mind in perfect peace, and my soul ineffably full, and was enabled to go on my way rejoicing. I can lift my heart to God, and know that I am His through faith in Jesus Christ. I am on the Rock: 'for me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.' Whether death stares me in the face, or I have a prospect of a lengthened life, in all, in all, I praise and magnify God, trusting with implicit confidence in Him. Religion is becoming sweeter and sweeter, and will be sweeter still. My joy no mortal tongue can describe: had I the tongue of an angel, I could not find language strong enough to express my happiness. Weak in body, strong in the Lord; in a great measure dead to the world, but alive to God, I have a heaven in my soul, and a heaven in my view. Temptations come in quick succession; but I instantly repel them by looking to Jesus. I can praise God always; my will is swallowed up in His; yet I never saw the need of watchfulness and prayer, and of going on to know the Lord fully, more than at present. I love God supremely; I perceive a beauty and loveliness in the Redeemer; I hate sin, because it is the abominable thing that God hates. Christ is all to me,—'wisdom, righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption.' My works are nothing. None but Christ! I am going home. Blessed home! Glorious home! But I wait the Lord's time.

'I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
For evermore.'"

There is a wonderful assurance that arises to the Christian's heart from that declaration of the apostle, "Things present, or things to come, all are yours." Be it what it may, sickness, sorrow, or conflict, all is well. It cannot harm, but must serve the child of God. How precious it is to realize this truth! It is a soul-quieting assurance! The subject of this sketch proved this. He knew what the blessings in afflictions are: submission, patience, faith; thankfulness for the past, quietness respecting the future; deeper convictions of the world's emptiness, of the misery of sin, of the worth of the soul, of the Saviour's preciousness; and the rising up of holy affections; prostration, and at

ame time elevation and freedom, pirit; thirstings after God; ghts ascending to heaven, and st piercing into it; a close, and sing, and wonderfully-blessed of eternal things; and a sense d's presence, and the light of His tenance;—all this is designed od, and experienced by the in the season of suffering, t he waits on the Lord.

roughout the period of affliction E. Trezise was learning these lessons, and was rising higher ly attainments. He was tried various quarters, but improved l. He lived in the possession njoyment of perfect love,—that "which casteth out all fear." oy was more abundant sometimes it was at others; but he trusted and expected the sun to shine . with augmented splendour. e entered on the year 1835, the ased weakness of his body, and ncreasing strength and maturity s soul, seemed alike to say to "This year thou shalt die;" the prevailing feeling of his was, "The will of the Lord be "

s said the Lord, 'Thy days of health e over!'
like the mist his vigour fled away,
but a feeble shadow was remaining;
agile frame, fast hastening to decay.
n a warm sunbeam from a higher here
e through the gloom, and dried up ery tear:
this Thy will, good Lord? Then strife o'er:
servant weeps no more.'"

is young and exemplary dis- of Christ continued to grow er and weaker in body, until ast month of the year. His tion, however, was specially ed to the subject of *entire sanc- ion;* and he gloriously realized blessing in his experience. The nce of this principle of holy love was shed on every event of his life. For some days previous to his death, Mr. Trezise was a subject of no remarkable change; but his soul was filled with gratitude, and it soared toward heaven.

On Saturday, December 12th, shortly after midnight, with one gentle sigh, the happy soul took its flight to the Father's house, and entered on the Sabbath in glory in the upper temple. In this new abode the soul then obtained, and has ever since enjoyed, a new and precious disclosure of the Saviour's face; such a view as could never have been secured through the murky atmosphere of earth, and is only possible to "the pure in heart." It is a blessed thing, although it is difficult to realize it sometimes, to have friends removed to the side of Jesus; for it often draws us to see His face, and to find joy in His smile. A friend "being dead, yet speaketh." Every Christian is useful in his life; but some are like the goodly cedar, more useful when dead. And the Christian, though he may not occupy a very prominent position in the world, is useful in his own place; and yet, when gone therefrom, he may be more useful still. The dead arm bends the bow; the dead finger fixes and points the arrow; the dead eye looks upon us; and the dead lips move; and the dead voice speaks, and says, with a terrible earnestness and a touching pathos, "'Why will ye die?' Why not forsake sin, and live for ever?" Many have heard the voice as from the grave, and have started out of their slumbers, and have found their way to Christ. To the living, John E. Trezise speaks. He was one of "God's hidden ones." His position in the world was not eminent, and he was timid and self-diffident; his health also assisted to render him comparatively obscure; yet he was useful. He was restrained in his

conversation, especially respecting his own experience, and also from joining the church of Christ at the time that he ought. There are those to be found, we know, who are disciples of Jesus, but secretly, through timidity. It would be better to overcome this feeling; yet grace is often found where there are many infirmities; and men must be patient with each other, and towards all men. The subject of this record was so sincere of heart, and so upright in life, and so bent on bringing glory to God, that he put no society in comparison with the presence of Christ; and no company had so much sweetness, or such power to refresh, and console, and sanctify his soul, as that of his Divine Lord. Christ was the object nearest to his heart. Of Christ he spoke. To Christ he lived. In Christ he found all his joy. In living he was the Lord's, and in dying he was the Lord's; and he passed away from earth to be "ever with the Lord:"—

"Where no wintry wind, no piercing shower,
Shall wither the bloom of the delicate flower;
Where the sun, though bright, shall cease to shine,
Eclipsed by the splendour of glory Divine;
And the music of earth be hush'd to hear
The strains of the celestial sphere.
And he calls us to turn from the fleeting show,
To lift our affections from things below;
And, forsaking a while the flowery sod,
For the better joys of the house of God,
There seek, on the wings of faith, to rise
To the home prepared beyond the skies,
Where all will be bright, and no more decay,
And sorrow and sighing will flee away."

South-View. N. J.

A SINGULAR CHARACTER.

At an early period of the late Rev. Henry Moore's itinerant ministry, he was appointed by Mr. Wesley to labour in the Charlemount Circuit, where he was brought into intercourse with Bartholomew Campbell, of whom he gives the following singular account:—

In going through my Circuit the first time, which it took six weeks to accomplish, I came to Glass-Lough. It was Saturday, and the market-day. I had no direction to any particular person; but I thought some of the Society were probably in the market, and would recognise me. Accordingly I suffered my horse to walk easily through the principal opening, when I saw a lusty man leave the stalls, and place himself, leaning on his staff, right in my way. When I came within about three yards of him, he held up his hand, and vociferated, "I know what you are!" "Do you?" said I; "then perhaps you know where I am to go?" He flourished his hand over his head, as if rejoicing that he was not mistaken, and cried out, "Follow me!" He stalked before, and brought me to the house of that excellent woman, Mrs. Elizabeth Beaver, commonly called Betty Beaver, "an Israelite indeed," and, I believe, a true witness of the "perfect love" mentioned by St. John. It was my way to see my horse put up before I entered any house where there was no male servant. I accordingly went to the stable, whither I was followed by my unknown guide, who immediately began to inform me of the distress of his soul; and it was so great, that he "roared for the disquietness of his heart." I saw that he had had a deep work of grace upon his soul, which he expressed with characteristic feelings, and in vehement language; but he had grieved the Spirit of God. I spoke kindly to him, and desired him to return to the market, and come to me when it was over. He accordingly came, and made known the cause of his distress. I told him to come the next morning, Sunday, at seven

o'clock, when I was to meet the Society, to which I would introduce him, and engage them to pray for him. He attended accordingly, and we had a truly penitential scene, at which the poor broken-hearted sinner was much comforted. I gave him a note of admission, and preached at nine o'clock, when I was obliged to depart to the other places which I had to visit that day.

What I learned concerning this man was truly extraordinary. His name was Bartholomew (commonly called Bartle) Campbell. He had been a Romanist, and had lived in the usual ungodly way of the common Irish of that church. But the Holy Spirit failed not to "convince him of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment;" and poor Bartle hardened not his heart against the Divine Reprover. He went to the priest, made confession, was enjoined penance, and directed to repeat certain prayers, after which he received absolution. But he found this would not do. His distress increased; and, as he said, hell was before his eyes. He applied to other priests, faithfully performed what was commanded, but only reaped additional misery. He at length thought he would go to Lough-Darigg, a famous *station* in the north of Ireland, where it is supposed all sin can be expiated. He walked thither, a distance of about forty Irish, nearly sixty English miles, living on the hospitable people of his own church by the way. He arrived at the lough, (lake,) and passed to the small island in the centre, the *sanctum sanctorum* of the station. He applied to one of the priests in waiting, who prescribed penance, and the prayers usually enjoined. This, though severe, he fulfilled with the greatest exactness, and then received absolution. But, as in the former case, he found these beggarly elements availed nothing. The cloud of the Divine displeasure remained, and his guilt pressed still more heavily upon his conscience. He returned to the priest, and made known the misery that he felt. The priest inquired concerning the exact fulfilment of his penance, and of the prayers that he had prescribed, all which he assured him he had most punctually fulfilled. "Did I not give you absolution?" said the priest. "You did, father." "And do you deny the authority of the church?" "By no means," answered the poor man; "but my soul is in misery. What shall I do?" "Do!" said the priest; "why, go to bed and sleep!" "Sleep!" said the poor penitent: "no, father; perhaps I may awake in hell." The conversation quickly ended, by his being threatened with a horsewhip. He accordingly departed with his load of woe; and seeking a retired place, he cast himself on the ground, and gave vent to his anguish in loud cries and tears. After some time he found a desire to pray; and anguish gave utterance to his troubled spirit. He called upon Christ, and pleaded His precious blood. In a moment all his distress was gone, and a confidence was given him that God had taken away his sins; and the peace of God overflowed his soul. After praising the riches of Divine grace, he returned in transport to the priest, crying out, "O father, I am happy! I have found the *cure!*" His ghostly pastor answered only with execrations, and a renewed threat of manual chastisement. Thus repelled, he thought of home; but recollecting that he had seen a number of persons performing their different penances, he hastened to the place, and calling them off from their "wood, hay, and stubble," he told them of the *cure*, and of the *jewel*, (which were his terms, for a considerable time, for the scriptural blessings of the love of God, and of the knowledge of salvation by the

remission of sins,) stating his own experience of the nothingness of their penances, and of the willingness of Christ to save them all. But a cry arose that he was interrupting the penitents, (a high crime in the Romish church,) and the priests, with a number of the votaries of superstition, hastening to the place, he was obliged to fly to avoid ill-treatment; (even his life seemed in danger;) and he arrived at his home "a new creature," happy in God; but, through ignorance, utterly unfit to guide his steps in the new and living way set before him.

He looked upon his wife, as the apostle expresses it, "with the bowels of Jesus Christ;" and began mightily to exhort her to turn to God, who, for Christ's sake, would give her the same happiness which he possessed. The poor woman answered only with tears, and really believed that he was insane. His neighbours looked at him with wonder and concern, not knowing what to make of the extraordinary change. At length, being still, in some degree, under the trammels of superstition, he thought of the place where God spoke peace to his soul, and declared his wife must go thither with him, and the Lord would make her happy there. Her lamentations availed not. Her pleading her two little ones only induced the reply, "They shall go too!" He yoked his horse to the car, carried the bed out, and placed the mother and her children on it, and set out on this extraordinary pilgrimage. Having arrived at the place, he brought the affrighted woman to the scene of his distress and deliverance, and earnestly exhorted her to call upon God for Christ's sake, and He would forgive her sins, and make her happy in His love. But the godly sorrow that had brought him, with strong cries and tears, to the throne of grace, had no place in the almost distracted heart of the woman. On the contrary, the sorrow of the world almost overwhelmed her. After thus beating the air for some time, poor Bartle found there was no remedy; and he must return, and betake himself to labour for his family, to gain "the bread that perisheth," and seek for himself "the bread that endureth to everlasting life."

After some time he heard of a godly priest, to whom he related what the Lord had done for his soul. His confessor was exceedingly affected, and felt in some degree like Latimer when Bilney confessed to him, while the poor man, in his simple but energetic manner, told him of the *cure*, and the *jewel* which was beyond all price. The poor confessor could only answer by tears; and, after a few visits, he acknowledged that he had experienced a similar work when he was a very young man; but confessed, on his part, that he had lost the blessing, and had long walked in darkness. Campbell exhorted him to look for the *cure*, and be faithful with his flock, and tell them of the happiness that awaited them if they would turn to God. The priest was alarmed, and charged him not to speak a word to the people on that subject, for they could not bear it. "Father," cried out the happy man, "they will all go to hell; and you will go thither with them, if you hide the *cure* from them! I will tell all that I come near of the blessedness, and you will soon see what good will be done; only do not oppose me." The priest reiterated his admonitions; but Bartle departed fully determined to speak and labour for the Lord.

Soon after, the priest gave notice that he would celebrate mass in an old burial-ground in the neighbourhood, where there was only the ruin of a church,—no uncommon thing in Ireland. Campbell attended; and, when the priest had concluded, he

stepped up to him, and said, "Father, you are to christen a bairn [a child] in the village. Go, and leave the people to me. The dead souls, you see, are standing over the dead bodies; and I hope the Lord will awaken the uppermost." "Take care what you do," said the intimidated priest. "Make no disturbance, I charge you." He then departed; and Bartle soon after began to lay before the staring multitude his own former miserable condition, and the efforts he had vainly made for deliverance. But when he came to speak, from the fulness of his heart, of the *cure* and the *jewel*,—how Christ had blotted out his sins, and given him to enjoy His love, so that, said he, "I am happy all the day long; and I no more fear to die than to go to sleep,"—the effect was astonishing. A general and a piercing cry arose. Almost the whole assembly fell upon their knees, while some lay prostrate in deep anguish. The cry was heard at the village, and the priest soon advanced, at the head of several followers. He demanded of Campbell how he dared thus to disturb his flock, but was only answered by vehement entreaties not to hinder the work of God. "You rascal!" said the priest; "do you oppose the church?" "No, father," he replied; "I have found the church." "You villain," said the priest, "begone!" and struck him over the head with his horsewhip. Poor Bartle felt, as John Nelson also said, "an old man's bone in him;" and, hardly knowing what he did, he gave the priest a push, who, falling over a grave, his heels flew up higher than his head. A general insurrection was the consequence, the people thinking he had knocked the priest down. All were eager to lay hands on the culprit. The lamentations for their sins gave place to fury; and poor Campbell was obliged to fly for his life. He escaped the vengeance of the infuriated multitude; but his conscience, which was tender, received a fresh wound, and he went mourning all the day long, not knowing how to recover his happiness, till he almost lost all power. In this state he met with some of the Methodists, who understood his case, and encouraged him to come again to the fountain opened for sin and uncleanness. In this state I met him, as I have already related.

He continued with the people, and fully recovered his peace, and became useful. He had a strong understanding, and great ardency of spirit; and, as he perfectly understood the Irish language, he became an instrument of great good to the poor people of the communion he had left. When I was stationed in Dublin, he walked from his distant dwelling, about a hundred English miles, to see me; and I rejoiced for all the good that he had received from the Lord, and also for what he was enabled to do for his good Master. He gave me an account of the work in those parts, near the place where he lived. I admired the grace of God which was in him, considering his uncultivated mind, and was amused with some of his strong expressions. He could not be satisfied with any meeting where there were none convinced of sin, or enabled to rejoice in God, as blotting out their sins. He used to call such a meeting "a sham fight." So it is, that the Lord "chooses the foolish things of the world to confound the wise; and base things, and things that are not, to bring to nought things that are: that no flesh may glory in His presence." I have not heard of him for many years; but I trust to meet him among those whose robes are washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb.*

* Moore's Autobiography appended to his Sermons, pp. 369—378.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN LIFE.

Our life is but an idle play,
And various as the wind;
We laugh and sport our hours away,
Nor think of woes behind.

See the fair cheek of Beauty fade,
Frail glory of an hour;
And blooming Youth, with sickening head,
Droop like the dying flower.

Our pleasures, like the morning sun,
Diffuse a flattering light,
And gloomy clouds obscure their noon,
And soon they sink in night.

Wealth, pomp, and honour, we behold
With an admiring eye,
Like summer insects, dress'd in gold,
That flutter, shine, and die.

One little moment can destroy
Our vast laborious schemes;
And all our heaps of solid joy
Are sweet, deceitful dreams.

Then rise, my soul, and soar away
Above the thoughtless crowd,
Above the pleasures of the gay,
And splendours of the proud:

Up where eternal beauties bloom,
And pleasures all Divine,
Where wealth that never can consume,
And endless glories shine.

"BE COURTEOUS."

O, if we would the virtue prove
Of gracious looks and words of love;
The soft and gentle courtesy,
That springs from Christianity;
By sweet experience we should find
The richest treasure of our kind.

A traveller to a distant land,
Whose floating home had near'd its strand,
Spoke to a woman on the shore,
Just once,—and never saw her more;
But never was his form forgot,
Though neither knew the other's lot.

Within her heart the woman thought,
"That vessel has an angel brought;
With gentle grace he touch'd my hand;
No man e'er did so in our land:
This man brought with him, from above,
Those looks and words of grace and love.

"Our heathen men are rude and wild;
They are not kind to wife or child;
And sure the teaching must be bad
That makes poor women's hearts so sad:
Then I'll no more to idols bend,
But straight to God my prayers send."

She kept her word, and bore the smart
Of many a sharp and cruel dart;
But patience triumph'd in the end:
Her husband's prayers to Christ ascend!
No more they others led astray,
But set their steps in God's own way.

Then let us, like our lowly Lord,
Thus recommend His name and word;
Let us like holy Judson be
Patterns of Christian courtesy;
That strangers may, where'er we rove,
Say, "See these Christians, how they love!"

The above lines were suggested to my mind by Mrs. Mason's interesting relation of the apparently trivial circumstance that was blessed to the conversion of the first Karen woman who received the truth. "May its perusal," adds Mrs. Mason, "be so accompanied by the power of the Holy Spirit, as to lead many to take the first step in the blessed path of striving to bring sinners to Jesus!"

Sixteen years before, relates Mrs. Mason, she was walking by the river-side, when a tall, handsome foreigner stepped on shore. He asked her a question, and having received the answer, gave her his hand, bade her go in peace, and returned at once to his ship. She stood gazing after the courteous white man, whose kind and respectful treatment contrasted strangely with the conduct of her own countrymen to women; and, on her brother coming up to her, she said to him, "I have seen one of the sons of God."

"And what did he say?"

"He gave me his hand."

"And did you take it?"

"Yes, for he looked like an angel; and I am not ashamed of it."

That night her husband beat her for giving her hand to a stranger; and she was then ordered to go to the heathen

al as usual. She sprang up, and
d, "No! I have been now for twenty
making offerings to the god
lama, and he has not once stopped
nusband from beating me. Here-
I will pray only to the white man's

The white man spoke to me
y and respectfully, as if I had been
1. His God must be the best God!"
r five long years did that poor
n woman go on praying to the true
and utterly refusing to make
ings to the idols. Then a Mis-
ry came into her region. She was
rst female convert; and God blessed
o her husband and all her family.
er heathen days she had been a
ne-teller; and one day, after her
rsion, a woman came to her from a
nce, to get a charm to bring back
husband, who had run away and
er.

en said Guapung, "I have a charm:
wn, sister. There was once a won-
l Man on this earth, whose face
s like a rainbow. One day He saw a
n crying; and He said to her, 'Why
est thou, Mary?' Then He spoke
words to her, and made her happy.

this great Being who spoke so
y to a woman was the Son of God."
then she went on to tell her visiter
e charm which would call back her
and; that God had commanded
n to "obey their husbands."

eeks after, a man came from that
en village to hear about the Son of
and ask "the big teacheress" to
their wives to be Christians, as the
tian religion did not allow women
old their husbands.

w all this good resulted from that
xpression of sympathy. This was
reatest sermon ever preached by
Missionary; for the stranger was
Dr. Judson, the messenger of peace
rmah. Could his ransomed spirit
speak, would he not say, "Pity
en women?"

may be interesting to the reader
know that Mrs. Mason, some
since, returned to America to
re funds and female teachers to
amongst the women of Burmah;
that her own young daughter is
gyed in that good work, telling of a
Saviour's love to the poor women of
Toungoo. R. R. T.

The Scripture Expositor.

No. CXL.

Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God. (John iii. 3.)

I AM persuaded Nicodemus was an honest and ingenuous man; I am sure he was a great man, and a teacher of Israel; yet when he comes out of his civil honesty and natural wisdom, to reason and confer with Christ about the salvation of his soul and eternal happiness, he is strangely childish, and a mere infant; for when Christ speaks of being born again, he replies, "How can a man be born when he is old? Can he enter the second time into his mother's womb, and be born?" a reply which may breed an astonishment in all that shall read this story unto the world's end. Nay, it seems strange to Christ Himself, by his interrogative admiration: "Art thou a master in Israel, and knowest not these things?" And no marvel; for who would think that one of the best of the Pharisees, a ruler of the Jews, a professed doctor of the law and the prophets, and one careful to save his soul, should be so grossly ignorant in a necessary point of salvation, especially having no doubt many times read it in Moses and the prophets? Amongst other places he might see, in Ezek. xxxvi. 26, 27, most clearly laid down the great and glorious work of the new birth: "A new heart also will I give you, and a new spirit will I put within you: and I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and I will give you an heart of flesh." But when he comes from teaching, and from reading this and the like places, to be examined in the practice and experimental feeling of these graces of regeneration in his own soul, he talks of a man that is old entering a second time into his mother's womb. But so it is, where the heart is not seasoned with saving grace, let the understanding be never so great with swelling knowledge, the soul never so pregnant with wisdom and policy, and perfected with moral virtues, there is nothing to be expected

from that man, in matters of salvation, but darkness and blindness, childishness and stupidity.—*Bolton's Discourse of True Happiness*, pp. 20, 21. *Edit.* 1638.

No. CXLI.

Amen. (Matt. vi. 13.)

Here is the ratifying particle, "Amen," added as a seal to the whole of the Lord's Prayer; and it importeth a desire to have that confirmed and granted which we have prayed for. Thus Benaiah, when he had received instructions from David concerning the establishing of Solomon in the kingdom, answereth thereto, "Amen;" and explains it 1 Kings i. 36: "The Lord God of my lord the king say so too." So that when we add this word, "Amen," at the end of our prayers, it is as much as if we had said, "The Lord say so too;" or, "The Lord grant these requests:" for the proper signification of Amen is, "So be it;" or, "So it is;" or, "So it shall be." The former denotes our desires; the latter, our confidence and assurance of being heard.—*Hopkins's Exposition of the Lord's Prayer*, p. 11. *Edit.* 1692.

AN IRISH COBBLER.

In the Life of the late Rev. Henry Moore the following singular account is given. He says, "It was told me when I was a young man, by a very respectable and religious gentleman, who vouched to me for its accuracy; and I make no question of his veracity."

Early in the seventeenth century a man appeared in the city of Dublin, who took a cobbler's stall, and laboured on at his vocation with great industry and personal credit for three years. He professed himself to be a Roman Catholic; and, as party spirit at this period ran high between the Romanists and Protestants, he suffered, on this account, much persecution. After working on in this way three years, he suddenly made known that it was revealed to him from heaven, that the whole people of Ireland should come back to the Roman Catholic Church; and, as a proof of the validity of this Divine intimation, he said God had given to him the power of reading the holy Scriptures in all written languages. The fame of this miracle soon spread; for such it was confessed to be, considering the man's calling. Report and fame breathed it through the city of Dublin; the learned men, and men of might, hastened to him with the varied-tongued Scriptures, for the purpose of ascertaining the truth in this extraordinary case. The Greek, Latin, continental, and Eastern languages were poured in upon him, and he read them all, and all men marvelled!

At length a gentleman called at his stall, and inquired of him relative to the extraordinary account he had heard respecting "the Divine intimation," addressing him thus: "And so, my friend, God has enabled you to read and interpret the holy Scriptures in all known languages?" "He has, Sir," was the confident reply. The interrogator, turning to a gentleman who had accompanied him, said, "Give me that Bible which you have." He then presented it to the cobbler, saying, "Here is the Bible in an accredited and spoken tongue; have the goodness to read me a portion of it." The cobbler looked at it for some time; and then, returning it, said, "I cannot read that;" upon which the gentleman expressed his surprise, considering the unconditional pledge which he had given to "read the holy Scriptures in all known tongues;" and then severely remonstrated with him for having failed in his averment, having staked thereupon such solemn and important results; and branded him as an impostor. The cobbler heard him in silence; but when he had finished speaking, he looked earnestly in the gentleman's face, saying, "And pray, Sir, what may be your name?" The gentleman, smiling, said, "They call me Archbishop King." "O," said the *ci-devant* cobbler, "His Holiness warned me against you!" The cobbler's stall was immediately deserted; and the Jesuit priest—for such he proved to be—was seen no more in Dublin!

PRACTICAL PREACHING.

Ministers of religion already do much towards checking the evils of dishonesty; but, perhaps, they might do more if they gave their preaching a more practical tone than in many cases it assumes.

They are called upon to preach the Gospel. It is their duty to preach the Gospel; and God forbid that they should ever cease to preach the Gospel as long as they preach at all. But some people have very narrow notions of the Gospel. They pick out one or two truths,—great truths, and, indeed, the greatest truths of the Gospel,—and if they do not hear these in a sermon, they do not hear the Gospel; or if with these they do hear other truths, those other truths are hardly worth hearing, for they are not the Gospel. Now, let us have the Gospel; but let us have the whole Gospel. And I think morality is a rather important part of the Gospel, and that no Minister of Christ should shun to declare this part of the counsel of God. We in this country, and especially in the great towns of this country, have to speak to business men, and should speak truths that will come home to them as business men; that shall go with them to the market, and shall shed their light upon the ledger, and shall endorse every bill and every bond. Now, here is a specimen of practical preaching, that, I dare say, will shock a good many people. They will say it is perfectly outrageous that such themes should be introduced to the pulpit. They will cry, This man knows nothing of the Gospel. Stay, friends; this man is Hugh Latimer, who died at the stake for the Gospel. Listen to him: "There never was such falsehood among Christian men as now. The merchant, commonly, in every city, teaches his 'prentice to sell false wares. No man setteth anything by his promise; yea, writings will not bind some: they be so shameless that they deny their own handwriting." Latimer did not hesitate to expose from the pulpit the tricks of the market. It seems to have been a common practice to take to a fair a cow that gave no milk; and, in order to sell her, a calf was taken along with her, under a pretence "that this cow hath brought this calf." "The man which buyeth the cow cometh home: peradventure he hath many children, and hath no more cattle but this cow, and thinketh he shall have some milk for his children. But when all things cometh to pass, this is a barren cow, and so this poor man is deceived. The other fellow which sold the cow thinketh himself a jolly fellow, and a wise merchant. But I tell thee, whosoever thou art, do so if thou list; thou shalt do it of this price: thou shalt go to the devil, and there be hanged on the fiery gallows, world without end!" Quaint, but strong. Let preachers of the present day not be afraid to take a leaf out of Latimer's sermons. There is more good sense, and, perhaps, more Gospel truth, in what Latimer says about "the fellow which sold the cow," than in many an elaborate discourse, which, in these times, is regarded as a perfect model of the homilectic art. We Ministers cannot say that there is a lack of texts bearing on such subjects. No; the word of God was constructed with too much wisdom to be deficient in this respect. Is it not written in the Old Testament, "Thou shalt not steal;" "A false weight and a false balance are an abomination to the Lord;" "The getting of treasures by a lying tongue is a vanity tossed to and fro of them that seek death;" "As the partridge sitteth on eggs, and hatcheth them not; so he that getteth riches, and not by right, shall leave them in the midst of his days, and at his end shall be a fool?" Is it not written in the New Testament, "Owe no man anything;" "Let him that stole, steal no more;" "Lie not one to another, seeing that ye have put off the old man with his deeds;" "This is the will of God .... that no man go beyond and defraud his brother in any matter: because that the Lord is the Avenger of all such;" "Therefore, all things whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so to them: for this is the law and the prophets?" Men of business! if we preachers are not practical enough for a commercial age, the Bible is. Conduct your business according to the principles embodied in the verses just quoted, and defaulters will be almost unknown. Like the Dodo and the Megatherium, they will be numbered with the things that were. And let Ministers take such texts as these, and apply them with all the force that they possess. Let them take texts from Solomon's Proverbs, as well as from Solomon's Songs; from the prac-

tical parts of the Epistles, as well as from the Apocalypse; and they will send the shot and shell of Divine truth crashing and shattering through every stronghold of dishonesty.

ORIGINAL LETTER OF THE LATE WILLIAM DAWSON.

To Mr. ——.

Barnbow, *March 6th*, 1837.

My Dear Brother,—It is a long time since I received a letter which afforded such pleasure to my heart as your last. You know it is in the nature of love to share the pleasures of its object. Such pleasure sprung up within me, as a well of water, when I read the delightful account of your lovely, and, I can say from my heart, your much-loved family. I think it no arrogance to avow my participation in the feelings of the aged apostle, when he wrote that interesting sentence, "I have no greater joy than to hear that my children walk in truth." My attachment to your family borders a little upon what I suppose is something like parental affection; and to see, or hear, and know of their welfare, either of body or soul, affords a real satisfaction to my heart. I trust that satisfaction will never be interrupted in time; and in *eternity* the happiness will be renewed, increased, and go on increasing for ever. I trust my young friends retain the blessings with which the Lord has honoured them; and that the life they now live is by faith in the Son of God, who loved them, and gave Himself for them. And, thanks be to His holy name, He not only so loved them as to give Himself for them, but He has so loved them as to give Himself to them; so that hey now stand in the same class in the school of Christ that the Colossians did when St. Paul said that they enjoyed the blessing of the peculiar dispensation of God, which was committed to him for them, as their minister; "even the mystery which had been hid for ages and generations; but now," says he, "is made manifest to the saints;....which is Christ in you, the hope of glory." Thanks be to God, they know that "the kingdom of God is within them;" and that it is "not meat and drink, but righteousness, and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." I rejoice over them, not only as it regards their present experience, but especially as it respects their future prospects; and, therefore, I rejoice in hope of their future holiness, happiness, and usefulness. I trust they will live to "adorn the doctrine of God in all things." They will be found among the wise virgins when the Bridegroom comes, and enter with Him to the marriage supper. They will live to be "blessed among women" themselves, and many also shall "call them blessed." May the richest effusions of "the Spirit of power and of love, and of a sound mind," be poured upon their heads and hearts! May they be "vessels of honour, meet for the Master's use" in time, and meet for glory in eternity! May all the blessings that St. Paul prayed for the church at Rome be theirs; and the salvation that he wished the Corinthian believers be realized in their experience! (2 Cor. xiii. 14.) May there be added all that he prayed for the Ephesians! (Eph. iii. 16—19;) and may their souls be imbued with all blessings which the apostle prayed the Philippians might possess! (Phil. i. 9—11.) If still their souls are not satisfied, then may the Lord bestow upon them all that St. Paul wished the Colossians to experience! (Col. i. 9—11.) And may the growing enjoyment of the salvation which he desired the Thessalonians might possess, crown the whole! (1 Thess. v. 23.) And at the last may Jude's wishes, directions, and faith, be fully realized, which he expresses in the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth verses of his Epistle! If anything better can be enjoyed than Paul, and Peter, and James, and Jude, and John, wished their friends to enjoy, may my young friends fully possess it through time and eternity!

Your escape from the danger to which you were exposed was a deliverance of no common kind. A few moments more would have been attended with the most painful consequences. But there was an Eye upon you, such as watched Abraham when he was just going to slay his son, and a Voice said, "Stay thine hand." The knife dropped; the ram appeared;

the substitute was provided; and the lad and his father returned singing, "The Lord will provide." So your deliverance was almost as remarkable. The arm caught; the machine in motion; the body ascending; dragged through the first floor, and then the second, and then the third; and then the word was given, "Stay thine hand." The machine ceased to move; the master was saved; and you descended shouting, *Jehovah Jireh!* "The Lord will provide." Alleluia! You will now sing those beautiful verses—beautiful in sentiment, poetry, and piety—in our one hundred and fifty-fifth hymn. You will now *see* them, and *feel* them, as you never did before; and, with a melting heart, you will exclaim:—

"To Thee, benign and saving Power,
I consecrate my lengthen'd days;
While, mark'd with blessings, every hour
Shall speak Thy co-extended praise.

"Be all my added life employ'd,
Thine image in my soul to see:
Fill with Thyself the mighty void:
Enlarge my heart to compass Thee."

But it is time to conclude, with assuring you that

I am yours sincerely,
W. Dawson.

A SUNDAY IN PARIS.

A writer in *Old Jonathan* says, I was awoke at half-past six in the morning by a noise outside the window of my apartment, a room on the fifth floor of an hotel in the heart of the city. The sun streamed its rays brightly upon the hexagonal tiles that formed the flooring of the bed-chamber, when I, hearing a noise, leaped up, and ran to the window to see what caused it. There, on the edge of a parapet, jutting over a sheer descent of fifty or sixty feet, stood a couple of young fellows in their shirt-sleeves, hotly engaged in the practice of fencing, in which both were adroit practitioners. A false step would have precipitated either to immediate destruction; yet there they practised unconcernedly for a full hour, in evident high spirits, as if earning an appetite for breakfast. Having dressed, and spent an hour or two in retirement, I sallied forth in quest of a breakfast for myself, and entered a coffee-house as the only resource. Though only a little after nine, the place was swarming with customers, sopping strips of bread in coffee, and reading the news; and I noticed that every third man, as soon as he had finished his meal, ascended a spiral iron staircase into the billiard-room above, where the ceaseless click of ivory balls, and the babble of fifty tongues, informed me that the game was in full play. I now turned my steps towards the Champs Elysées, in search of a Protestant chapel, the service of which, I was told, commenced at eleven o'clock. I had hardly left the coffee-house, when, turning into the Rue de la Morantie, I came upon a group reading aloud the play-bills of the day. A new piece was coming out at the Opera, and a drama, abounding in incidents of murder, at a minor theatre. My way led me through the gardens of the Tuileries, where well-dressed children in numerous groups, attended by parents and nurses, were met to amuse themselves with ball and toy. In the Champs Elysées, as it was yet early, there were but few pleasure-takers on the spot; but preparations were making on all sides for their entertainment. It was close upon eleven when I entered the Protestant chapel in the Hôtel Marbœuf, and there, in comparative quiet, I spent the following two hours.

Service over, I made a circuit of the Champs Elysées. It was a day of unclouded sunshine, and but moderate warmth, and all Paris seemed to have left their homes to reap the enjoyment of the summer. The booths were filled with merry-makers, and picnic parties reclined beneath the trees, and spread their table-cloths on the ground. Here a waltzing party was whirling round to the music of a full band; there a group of attentive listeners had congregated round a quintette of Italian minstrels, who gave them, in exchange for their small coin, the newest airs from the Opera. Fathers of families, and matrons of mature age, were playing at battledore and shuttlecock. High and low, rich and poor, were on all sides ardent in the

pursuit of pleasure, plainly without a thought that they were otherwise than profitably engaged. Outside the barriers we came upon groups of citizens riding upon wooden horses perched upon roundabouts. Men of all ages, in genteel garb, and accompanied by wives and daughters mounted on side-saddled blocks, were whirled round and round fifty times for a penny. Further on, horse-racing by female jockeys attracted crowds; old and young men and women, mounted on wooden steeds as large as life, or seated in cars, were rushing at railway pace down the side of an artificial mountain of poles and planks. There was no pause in the sound of music, mingled with shouts of laughter, the hum of voices, and clapping of hands. All these formed a concourse of sounds altogether strange and portentous to ears accustomed to the tranquil repose of an English Sabbath. At ten o'clock I ventured to my lodging; but, the house being locked up, I was obliged to wait till the exercises of the Sunday were over to be let in.

Such is the manner in which the day of the Lord is spent in a land where Popery and infidelity divide between them the body of the people; and there are men who are striving to introduce the same state of things into happy England. May it please God, in the tenderness of His mercy, to "assuage their malice, and confound their devices!"

AM I HOLY?

A QUESTION FOR THE CLOSET.

A SOLEMN question, truly: a question not to be lightly asked, or carelessly answered, since its subject affects, not my peace of soul merely, but my eternal destiny: a question, the answer of which is not for the ear of man, but to be given by my soul to its God. Let me, then, seclude myself from external things; let me retire within the inner apartment of my soul, and realizing that God's eye is looking down, and God's ear hearing my thoughts aloud, let me honestly ask myself, Am I holy?

Let me understand what holiness is. Not mere morality; not a mere profession of the Christian name. The seat of holiness is in the heart. I must ask, therefore, Am I conformed to the nature and will of God? For to possess this is to have holiness. Have I, constrained by His mercies, given up my entire self to God, till body, soul, spirit, thought, feeling, energy, will, and affections have become wholly and sacredly His property? Have I purity of heart? Sin either reigns in me, or is in subjection. The tenor of my thoughts is pure or impure. Are they pure, such as God loves to look upon? Have I light within my breast? light which shines out in my actions, and influences men for good? And, more than all, have I pure love to God? No holiness without love! For this is its very principle: "the love of God shed abroad in the heart by the Holy Ghost." Has my soul, so totally corrupt by nature, been set right? *Am I holy?*

While I weigh these questions, let me set before me the perfect holiness of God. The God who made me; who deigns to employ me in His service; whom I dare to call my Father, is holy. He is all light. "His name is holy." Perfectly holy in His own nature, He is holy in all His dealings with men. He hates sin; regarding it with an intensity of abhorrence such as I cannot possibly conceive. He will punish sin, because He is holy. Calvary speaks, not only "God so loved the world," but God so *hated sin*, "that He gave His only-begotten Son." I ought to be like Him. He requires me to be holy. "Be ye holy, for I am holy." It is matter of high importance for me to know whether or not I possess this,—whether I am like God. *Am I holy?*

Holiness is necessary, I know, to the peace of my soul. The presence of sin, the want of conformity to God's law, produces unrest and torment. Holiness and happiness are married; and blessed Happiness, the bride, smiling and white-robed, ever follows her husband, Holiness, walking as he does in the light of God's own beauty. "What God hath joined let no man put asunder." If my soul is to enjoy rest, and, amid the turmoil of this world, be kept in perfect peace, I must be holy. God is all happiness, and He is holy; angels are happy, and they are holy; and to my happiness this one thing is essential: I must have

holiness. So, again, I ask the important question, *Am I holy?*

Nor must the connexion of holiness with usefulness be forgotten. A member of Christ's church, with one, two, or more talents, God expects me to labour for Him. Life is rapidly passing, and soon my hour in the vineyard will have expired. Why do I live? I am here for some purpose. Around me is a vast field, in which a few labourers are toiling. The field is broad. Can I not do something ere the opportunity passes away for ever? How shall I be fitted for usefulness? Again I see that I must be holy. Unless holy, I cannot be "meet for the Master's use." The vessels He employs are sanctified, in order to be "prepared unto every good work." Without holiness I shall be unwilling to do that part of the work, and in that time and way, which He appoints; nor shall I have strength of soul, the spiritual sinew which is needed. In order to the shining of my light, it must be lit up in my own breast. Whether I labour as a Sabbath-school teacher or a tract-distributer, or visit, or pray, or preach, holiness must be my preparation for God's work. The success or failure of my life, whether or not I answer the end for which I was created, depends on this. *Am I holy?* The question is momentous in this light. Unless I am holy, I cannot glorify God.

I have hopes of heaven. My soul clings to the hope that, after death, I shall have happiness and rest. *Here* is but little rest. The lives of most men are made up of labours, sufferings, sorrows, with scanty joy intermixed. Continual trouble, brief joy. Bliss occasional and faint; sorrow terrible, heavy, and long. It is with me as with others. "Man is born to trouble." So I hope for rest in heaven. But heaven is holy. Let my thoughts rise heavenward a moment. Among that vast multitude around the throne, there is not one unholy person. "These are they .... that have washed their robes." Over heaven's high portal is written, "There shall in no wise enter into it anything that defileth." Unless I am holy, I am unfit for heaven. An unholy soul, among those pure spirits, would be wretched; the blaze of God's holiness would consume him; unholiness would turn heaven itself into a very hell. *Am I holy?* The question affects my everlasting safety. For I may suddenly die,—die as thousands have died, with but brief warning. "Holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord." With what intense solicitude ought I to press the question, *Am I holy?*

Let me ask how holiness is obtained. I cannot make myself holy. Of that a thousand failures have convinced me. "Can the Ethiop change his skin, or the leopard his spots?" If I am holy, God must make me so. Is He willing? Has He made provision for the cleansing of my soul? He has. My spirit flies to Calvary. By faith I behold a dying Saviour. The heavens are black, and the earth trembling; the sun is hiding his face, and the dead are starting in terror from their graves. What means this? The Son of God expires on the cross. But why does He die? "That we being dead unto sins, might live unto righteousness." "To redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto Himself a peculiar people." It is enough. If my soul is purified, it must be by that precious "blood of Jesus Christ," which "cleanseth us from all sin." To this fountain I bring my heart, my hardness, my sin. Here alone may holiness be obtained. To impart this to His people, Christ both died and rose again, "that we being delivered out of the hand of our enemies might serve Him without fear, in holiness and righteousness, all the days of our life." The question now is, Do I believe in Jesus? Have I faith in His all-cleansing blood? "Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean." Thou canst as easily sanctify me wholly, and preserve me blameless, as forgive my sin. O Jesus! I come this moment to Thee. I cast myself as I am upon Thy promises, and wait the exercise of Thy saving power. "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" "Speak but the word, and Thy servant shall be healed."

"My flesh, which cries, 'It cannot be,'
Shall silence keep before the Lord;
And earth, and hell, and sin shall flee,
At Jesu's everlasting word."

Hay. I. E. P.

THE MINES AND MINERAL RESOURCES OF GREAT BRITAIN.

PART IV.

COPPER, CLAYS, AND QUARRIES.

THE value of copper has been known from the earliest ages of which any historical record has been preserved. It derived its present name from that of the island of Cyprus, where it was first produced on a large scale. Although this metal was also early known as one of the minerals of our own country, it does not appear to have been worked to any considerable extent in very ancient times; and we were dependent for our principal supply upon foreign countries. Our first authorized copper coinage, which was issued, according to some authorities, in 1672, and, according to others, in 1694, was minted from metal imported from Sweden.

Copper ore is found in our northern counties, but only to a very small extent; the amount annually raised reaching not more than one hundred and thirty-one tons. In the latter half of the last century a mine opened in Staffordshire gave a very remunerative yield for a time; but the main supply soon declined.

In the year 1768, the island of Anglesea became famous for the discovery of a rich copper-mine in a slate-mountain. The ores, which had lain concealed for so many centuries, were worked at little expense, as they were met with near the surface; and, as the miners proceeded in their search for the metallic treasure, it was found in such abundance, that, for several years, the immense yield told even upon the markets of the Continent. The limit of this exuberant supply, which added greatly to the wealth of the Marquis of Anglesea, was, however, reached in about twelve years; and, for a long time, only a small amount has been raised. In some other parts of Wales, and in Devonshire, veins of copper occur; but our chief supply is derived from the mines of Cornwall, which recently produced, in one year, 145,688 tons of ore, from which 11,527 tons of metal were extracted; while Devonshire furnished but 6,000 tons of ore, with a yield of 527 tons of metal.

The copper ores are met with in the slate and granite rocks; and the veins descend perpendicularly to a depth lower than mining operations have as yet been carried, although the shaft of one mine has been sunk as low as sixteen hundred feet.

Some idea will be formed of the extent of the underground workings in the larger mines, when we mention that the galleries and excavations of one mine are calculated at an aggregate length of sixty miles.

Immense quantities of powder are used in blasting the rocks which contain the ore; and the sum thus annually expended is estimated at £18,000. Another large item of expense occurs in the engines and pumping apparatus used in drawing off the water. Sometimes as much as sixteen hundred gallons of water per minute have been pumped from one mine.

The work of the miner is very exhausting, from the great heat at the depth where he arrives on his labours. The temperature increases at the rate of one degree Fahrenheit for every fifty feet; and it therefore rises to 100 degrees and 106 degrees.

"In addition to the onerous nature of the toil, great fatigue is endured in the descent and ascent of deep mines, with a large loss of time. The ascent, when weary with work, by ladders from one level to another, is a severe task, which even young men cannot perform under an *hour and a quarter*.

"In the Trevasean mine the men are now lowered and raised by a machine, invented by Captain Loam, to their great relief. This machine, constructed at an expense of several thousand pounds, takes upwards of a hundred men to the bottom; while at the same time an equal number ascend to the top, the whole being performed in about twenty minutes."

The mines of Cornwall and Devonshire produced, in the year 1856, 195,193 tons of ore, valued at £1,263,739.

The operation of smelting is carried on chiefly at Swansea and Neath, in South Wales, where the abundant supply of coal economizes the expense.

Of recent years, copper smelting has been attracted to the banks of the Tyne, where, as in the case of Glamorganshire, the proximity of rich coal-fields offers special advantages to this branch of industry. The supply of these northern furnaces is obtained chiefly from Spain, a country whose vast mineral wealth, owing to the indolence of the inhabitants, has been very imperfectly developed. We have also large arrivals of copper, from Chili and Australia, at the port of Liverpool; and the market which these imports have created is encouraging the erection of smelting works on the Mersey.

The ingenuity and skill of our smelters succeed in bringing out, from time to time, various improvements in their art, thus maintaining for us a leading position among copper-producing countries. One of these improvements relates to a process whereby, through adding a little iron or zinc, which is afterwards thrown off, superior copper is obtained from inferior ores.

When the ores are raised from the mines, they are cleansed from any adhering portions of strata through which the veins passed, and are thrown in separate heaps according to their value. They are then broken in pieces with hammers, or crushed by steel rollers; and, by repeated poundings and washings, are reduced into as pure a state as possible. This prepares them for smelting; and, after some processes of roasting and fusing, in which the arsenic is driven off, and other impurities are removed, the operation is completed by what is called *poling*, "in which a pole of green wood, generally birch, is thrust into the molten metal, and rapidly moved about." Great care and considerable experience are necessary to detect, with certainty, the indications belonging to this finishing operation, "as a few minutes' *over-poling* would determine the formation of carburet of copper; and this would render the whole mass brittle, and necessitate re-roasting."

Copper is employed for the sheathing of ships, an application of it which creates a large demand for the metal. It is also worked up into various domestic utensils; and is used for engraving, and in the manufacture of the finer parts of steam-engines, locomotives, and other machinery. As an alloy it is of great value; and, in composition with other metals, forms brass, bronze, German silver, and bell-metal.

The Cornish mines, which number upwards of one hundred, lie mostly in the south-west of the county, between Truro and the Land's-End; the most productive occurring around Redruth.

The population of Cornwall shared largely in the blessings which accompanied the mighty revival of religion in the days of the Wesleys. The work of God spread rapidly, and effected a most marvellous and beneficial change, rescuing multitudes both from religious indifference and degrading vices. Partly by the gradual diffusion of spiritual influence, and partly by powerful religious revivals, that work has been continued to our own day, producing abundant results of glory to God, and blessing to men.

Nor have these advantages been confined to the county which has so richly enjoyed them; many a Cornish emigrant to our colonial mines, and other places, has carried with him the experimental religion which at home gladdened him with its peace and power; and he has been instrumental in spreading the same grace in those distant, and often almost heathenish, settlements. The numbers in the Methodist Society, within the county of Cornwall, amounted, at the last Conference, to twenty-two thousand eight hundred and fifty, a large proportion of whom belong to the mining population.

Besides the minerals of which we have given a sketch, there are others which we can do little more than mention, as zinc, obtained chiefly from the Isle of Man and Ireland; and black-lead, the material used in the manufacture of writing and drawing pencils, and the

richest mine of which lies a thousand feet up one of the Cumberland mountains. Formerly this mine was opened only once in seven years; but, in consequence of the increased demand for the article, it is now worked for a short period during the summer of every year. Although this mineral is called "black-lead," in reality it contains no lead whatever, but is a compound of carbon and iron.

Coarser kinds of black-lead are used in some of our manufactures, as well as for other purposes.

CLAYS.

Among these are the ordinary brick-clay, fire-clay, and porcelain-clay. Fire-clay is found in various localities both in England and Wales, occurring in great abundance, and forming an important branch of trade.

Northumberland and Durham may be mentioned among the principal sites of this earth, the beds of which lie beneath the coal-measures, varying in thickness from ten or twelve inches to five or six feet. No other clay possesses such power of resisting heat; and it is, therefore, of much value for the lining of furnaces, and for crucibles, which have to be submitted to a high temperature.

In addition to the counties above-mentioned, Staffordshire and Wales produce large quantities of fire-clay goods.

The make of fire-bricks, in the northern counties alone, is at present returned at eighty millions per annum, of which upwards of nine millions are exported.

Within the last thirty years the use of fire-clay has been widely extended in various articles of manufacture, as baths, vases, sanitary tubes, and retorts for gas-works; the substitution of clay retorts for iron having, in some instances, economized the process of gas manufacture to the extent of from thirty to forty per cent.

Potter's-clay, forming the raw material of most of our earthenware, is found chiefly in Devonshire and Dorsetshire. About eighty thousand tons of it are annually conveyed to the extensive and busy potteries of Staffordshire, the chief seats of this trade.

Porcelain-clay, used for china, and in the manufacture of the coarser kinds of calico and paper, is obtained almost entirely from Cornwall.

QUARRIES.

The supply of building-materials from our stone and slate-quarries contributes a considerable item to our national wealth. The principal slate-quarries are found in the lake district of the North of England, North Wales, and Cornwall.

Of these, the slate-works of Penrhyn, in Carnarvonshire, are the most celebrated. The beds are of great extent and enormous thickness, and furnish employment to thousands of workmen. The supply which they yield every year is said to be worth £750,000.

Granite is obtained chiefly from Cornwall and Aberdeenshire. It is used for docks, piers, quays, and works where great strength and durability are required; but the hardness of its compact texture renders it expensive to work up. It is capable of a fine, beautiful polish; and we thus frequently meet with it in the form of pillars and obelisks.

Our most useful stones, for architectural purposes, are found in the Isle of Portland, at Bath and Stamford, and in Derbyshire and Yorkshire. They belong to what geologists term the "oölite formations," and the "magnesian limestone."

The Isle of Portland—or, more correctly speaking, the peninsula at the south-west of the county of Dorset, which bears the name of island—presents some very interesting features for geological study. It consists of an enormous mass of freestone, with a circuit of about eight miles in extent, and reaching, in some places, an elevation of nearly five hundred feet. The stone, of which large quantities are annually quarried, lies underneath a surface-soil of rubbish and grit thirty feet thick. A remarkable layer occurs, which bears every indication of having formerly been a bed of vegetable mould; and, in removing this deposit, the fossil roots and trunks of coniferous trees and plants are met with.

The religious revival of the last century, to which we have already referred, and which, under the name of Method-

ism, wrought so blessed a change in the moral and religious condition of our country at large, extended its visitations of Divine power to the Isle of Portland, turning many of its irreligious and almost barbarous inhabitants "from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God." "Times of refreshing from the presence of the Lord" accompanied the preaching of Charles Wesley; and the extensive quarries of the stony island suggested to him the hymn commencing with,—

"Come, O Thou all-victorious Lord,
Thy power to us make known;
Strike with the hammer of Thy word,
And break these hearts of stone!"

Inigo Jones, the celebrated architect of the reign of James I., first brought Portland stone into use, selecting it as the material for the erection of the palace of Whitehall. St. Paul's Cathedral, the Royal Exchange, and Somerset-House, are also of Portland stone.

The new Houses of Parliament, with their elaborate and costly Gothic architecture, were built with magnesian limestone obtained from the quarries of Bolsover-Moor, and the neighbourhood, in Derbyshire; but the selection does not seem to have been well made, for the action of the London atmosphere is already telling unfavourably upon the exterior surface.

According to the report of mining records, published for the year 1856, and which is, we believe, the last issued, the value of building-stones quarried during that year is estimated at £3,042,478.

Considering the inexhaustible supplies of stone found within our own country, and, for all architectural purposes, whether plain or ornamental, equal to any foreign productions, one wonders at the ignorance or the prejudice of our forefathers, which led them to import stone from abroad. But so they did; and the central tower of the venerable cathedral of Canterbury, St. George's Chapel at Windsor, and Henry the Seventh's Chapel in Westminster Abbey, were built of stone conveyed, at great expense, from Caen, in Normandy. And here we must close our sketch of the Mines and Mineral Resources of Great Britain. E. L.

Memorials of the Departed.

JONATHAN MARTIN was born in Arkindale, in the Reeth Circuit, December 26th, 1812, and died very suddenly, at Melsonby, in the Darlington Circuit, October 5th, 1861. He was blessed with an early religious training, and was under powerful religious feeling when thirteen years of age; but he did not fully give his heart to God till the year 1834. Mrs. Key, wife of the Rev. Thomas Key, was the means of this decision. He sought the Lord for three months before he obtained the assurance of his acceptance. There lived near to him a pious man who was a great help to him at this time, kindly encouraging him to engage in public prayer, when his own feelings would have kept him silent; but he grew in grace. It was his custom to retire to an out-house at stated times for private prayer; and some who *then* were unconverted remember how keenly they felt when they heard him thus engaged with God. These were doubtless times of communion with his Saviour; seasons of intercession on behalf of those who were dear to him, and of those who lived around him: for it is known that he used to single out individuals, and pray specially for their conversion. In public and in the family a special power often attended his prayers. Once in particular, in his family, he was led out in praise to God for what he enjoyed; but lamented that he had not begun sooner to serve the Lord. An elder brother who was present was led to decide *then* to be the Lord's. In 1836, being convinced of the evil consequent on the use of intoxicating liquors, and anxious by his example to induce others to abstain, he signed the pledge, and kept it to the end of his life. In the year 1837 he earnestly sought and obtained the blessing of perfect love, and began

noon-day worship in his family. His friends still remember his rich spiritual enjoyments at this period of his life. He had some severe attacks of illness, particularly one at the close of the year 1851, when he was brought apparently near the grave. In the former part of his affliction his mind seemed somewhat beclouded; but, drawing near to God in faith, he was made very happy and resigned. In the year 1854 he came to reside at Melsonby, where he was more actively engaged in worldly things; and not having so much time for private meditation, he was sometimes cast down; but his motto was truly, "Not slothful in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord." Here he soon found work to be done for his Saviour; such as the distribution of religious tracts, visiting the sick, and fulfilling the duties of a class-leader. The members of his class feel that they have lost a faithful counsellor, and an affectionate friend. He was constant in his attendance on the means of grace, and his love for the word of God was great. The Bible, the *Wesleyan Magazine*, the *Christian Miscellany*, and the *Missionary Notices*, were his favourite books. He loved the Mission cause; but his ruling passion seemed to be an affectionate concern for the ungodly, the thoughtless, the trifling. For them he pleaded with God in public, in private, and at the family-altar. An all-wise, though to us mysterious, Providence has removed him from us by a sudden stroke; but, though not permitted to say "farewell" to any of his fellow-travellers, they still feel that,—

"One family they dwell in Him,
One church above, beneath;"

and they pray that his example may be followed, and that it may please Almighty God to answer his prayers in the conversion of many souls.

S. B.

Died, at Mount-Hill, in the Carrickfergus Circuit, November 29th, 1861, Mrs. M'Roberts, in the sixty-sixth year of her age. She was the daughter of Mr. Matthew Crawford, of Raloo, who received, as messengers of Christ, the first Wesleyan Ministers who visited this part of the country. He became a faithful follower of Jesus, and, after having witnessed a good confession, passed through death triumphant home. His last words were:—

"I'll praise my Maker while I've breath."

Pious example and religious instruction produced the most salutary effect on his daughter. Early in life she made a deliberate and unreserved surrender of her heart to God, and maintained, to the end of her career, a steady and constant profession of her Christian faith. Blessed with a partner like-minded, their house was consecrated to the service of Almighty God; and they gladly received the heralds of the Cross. It pleased her heavenly Father to take from her the husband of her youth. He fell asleep in Jesus seven years before her departure. Yet she realized the truth of the Divine promise, and her path shone brighter and brighter unto the perfect day. Her natural disposition was timid and reserved; and her statements of religious experience were cautious. Her enjoyment was generally—

"The speechless awe which dares not move,
And all the silent heaven of love."

As she drew near the end of her pilgrimage, however, her faith and love could no longer be concealed, but broke forth in triumphant songs of praise. She would frequently exclaim:—

"O for a thousand tongues to sing
My great Redeemer's praise!"

And again:—

"For ever here my rest shall be
Close to Thy bleeding side."

Many were the gracious words which fell from her lips, and are treasured up in the hearts of sorrowing friends. The evening before she died her son inquired, "Is Christ precious?" when she replied, "My mind is stayed on my Saviour; I feel I am on the Rock." Thus, when summoned to cross the valley of the shadow of death, her soul feared no evil. The Good Shepherd was with her; His rod and His staff did comfort her. Addressing her Lord, she devoutly exclaimed, "Take me! take me! take me! Into Thy hands I commend my spirit. They are coming! they are coming!

I'll go! I'll go!" Thus did the gracious Lord grant to His handmaid an abundant entrance into His everlasting kingdom.

JEREMIAH WILSON.

MR. JOHN JOHNSON was born at Gunnerside, in the Reeth Circuit, June 17th, 1816. His parents were godly, and members of the Wesleyan-Methodist Church. They tried to train him up in the way in which he should go, and offered many prayers for his salvation. Hence, in his early days, he was often a subject of deep conviction. But, resisting the Spirit of God, the impressions made upon his mind were like the morning cloud that passeth away; so that he grew up without God, without Christ, without a good hope; and, like too many youths, was carried down the stream of wickedness. When about twenty years of age he married, and went to reside at Muker, a village three miles from his native place. Being so near his parents, he often visited them. During one of those visits he was convinced of sin, under a sermon preached by Mr. Richard Buxton, a Local preacher, residing at Gunnerside. The arrows of the Lord pierced his conscience, and he cried, "God be merciful to me a sinner!" For three days he laboured, in deep distress, under the burden of his sins. He was then enabled to believe in Jesus Christ with his heart unto righteousness, and to look up with filial confidence to God as his reconciled Father. Returning to Muker, in the warmth of his first love, he exerted himself for the salvation of souls, and was instrumental in reviving the work of God. Among the number then converted from the error of their way, some went before him to the church triumphant. Some are still serving their generation by the will of God, and are sustaining important offices in the church. Co-operating with others, they were successful in the erection of a neat chapel, in which the Gospel is still preached, and a Sunday-school is carried on. From that period his path appears to have been that of the just, which "shineth more and more unto the perfect day." As a husband and a father, he was affectionate, and sought the highest good of his wife and children. As a tradesman, he was frank, honest, and punctual. As a member of a Christian church, a class-leader, trustee, and Local preacher, he was eminent for zeal, liberality, and diligence in good works. He was deeply interested in the welfare of the young, and was active in promoting Sunday and week-day schools. His gifts in singing and prayer gave him a great advantage in conducting religious services, and in promoting revivals of religion. He was specially happy in preaching the truth as it is in Jesus, and was made a blessing to those who heard from his lips the everlasting Gospel. Thus he went on from strength to strength, till Saturday, November 30th, 1861, when he left home to fulfil an engagement he had made to preach at Gayle and Hawes on the following Sunday. He slept at the house of a friend, near Askrigg, where he evinced his gratitude and joy by singing the praises of God. On the Sabbath he rose in his usual health, and cheerfully went to serve his great Master. In the afternoon he preached at Gayle, and took tea with an esteemed friend at Hawes. He conversed on heavenly themes, and expressed himself as happy as he could be. In the evening he opened the service by giving out the thirty-ninth hymn in the Wesleyan Hymn-book, beginning,—

"Father, whose everlasting love
Thy only Son for sinners gave."

After the hymn was sung he began to pray, and was heard to say, "O Lord God, Thou art the Creator of the heavens and the earth, and of all things they contain. Thou hast made us, and not we ourselves. We are the workmanship of Thy hands. And Thou knowest, O Lord, we are unworthy. We have done despite to Thy Spi——." These were the last words his lips uttered on earth: he fell back in the pulpit, and expired. A medical gentleman, who was in the chapel, hastened to render aid, but too late. The vital spark had fled. Thus he finished his course, laying down his body with his charge, and was permitted to realize a wish sometimes expressed by him in public, that, were it the will of God, he might die in the pulpit. His death is a great loss to his family, to his class, and to the Circuit in which, for

about seventeen years, he had acceptably and usefully laboured as a Local preacher. But our loss is his eternal gain. It is worthy of record that, after the body was removed from the chapel, a prayer-meeting was held, in which two persons were so awakened to seek the salvation of their souls, that they cried aloud for mercy. How impressively does this solemn event call on us who survive, to attend practically to the words of the Lord Christ: "Be ye also ready: for in such an hour as ye think not the Son of man cometh!"

JONATHAN BARROWCLOUGH.

DIED, January 12th, 1862, at York-road, in the Hammersmith Circuit, MR. JAMES HAZLEDINE. He was a native of Shropshire. His father died before James was five years old. He had very few educational advantages, and at ten years of age he was bound apprentice to learn the business of an engineer. Influenced by the bad example of others, he broke nearly all the commandments, to see what good was to be found in evil, and soon became a proverb of wickedness. At nineteen he married a young person, and they settled in Staffordshire. Their lot was cast near to the dwelling of a poor, godly family, whose religion was seen and felt. They were invited to attend the preaching of the Methodists, which invitation they accepted. Both were awakened, and each blamed the other for having told the preacher to *expose* them before all the people. In a short time they found the Lord; and, although they had to go two miles to class, they went cheerfully, and were benefited. He was called to suffer persecution; but he had counted the cost, and, by his steadfastly active piety, he lived down all opposition. Because he had a mind to work, he voluntarily became a tract-distributer amongst the colliers, and was instrumental in turning many to God. Soon this good man's faith was tested by the state of trade, which necessitated many of his fellow-workmen to beg their bread; and one night James and his wife had divided their last loaf with their children. They retired to rest, believing that God would provide for them. A person residing at a distance was impressed that they were in need, and walked four miles early the next morning, and supplied their wants, to their great comfort. About this time a great revival of religion took place in Bradley, and he was requested to form a class. With much fear he accepted the office of a leader, and two of his own children were among its earliest members. For twenty years he met that class at six o'clock every Sabbath morning. And the attendance was good; for he and the members believed it wrong to cut the Lord's day short at both ends. The class became so large, that he was obliged to divide it thrice. At one time he had the charge of one hundred and forty-five persons. The work of God grew; a new chapel was erected; and he became one of the trustees, for which he often thanked God for *this honour*. The Sunday-school at Bradley was very prosperous, and contained nearly six hundred children. He was made the superintendent. He maintained his authority by enforcing discipline in a firm, but loving spirit. During the first visitation of cholera to South Staffordshire, he was untiring in his efforts to visit the sick and the dying; and in him the widow and the fatherless found a friend. At length he was called to leave Bradley for a distant part of the kingdom, and eventually settled down where he closed his earthly course. The cause at York-road he watched over with great and constant care. In his last years he suffered many privations, but he bore all with cheerful resignation. He was liberal beyond his means. He delighted to tell of "baptisms of fire," and of the sighs of the penitent exchanged for the songs of the pardoned. In times of agitation "he was not given to change," and his firmness often rebuked other people's fickleness. His last illness was short, but severe. He was kept in perfect peace. For fifty-two years he was a member of the Wesleyan body, and for thirty-seven years a leader and trustee. He lived beloved, and in the seventy-sixth year of his age he went home, to be for ever with the Lord.

JOHN H. NORTON.

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THE RIGGING-LOFT.

THE revival of evangelical religion, which took its origin in the early part of the last century under the name of Methodism, has taken its widest range upon the American continent. Its humble origin and subsequent triumphs in that extensive region have been often referred to in this periodical; and we now lay before our readers a description of one of its early sanctuaries, copied from *Lost Chapters recovered from the Early History of American Methodism*, by the Rev. J. B. Wakeley, published in New-York in the year 1858.

The author remarks that Bishop Scott said to him, "What a propensity the early Methodists in this country had for worshipping in rigging-lofts!" He then stated this singular fact, that the early Methodists in Philadelphia and Baltimore, as well as in New-York, worshipped in a rigging-loft. I suppose they occupied these places, first, for want of better; and second, because they were convenient, large, roomy, long, and narrow, and could easily be fitted up for Divine worship; third, because the rent was small: they not being able to hire a large and spacious edifice, because they were mostly poor.

The rigging-loft, of which an engraving is given at the head of this paper, was occupied by the Methodists in 1767. To the early Methodists it was what the "upper room" was to the disciples in Jerusalem on the day of pentecost. The hired room had become too small to accommodate the congregation; and they rented a rigging-loft in what was called Horse-and-Cart-street, now William-street. It was called so from the fact that there were many horses and carts accommodated therein; and because there was also an inn which had a horse and cart for its sign.

The rigging-loft was not distinguished for its magnificence, or architectural beauty. It was sixty feet long, and eighteen wide. Humble as it was, it had attractions for the early Methodists in the city. It was their Bethel. God honoured it with His presence. There He "abundantly blessed their provision, and satisfied their poor with bread." The priests He also clothed with salvation, and caused the saints to shout aloud for joy. Often did they make its walls echo with the words,—

"Lo! God is here! let us adore,
And own how dreadful is this place!
Let all within us feel His power,
And silent bow before His face;
Who know His power, His grace who prove,
Serve Him with awe, with reverence love."

In this humble place, twice on a Sunday, and on the Thursday evening, Philip Embury and Captain Webb preached a full, free, and present salvation; and here the worshipping assemblies were fed with "the sincere milk of the word," and they grew thereby. Here they wept and prayed, rejoiced and praised.

This building, thus identified with the early history of Methodism in America, stood until about the year 1854, an honoured memorial of the trials and victories of earlier days. Oft have I visited that rigging-loft, but never entered it without devotional feeling. Many hallowed associations cluster around it. Thought was busy in calling up the past. Here Embury preached, and Captain Webb wielded "the sword of the Spirit;" here sinners were awakened, and converted to God; here the sons of God presented themselves before the Lord, and devout women waited upon the Lord; and the fires of pentecost were rekindled in many hearts. Many plans were formed here, and, among others, doubtless that of erecting a house of worship for God.

It is somewhat singular that, while all the buildings that were erected about the time of the rigging-loft had passed away, this edifice remained so long, alone in its glory, a time-honoured relic of the past. It stood thirty-four years after Wesley Chapel was numbered among the things that had been.

It was a little, plain, modest building, that stood with its gable-end toward the street. Our engraving of it is a faithful representation of

it as it appeared in its later days. It had been for several years used as a store, and was last occupied by a card-engraver. It was taken down in 1854 to make way for a more commodious building. I almost wished it could have been preserved longer. I looked on with mournful interest as they were taking it down. Memorable place! rich in the associations of bygone scenes, the birth-place of many souls. No doubt there are those in paradise who look back to the old rigging-loft as their spiritual birth-place. I carried home a small piece of timber from the ruins, as a memento of olden times. Its timbers were sound, and were made into walking-sticks; and many availed themselves of the opportunity to obtain one, as a relic of the past, and a support in their journeyings. An ivory head was placed upon each staff, bearing the following inscription: "Rigging-Loft, 1766. Philip Embury."

Great numbers attended Divine service in the rigging-loft; and, at length, it could not contain one-half of the people who wished to attend. Hence arose the necessity for the erection of a sanctuary of larger dimensions; a symbol of the onward movement at which every evangelical body ought strenuously to aim.

THE VALUE AND IMPORTANCE OF SCRIPTURE KNOWLEDGE.

THERE are two things that commend any writing to us, either that it discovers knowledge, or that it directs our practice. It informs the judgment, or it regulates the life. These are eminently the characters of holy Scripture; and, therefore, David tells us that "the law of the Lord" converts "the soul," and makes "wise the simple." (Psalm xix. 7.) It is not only a light to our heads, but "a lamp unto our feet." (Psalm cxix. 105.)

I. The Scripture discovers to us the knowledge of those truths which the most improved natural reason could never sift out, and are intelligible only by Divine revelation. God has composed two books, by the diligent study of which we may attain to a knowledge of Himself. These are the book of the creatures, and the book of the Scriptures. The book of the creatures is written in those great letters of heaven and earth, the air and sea; and by them we may spell out somewhat of God. He made them for our instruction, as well as for our service. There is not a creature that God hath breathed abroad upon the face of the earth, but it reads us lectures concerning His infinite power and wisdom. It is, therefore, no absurdity to say that they are all the works of His mouth, as well as the works of His hands. The whole world is a speaking workmanship. "The invisible things" of God "are clearly seen by the things that are made, even His eternal power and Godhead." (Rom. i. 20.) Indeed, when we consider how God hath poised the earth in the midst of the air, and the whole world in

the midst of a vast and boundless nothing; how He hath hung out those glorious lights of heaven, the sun, the moon, the stars, and made paths in the sky for their several courses; how He hath laid the sea on heaps, and so girt it in, that it may possibly overlook, but not overflow, the land; when we view the variety, harmony, and law of the creation; our reason must needs be very short if we cannot from these collect the infinite wisdom, power, and goodness of the Creator. So much of God as belong to these great attributes of Creator and Governor of the world the book of Nature may plainly discover to us. But then there are other and retired and reserved notions of God; other truths that nearly concern ourselves and our eternal salvation to know and believe, which nature could never give the least glimpse to discover. What signature is there stamped upon any of the creatures of a Trinity in unity, of the eternal generation or the temporal incarnation of the Son of God? What creature could inform us of our first fall, and guilt contracted by it? Where can we find the copy of the covenant of works, or of grace, printed upon any of the creatures? All the great sages of the world, though they were nature's secretaries, and ransacked its abstrusest mysteries, yet all their learning and knowledge could not discover the sacred mystery of a crucified Saviour. These are truths which nature is so far from searching out, that it can scarce receive them when revealed. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: . . . neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned." (1 Cor. ii. 14.) The light that can reveal these great truths must break immediately from heaven itself. And so it did upon the prophets, evangelists, and apostles, the writers of holy Scripture. And if it was their singular privilege that the Holy Ghost descended upon them, and so possessed their minds that what they spoke and wrote was oracular, how little less is ours, since the Scriptures reveal to us the very same truths that the Spirit revealed to them. God heretofore spoke in them, and now He speaks by them to us. Their revelations are become ours. The only difference is, that what God taught them by extraordinary inspiration, the same truths He teaches us in the Scripture by the ordinary illumination of His Spirit. Here, therefore, while we diligently converse with the book of God, we enjoy the privilege of prophets. The same word of God that came to them, comes also to us; and that without those severe preparations and strong agonies which sometimes they underwent before God would inspire them with the knowledge of heavenly truth.

II. The knowledge which the Scriptures teach is, as to the matter of it, the most sublime and lofty in the world. All other sciences are poor and beggarly elements when compared with this. The naturalist digs a little knowledge out of the earth; the astronomer, who ascends highest, mounts no higher than the celestial bodies, the stars and planets, which are but the outworks of heaven. The Scripture pierces much farther, and lets us into heaven itself. There it discovers the

majesty and glory of God upon His throne; the Eternal Son at His right hand, making a prevalent and authoritative intercession for us; the glittering train of cherubim and seraphim, an innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect. So that, indeed, when we have this book laid open before us, we have heaven itself, and all the inconceivable glories of it, laid open to our view. What can be more sublime than the nature of God? And yet here we have it so plainly described, by all its most glorious attributes and perfections, that the Scripture beams forth light to the eye of faith, whereby it may see Him that is invisible. But if we consider those Gospel mysteries which the Scriptures relate; the hypostatical union of the Divine and human natures in Christ's incarnation; the mystical union of our persons with Him by our believing; that the Son of God should be substituted for guilty sinners; that He who knew no sin should be made a sacrifice for sin, and the justice of God be reconciled to man through the blood of God's incarnate Son: these are mysteries so profound as to puzzle a college of angels. Now these things the Scriptures propound to us, not to perplex and confound us, but to perfect our understandings. For that little knowledge we can attain to in these things is far more excellent than the most comprehensive knowledge of all things else in the world. Where our scanty apprehensions fall short of fathoming these deep mysteries, the apostle has taught us to seek it out with an, "O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! how unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!" (Rom. xi. 33.)

III. The Scriptures are an inexhaustible fountain of knowledge. The more we draw from it, the more still springs up. They are a deep mine; the farther we search into them, the richer we find them to be. It is tedious to read other writings often over, because we are soon familiar with all that they contain, and find nothing further to afford us any mental refreshment. But, in reading the sacred books, it fares with us as it did with the people whom Christ miraculously fed. The food increased when they were in the act of eating it. So, while we ruminate on the truths of Scripture, they multiply, and rise in greater clearness and strength of evidence under our meditation. One great cause of the neglect that many are guilty of in reading the sacred volume is a fear that they shall only meet with the same things that they have already read and known; and this they account tedious and irksome. Indeed, if they read it only slightly and superficially, it will be so; but those who set their minds to ponder and meditate upon the word find new truths rising up to their understandings, which they never before discovered. As in a starry night, if we fix our eyes upon many spaces in the heavens, at the first glance, perhaps, we discover no stars there; but, if we continue to look earnestly and fixedly, some will emerge to our view, which at first were concealed. So it is with the holy Scriptures. If we only glance cursorily upon them, it is no wonder that we discover no more truths beaming

out their light to our understandings. St. Augustine found by experience this to be so true, that he tells us if he should, with better capacity and greater diligence, study the Scriptures from childhood to decrepit age, they are so compacted and thick set with truths, that he might daily learn something which before he knew not. God hath, as it were, studied to speak compendiously in the Scriptures. What a miracle of brevity is it, that the whole duty of man, relating both to God and his neighbour, should be comprised in ten words! "I have seen an end of all perfection," says the Psalmist; "but Thy commandment is exceeding broad." (Psalm cxix. 96.) When we have attained to the knowledge of those things that are absolutely necessary to salvation, there yet remain such depths of wisdom, both in the manner of Scripture expression, and the mysteriousness of the things expressed, that, after our utmost industry, still there will be left new truths to become the discovery of a new search.

IV. The Scriptures exhibit to us that knowledge which is necessary to eternal salvation. "This is life eternal to know Thee, the only true God, and Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." (John xvii. 3.) And this knowledge the Scriptures only can afford us. (John v. 39; 2 Tim. iii. 15.) We need not, therefore, inquire after blind tradition, or expect any wild enthusiasm. The written word contains whatsoever is necessary to be known in order to eternal salvation; and whosoever is wise above what is written is wise only in impertinences. God hath contracted whatever was necessary for us to know, and summed it up in one book; and shall not we be diligent in studying that which so necessarily concerns us? Other forms of knowledge are only necessary for the adorning and embellishing of our nature. This is for the necessity of life, of life eternal. St. Peter said to Christ, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." So let us answer whatsoever may seem to call us off from the diligent study of the Scriptures. Whither shall we go? To this we must cleave; with this we will converse: for here alone are "the words of eternal life."

V. The knowledge which the Scriptures disclose are of undoubted certainty and perpetual truth. It depends not upon probabilities or conjectures, but the infallible authority of Christ Himself. He hath dictated it; and it is impossible for Him to lie. The rule of our veracity is the conformity of our speech to the real existence of things; but Divine veracity has no other rule beside the will of Him that speaks. He must needs speak infallible truth, who speaks things into being: and such is the omnipotent speech of God. Whatsoever He declares is, therefore, true, because He declares it. How strange and impossible soever Scripture mysteries may seem to the captious understandings of natural men, when the word of God has undertaken for their truth, it is as much impiety to doubt of them as it is folly to question the reality of what we see with our eyes. Nay, the information of our senses—what we see, hear, and feel—is not so certain as the truth of those things which God reveals and testifies in the Scriptures.

The Apostle Peter, therefore, speaking of the miraculous voice that sounded from heaven,—"This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased," (Matt. xvii. 5,)—says, "We heard this voice when we were with Him in the holy mount;" but "we have also a more sure word of prophecy;" (2 Peter i. 18, 19;) or, as the Greek may well be rendered, "We account more sure the word of prophecy, unto which ye do well that ye take heed." What! a more sure word than a voice from heaven, when God Himself bears witness to the truth by an audible voice? Yes; we have a more sure word, and that is the word of prophecy recorded in the Old Testament. Hence it will follow, that because the prophecies concerning Christ may seem somewhat obscure in comparison with this audible voice from heaven, the testimony of obscure Scripture is to be preferred to the testimony of even clear sense. If, then, we would know things beyond all danger of either falsehood or doubt, we must be conversant with the Scriptures, where we may take all for certain upon the authority of God, who can neither deceive nor be deceived.

VI. The Scriptures alone give us the true and unerring knowledge of ourselves. Those that busy themselves in knowing all things else are of nothing more ignorant than of themselves. The eye that can see other things cannot see its own shape and colour; and so the soul of man, whereby he understands other objects, is usually ignorant of its own concerns. But as the eye, that cannot see itself directly, may see itself reflexively in a glass; so God has given us His word, which St. James compares to a glass, and holds this before the soul, representing our true state and character. (James i. 23.)

There is a fourfold state of man, which we could never have known but by the Scriptures: his state of integrity, his state of apostasy, his state of restitution, and his state of glory.

The Scripture alone can reveal to us what we were in our primitive condition: naturally holy, bearing the image of God, enjoying His love, free from all inward perturbations and outward miseries; having all the creatures subject to us, and, what is more, ourselves: what we were in our state of apostasy, despoiled of all our primitive excellencies; dispossessed of all happiness and of all hope; liable every moment to the Divine vengeance, and sure at length to feel it: what we are in our state of restitution; redeemed by the blood of Christ; adopted into the family of God; through grace begotten again to a lively hope; sanctified and sealed by the Holy Spirit; restored to the favour and friendship of God; and expecting the happiness of heaven: what we shall be in our final state of glory; clothed with light; crowned with stars; filled with pure and spiritual joys. We shall see God as He is; know Him as we are known by Him; love Him ardently; converse with Him eternally; and have every desire for ever satisfied.

These are such things as could never have entered into our hearts, had not the word of God described them to us.

We see, then, how the Scriptures inform the judgment; let us see how they reform the life, and what practical influence they have upon the souls of men. Here the word of God has a mighty operation, and that in sundry particulars.

1. It convinces and humbles the stoutest and proudest sinners. There are two sorts of sinners who deem themselves secure. Those who boast of their own righteousness, and those who are insensible of their own wickedness. Both of these the word, when it comes with power, convinces, humbles, and brings to the dust. It despoils the self-righteous of all the fancied goodness in which he trusted. "I was alive without the law once," said St. Paul, referring to his state as an unbelieving Jew; "but when the commandment came, sin revived, and I died." (Rom. vii. 9.) The commandment alarms the senseless, seared sinner. How many have there been that have scorned God and despised religion, whom yet one curse or threat from the law has made to tremble and fall down before its convincing majesty!

2. The word of God sweetly comforts them, and raises them from their dejection. All other applications to a wounded spirit are impertinent and unavailing. Nothing can effectually alleviate the sorrows of an awakened conscience but Scripture consolation. The leaves of this book are like the leaves of the tree of life. They are "for the healing of the nations." The weapon that wounds must here work the cure. The word directs the weary and heavy laden to Christ; and, believing in Him, they find rest unto their souls.

3. By this word the Holy Spirit effects a mighty change in the heart of the penitent believer. Take a man that runs on in a vile and desperate course; that sells himself to do iniquity; that commits all manner of wickedness with greediness; and make use of all the arguments that reason can suggest to reclaim him. These cannot succeed. If they reform the life, they never change the heart. But that which other means cannot effect, the word of God can accomplish. "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul." (Psalm xix. 7.) "Of His own will begat He us with the word of truth, that we should be a kind of first-fruits of His creatures." (James i. 18.)

4. This is the word that strengthens and arms the people of God to endure the greatest temporal evils; cheering them with the promise of Divine support in times of the greatest extremity, and the assurance of a great and eternal reward.

5. The Scriptures contain such a collection of rules and duties, that whoever observes and obeys them shall, in the end, obtain eternal life. "Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." (Rev. xxii. 14.)

We are all guilty malefactors; but God has been pleased to afford us the mercy of the book, to be the means of our conversion and salvation. Shall we not read it for our lives?

This is the book according to which we must stand or fall eternally.

The unalterable sentence of the last day will pass upon us as it is here recorded. Here we may, therefore, know beforehand what will be our doom. "He that believeth shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." It is said that when the dead stand before God to be judged, the books will be opened; that is, the book of conscience and the book of Scripture. Let us be persuaded, then, to open this book, and judge ourselves out of it before the last day. To us it is not a sealed book. We may learn from it what our present state is, and what our future condition is likely to be. If it be a state of sin and wrath, let us search farther. Here are directions how we may change our wretched state for a better. If ours be a state of grace, here are rules to preserve us in it. The Bible is a word suited to all persons, all occasions, all exigencies. It informs the ignorant, strengthens the weak, comforts the disconsolate, supports the afflicted, relieves the tempted, resolves the doubtful, directs all to those ways which lead to endless happiness; where, as the word of God has dwelt richly in us, we shall for ever dwell gloriously with God.

Is it, then, true that there are men who claim the title of Reverend, and even of Right Reverend, who are exerting themselves to throw discredit upon this word, the dictate of the Holy Ghost, so as to destroy the faith of Christians in its infallible dictates? Better it were for these unhappy men that a millstone were tied to their necks, and that they were cast into the depth of the sea.

E. H.

THE NIGHT ON THE LAKE.

THERE is not a circumstance in our Lord's life from which, if we desire it, we may not draw some profitable lesson. The grand and primary purpose of His mission on earth was to lay down His life for mankind; and all the lessons which He gave the world, in the course of His three years' ministry, were subservient to this mighty purpose. The numerous instances of His power, the striking manifestations of His authority, and His fearless denunciations of the wickedness of the times, did much to prepare His disciples for their future work, and the world for the reception of the Gospel.

Though from His discourse we are led to believe that a great portion of His thoughts was fixed on His death, which was to accomplish the world's redemption, yet He never lost an opportunity of imparting some useful lesson. His ministry, therefore, abounds with instructive precepts; and His life, even where there is no lesson expressly inculcated, furnishes us with matter for profitable meditation.

We find many instances in Scripture of God testing the faith of His people by leaving them for a time to themselves. On more than one occasion the Saviour withheld the exercise of that omnipotent power which He possessed, and permitted His disciples to fall into danger, in order that they might get accustomed to a firm and implicit reliance upon His love and protecting care. It is a lesson the church has by no means recently learned, that faith never grows so strong as when subjected to frequent exercise, whether it be in the every-day life of the Christian, or in the life of fiery trial through which the martyr has to pass. The effect of

these dispensations of Providence is to draw us by still stronger cords to Jesus, and to intensify that affection which unites us to Him. It is an incident, the effects of which are calculated to do this, that we have chosen for the present article.

John the Baptist, by his fearless denunciation of Herod's sin, incurred that monarch's displeasure, and was cast into prison; and, by the after-intrigue of Herodias and her daughter, was deprived of life. We read that, when Jesus heard of this tragedy, He departed into a desert place, where He was followed by a great multitude. Here one of His most characteristic miracles was performed, supplying the bodily wants of His followers, while giving them a striking proof of His Divine power. It would appear that, this great repast being finished, the multitude were so impressed with the magnitude of the miracle He had performed, that they intended to make Him there and then a King. But, as this would not have agreed with His Divine purpose in coming into the world, He withdrew Himself from among them; and, as was often His wont, He went into a mountain to pray. This retiring of our Saviour into solitude to pray affords us much pleasure. So deeply was He impressed with the fallen condition of man, that the hills often echoed with His prayers, when night had cast its shade upon nature, and the very foxes had gone to their holes, and the birds of the air to their nests.

Before this He had sent away His disciples, who entered their boat, and made for the other side of the lake of Gennesaret. The wind began to blow, and the water was lashed into fury. We can imagine, as the waves tossed the vessel, how ardently the disciples would wish that He, who had that day given them such a proof of His power, had been there to say to those troubled waters, "Peace, be still." Eagerly would they look for the first appearance of morning as every wave threatened to overturn their bark. The disciples rowed hard all night, but the wind continued to increase in strength; and, when the storm was at its height, Jesus appeared to them walking on the sea. His presence at such a time, and in such a place, was so unexpected, that no thought of His identity with the supernatural appearance entered their minds; but they thought they had seen a spirit. The heavens black with clouds, the wind howling, and the waves beating against each other, and Jesus so unexpectedly walking on the sea, filled them with so great an alarm, that they cried out for fear. The voice of Jesus speaking through the storm was now heard by the wondering disciples; a voice familiar to them when heard through the tempest, as when heard under happier auspices. "Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid." Let not your hearts faint within you; for it is I, your Saviour, your Master: I, who, when you once before were in similar peril by the waters, stilled the winds and the waves. "Be not afraid;" for I have the power to help you still. The elements are under My control: for I am the Lord of all.

We may find a resemblance of this interesting story in the life of every Christian, who through tribulation has entered heaven. Often, in the course of his voyage over life's stormy sea, has he been left apparently at the mercy of every passing wave. Seas have rolled on seas, threatening every moment to engulf him. No light, no hope, no Saviour visible; he has almost yielded himself to despair, when the advancing form of his Saviour is seen through the storms which dim his sight. Indistinct at first, he is afraid lest it be a sign of evil; but it is only for a moment: his doubts are dispelled,

his hopes are raised, and there is a great calm.

The disciples, being reassured that it was no supernatural visitant which had so disturbed them, regained their courage.—The conduct of Peter at this juncture was so conspicuous, that we do not think it out of place to devote a little attention to his peculiar character. Its main feature was great impetuosity in all that interested him. He was eminently a brave man; but his bravery very often bordered on rashness. His confidence in his Master we believe to have been genuine; for the proofs were readily conceived, and boldly executed; and, though his excessive ardour sometimes led him into indiscretions of speech and action, he was a real follower of Christ. Often not only willing, but eager, to prove his sincerity, he rushed without mature deliberation into danger, but at times showing a want of moral courage. This feature in his character is shown when Jesus was arrested in the garden of Gethsemane. When the hands of the soldiers were laid upon Jesus, Peter drew a sword and aimed at the head of Malchus, a servant of the high-priest, and inflicted a wound. We may admire the spirit which prompted him to do this for his Master; but we condemn the rashness in which it found vent.

Peter was the first to recognise the presence of Jesus; and, eager to go to Him for whom his soul longed, he cried out, "Lord, if it be Thou, bid me come unto Thee on the water." This is a pleasing instance of affection, and shows the full confidence he reposed in his Saviour. The Lord gave him power and permission to go to Him, which he appears to have done without faltering or hesitation. As long as he kept his eyes fixed on the Saviour all was well. His step was firm; but when he took his eyes off Him, by whose help alone he walked the waves, and fixed them on the boiling waters, he became dismayed at what he, perhaps, considered his fool-hardiness, and beginning to sink, cried, "Lord, save me." The appeal is not made in vain. Jesus stretched forth His hand, and caught him, saying, "O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt?" What a gentle rebuke to Peter for his want of faith is conveyed in these few simple words! "*Wherefore* didst thou doubt?" "Didst thou not walk some distance on the waves? Why didst thou not continue to trust in Me?" Christ saved Peter from sinking; and we read that, when they were come into the ship, the wind ceased.

The lessons we may learn from Bible-narratives are of priceless value. Not only do we value them because of the persons who figure in them, but we deduce from them holy and solemn lessons of duty to God. The incident which has just been narrated was an epoch in the history of the apostles. They had not regarded the miracle of feeding the five thousand; but *this* manifestation of Christ's power so impressed them, that they worshipped Him, acknowledging Him to be the Son of God. Trouble came upon them unawares, as it often does upon us. We may take every precaution against adverse events; and, when least expected, God may see fit to interrupt our happiness in a moment, by laying His afflicting hand upon us, or upon those who are dear to us. But

> "In every sorrow of the heart
> Eternal mercy bears a part;"

and we dare not venture to question the wisdom and goodness of Him, who in all His ways is as infallible as His being is eternal. The means by which it pleases God to work are often painful to us, and His purposes lie hidden in His own mind; but if we have the glorious truth impressed

upon our hearts, that "all things work together for good to them that love God," we shall bear the crosses, disappointments, and severest afflictions of life, with cheerful resignation and patient hope. The lesson we may learn from Peter's conduct in the hour of trial is, that having once placed our faith in Christ, we ought never to withdraw it, but persevere until we obtain the reward of faith, and are safely moored in that haven of blessedness and peace, into which the waves of trouble will never roll, where there is no night, and where adverse winds never blow.

Ormskirk. T. L. P.

THE RIGHT SORT OF SERMONS.

I WELL remember, says the Rev. Canon Champneys, when I went as a mere boy to college, the kind of sermons which were preached in the pulpit of my University. It was deemed as if almost everyone who went into that pulpit regarded it as an essential and acknowledged law, that he must be philosophical and learned. It might sometimes happen that the preacher was neither; still, he might be a very good man; but, endeavouring to be what he was not, he would certainly fail to be what he was, and the attempt would be a failure. Perhaps it was philosophy, after all. Perhaps those to whom it was often so deferentially and apologetically addressed did understand it. Perhaps there was learning in it which only those who were very learned could understand; but there were certainly some present, perhaps many, who did not understand, who could not wade through the depths, and were not able to swim. It would have been well if there had been a word to these. There was sometimes such a word. One sermon I well remember. The words I have, of course, forgotten; the substance I shall never forget. It was the sermon of one who was both philosophical in the best sense, and learned; whose powers of mind, whose depth and accuracy of scholarship, had been fully indorsed by the broad imprimatur of the schools: but he came into that pulpit around which so many venerable associations hang, and into that beautiful church in which so many ages have uttered their voice, as the Minister of Christ, not to please men, but to tell about his Master; not to bow and pay compliments to learning, but to win souls to God. It was a simple, but beautiful expansion of one of our Saviour's miracles. It was God's fine gold beaten out, yet not beaten thin, by the hammer of a skilled workman. The whole circumstances stood before the mind in bold relief, and in strong outline, as he spoke. Christ was the living centre. The great lessons which it taught were clearly shown; but every lesson was an avenue, at the end of which, as you looked down it, you saw Christ. He spoke as of a real Person. There was nothing romantic or high-flown in the language. The words set forth a reality; and they were words of truth and soberness. I said to myself, as I listened on in fixed attention, "This man believes that there is such a Being as that One of whom the Gospel tells us. He knows it. He knows that Being. He is his Saviour. He loves his Saviour. The tone of loving reverence in which he speaks of Him shows this. Christ is to this man a present reality, and no study of the fancy. This man speaks as if he saw Jesus now, and as he will see Him one day for ever. This is a true servant of the Redeemer. He is here to speak of Him; to deliver a message from Him; to endeavour to persuade his fellowmen to love and trust in Him, as he himself does." That simple sermon stirred up my soul to its depths. I went away feeling that Christ was

a great reality. That man taught doctrine; but it was doctrine as it flowed from Christ. He led us out into the sunlight, and made us look at the sun. We could not help seeing its beams. It was our own fault if we did not feel its warmth. The very same thing might have been truly said of this man of God that the sceptic Hume did say of John Brown, of Haddington, that "he spoke as if Jesus Christ stood at his elbow." Hume's young and fashionable companion had observed only the strong provincial accent, the hard bold features, and uncouth action of the preacher; but Hume himself, while with practical eye and keen sense he had marked these, felt in his *spirit* that the man was real, honest, true, and spoke *as if* Jesus was a reality. We know that He of whom he spoke *is* a reality.

I am more and more convinced that it is this kind of preaching that wins souls to God. "I, if I be lifted up, will draw all men unto Me." I have heard men preach faith as if faith was Christ, and not the hand that touches and lays hold on Him.

Peter, when he saw the waves rough, and heard the wind whistle round him, looked at the waves, and began to sink. If he had kept steadily looking at Christ, the waters would have continued firm and solid as a stone, as they were while he did look at Him. If Jesus is Himself Salvation, the Way, the Truth, and the Life, the Resurrection, our Peace, our Hope, then it is the knowledge of HIM I want, and all other knowledge will flow from Him. I might lecture learnedly on magnetism, try to explain its principle, and the way of its operation, and yet the needle would be unmoved; but I could not bring the magnet near the needle without acting upon it at once. And Christ, the living Saviour, is to the human soul its magnet which alone can draw it; for it is love alone that draws, and Christ is love (for God is love, and Christ is God) brought close to man's heart to move and turn it. There are many who, having been constant hearers of merely doctrinal preaching, being endowed with quick natural apprehension and strong memories, are able to put every doctrine into the exact place which it occupies in the plan of salvation, as a clever child lays hold of each piece of a dissected map, and puts it into its own corner; and yet, having observed such men, I am persuaded that the simplest old woman, who cannot do this, but knows that God loves her, and that Jesus is her own Saviour, and who, as she hears over and over again the deep, simple, touching narratives of her Saviour's life, feels her heart burn within her, and could sit and hear them, as she says, all day, knows more than many of these ever knew. Her soul basks in the full light of the Eternal Sun, whose rays give her not only light, but warmth.

"In THY light we see light." "He that followeth ME shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the LIGHT OF LIFE."

A LEARNED CIVILIAN GREATLY PERPLEXED.

THE Rev. John Blachford, an Irish Clergyman, had two sisters; the eldest married Dr. Radcliffe, one of the judges of the Irish Prerogative Court; and the other, remaining single, resided with her sister and brother-in-law. She was much afflicted in body, but of an amiable spirit, and very sincere in her religious observances. Mrs. Blachford was much attached to her, and often conversed with her on the subject of experimental religion. She heard, but was slow of heart to believe, the privileges of the Gospel, especially concerning the witness of the Spirit.

Her affliction confined her for a long time to her bed, and then Dr. Radcliffe used every morning, before he went to the Court, to read the Service for the Sick out of the Book of Common Prayer. Though the Doctor was a man of an upright mind, he did not like what was exclusively called Methodism, which Mrs. Blachford insisted his sister-in-law, Miss Blachford, would enjoy before her death. One morning, after the Doctor had, as usual, read the prayers with Miss Blachford, just as he was about to repeat the Lord's Prayer, she said, "Stop, Doctor; before you read that prayer, I wish to say a few words." The Doctor, being a nervous man, was much disturbed by the interruption; but Miss Blachford continued, all the family kneeling round the bed. The sick lady spoke to the following effect:—"Last night, as I was for hours unable to sleep, I lay contemplating my religious state. I prayed to God over it; and, while thus engaged, I felt the power of God so present to my mind, enabling me, in a manner I had never felt before, to claim Him as my Father; and I rejoice still in the holy assurance. And now, Doctor, read with me that prayer." With much feeling the Doctor finished the service, and then instantly quitted the room. Mrs. Blachford followed him, saying, "I told you, Doctor, she would die a Methodist. That is Methodism." He made no observation, but passed on to his professional duties. Miss Blachford did not long survive, dying in the full assurance of faith.

Dr. Radcliffe, while he was willing to allow that many Methodists were very good people, was unwilling to admit that so much ado about religion was necessary; and, in short, that it was often a zeal without knowledge. There had resided in Dublin a Mr. Howard, of whom everyone thought well. He had been a merchant and a banker. Many persons who had but little property were glad to place it in his hands, and he became the banker for most persons of this description in the city; his moral worth and credit standing very high. Unhappily he began to speculate, at first with his own property, and then with the property of others. Ruin ensued, and desolation spread itself over many families who had incautiously trusted him. His enemies were now as numerous as his friends had been. Ruined in fame and fortune, he came to England, and lived in obscurity. He at length wandered to Hull, and was led to hear the Rev. Joseph Milner, who at that time was much spoken of as a Minister of the Gospel. The word was with power; the rock was smitten; again and again he attended Mr. Milner's ministry; conviction of sin, and deep compunction for the misery he had caused, got such hold upon his mind, that he could not look up. At length he resolved to go to Mr. Milner, and tell him all. He went, laid his case and his past life open to that good man, and inquired what he must do to be saved. Mr. Milner opened the Bible, and read to him the third chapter of the Epistle to the Romans. Hope dawned in the poor man's mind, to find that help had been laid upon One that was mighty to save. But that hope was directly obscured; for Mr. Howard thought, that is not in the Bible. It is something which, as a divine, he has ready to read to all in my circumstances. He inquired, however, for the Epistle and the chapter, and immediately returned to his lodging; when he got a Bible, and turned to the part directed, where he found the words as they had been read to him. Full of gratitude, he sunk down on his knees, and implored the salvation which cometh not from the law. "For by the law is the knowledge

of sin," but no deliverance from it. Whereas the salvation which is obtained by faith in Christ Jesus is "unto all and upon all them that believe: for there is no difference." This was the salvation he needed; for this he prayed; for this he believed; and, before he rose from his knees, he wrestled with the Angel of the Covenant, and prevailed.

Mr. Howard afterwards wrote an account of his life for a warning and an encouragement to others. He extenuated not his transgressions, but confessed the evils by which he had fallen. When this pamphlet came into the hands of Dr. Radcliffe, he began to reproach Mrs. Blachford for the Methodism of Mr. Howard; saying it was a refuge for the vilest characters when they could go no further in their evil practices. He then took up the book, and began to read it. As he read, he said aloud, "Well, it is so far well; he does not hide his faults, but confesses them freely. That looks well." He continued the narrative. When he came to that part of it which gives an account of his visit to Mr. Milner, he was affected; and when he concluded the whole, where he stated his sense of the pardon of sin, Dr. Radcliffe rose hastily from his chair, and, dashing down the book, he exclaimed, "How is this? Here I have been doing my duty, serving God all my life; and I have never felt this peace." He went away much displeased. A fine illustration this of the parable of the prodigal son. "Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment: and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends." (Luke xv. 29.) "What shall we say then? That the Gentiles, which followed not after righteousness, have attained to righteousness, even the righteousness which is of faith. But Israel, which followed after the law of righteousness, hath not attained to the law of righteousness. Wherefore? Because they sought it not by faith, but as it were by the works of the law. For they stumbled at that stumbling-stone; as it is written, Behold, I lay in Sion a stumbling-stone and rock of offence: and whosoever believeth on Him shall not be ashamed." (Rom. ix. 30—33.) And again, "He came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance." *

KINDNESS REWARDED.

The son of a widow in straitened circumstances was on his last journey to Oxford. His mother had made a great and last effort, as she hoped it might be, to raise the money to enable him to take his degree. The coach was within two stages of Oxford, when, a little before it reached the inn where they stopped, the young gownsman missed the bank-note which his mother had given him. He had been a good and careful son, and such a sickness of heart as he felt at that moment some can guess. He tried to recollect whether he had taken out his purse, and remembered that he had done so a few miles back. Almost without hope, and yet feeling it to be his duty to try and recover this large sum that he had lost, he told the coachman to let his luggage be sent on as directed, and walked back in the direction of the place where he thought it possible that he might have dropped the note. He had gone about three miles, when there met him, working his way slowly and wearily, a poor creature, whose appearance at once arrested his attention. He had often read of leprosy, but had never seen a leper. This poor man was one. Shall he stop to

* Life of the Rev. Henry Moore.

speak to him? If the lost note *be* on the road, some passenger may see and take it up, and he may lose it. What shall he do if it be lost? What can his dear mother do? He well knows her will, but he knows she is without the power to help him any more. Yet here is a fellow-creature whom God's providence, as he thinks it,—chance as some call it,—has thrown in his way. He may not be able to do anything for him: still, he may. At all events, a kind word is something. It may cheer and comfort him. The widow's son was a believer in the true God, and he felt that it was his present duty to stop and speak to this suffering man. He asked him whence he came, and whither he was going. He was on his way from Gloucester, where he had been pronounced incurable, and was going on to Oxford, where he thought he might possibly get some help. The young man remembered at the instant that there was living in Oxford a gentleman whose residence in the East had brought him into contact with this particular disease, and who, if any could, would be able to prescribe for this sufferer. He knew, moreover, that this gentleman, like so many in his noble profession, was as ready to help the poor as he was able. He said, "I will give you a line to a gentleman in Oxford, and I am sure he will do all he can for you." He put his hand into his pocket, to try and find a piece of paper on which he might write the note; but not a morsel could he find. He felt deeply disappointed. That way of help was barred. The poor leper suddenly stooped, picked up from the road a piece of paper, and asked if he could not write on that. It was the lost note, given into his own hand by the very man towards whom he was endeavouring to do what he felt to be his present duty. The recovery of that large sum hinged, in God's providence, perhaps entirely on that act of unselfish and self-restraining love. God made the leper pay that young Christian on the spot for what he did in faith and love.

This is a sample—though, indeed, it is a striking one—of the manner in which God continually tries the trust and obedience of His own people. He arrests them in their own way, to lead them into His. He takes them off from the work they know, to set them on that they know not; and yet, when they obey, He often brings it round that the interruption of their plans shall prove the furtherance of them, and their seeming hindrance their actual help. He makes them know that they are never so sure of obtaining what they need as when they are doing what He bids.*

"TILL HE COME."

"TILL He come."—O! let the words
Linger on the trembling chords;
Let the little while between
In their golden light be seen;
Let us think how heaven and home
Lie beyond that—"Till He come."

When the weary ones we love
Enter on their rest above,
Seems the earth so poor and vast,
All our life-joy overcast?
Hush, be every murmur dumb;
It is only—"Till He come."

Clouds and conflicts round us press:
Would we have one sorrow less?
All the sharpness of the cross,
All that tells the world is loss,
Death, and darkness, and the tomb,
Only whisper—"Till He come."

See, the feast of love is spread,
Drink the wine and break the bread:
Sweet memorials—till the Lord
Call us round His heavenly board:
Some from earth, from glory some,
Sever'd only—"Till He come."

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* Champneys' *Facts and Fragments.*

"IT IS I; BE NOT AFRAID."

(MARK VI. 50.)

SAILING o'er life's stormy ocean,
In a frail and shatter'd bark;
Gulfs beneath; around commotion;
All above obscure and dark;
Of all human help despairing,
Fearful, trembling, and dismay'd;
Hark! I hear a voice declaring,
"It is I; be not afraid!"

Winds are boisterous and contrary,
Foaming waves like mountains rise;
Tired with rowing, sick, and weary;
Faint my heart, and dim mine eyes;
Neither sun nor star appearing,
To illume the dreadful shade;
Still I hear the voice so cheering,
"It is I; be not afraid!"

Now the storm more fierce is raging;
Lightnings flash, and thunders roll;
With the winds and waves engaging
To o'erwhelm my fainting soul;
I shall sink, and sink for ever,
If I trust in human aid;
But He says, who leaves me never,
"It is I; be not afraid!"

Not afraid! with rocks surrounding,
How shall I my course pursue?
Shoals and whirlpools are abounding:
What can a poor sailor do?
O for light to see that Stranger,
Who so long by me hath stay'd,
Whispering in the time of danger,
"It is I; be not afraid!"

Hark! again I hear Him speaking,
"It is I; be of good cheer!"
'Tis my Saviour! light is breaking
Through the gloom; I see Him near!
Come, O come, into my vessel;
Let me see Thy power display'd;
Tell me, as in prayer I wrestle,
"It is I; be not afraid!"

Now He's come, the winds are ceasing;
I am safe while He is nigh;
Light and joy are both increasing,
Fears and doubts before Him fly!
Sweet it is, and pleasant sailing,
On His loving bosom laid;
Still He whispers, never failing,
"It is I; be not afraid!"

Precious Jesus! do not leave me;
Be my Pilot, be my Guide;
Never suffer me to grieve Thee;
Let me in Thine arms abide!
And when this frail bark shall sever
Plank from plank, wreck'd and decay'd,
Say again, once, and for ever,
"It is I; be not afraid!"

Bagslate, near Rochdale. J. S.

The Scripture Expositor.

No. CXLII.

"*But Abraham said, Son, remember that thou in thy lifetime receivedst thy good things, and likewise Lazarus evil things: but now he is comforted, and thou art tormented.*" (Luke xvi. 25.)

I look upon this as a most deserved sarcasm, upbraiding him for his gross folly, making the trifles of this life his "good things." O, never call Dives's purple and delicious fare "good things," if they thus end in torments! Was it "good" for him to be wrapped in purple, who is now wrapped in flames? Was it "good" for him to fare deliciously, who was only thereby prepared against the day of slaughter? Could you lay your ears to hell gates, you might hear many of the grandees and potentates, the great and rich ones of this world, cursing all their pomp and bravery, and wishing they had been the most despicable of those whom they once hated, oppressed, and injured. As it will appear at that day that none of the enjoyments of this world are "good" to wicked men; so that none of those afflictions and calamities which good men suffer are evil. Lazarus's sores are not evil, since now every sore is turned into a star. His lying prostrate at the rich man's door is not evil, since now he lies in Abraham's bosom. And this day all these intricacies of Providence will be made plain, and we shall have other apprehensions of things than what we have at present. We now call prosperity, riches; and abundance, "good things;" and want and affliction as evil. But when we come to consider these things with relation to eternity, the true standard to measure them by, then poverty may be a mercy, and riches a judgment. God may bless one by affliction, and curse another by

prosperity. He may bestow more upon us in suffering us to want, than if He should give us the store and treasures of all the earth. And certainly, whatever our thoughts of it are now, yet within a while this will be the judgment of us all. When we are once lodged in our eternal state, then we shall acknowledge that nothing in this world deserved the name of good, but as it promoted our eternal happiness; nor evil, but as it tends to eternal misery.—*Hopkins's Exposition of the Lord's Prayer*, pp. 282, 283. *Edit.* 1692.

No. CXLIII.

"*Behold, I was shapen in iniquity; and in sin did my mother conceive me.*" (Psalm li. 5.)

It is a good way, upon any particular breach of our inward peace, presently to have recourse to that which breeds and foments all our disquiet. Lord! what do I complain of this my unruly passion? I carry a nature about me subject to break out continually upon any occasion: Lord, strike at the root, and dry up the fountain in me. Thus David doth arise from the guilt of those two foul sins, of murder and adultery, to the sin of nature, the root itself; as if he should say, "Lord, it is not these actual sins only that defile me; but if I look back to my first conception, I was tainted in the spring of my nature." This is that which put David's soul so much out of frame; for from whence was this contradiction? and whence was this contradiction so unwearied in making head again and again against the checks of the Spirit in him? Whence was it that corruption would not be said nay? Whence were these sudden and unlooked-for objections of the flesh? but from the remainder of the old Adam in him, which, like a Michal within us, is either scoffing at the ways of God; or, as Job's wife, fretting and thwarting the motions of God's Spirit in us; which prevails the more, because it is home-bred in us: whereas holy motions are strangers to most of our souls. Corruption is loth that a new comer in should take so much upon him as to control; as the Sodomites thought much that Lot, being a stranger, should intermeddle amongst them. If we could but one hour seriously think of the impure issue of our hearts, it would bring us down upon our knees in humiliation before God. But we can never whilst we live, so thoroughly as we should, see into the depth of our deceitful hearts, nor yet be humbled enough for what we see; for though we speak of it and confess it, yet we are not so sharpened against this corrupt flesh of ours as we should. How should it humble us that the seeds of the vilest sin are in us! It should humble us to hear of any enormous sin in another man, considering what our own nature would proceed unto if it were not restrained. If God should take his Spirit from us, there is enough in us to defile a whole world. It is good to consider how this impure spring breaks out diversly, in the divers conditions we are in. There is no estate of life, nor action we undertake, wherein it will not put forth itself to defile us. It is so full of poison, that it taints whatsoever we do, both our nature, condition, and actions.—*Sibbes's Soul's Conflict*, pp. 87—89. *Edit.* 1837.

A GOOD NAME.

"A good name," says the wise man, "is rather to be chosen than great riches;" (Prov. xxii. 1;) and therefore it ought to be kept by us, though not delicately and nicely, yet tenderly, and with respect. He that contemns fame will soon prostitute virtue; and those who care not what others say will shortly arrive at that impudence of sinning as not to care what they themselves do. Indeed, a good name is so excellent a blessing, that there is only one thing to be preferred before it; and that is a good conscience. When these two stand in competition, credit must give place to duty; and, in this case, it is far better to lose our repute with men than our acceptance and reward with God. It often happens, through the ignorance and general corruption of mankind, that what is honest, and pure, and just, are not of good report among them. Piety they deem affectation; strictness of life, a peevish hypocrisy; the cross, a scandal; Christ [illegible],

a winebibber, a friend of publicans and sinners; His doctrine, heresy; and His miracles, impostures. When we light upon such froward and perverse censurers, as there are too many such in all ages, we ought not to seek, by any base and sinful compliance, to obtain their good opinion, but rather glory in the testimony of their railing, and account all their reviling speeches to be so many votes for our blessedness; for "blessed are ye, when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for My sake," said our blessed Saviour. (Matt. v. 11.)

Never should we seek to obtain a good name by means of bad actions; for what will all the applause of the world signify to us, if our consciences condemn us? This is but to have music at our door when there is chiding and brawling within. It is far better that others should wound our credit than that we should wound our consciences. Whosoever will be a Christian must resolve to go through evil report, as well as good report. He should desire the one, and not anxiously refuse the other. If any will bespatter him, let it be with their own malice, not with his miscarriages. While he thus keeps his conscience clear, he may be assured that his credit will be cleared up at that day when all their unjust reproaches shall add a crown and diadem of glory to his head.

But where a good name is consistent with a good conscience, we ought to prize it as one of the choicest of God's blessings in this world, and to use all lawful means to preserve it.

This will render a man serviceable to God, and the fitter instrument to promote His honour and glory in the world. The wise man, therefore, compares a good name to "precious ointment," and, in the comparison, gives it the preference; for, as precious ointment diffuses its fragrancy through the room where it is poured forth, and affects all that are in it with a delightful scent, so do men's gifts, when they are perfumed with a good name, delight and attract others, and by a sweet and powerful charm allure them to imitate the virtues which they see so commendable. It was, therefore, the apostle's care to "give no offence in anything, that the ministry might not be blamed." Though it be great folly to estimate men's counsels by their practice, since a diseased physician may prescribe a wholesome medicine; yet so it comes to pass, whether through the curse of God, or the prejudice of men, that those who have lost their credit have with it lost their opportunities of doing good in the world. Let their parts be never so flourishing, and their gifts never so eminent, yet, if once this dead fly be got into the box of ointment, it will corrupt it, and render it unsavoury. The devil hath no such policy to make the gifts of those who he fears might shake his kingdom unuseful, than either to tempt them to the commission of some scandalous sin; or to tempt others falsely to calumniate, and report such crimes concerning them. For then he knows they are disarmed, and rendered unserviceable. If he can but blast the leaves, the fruit will seldom come to maturity. Therefore, as we desire to be serviceable to God in promoting His glory, and to mankind in promoting their good, which are the great end of our being, and the only things worth living for; so we should endeavour, by all wise and honest means, to keep up our good name. Be good, and appear to be so. "Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven." (Matt. v. 16.)

A good name, as it gives us the advantage of doing good to others, so it lays an obligation upon us of being good to ourselves; for if the world be so kindly mistaken as to report well of us without any desert, yet this cannot but work upon us, if we have any ingenuousness, and engage us to deserve it, and so happily turn that which was mere praise into motive. Or, if they give us but our due commendation, and our virtue justly challenge this fame; still it will engage us to do things worthy of ourselves, and worthy of the common estimate which men put upon us, that we may not fall short of what we have been, or of what they repute us to be. This is a laudable ambition, which seeks by virtue to maintain that credit which by virtue we have acquired. And doubtless, when other arguments have

been baffled by a temptation, this has been a sheet-anchor to the soul, and has often held it in the greatest storms, when the wind and waves have beaten against it most furiously. "Should I consent to this sin, what a blot and dishonour shall I get to myself! How should I be able to look men in the face again? Would not this sin brand me for a hypocrite in their esteem? Would they ever look upon me, or receive me with affection, after this fall? Should I not carry the disgrace and scar of this wound visibly upon me to my grave? No; one sin shall never ruin all the comfort and all the repute of so many years of piety; and I, who have so long been observed as an example of holiness, will not, by this one sinful act, make myself a scorn to the wicked, and a shame to the godly." By these considerations many a man has been led to reject a temptation, to which he was otherwise inclined to yield; while a man of a lost and desperate credit sins impudently, without any such restraint upon him. He thinks it is in vain for him to abstain from any wickedness; for whether he does, or does not, people will still believe him guilty. His credit is so disfigured, and his name so infamous, that he thinks he cannot be worse than he is already reported; and so he wipes his forehead, outfaces censure, and with a brazen impudence cares not how wicked he is, nor how many know him to be so.

How cautious, then, ought Christians to be in preserving their good name!

E. H.

"BEING DEAD YET SPEAKETH."

(HEBREWS XI. 4.)

"BEING dead yet speaketh." For what are those tender and eloquent memories of the departed and lamented which arise intuitively in the softened and saddened heart, when reflecting on our irreparable loss, but voices from the tomb, echoes from heaven, whispers of the saints who have preceded us to the realms of bliss, and who are waiting for our arrival to rejoin them above, and for ever?

"*Being* dead yet speaketh." Yes; for through such a pure and spiritual inter-communication we feel that we are not separated from those whom, in human weakness, we still bewail, as though we were. True it is that the pall has dropped its folds over them; true it is that the portals of the grave have closed upon them; yet are they still with us in that mission of love which warms and animates an otherwise morbid and unprofitable sorrow into an active and earnest beneficence. For of this we must be assured, that those touching remembrances are not intended to fill the yearning breast with an emotional and selfish agony, nor to indulge in the luxury of a passive and unsympathizing woe. They are ministering spirits, prompting us to be diligent in well-doing; bidding us work while it is day; to seek out the sorrowful; to comfort the afflicted; to be sight to the blind, and help to the lame; to show, by our ready commiseration, that our own trials have not been in vain in their teachings, and in their triumphs over a native indolence, a callous indifference, but have blossomed into a consoling charity, bestowing peace.

The acts of delicate and welcome benignity which they urge us to perform are the beams which "make sunshine in a shady place." Then let us not withhold them; let them illumine penury; let them penetrate into the dark corners where misery crouches to die; let them be unto want as the radiance of the morning. Let us never neglect their solemn suggestions, nor defer to a more "convenient season" obedience to these Divine impulses. The present is the sole season for the exercise of that spontaneous mercy which is indeed "twice blessed; blessing him that gives, and him that takes." Let us not hesitate, nor pause for an instant, to succour and to save. Let us not be restrained by the apparent paucity of our means; for it requires but a trifle to "cause the widow's heart to sing for joy." Rather let us cheer her by some unexpected boon. Even a kind word is as balm to the wounded mind; a pressure of the hand is as encouragement to the depressed. We all have means,

however small; but we often need the inclination; we lack the energy; we do not think of the tenfold interest which the one talent bears that is employed in the Master's service. We do not consider, as we ought to do, the happy consequence of obeying the voices of the dead, for the amelioration of the living. We should so labour in time as to rest in eternity.

J. T.

READING AND THE MIND.

It is impossible to gather into the space of a few pages more than a mere outline of such a subject as the one on which this paper is written; but if advice or warning, selection, praise, or blame, with regard to reading, can be of use to any who are bent on taking the right road to wisdom by getting knowledge, some, at least, of the following words will not be wasted. The times are changed, and our manners with them, since the earlier days of book-making. When Chaucer wrote, the first tones of the voice of England were so free and unrestrained, that the genius which prompted them seemed scarcely capable of being ever tied by artificial rules, or bound by strict propriety. The song of that wonderful minstrel was of such a kind, that for two centuries his countrymen could not appreciate, much less rival it. During the earlier part of that noble age, from Elizabeth to the Restoration, the fire of chivalry in men was tempered by the influence of religious liberty, and the victor-struggles of our England against her foreign foes. Such a time could not fail to impress a kindred character on its authors, as well as on its soldiers and divines. With the rising of the Reformation, with the glare of the Smithfield-fires, rose, also, the new forces of liberty in men's minds; their books partook of the stirring life of the age, and were instinct with that rude strength which marks the growth of nature. What marvel if we hear the dying echoes of the Spanish cannon in the works of the dramatists of that time; or that the clash of those swords, which fought for Protestantism in the Low Countries, rang in the ears of Jonson and of Shakspeare? The hero-spirit of Elizabeth surpassed the splendours of Gloriana; and the warriors of the truth reproduced in real life the valour of the Red-Cross Knight. Thus the spirit of the age filled their books with power and magnificence; with the noonday life of genius, the vigour which marks the giants of the primeval forest.

> "A fairer sun on Windsor shines
> Than through the trim Calenian vines."

For, while his beams are scorching and blinding among the southern lands, with us they pour down rich fertility without excessive heat. Now, in fine, the chief minds of a nation, "in the mid might and flourish of its May," marked its annals with the during impress of their power, and working a whole life into their writings, left them as the noblest of legacies to their children.

When the wonderful dominion of Cromwell had overthrown the oldest and firmest monarchy in Europe; had slain the descendant of a hundred kings; had defeated and trampled on the pride of three kingdoms, and had crushed out the last remnant of the Established Church, as well as the last remnant of the national liberty, the only power in the State which outlived the ruin, and reigned beside the majestic despot himself, was the power of the pen. While the Protectorate overturned the Commonwealth with as little remorse as the Republic had overturned the Monarchy, it nevertheless enlarged the freedom of opinion, granted the eloquent prayer of Milton for the liberty of printing, and gave to the world, in the person of the pleader himself, one of the noblest of men, and the greatest of poets.

But, with the return of the Stuarts, came the returning flow of license and impurity. Though some great names brightened the history of our letters, yet the greatest stooped to infamy, which has stained their otherwise splendid renown. Through the eighteenth century the power of poetic thought was gradually declining, and continually fell into innumerable errors of taste, morality, and sentiment; a perfect rhapsody of nonsense now and then breaking the almost dead level of inanity. There

were, indeed, exceptions, as the names of Gray and Collins testify; but from Pope to Cowper the genius of the national poetry was fettered by the bonds which Pope had imposed upon it. At length, after enduring the absurdity of the sonnet-writers, and the artifice of such men as Darwin, Cowper broke the spell, and then the nation heard its lyre, under the reforming hands of Coleridge and Wordsworth, once more swept to the measures of its former glory. Nor has the early promise of our century been unfulfilled in its later years; for we can now boast of a poet who, while truly interpreting the spirit of the age, and filling the fancy with dreams of romantic splendour, forgets not the subtler emotions of the heart, nor the nobler breathings of the soul. Such, in brief, has been the growth of that part of English literature concerning which we intend to speak. Slow, but certain, from its fountain undefiled to its present brilliant state, it has exercised a far greater influence on the character and tastes of the nation than the severer canons of philosophy, or the sterner laws of successive statute-makers.

"Reading"—as everyone knows Lord St. Alban's said—"maketh a full man;" and if travel quickens the power of observation, and makes the mind familiar with the ways of cities and of men; if the frequent use of the tongue sharpens the wits, as on a mental grindstone; if the labour of the brain can render the name immortal, and, by putting thought to thought, strike out another, as a spark from flint and steel; yet the use and interest of travel are doubled by reading of the things other men have seen, and what they have thought about them. Mere talk without a solid support of accumulated knowledge, is to the words of wisdom as the blinding spray to the overwhelming wave; and the toil of the mind to evolve something out of nothing will prove as fruitless as the search for the philosopher's stone, or the endless labours of Ixion.

It is by working deeper and deeper into the heart of the vein that the gold-miner gains more largely than when he is content with the scanty screenings of the surface; and we may be sure that the hid treasures of wisdom and knowledge are not more easily found than is the paltry dross of earth.

But while the vast hill of wealth, which the ages have accumulated, is searched and delved for what in it is valuable, we must be careful to purge the dross from the real metal before we coin it for current use; or, to speak plainly, we must learn to gather from the work of others that part alone which will be really useful, and to cast away the rubbish, which even the sturdiest workers have mistaken for precious material.

Though all real poetry is delightful, yet much of it may be harmful to the mind, and all the more likely to sting unawares from the glitter that covers the venom. It is to be feared that many a mind has been drawn to look allowingly on thoughts that should at once have been driven whence they came, through the influence of those poems, which were the cause of endless misery even to the men who wrote them. Beautiful as the cloak may be under which the dagger is hidden, since we know the dagger to be fatal, let us not dare to stretch a hand for the gilding that covers it.

Yet how many otherwise prudent people not only allow to others, but themselves enjoy, almost any of that kind of books in verse, which, if written in prose, would at once be dismissed as injurious. A discriminating reader may, without danger, read much that would injure one less versed in books, less able to allow for difference in time and manners, and reading more for amusement than instruction. While the man who kills a worm without a cause sins with wanton cruelty, yet he who kills it for the purposes of science does a laudable act. To know where the danger lies, and what it is, will help us to guard against it; and, while we view it, we shall see it in its naked ugliness, and not in the gaudy dress with which it seems clothed to the eyes of ignorance.

All judicious teachers of our language, as all the greatest teachers of painting, recommend to youth the study of the old masters. The grandeur and rugged massiveness of nature form better sub-

jects for a picture than the well-ordered gravel-paths of a garden. In those times a man put the work of a lifetime into one book, and trusted, calmly and certainly, that some day it should make his name famous to his children.

Now, more books are published in a week than the men of Elizabeth's time saw in a year; but we can easily determine whether the books of that period will be more or less valuable than of this.

The age of Elizabeth was distinguished for rude strength and original vigour of thought, for luxuriance of description, for broad delineation of character, and for a want of those conventional proprieties which modern delicacy requires. It were foolish to expect that the courtiers of a court whose queen occasionally soiled her royal lips with an oath, and did not scruple to box the ears of an offender, should talk and act with the elegance of expression and manners that marks a gentleman of the present day. It would be foolish to expect that a nation only breaking from the fetters of ignorance and superstition should be marked by the manners of more polished times; and we could not wish a man of the sixteenth century brought before us with the language of the nineteenth in his mouth. But in the conqueror of the Armada, in the heroine of Tilbury, in the foe of the Holy League, in the champion of Protestantism, in the royal lady who raised England from degradation to unequalled power and splendour, we forget the faults that soiled a noble character, and the days of good Queen Bess remain among an Englishman's most cherished memories. In the writings of the sixteenth century we have almost all the characteristics of a national literature: there is endless variety and unexhausted strength. All nations and countries, many times and ages, diverse customs and manners, are portrayed with wonderful truth. The consuls and tribunes of the Roman Republic; the golden pleasures of Cleopatra, and the craft of Octavian; the wars of the Roses; the factions of the Italian cities; the court of Denmark; the life of Venice; even the thronging wings of air, are all represented in the endless scene. Men who saw Europe at their feet, and England once more arbiter of nations, could not fail to recur to the days of Cressy and of Agincourt, the glories of our Edwards and Harrys. The lyre, too, of Chaucer, the father of song, after lying neglected for two centuries, awoke once more to the chivalric lays of Spenser. Whether we look at his varied beauties, or the wondrous creations of Shakspeare, or the sparkling scenes of Jonson, the same luxuriance of genius surrounds us; we do not feel that it was a toil to these writers to evoke the thoughts which have rendered them immortal; and whether the song resembles the gaiety of the court, or rises to the din of war, or dies away into the music of the wave, all seems fresh from the moulding fancy,—nature's own image mirrored in a lake of unruffled surface. While the poetry of other periods is either bold and stern, or gay and trifling, or laboured and unreal, or rough and coarse, or elegant and full of art, or licentious and profane, or dreamy and impalpable; the main characteristic of the poetry of Elizabeth is a certain rich luxuriance, as of the primeval woods; a boundless freedom, as of the untamed steed; a jubilant exultation in the fulness of its powers, as of the lark when she rises for her morning flight. The poetry of this is more instructive than the poetry of any other period, because more full of truth and nature; it gives the youthful mind a liking for reality, and that correct appreciation of the sublime and beautiful at once so useful and so delightful. It elevates the mind by contemplation of the noblest works of God; it acquaints us with the ways of cities and of men, with the manners and customs of different eras; and if, in so doing, it may sometimes overstep the bounds of morality, yet, to one cautioned by religion, the power of choosing the good and refusing the evil will be a sure safeguard from all dangers. Throughout life the evil is always mingled with the good, and it is only by a higher strength than our own that we can use these present things without at the same time abusing them.

"Nothing is so improving to the temper as the study of *poetry*, music, or

painting; they give a certain elegance of sentiment to which the rest of mankind are strangers. The emotions they excite are soft and tender; they draw off the mind from the hurry of business and self-interest; cherish reflection, dispose to tranquillity, and produce an agreeable melancholy, which, of all the dispositions of the mind, is best suited to love and friendship."

Uxbridge. F. T. P.

WINDOW-DRESSING.

After being borne on the busy stream that sets every morning in the town of M——, towards office, warehouse, and workshop, I was stranded in a quiet nook beyond the swirling crowd. Here I saw the process of window-dressing, and mused on its import.

First, as to the process. A juvenile temple-sweeper of the god Mammon bore off the ultimate shutter with the air of a dignitary. Then one of the priests began his incantations. He chose his ribbons and his flowers, his silks and his satins, as an olden wizard his herbs. At last the labour was finished; and, standing outside the temple, the priest was transformed, in his imagination, into the worshipper,—the seller became a probable purchaser. Long study behind columnar calico, or "beneath the shade of the wide-spreading" shawl, enabled this modern necromancer to divine the thoughts of the coyest of customers, and appreciate the fascination of the most delicate colours. I myself felt the effects of exposure to the charm, and moved away. The preliminary symptoms are drawing closer to the window, an irresistible desire to say, "How beautiful!" "Pretty!" or the like, and unusual heat in the purse, commonly known as money burning in one's pocket.

So much for the process; now for the teaching of window-dressing. In one sense everyone dresses his window. A quaint author pranks his thoughts with oddities; another, who affects medievalism, invoketh the aid of red-edged leaves and bindings, emblazoned with cross and crozier. An honourable member only calls the attention of the House to his political wails when he has bedecked them with flowers of rhetoric, or made them pungent with personalities, or eked out their scantiness with rows of figures. A physician may disdain the traditional silver-headed cane; but he will not despise a dashing brougham, nor delicate attentions to dowager patients, nor the drugs that sweeten nauseous draughts. So might all the professions be shown dressing, in a certain sense, their windows, at which men look when they would learn what is within.

Nor are the large shops alone. The little shop, with its "Licensed to sell tea, tobacco, and snuff," over the door, dresses its solitary window. Here a kite stands next to some pipes; sugar-candy gives a pleasing relief to certain bootlaces; while a bottle of caraway-comfits is flanked by a piece of cheese and a box of cigars. This is the stone age of window-dressing; but it has its symbolism. However small a man's material possessions are, he will try to make the most of them.

When, however, we leave what can be weighed and measured, and come to moral qualities, we find much of what we should term defective window-dressing. A most provoking man, who was under this bad habit, I well knew. He was wise and kind. Unfortunately, he wrapped up both wisdom and kindness in strange coverings. He only removed them in the little snuggery behind the shop for particular friends. To show the value of his stores, let me say that some thieves once stole from him a bale labelled "Products of research," and traded successfully on their spoils for a considerable time; but the window was unattractive, and the shop unpopular, in consequence.

"But," said one who prided himself on the amount of real worth he kept in stock, "surely, now that there is so much puffing, you would not have us descend to posters and touters?" I had awakened Jupiter; I trembled, and took refuge in a fable. "Once there was a respectable concern in a country town. It never had an 'alarming sacrifice' in the window, and yet there was a certain air about the whole place bespeaking

that 'this old-established concern stoops to no trick.'" "In that sense," resumed the mollified principal, "we dress our windows; but depend on the real worth of the goods." "Most proper," I rejoined. "But you will allow my point,—the best goods gain by judicious window-dressing." So in the case of moral qualities. Honesty is a capital stock-in-trade; but dress the window with a few flowers of civility. Firmness is valuable; but tone down its roughness with innocent compliance with prejudice. Outspokenness must be joined with kindness, or it will appear rudeness,—a commodity that finds few customers.

Ornament is useful. Fancy a regiment in shirt-sleeves! And yet men will fight well in this costume. But would a regiment in shirt-sleeves quell a mob, as the red-coats do now, as soon as they are seen cantering down the street? Would they form as imposing a guard of honour for Her Majesty? Truth is still militant; therefore do not strip off the uniform. Let the burnished arms still glance in the sun, and the gay plumes toss in the air. Ornamented sheaths do not blunt sharp swords.

Now, to escape from military figures, and seat ourselves in our shop. One of the advantages of skilful window-dressing is, that it makes a little go a long way. Some sneer bitterly at this. "I have no patience" (a most unnecessary confession, the tone of the voice betrayed it) "with that shallow Mr. Cullen! There is nothing original about him." If Mr. C. has made no pretensions to originality, why taunt him with his want of it? Every man is not a perennial spring. In this day more persons get water in their houses through pipes than fetch it from wells; and if a man, being an earthen conduit, vaunts not as though he were a sparkling well, but does his duty humbly, let him have his meed of praise. To make the best of a little is the duty of every man who only has a little. There is some half rood of ground I am proud to call mine. Close by lives the squire. His greenhouse is bigger than my garden. Am I blameworthy because, with the aid of annuals and a few cuttings the gardener at the big house gave me, I make things look nice for the summer months? It may be a weakness, but I love

> "The roses bright,
> Wreath'd o'er the cottage walls in garlands of delight."

Though the roses are common, and the walls low, there is a Teacher who says, "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much."

There is a great abuse of the art of window-dressing. Some put *all* their goods in the window. Mr. Veneer asks his friend for an opinion on some new book. It is given, and on this Mr. V. raises a pillar to his own glory. Everyone believes this second-hand opinion to be the result of actual perusal. This is dishonest. Another member of the family interlards his talk with Latin and French phrases, though a page of an author in either tongue is an insurmountable difficulty. A cousin of these gentlemen hears a single lecture on astronomy, and talks of the nebular hypothesis for the rest of his life. Mirrors may dazzle many people's eyes; but do not let them set up for suns. The cheat will soon be discovered, and pretence without worth is disgusting. A full window with an empty shop betokens bankruptcy; so civility without sincerity is hypocrisy; and show without reality is nothing but plausible roguery. It is a virtue to make the most of one's knowledge; but an evil ingenuity hides the poverty of the shelves by the display of the windows.

Littlecroft-Lodge. N. E.

PAPAL DISHONESTY.

There is a difference between the Papists and us in the enumeration of the Ten Commandments. They generally hold that there are only three commands in the First Table; and, therefore, make seven in the Second. To complete this number, as they join the first and second into one, so they divide the tenth into two. Concerning this division and union we would not contend much with them, were there not a sacrilegious and idolatrous design couched under it. For, finding the second commandment to strike so directly at their image-worship, they have thought

it expedient to deny it to be a distinct precept of itself, but only an appendix or exposition of the first, "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me;" that so they might with the better colour omit it, as they have generally done in their books of devotion, intended for the instruction of the people. So that of those few among them who can rehearse the Decalogue, we can scarcely find any that will repeat the entire command, including the words, "Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of anything that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth: thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them;" (Exod. xx. 4, 5;) not knowing that any such thing is forbidden them by God. And yet, that they may make up the full number of the Commandments, they divide the tenth into two; one forbidding the coveting of our neighbour's wife, and the other forbidding the coveting of any other of our neighbour's possessions. We can scarcely conceive of more daring and wicked presumption than that of setting aside one of the commandments of Almighty God, that the people may violate it without remorse. As to their division of the tenth commandment, we only have to consult the 17th verse of Exod. xx. to perceive the unwarrantableness of it. There the command runs thus: "Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor anything that is thy neighbour's;" clearly showing that the several clauses make not two precepts, but one.

E. H.

A CASE OF SANCTIFIED AFFLICTION.

In the year 1780, Newry belonged to the Charlemount Circuit, at which place, says the late Rev. Henry Moore, I arrived on a Saturday evening soon after I came into the Circuit, and was informed by our friends that I must visit a gentlewoman as soon as I could make it convenient, who was supposed to be dying. They informed me, further, that she had been ill a considerable time in a dropsical complaint, and had often expressed a wish to converse with our people, and especially to be visited by our preachers; but her husband had refused his consent, dreading the reproach that he thought would follow. He was a Socinian, and a man of some eminence in the town and in his congregation; but the hopeless case of a wife that he loved had at length moved him to comply with her wishes. "She expects you, Sir," said Mr. Kennedy; "and it will not do to wait till to-morrow." I accordingly went, and was introduced to a most interesting person, a young gentlewoman, whose every look seemed to say, "Who will show me any good?" Her swelled appearance, with the emaciation of her still very beautiful countenance, proclaimed her case to be desperate; and two most lovely children added to the afflictive scene. Her husband, a fine young man, hung over her with every appearance of strong affection; but I could perceive that there was a jealousy concerning me that was not comfortable. I spoke to the lady as to a dying person, and in a way that I supposed he would account enthusiastic. But I was encouraged to hope for the sufferer, as I found she was indeed "poor in spirit." We engaged in prayer; but I think I never felt myself so embarrassed. I attempted to pray for her as a dying person, but could hardly utter a sentence without hesitation. My prayer had, indeed, no wings; and the thought that the husband was watching over me, so greatly added to my embarrassment, that I thought I must give over. At length, however, the thought of her recovery came with strange force into my mind, and immediately words poured upon me faster than I could utter them. I felt that it was indeed "the prayer of faith," which, St. James says, "shall save the sick." I seemed to claim in her behalf a return to life at the Lord's hands. I at length concluded, but was almost immediately tempted to think that I had given way to a delusion that would render me ridiculous, and do harm to unprepared minds. I took my leave, the afflicted lady requesting that I would soon call again; and the husband, with an ante-

l countenance, was hardly able to even the common civilities usual ting.

returning to my residence I had ry painful thoughts; fearing that nder mind of the sufferer might be led by the remarks that would ly be made in such a family upon tionary conduct. The hope of her ry seemed, however, to abide with nt I thought I would keep it to f, and pray for her in the family lying person. But it was in vain. ame strong influence set my pru- at defiance, and I was constrained : life for her, as at her own habita- o the great amazement of my pious nd his family. The same influence led in all the ministrations of the ing day, particularly in the class, was always met by the preacher afternoon of the Lord's day. In ening, after the services were over, n visited my patient, and again d all that were assembled by the ;e confidence and importunity of ith. I took leave of her, however, strong exhortation to fix her mind e Divine atonement, and to aim at mity to the Son of God in His r to the Father: "Not My will, hine be done!"

turned in my course at the end of eeks, and found my very amiable er in a state rather beyond con- ence, and a member of the Society! husband had dismissed all opposi-

He received me with joy, and ssed his thankfulness in strong . He would have me to dine with and I made one of a very happy y. In the afternoon I met my re- ing patient in the class, and alive things which make for our peace. seemed to enjoy her privilege in the t where we met; and where we hed also when the weather would rmit us to assemble at the market-house, the usual station. She made swift progress, and soon rejoiced in redemption through His blood, the forgiveness of her sins. Her countenance also assumed its former appearance, except that a delicacy remained, which showed remaining weakness. But exercise soon made a change in this respect; for, on my going towards Newry at my next visit, I met her riding behind her servant with the appearance of increased strength. She attended the religious services of the Lord's day, and seemed to enjoy them; but I thought I perceived that her husband, though still polite and thankful, had not the satisfaction in her being a member of the poor Society, and assembling with them in the garret, as he seemed at first to have. I had a painful feeling on her account; but I knew that the Lord was all-sufficient.

Near the close of the year I brought my dear wife with me to Newry, thinking that her appearance might be a comfort to her, and perhaps remove something of the reproach of Methodism from the minds of the family; but, to our surprise, we found her in a fever, from which danger was justly apprehended. My heart sunk within me. I had no hope of her life; on the contrary, every thought had death in it. We visited her as often as we could, and she seemed delighted with my dear partner, her sister in Christ. But we could only preach the giving up of herself to God absolutely; and it was not in vain. She seemed dead to all below, and rested only in Christ. We took leave of her, having no hope of seeing her again in this world, and she soon obtained the object of her hope. I freely gave her up. The Lord, who knew the tenderness of her spirit, took her away from the evil to come. In my course of labour I have had several instances of the same kind of gracious interposition; but none, I think, so remarkable.

Our Country.

"MANX-LAND."

Where *is* the Conference sending " This inquiry was proposed by a gentleman resident in London, who, after going almost through the Draft of Stations, had at length found the name

he was seeking,—that of a friend in the Wesleyan ministry in the Isle of Man District.

Believing that, at least in the southern counties of England, "Manx-land" is not so generally well known as, on account both of its natural beauties and its Methodistic history, it deserves to be, the writer hopes that a few particulars respecting it may not be unacceptable to the readers of the *Christian Miscellany*.

The Isle of Man is situated in the Irish Sea, nearly equidistant from England, Scotland, and Ireland. During the summer months there is daily communication with Liverpool, by means of the fast and commodious steamers of the "Isle of Man Steam-Packet Company," the average passage occupying from five to five and a half hours. Telegraphic communication also exists between the island and England.

The appearance of the island, on approaching it, is described by an old writer as "ane parke in ye sea impaled with rocks." Its extreme length is thirty-three miles, and its greatest breadth twelve miles. A central chain of mountains runs through it, having an altitude of from fifteen hundred to two thousand feet above the sea. From "Snaefell," the highest summit, on a clear day, the shores of England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland, are plainly perceptible. Naturally the island is one of the most inviting of watering-places. Its fine *bays*, famed for the transparent purity of their waters, afford abundant facilities for boating and sea-bathing. The scenery is romantic and varied. It called forth expressions of high admiration from His Royal Highness the late Prince Consort, who landed in Ramsey-Bay, and ascended the heights above the town, when returning from Scotland in 1847. The neighbourhood of Ramsey attracted the attention of Mr. Wesley: he describes it as "the most woody and far the pleasantest part of the island." The *glens* are luxuriant in foliage, and, by their enchanting beauty, invite the attention of lovers of the picturesque. Much of the coast scenery is bold, especially near the "Calf," a rocky islet at the south-west extremity. At Spanish-Head, (where a portion of the Spanish Armada is said to have been wrecked,*) the cliff rises perpendicularly from three hundred to three hundred and fifty feet out of the sea, "as one vast wall of rock rent into fearful chasms from top to bottom." No place can be more healthy, except, perhaps, for consumptive persons. The mean annual temperature is said to be higher than that of any spot in Europe of the same latitude, (the effect of the waters of the gulf-stream,) and the climate to be more equable than that of the Isle of Wight. The fuchsia and myrtle grow to a large size, and stand the winter unprotected; but though the frosts are seldom severe, or of long continuance, a great quantity of rain falls, and violent winds prevail.

The mines and quarries are most valuable. The mines produce iron, lead, zinc, and copper: the lead ore is unusually rich in silver. The steps in front of the west portico of St. Paul's Cathedral are of Manx marble, and were presented to the Dean and Chapter by Bishop Wilson.

The herring-fishery forms a very important source of revenue. About eight hundred boats annually engage in the fishery: of this number, about three hundred belong to the island; the remainder are Cornish, Scotch, and Irish. It is the custom of the Manx fishermen to offer a short prayer on leaving the shore to pursue their calling. In the Litany, to those words, "That it may please Thee to give and preserve to our use the kindly fruits of the earth," is added the clause, "and to restore and continue to us the blessings of the sea."

The population, in 1861, was 52,252. The language spoken by the natives is a dialect of the Celtic, very closely allied to the Gaelic and the Erse; but it is rapidly falling into disuse. A proposal to translate a selection of Wesley's Hymns into Manx was discountenanced by Mr. Wesley. In a letter to the Rev. George Holder he writes, "I exceedingly disapprove of your publishing anything in the Manx language: on the contrary, we should do everything in our power to

* Tradition asserts that the *tailless cats*, for which the Isle of Man is remarkable, were introduced from the ships thus lost.

abolish it from the earth, and persuade every member of our Society to learn and talk English. This would be much hindered by providing them with hymns in their own language. Therefore, gently and quietly let that proposal drop." A Manx Hymn-book was, however, subsequently prepared, a copy of which, with a Manx Bible, may still be found in the pulpit of almost every one of our chapels, the older Local preachers continuing to use the native dialect. A few classes of aged persons are still led in Manx; and it is occasionally used in prayer-meetings, when, instead of the more familiar "Praise God," you hear the hearty response, "*Booise da Tee.*" It is to be regretted that a reluctance to meet the Ministers (still called the English preachers) at the quarterly visitation of the classes, which probably originated in the use of the Manx language, continues in the country Societies, though the cause has, to a great extent, ceased.

Portions of the Scriptures are said to have been translated into Manx by Bishop Phillips, who died in 1633; but no efficient steps were taken to supply the inhabitants with the word of God in their vernacular dialect till the appointment to the bishopric of Dr. Thomas Wilson. Towards the close of his life, this excellent Bishop (whose "systematic beneficence" is noticed in the April number of the Shilling *Magazine*) commenced a Manx version of the Bible; but he did not live to see greater progress made in this work than the translation of the four Gospels, and the printing, at his own expense, of the Gospel of St. Matthew.

His successor, Bishop Hildesley, completed the version, a few days only before his decease, in 1772; and, in the following year, the entire Bible was printed at the expense of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

The Isle of Man has a Constitution and Government independent of the Parliament of the United Kingdom. Possession of the island was granted by Henry IV. to Sir John Stanley, under the title of King of Man, to be held of the crown of England upon payment to the King, his heirs and successors, of a cast of falcons at their coronations. Thomas, son of Baron Stanley, having been created Earl of Derby by Henry VII., in acknowledgment of his services at Bosworth-Field, his grandson, who succeeded him, resigned the title of King of Man, saying that "to be a great lord is more honourable than to be a petty king." The island continued to be governed by the house of Derby for more than three hundred years.

James, the tenth Earl, dying without issue, James Murray, second Duke of Athol, became Lord of Man. At this period, the practice of smuggling very rapidly gaining ground, the British Government, with a view to eradicate this evil, made several overtures for the purchase of the island from the Athol family; and at length John, the third Duke, fearing, if he were too pertinacious of his rights, he might lose all, agreed to surrender the revenues of the island for £70,000. The Act by which this was accomplished passed in 1765, and is known as the "Act of Revestment." The title of Lord of Man, the manorial rights, and the patronage of the bishopric, were still reserved; but in 1825, John, fourth Duke of Athol, (who had rendered the accustomed service of a cast of falcons at the coronation of George IV.,) acceded to a proposal made to him by the Lords of the Treasury to purchase the whole of his remaining interest in the island. After long negotiations on the subject, the Duke received the sum of £416,114; and thus all the rights and privileges conveyed to the Stanleys by Henry IV. became vested in the British crown.

The island is, however, still governed by its own laws, and the inhabitants enjoy exemption from income and other taxes. The acts of the legislative body, consisting of the Governor, Council, Deemsters, and Keys, are called Acts of Tynwald; and when they have received the assent of the Queen, and have been proclaimed, in Manx and English, on the Tynwald-Hill, they have the force of law. The Tynwald-Hill is a grassy mound, cut into a series of circular terraces, or broad steps, and said to be formed of sods brought from every parish in the island.

The Lieutenant-Governor, who is appointed by the Crown, has power to summon a Tynwald Court whenever necessary for the transaction of business. The members of the Council, also appointed by the Crown, constitute, with the Governor and Deemsters, the upper house of the insular legislature. The Deemsters are the judges of the island. They have their name from *to deem*, and take oath to execute the laws as indifferently "as the herring back-bone doth lie in the midst of the fish."

The House of Keys is the "lower house," consisting of twenty-four of the principal landed proprietors. Vacancies are filled up by a majority of the members nominating two persons, one of whom the Governor returns, and who thereupon takes his seat for life. The House of Keys possesses a judicial as well as legislative character.

The arms of the Isle of Man are three *legs* in armour, conjoined at the upper part of the thighs, and flexed in triangle, with a Latin motto signifying, "Whichever way you throw it, it will stand."

(*To be concluded.*)

Memorials of the Departed.

ELIZABETH BULLIVANT was born at Warmington, in the Oundle Circuit, November 23d, 1796. On attaining the age of thirteen years, prompted by childish curiosity, she became a frequent listener at the Wesleyan chapel-door, being forbidden by her parents to enter within. One Sabbath-day a Local preacher announced as his text Isaiah iii. 10, 11. These verses made a deep impression on her mind. On her return home she retired into the garden, where she wept bitterly, and prayed earnestly for pardoning mercy. Many times has she remarked, in adverting to that time, "Had some Christian friend but taken me by the hand then, I should not have relapsed." No one doing this, the good impressions wore away, and she entered upon married life in a state of unconcern about the best things. God now saw fit to afflict her, so that her life was despaired of. Compassed with the sorrows of death, the pains of hell gat hold upon her; then came those words to her mind more vividly than ever, "Say ye to the righteous, that it shall be well with him. . . . Woe unto the wicked! it shall be ill with him." She confessed her sin, and prayed to God for forgiveness; vowing that, if her life was spared, it should be consecrated to Him. God granted her request, and her vow was fulfilled. Henceforth prayer and meditation in the holy Scriptures were her delight. Family worship was begun; and no one was allowed to hinder the offering of the morning and evening sacrifice. Her consistent life, zeal in the cause of Christ, an habitual cheerfulness, rich Christian experience, boldness in reproving sin, and an unshaken reliance on the atonement, evidenced the genuineness of her conversion, and the sincerity of her vow. The severe attacks of asthma, from which she suffered the greater part of her life, she bore unmurmuringly, and sometimes rejoicingly. A stranger one day asked a relative if the old lady was always cheerful; and was surprised on being assured that she was generally. Humility, also, was conspicuous in her. Much entreaty was needed to prevail on her to take the office of class-leader; nor would she have consented if another could have been found at the time. Soon did she win the love of those who were under her care, which increased to the last week of their Christian fellowship. One observing, "We shall miss you much when you are gone;" "God's cause," she replied, "will, perhaps, prosper better without me than with me." When anxiety was expressed about a much-tempted grandchild, full of confidence she said, "He will not be lost. I have prayed for my children and grandchildren, for the church and the world; and while I live will continue to do so."

One night during her last illness, as she lay awake, she said, "I shall leave these garments in the river; but my spirit shall return to God who gave it." "Then," replied one, "you will have to take your *certificate* with you." "I have it," she exultingly rejoined; and then added, "This is it:—

'Jesus, Thy Blood and Righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress:
'Midst flaming worlds, in these array'd,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

'Bold shall I stand in Thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am,
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.'"

A little before she died, her daughter said, "You have pain at present, but it will soon cease." "Yes," said she; "and then how happy shall I be!" Soon after the sanctified spirit took its flight, exercising an unwavering reliance on Christ, and rejoicing in hope of eternal life. With her dying breath she exclaimed, "I have peace with God." This mother in Israel left us to join the church above on the 14th of September, 1862.

JONATHAN CADMAN.

MY dear father, MR. JOHN HOWE, was born at St. Mary Church, Glamorganshire, on the 2d of October, 1796; and at the early age of fifteen sought the Lord with much earnestness, until he found Him to the joy of his soul. He then united himself to the Methodist Society at Cowbridge, a small town not far from his native pariah, and for a period of nearly fifty years clave to the people of his early choice. At the age of twenty he left the principality for London, where he resided for eight years; and from thence removed to Peterborough, where he providentially met with a truly excellent and pious helpmeet, herself a member of the Methodist Society, who, with him, trained her children in the fear of God; a blessed result of which is, that nearly all of them are walking in the fear of the Lord, and following their departed parents to heaven. In the order of that mysterious Providence which, although it perplexes, never errs, after a holy and happy union of nearly fourteen years, she was removed to a better world, dying in full assurance of eternal life, through the infinite merits of her Redeemer, on the 1st of March, 1838, in the thirty-eighth year of her age. At the age of forty, my father began, as a Local preacher, to publish the glad tidings of salvation by faith in Christ; and for between twenty and thirty years faithfully preached the leading doctrines of the Gospel through the Peterborough Circuit. He was an original and deep thinker, and a diligent student of the holy Scriptures, being, in a good measure, "a man of one book." He did not, however, neglect reading of a more general character; but in this matter exercised wisdom and care, being intent on mental as well as moral improvement. In his civil relationships he was upright and honourable, and commanded the respect of those with whom he had to do. Amongst his friends he was affable, cheerful, and obliging; but it was chiefly in his family circle that his best and holiest traits of character appeared, which will ever be remembered by his bereaved sons and daughters with the deepest veneration and love. His moral character has left a reverent impression on their hearts, which time will never efface; and the blessed results of which, it is earnestly and prayerfully hoped, eternity itself will fully reveal. My father's constitution was never very strong; yet, in general, he enjoyed good health; but, during his last three or four years, it gradually declined through attacks of illness, which at length confined him to the sick-chamber; where, after lingering three days in extreme weakness, but with very little pain,—during which time he satisfactorily replied to the inquiries of one of his daughters, and those of Christian visiters, as to his spiritual state,—he at last, without a struggle or a groan, yielded his spirit into the hands of his Redeemer, October 7th, 1862, in the sixty-seventh year of his age, surrounded by the greater part of his family, while his son commended his soul to the mercy of his God and Saviour. His children have sustained an irreparable loss in his removal; but their consolation is, that their loss is his infinite gain; and their prayer is that, when they shall pass away from

this world of sin and sorrow, they may join with their departed parents in the song of Moses and the Lamb for ever and ever. A sermon on my father's death was preached to a large and attentive congregation by the Rev. James Cooke, Superintendent of the Circuit, from Job xxx. 23.

"For ever blessed be the Lord,
That, by His own eternal word,
Immortal life is brought to light,
To cheer the heart in death's dark night,
And cause the soul with joy to sing,
'O death! where is thy hateful sting!
O grave! victorious I shall rise,
And share the bliss of paradise.'"

J. J. Howe.

Died, at Healaugh, in the Reeth Circuit, on November 24th, 1862, in great peace, Mr. John Peacock. Twenty-two years ago he was a wild and wicked youth. At that time there was a gracious outpouring of the Spirit of God in Healaugh. One evening, having cards in his pocket, he was attracted by the sound of singing and prayer in a cottage. As he listened, he heard the voice of one of his former companions in sin now earnestly engaged in prayer to God. That was an arrow of conviction, piercing his conscience. On his return home he related what had happened, and expressed his determination to turn to God. The following evening he went to a prayer-meeting held in another cottage, and there cried aloud for mercy. For about a week he earnestly sought the Lord, and gave proof of his repentance by burning the cards, which had been a great snare to him. He was then enabled to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ to the salvation of his soul. Very soon he assisted in prayer-meetings, and in the Sunday-school. After a while he fell into a lukewarm state; but, in answer to the prayers of God's people, he soon recovered his ground. From that time his path was that of the just, which "shineth more and more unto the perfect day." As a leader and a Local preacher he was diligent, punctual, acceptable, and useful. Five years ago he was called to suffer a sudden and severe bereavement. His eldest son, while labouring with his father in the mine, fell down the shaft, and was killed on the spot. This was a solemn visitation; and though the father murmured not, yet he never fully recovered the stroke. The Rev. F. A. West, then the President of the Wesleyan Conference, was instrumental in ministering consolation to the bereaved parent, both by preaching and by writing a sympathizing letter. For several years the health of Mr. Peacock was such that he could seldom preach. During his last affliction he was graciously supported and comforted. Some relatives, seeing how greatly he suffered, said, "Poor thing!" "Don't call me poor," said he; "I am rich in faith, an heir of glory, and am going to a crown." Asking for his brother Robert, and being told that he could not yet have returned from his work, he said, "It is no matter; tell him all is well." Shortly after, with the name of Jesus on his lips, he entered into rest.

Jonathan Barrowclough.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Baker, Mrs. Hannah,	Pudsey,	Bramley,	47	April 30th, 1864.
Horn, Mr. John,	Horsforth,	Bramley,	79	May 8th, 1864.
Pearson, Mr. John,	Little-Moor,	Bramley,	79	May 30th, 1864.
Robinson, Mr. Francis,	Bramley,	Bramley,	56	April 13th, 1864.

J. Roche, Printer, 25, Hoxton-square, London.

METHODIST PREACHING-HOUSE AND PARSONAGE IN NEW-YORK.

THE first Methodist preaching-house in America was a very humble place. It stood some distance from the street. Its length was sixty feet; its breadth, forty-two; it was built of stone, the face covered with a blue plaster, exhibiting an appearance of durability, simplicity, and plainness. Entrances into the galleries were subsequently added on both sides of the door. The interior was equally plain, and remained many years in an unfinished state. There were, at first, no stairs to the galleries; the hearers ascended by a ladder; and the preacher addressed them from a platform. For a long time the seats on the floor had no backs.

At that period the law did not allow public religious services to be held in such buildings, unless they belonged to the Establishment. Nonconformists were, therefore, compelled to accommodate their places of worship in some way to meet the legal obstruction. The difficulty was avoided by attaching a fire-place and chimney to the internal arrangements of Wesley Chapel, which was thus considered a private dwelling. It contained no elegant pews, no downy cushions, no car-

peted aisles. It was, however, neat and clean; and the floor was sprinkled with white sand.

The dedication was a season of great interest. No distinguished Bishop was present to preach the sermon, or to consecrate the place by reading one of David's Psalms at the head of a grand procession. The carpenter, who had erected what was meant for a pulpit, conducted the service, and thus consecrated the building to the worship of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The spectacle was sublime in its simplicity. It reminds us of Paul the tent-maker, of Matthew the publican, and Peter the fisherman. Here was Philip Embury, the carpenter and evangelist, dedicating the first temple of Methodism in the New World. October 30th, 1768, was the memorable day of the consecration.

The text chosen for the occasion was, "Sow to yourselves in righteousness, reap in mercy; break up your fallow ground: for it is time to seek the Lord, till He come and rain righteousness upon you." (Hosea x. 12.) With characteristic plainness and truth he declared, that "the best consecration of a pulpit is to preach a good sermon in it."

They did "sow in righteousness;" they did "reap in mercy." The seed sown was abundant, the harvest was glorious. They remembered the promise, "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed, shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." They sought the Lord by earnest and believing prayer; and He sent, in answer to their petitions, "the early and the latter rain" in copious showers of heavenly influence. Connected with this sanctuary were no class-rooms. The classes met in private houses. The singing was congregational. Some one set the tune, and the men and women joined in, making melody to the Lord. They sang with sweetness and power; for they sang "with the Spirit, and the understanding also." The congregation so increased as not only to fill the chapel, but also the area in front of it; and so greatly were they encouraged, that they wrote to Mr. Wesley, requesting him to send them an able and experienced preacher. Hence the mission of Joseph Pilmoor and Richard Boardman, who were sent from the Leeds Conference of 1769.

The following letter, beautiful in its simplicity, was written by a mechanic, and gives an interesting view of the state of Methodism in America at this period. It is dated Charleston, South Carolina, May 13th, 1769, and was inserted in the *Arminian Magazine*.

"VERY DEAR AND AFFECTIONATE BROTHER,

"WHEN I came to New-York, I found that our business was not very plentiful for strangers. Though there is a good deal of business in the town, it is entirely overstocked with tradespeople; but what added most to my satisfaction was a few of the dear people of God in it. There is one Mr. Emmery, [Embury,] one of our preachers, that

came from Ireland nine years ago. Lately there were two that came from Dublin. They have met together, and their number has increased; and they have built a large new house, which cost them six hundred pounds sterling. They are very poor in this world. They expect assistance from England; but I often used to tell them they need not, for many people of England were very poor themselves; and they that had of this world's goods did not care to part with them. There is another of our preachers who was a captain in the army; he was convinced of the truth before he left England. His name is Webb. God has been pleased to open his mouth. So the Lord carries on a very great work by these two men. They were, however, soon put to it in building their house. They made several collections about the town for it; and they went to Philadelphia, and got part of the money there. I wrought upon it six days.

"New-York is a large place. It has three places of worship of the Church of England in it; two of the Church of Scotland; three of the Dutch Church; one Baptist meeting; one Moravian chapel; one Quakers' meeting; one Jews' synagogue; and one French Reformed chapel. Among all these there are very few that like the Methodists. The Dutch Calvinists have preached against them. Many of the people of America have been stirred up to seek the Lord by Mr. Whitefield; but what his reason could be for not forming them into classes I do not know.

"THOMAS BELL."

"LORD, THOU KNOWEST ALL THINGS."

"*Thou knowest all things.*" Sins committed in the dark are seen by those eyes of flame which "run to and fro in the earth, beholding the evil and the good." Crimes unnoticed and unknown by all the world are observed and written in the book of the Divine remembrance; therefore, sooner or later, detection and punishment follow the commission of an offence with unerring certainty.

When the army of Israel, under the command of Joshua, were overpowered by their enemies, the whole congregation were entirely ignorant of the true cause of the defeat. Joshua, accordingly, had recourse to God, and was informed that "the accursed thing" was amongst them; that an individual had been seizing upon the spoil, contrary to the Divine command. The all-seeing God then proceeded to point out the guilty tribe, and then the guilty family, and then the guilty household, and finally laid His hand on the head of the guilty person himself. That was Achan, the son of Carmi, of the tribe of Judah. Joshua then said to him, "My son, give, I pray thee, glory to the Lord God of Israel, and make confession unto Him; and tell me now what thou hast done; hide it not from me." Glorify God by demonstrating His omniscience; confirm the judgment which He has given; and prove that all things are known to Him by admitting the fact, and giving us all the particulars of the case. And Achan answered, "Indeed I have sinned against the Lord God of Israel, and thus and thus have I done: when I saw among the spoils a goodly Babylonish garment, and two hundred shekels of silver, and a wedge of gold of fifty shekels weight, then I coveted them,

and took them; and, behold, they are hid in the earth in the midst of my tent."

A single individual appeared to be very insignificant among the thousands of Israel,—and many a sinner hopes to escape in a crowd: but there is an Eye that marks him, there is a Hand that will point him out. Sooner or later God will be glorified by his confession; for he will be compelled to say, "Thus and thus have I done."

"*Thou knowest all things.*" Religion is not unfrequently used as a cloak for concealing criminal intentions and practices. That cloak is often wholly impenetrable by human eyes; but, to the eye of our Maker, it is no covering at all.

This is exemplified in an interview which took place, between a number of the elders of Israel and the prophet Ezekiel, during the Babylonian captivity. These elders, for worldly purposes, were disposed to keep up the profession of religion while they were living in sin; hence they continued outwardly to worship the God of their fathers, while secretly they were addicted to the grossest idolatry. They accordingly came to the prophet—probably from a considerable distance—to inquire concerning the word of the Lord. But, while their language was pious, and their demeanour respectful, their true character was fully understood. The word of the Lord came to the prophet, and he delivered it faithfully, but to the confusion of his hearers. The message was, "These men have set up their idols in their heart,"—by regarding them with a strong inward affection,—"and put the stumbling-block of their iniquity before their face,"—by appearing before and worshipping them: "should I be inquired of at all by them?" The only answer they received was this severe and cutting rebuke. Nay, the prophet had already been made acquainted with the doings of a similar class of men who dwelt at Jerusalem, though he himself was residing in Babylon. These men were by profession, and in outward appearance, the worshippers of the one living and true Jehovah, while they were really gross idolaters; but their idolatry was secret, and studiously concealed from human observation. They are said to have provided for themselves "chambers of imagery." Their idolatry was as secret as if it had been practised in back and dark rooms enclosed with thick walls, inaccessible to all but themselves, and unvisited by the light of day. Here they thought themselves perfectly secure against detection; for they said, "The Lord seeth us not; the Lord hath forsaken the earth." But the Divine omniscience is indicated when we read that there was "a hole in the wall." A dark room was nothing to Him before whom the darkness shineth as the light. The thickest wall contains an aperture which leaves all within fully exposed to the eye of God. In fact, He had been all along looking at the proceedings of these idolaters; and His omniscience was abundantly displayed in detecting their character, and exposing them to the scorn and indignation of all succeeding generations.

"*Thou knowest all things.*" While the Divine omniscience detects the secret sinner, or the concealed hypocrite, it finds out the humble and retiring penitent who is overlooked by all the world.

Nothing but infinite mercy guided by omniscience would ever have discovered such a person as Zacchæus, the publican. Everything seemed to conspire to keep him in obscurity. In the first place, he was little of stature, and our Lord was surrounded by an immense concourse of people; so that, though Zacchæus earnestly endeavoured, yet he could not come

at Him for the press. Such a man, at a distance, and in a crowd, was very likely to be overlooked. Then, again, "he ran before, and climbed up into a sycamore-tree,"—a situation which, though it enabled him to look upon Jesus, was not specially calculated to lead Jesus to look upon him. But, as the Lord knoweth all things, He knew what was passing in the heart of this anxious and inquiring man; and it was impossible for Him to proceed on His journey without leaving a blessing behind Him.

Is there a penitent sinner among the readers of these pages? Be assured that the eye of Jesus is fixed on you. Are you looking to Him? Not only His eye, but His heart, is set upon you. Are you longing for His appearance? He offers you salvation. Are you prepared to accept it? If so, what about the *time*? He says, "To-day." It is to be hoped you will not say, "To-morrow." Zacchæus "made haste, and came down, and received Him joyfully." If you "make haste" to accept the mercy He offers to bestow, you will soon find that He has read your heart; for He will fulfil your desire, and place you in a state of peace and salvation.

"*Thou knowest all things.*" Here we have a powerful motive for the diligent practice of private prayer.

"When thou prayest," said Christ, "enter into thy closet,.... and thy Father which seeth in secret Himself shall reward thee openly." As He "seeth in secret," and knows when prayer is offered, so He also observes when it is omitted, or performed in a careless and unacceptable manner. While the reward is bestowed in the one case, it is as uniformly withheld in the other. Our Saviour prayed in the garden, and commanded His disciples to do the same. "Watch and pray," was His earnest and solemn charge, "lest ye enter into temptation" during the season of approaching darkness and conflict. But this command was unheeded. Prayer was not offered. Again and again He came, "and found them asleep." As they were not observed to pray in secret, so they were not rewarded openly. That special supernatural aid, which they so greatly needed, appears to have been withheld. Their after-conduct, instead of displaying the strength of grace, exhibited only the weakness of humanity. The mistakes, the inconsistencies, and the sins of professors of religion, often bear testimony to the omniscience of Christ. They fall into sin because the Holy Spirit is withheld; and He is withheld because their closets are neglected; or, if visited at all, it is but seldom, and in a careless and unacceptable manner. Their behaviour in public abundantly demonstrates that He has observed them in private.

On the other hand, devout and sincere spirits invariably receive in their own experience a demonstration of the same truth, though in a very different way. They are often surprised and delighted by the most glorious manifestations of His favour, and by the richest communications of His Spirit. The reason of this is, He has observed their fervent devotions in secret. When Jesus saw Nathanael, He gave him at once the strongest testimony of His favour. Unlike the great majority of his brethren, who performed all their acts of devotion "to be seen of men," he had been worshipping in a situation where no eye could see him but the eye of God alone. All our secret prayers are heard, although breathed forth only in the softest sighs, and even if not articulated at all. Whenever we bow our knees before the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ, in however secret a manner, we are sure to be observed; and, if the

Saviour can approve of what He sees, He will be sure to do so; and He will cause us to feel and understand that He knows what we have done, and that we have found favour and acceptance with Him. He said to Nathanael, "Thou shalt see greater things than these;" and the same Saviour will do for us, in answer to prayer, "exceeding abundantly above all that we ask or think." While we persevere and abound in acts of private devotion, Christ will hear, and Christ will bless; and the whole will issue in a present and eternal salvation.

"*Thou knowest all things.*" This is also a source of great encouragement to believers under circumstances of affliction and sorrow.

Good people sometimes feel no little perplexity of mind, because their afflictions do not appear to be the result of any misconduct of their own. They can understand how it is that men should suffer for their sins; but, when calamities befall them while walking in the path of duty, and faithfully executing the commandments of God, they are perplexed and confounded. Yet the disciples were overtaken by a storm, and placed in the utmost danger, although Jesus Himself had commanded and constrained them to get into the ship, and "go over unto the other side."

Again, that Christians should suffer in measure, and for a season, for the trial and exercise of their graces, appears not unreasonable; but when our afflictions become exceedingly heavy, and no deliverance can be obtained, though we seek it carefully and with tears, then we fall into perplexity of mind. But the storm which assailed the disciples was so severe, and they were left to buffet with the winds and waves so long, that they were just on the point of being lost. The Lord Jesus was not with them at the time. But whither had He gone? He had retired into a mountain to pray; and was, doubtless, at the time, praying for them. Jesus is not now personally present with His suffering people. But, though dwelling in heaven, He has not forgotten His people on earth. He "ever liveth to make intercession" for them.

Although the disciples were at a distance, and in the dark, and often encompassed with waves, they were all the while under the eye of their Master. It is observed that He saw them "toiling in rowing." He perceived all the perils to which they were exposed, and all the efforts they made in order to their preservation. And as His eye is upon us in all the storms of life, it must be our care to let Him see us "toiling in rowing;" for He expects us to work out our deliverance to the utmost of our ability. Are we beset with poverty? Let Him see us straining every nerve, and giving all diligence to obtain the necessaries of life. Are we persecuted for righteousness' sake? Let Him see that we are doing all that kindness and humility can do in order to disarm prejudice, and convert enemies into friends. Are we suffering sickness or bereavement? Let Him see that we are arming ourselves with patience, and seeking submission to the will of our Father which is in heaven.

Jesus came to the disciples at "the fourth watch of the night." He came to them "walking on the sea." We know not when or how He may come to the relief of His suffering people; but this we know, that, so long as He sees them "toiling in rowing," He will never let them sink. It is impossible to ascertain how or when they will escape; but while they continue to tug at the oar of duty, their final escape is certain. It may be "on boards," it may be "on broken pieces of the ship;" but they are sure to come "safe to land." While He sees

them "toiling in rowing," His eye will affect His heart, His heart will move His hand, and they shall sing of salvation for ever and ever.

L. S. J.

THE JEWS AND SAMARITANS.

NOTHING is more common than for people who differ from each other in respect of their religious opinions to indulge a spirit of mutual hatred, and endeavour to injure one another in respect of their reputation; yet such a conduct is directly at variance with the mind of Christ. It is, in fact, condemned both by His precepts and example, which illustrate each other. In His day the Jews and Samaritans differed from each other in their forms of worship; and such was their mutual rancour, that they had "no dealings" with each other. He was ever ready to discountenance error and sin, whoever might be the erring and guilty parties; but He stood aloof from the malignant tempers of both.

As to the principles on which they differed, He explicitly declared for His countrymen, the Jews: "Ye worship ye know not what," said He to the woman of Samaria; "we know what we worship: for salvation is of the Jews." (John iv. 22.) Did He, therefore, adopt the passions of His countrymen? Did He betray the smallest particle of the malignity with which they were inflamed towards a people whose schism and distinguishing tenets He was as ready to condemn as they? Let His conduct, on the occasion referred to, serve for an answer to the question. He entered freely into conversation with the woman, and did not disdain to ask her, though a Samaritan, to supply Him with a little water. This, however small a matter it may appear to us, exceedingly surprised her, knowing the inhospitable maxims to which both parties, but especially the Jews, so rigidly adhered. Nor did His condescension and affability more surprise this stranger than they did His own disciples on their return, who "marvelled that He talked with the woman." Probably nothing less than the very great respect they entertained for their Master hindered them from being scandalized at His moderation, which, in any other person, they would have denominated lukewarmness in the cause of religion, and want of zeal against the enemies of God's people. We know what followed. He stayed with them two days, and made many converts.

Nor was this the only occasion He took of showing His disapprobation of the intemperate zeal of His countrymen in regard to that people. A lawyer once, to try Him, asked, "Who is my neighbour?" (Luke x. 29, &c.) Our blessed Lord, knowing the corrupt explanations, on this head, current among the Jews, especially among those of this man's profession; knowing, also, that a direct answer would serve only to awaken cavil and contradiction, did, in order to surmount his prejudices, address Himself, as was usual with Him on all moral questions, directly to the heart. We have His answer in the well-known parable of the traveller who fell among thieves, and who, though a Jew, was overlooked by a priest and a Levite of his countrymen, and relieved by a Samaritan. The intention, which shines forth conspicuously throughout the whole, was to stigmatize, in the strongest manner, that unrelenting bigotry, that inhuman intolerance, which, through the wonderful influence of self-deceit, both parties cherished in themselves, under the notion of zeal for God, and love to their country: it was to mollify their minds towards each other, and bring them to admit a reciprocal affection, producing an interchange of good offices. If the parable had represented the sympathy

as exercised by a tender-hearted Jew towards a suffering Samaritan, His purpose had been frustrated. The proud Pharisee, untouched by the misfortunes of people he abhorred, would have remonstrated that his countryman, instead of acting laudably in assisting one whom he would denominate an adversary of God, had acted shamefully and weakly, in allowing the nobler principles of zeal and patriotism to be overcome by womanish pity. But its being represented as exercised by a Samaritan to a Jew gave a different aspect to the whole. It laid open at once the dignity and humanity of the action. It was impossible to withhold approbation. The approved—nay, admired—generosity of an enemy was too strong an argument to approve the like generous conduct on the other side, for one who could make any pretensions to reason and justice, to resist. Our Lord, after relating the parable, appeals to the lawyer himself for the answer to his own question. "Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among the thieves? And he said, He that showed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him, Go, and do thou likewise." Act thyself the worthy part which thou canst not but commend in another. Think every man thy neighbour, and entitled to the offices of charity and humanity, who stands in need of thy assistance. Let no personal feud, no national enmity, no opposition of religion, prove an obstruction to the exercise of the godlike principle of love. Surely, then, we are not at liberty to do evil to those to whom we are commanded to do good.

On another occasion, after cleansing ten lepers, it did not escape our Lord's observation, nor did He fail to make it remarked by others, that the only grateful person, who returned to give God thanks, "was a Samaritan;" (Luke xvii. 16, &c.;) a sure evidence that it is not always just to conclude the badness of men's disposition or practice from the falsity of some of their religious tenets. This single heterodox sectary had more piety and gratitude than the nine more orthodox Jews. In general, it deserves to be remarked, that the zeal of our blessed Saviour, far from leading Him to inflame the minds of the populace against those who maintained erroneous doctrines in religion, influenced Him, on the contrary, to moderate their heat, and bring them to make every candid allowance for differences, even gross corruptions in principle, which, from whatever guilty causes they originated, might be, in those who then entertained them, the natural effects of accidental circumstances. But whatever causes may have led people to entertain erroneous opinions on religious subjects, and to adopt superstitious modes of worship, these causes can never justify Christian people in the utterance of reviling language against those whom they conceive to be in error, or in the indulgence of malignant tempers towards them. The religion of Christ is a religion of meekness and of holy love. G. C.

CONCERNING SPONGES.

I ONCE knew a Cambridge man who was popularly supposed to be a stranger to happiness, except when engaged in hunting up *Diatomaceæ*, a word of mysterious import to his friends. Naturally quiet, he would become wild and unreasonable when in pursuit of these miserable animalcules. A long walk, an excessively unpleasant ditch, legs full of prickles, a personal appearance relieved by considerable patches of mud, if crowned by the acquisition of some insignificant Diatoms, he counted the climax of bliss. He has departed

o a country curacy, and being bly engaged in the somewhat ılean labour of "making both meet," the thrilling subject of ms has ceased to agitate his ŀ.

ıers, with equal enthusiasm and mess of purpose, have pursued favourite creature to the death, Diatom, Actinia, Echinoderm, ısc, or any other creature with a rous name; and some, with an r worthy of a better cause, have e in" for sponges. Their rs, and those of the great natu-ı, have made us acquainted with istory, structure, and habits (if s any) of the sponge, which are om uninteresting. It is very ılt, if not impossible, to say ı the vegetable kingdom ends, he animal begins, they merge ensibly into one another; yet is a sort of neutral country en them, and in this the sponge s, (with, however, more of the l about him than the vegeta-ıs if he had not made up his in which kingdom he would be appreciated, and so held his ɔn in abeyance.

us first look at its structure. the dried sponge of commerce e all sufficiently acquainted, ı we except the great com-y of the Unwashed; yet the edge of but few extends much r than its physical properties. , then, is this thing, wherewith asantly perform our ablutions, we remorselessly squash and ıbly maltreat, and which nurse-poke into babies' eyes, when with soap, causing them to lismally? Merely the skeleton creature; for, when first with-from its watery home, every nt of its substance was coated ith a layer of glairy and almost ıous matter, composed of ag-ed transparent cells, that l the living part of the sponge, and which secreted the horny fibres which are imbedded in it. The skeletons of some species are exceedingly beautiful; but the microscopic structure of all is very similar. They are all made up of very delicate, elastic, horny fibres, which unite with each other in every possible direction, so as to form innumerable canals, which traverse its substance in a most intricate network. To the minutely reticulated nature of this tissue, sponges, of course, owe their usefulness. Now there are elastic sponges that you may compress; and there are also many species having the same porous structure, yet that resist the liberty you take in offering them this violence, and are quite inelastic. The difference is owing to this. In the meshes of the horny fibrous tissue (or skeleton) of the latter are developed an incalculable number of spicula, of a silicious or calcareous nature. If you destroy the softer portions of this luckless beast with a mineral acid, the spicula are left, and can be examined under the microscope. The shape of the spicula is generally found to be the same in the same species, and sometimes peculiar even to the individual of a species; hence they form a clue to the identification of their owners. A few of these spicula are often found in the commercial sponge, as perhaps most of us by bitter experience full well know, as when vigorously sponging we have dragged a sharp projecting one through the skin of our nose, or otherwise done ourselves grievous bodily harm.

Now, if you take a young live sponge, and put him in a glass of sea-water, and watch him with patience and attention, (some have said that a vivid imagination is also necessary: they don't know anything at all about it,) you will see something like a vital action going on. The whole surface is, of course, seen to be perforated by innumerable open-

ings, by far the greater number of them very small, and others, generally placed upon slight elevations, larger. Through the smaller openings the water is continually sucked up into the interior, and just in the same ratio is it discharged in streams from the larger holes. This circulation of water, through the holes and canals in a sponge, may be due to some vital act on the part of the sponge; but this has not been proved: it may be merely mechanical, but of this we cannot be certain. In short, no one knows any certain reason for it; and therefore, of course, many men thirsting for fame at once commence advancing theories about it, some of which are very random shots indeed. And, talking of theories, it seems very singular that now-a-days science is in such a hurry to advance and perfect itself, that, if men come to a point they cannot explain, and yet think their human wisdom sufficient for all things, instead of waiting for additional light on the subject, or for more elaborate experiments, they at once set to work making theories they cannot prove, and set up their creations only to have them knocked down again. This reminds me of the refined and intellectual game of "Aunt Sally," popular, I believe, among young ladies; very amusing, doubtless, but without much point in it. But this is a digression.

It is quite certain, however, that the continuous currents of water through the sponge, that we were speaking of, minister to the nourishment of the whole mass. Organized particles, infusoria, &c., such as are necessarily abundant in the water of the ocean, are thus introduced into the sponge on all sides, and being filtered, as it were, from the issuing stream, become employed as nutriment, while *effete* matter is cast out. This is a beautiful provision of Nature for the maintenance of a helpless and stationary being, which it is difficult to conceive as obtaining food for itself in any other way.

Now, a sponge belongs to that class of organized beings that are simplest in their structure,—*Protozoa*. It has no organs for special purposes, and is, in fact, nothing but a mass of beautifully-woven, horny fibres, covered with jelly, and full of holes and passages. Therefore, if you cut this creature into several pieces, each piece will, independently of the rest, carry on the functions necessary for life, and will become a new being, and will lead the same monotonous and soaking life that its ancestors did.

The multiplication of sponges is effected in a very interesting and rather singular manner. At certain seasons of the year, the somewhat gay and exciting life led by these *protozoa* is varied by the little events incident on the production of a large and gelatinous family. "A change comes o'er the spirit of his dream." If you now examine the channels in his interior, you see their walls to be studded with yellow, gelatinous granules developed in their substance. These are the germs from which a future race of young sponges will spring. As they increase in size, they are found to project more and more into the canals, and to be provided with a sort of locomotive apparatus. The germ assumes an ovoid form, and a great part of its surface gets covered with continually-vibrating hairs, or *cilia*. These, by their vibration, produce faint currents in the surrounding water. As soon as a germ is sufficiently mature, it detaches itself from its unnatural parent, and being carried away by the issuing streams, is cast, both literally and metaphorically, upon the ocean of life. This dab of jelly has now to set up on its own account; and, instead of falling to the bottom, as so helpless an atom might be expected to do, it is driven about by

the vibration of its *cilia*; it goes to seek its fortune and "a home upon the deep." At length, having rowed itself, as it were, with its *cilia*, some distance from its parent, it finds a fit resting-place, and to this it attaches itself. This may be considered as its "settling down." When wearied of conduct which, perhaps, appeared to it both painful and silly, it determines, instead of whirling about with every current, to stick to its post, and become a steady character. It now loses its useless locomotive *cilia*, becomes fixed and motionless, and develops within its substance the skeleton peculiar to its species, and—if it belongs to the non-elastic tribe—the spicula peculiar to its genus; and at length both parent and offspring are "as like as two peas." The provision by which the young germs are carried far away, by the stream and its own *cilia*, from the neighbourhood of its progenitor, is a very beautiful and wise arrangement of an all-pervading Providence. The parent sponge, being a fixture, would be obviously incapable of dispersing to a distance the numerous progeny that issue from it: they must inevitably have accumulated in the place of their birth in such vast heaps, that we may easily believe that, as with coral, only in a greater degree, large tracts of the ocean would become hopelessly choked up with them. I must not take up any more space with this subject; I have only been able to give a rude outline of the physiology of this interesting class. However, "*Quod potui perfeci.*" What a comfort that is! I would, in conclusion, earnestly recommend to all who have leisure for reading of this nature, this study of the animal kingdom. There is none, I believe, more deeply interesting; none that so amply repays the toil of acquiring knowledge in it; none that so conduces to a state of mind in which a wondering awe at the might of the Great Creator, and a reverential love for the Father of His creatures, are harmoniously blended. At every step along this road of knowledge, made so plain by the arduous labours of the great thinkers, and yet greater workers, we are lost in wonder at the marvellous simplicity of the scheme,—now just beginning to unfold itself to the minds of men,—at the lavish expenditure of contrivance, at the teeming life around us, and at the glorious unanimity of the whole. And the thought comes upon us, "If these countless myriads of insignificant atoms are supported by His power, and die at His will, how great must be His care for us!" "Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father.... Ye are of more value than many sparrows." H. B.

THE WIVES OF TWO SOLDIERS.

In his very interesting volume of *Facts and Fragments*, Mr. Canon Champneys says, during the Crimean war an interest for our soldiers, and those whom they left behind, was excited in England, such as probably was never called out before. The amazingly increased rapidity of communication; the unexampled means of accurate information; the presence of bold, calm, and observant men on the spot, and their graphic narratives, seemed to place England in the Crimea, and enabled us almost to see what was passing there.

Many of the Clergy were asked to look after the wives and families of soldiers residing in their respective parishes; and I was asked to give such oversight and advice as I could to two women, the wives of a non-commissioned officer and private in the same regiment. The women

were requested to call on me. I happened to go to the door of our waiting-room, through which there was an immediate access to my library, without passing into the other part of the house; and, as I opened it to let out some one with whom I had been speaking, a young woman, very cleanly but humbly dressed, came up, and asked if I was the Clergyman. I was struck with her expression of face. She was very pale; and there was a look of quiet, uncomplaining sadness which at once interested me. Her voice was gentle and sweet, and her Scotch accent at once told me whence she came. She carried a little child in her arms, whose dress was, like her own, very poor, but very clean. I asked her to follow me into the library, and gave her a chair. She put the child, a fine, active little thing, down upon the ground, and held him by the hand, while she talked with me. She told me that she was the wife of private B——, of the —d regiment of foot; and that she was feeling very anxious, as it was expected that a battle would soon take place, the army having already landed in the Crimea. On further conversation, I found that she was one who truly trusted in God her Saviour, and believed that He would order all things well; though, loving her husband as she did with a singular love, she could not restrain the natural anxiety of her true woman's heart on his account. All she said was so genuine, expressed in such a simple, artless way, that I felt deeply for her. I said, "You believe that God can shield your husband; that He who covered David's head in the day of battle can cover his. You believe that God is near to him now, as He is to us; and that, though He knows all you feel and wish, yet He tells us to speak to Him about our anxieties, and ask Him for what we wish. Let us, then, kneel down, and ask Him now to keep your husband safe, if it be His good pleasure." We knelt down. Her little active child, meanwhile, the moment she released his hand, crawled away to the paper-basket, and began turning it over, and, seating himself on the ground, played with its contents. She thought that this was a liberty, and was getting up to stop him. I felt this was the very best thing he could do, as he would do no harm, and it would keep him quiet and amused. So she knelt on, and we, in a few simple words, commended her husband to that God in whom they both trusted.

When I next saw her, the battle of the Alma had been fought. Thousands of our brave men had fallen. I received a letter from the Colonel's wife, informing me that the poor woman's husband was dead. Before I had an opportunity of breaking the sad news to her, I received another communication, informing me that he had passed through the battle unhurt, but had been seized with cholera immediately afterwards, and had been sent to the hospital. God had graciously heard that prayer, and had guarded him in that fearful fight. It pleased Him, also, to restore him from the cholera, so that, after a while, he returned to his regiment and his duty.

From time to time she brought me his letters to read. Let no one tell us that refinement and delicacy of feeling and expression are the monopoly of the highly educated and nobly born. True affection is itself an elevating and refining thing, and the humblest that possesses it, possesses that which cannot fail to raise him. Pure, true, and unselfish love is from Him who is love. Marriage is not degraded, though man naturally is. He who in Paradise laid the great corner-stone of the family in marriage, laid in it the foundation of society, which is built on marriage;

and when He, the same Word, came on earth incarnate and made flesh, He showed that marriage is not fallen, nor lowered, by working His first work of Divine power and considerate bounty at a marriage-feast. No Christian gentleman could ever have penned anything more full of tender affection and manly thoughtfulness than the letters which that private wrote. He knew, as so many thousands did, what it was to keep watch in the trenches, trodden into mud and mire by the feet of those who marched to and from them; he knew what the thick, searching, clinging night-mists of that ungenial climate were, with its driving snow, its drifting sleet, and keen, biting winds, which no watch-coat could keep out. As a true British soldier, his eyes were searching that mist whole nights, to discern the first dim outline of the grey mass that moved so stealthily forward to surprise the besiegers; while his ear was set to catch the faintest sound that came over the rough ground from the gates and towers of Sebastopol. Yet his young and much-loved wife, and his only little one, were always on the heart, and before the eyes, of that soldier; not to unnerve him, and make him unfit to do his duty, but to brace him for it. In doing his humble part towards the capture of the Russian stronghold, he felt that he was hastening on the time when he should return to them, when he should once more see the faces he loved best on earth. He was a Christian; and he told his young wife that it was his comfort, as he lay on the damp ground at night, expecting that at any moment he might have to spring up to the deadly charge, to commend her and their child to the God in whom they both believed, and that the very act brought peace and calmness into his soul.

So he went on, doing his duty with thousands more, through the short, gloomy days, and long, dark, dreary nights, of that dreadful winter. His spirit, however, was stronger than his body. The one was unbroken; the other began to break. His feet became so seriously frost-bitten that he was ordered into hospital, and, after awhile, sent home.

Now she was rejoicing. Though he was to leave because he was ill, the voyage of itself would do him good. He would reach England nearly restored, and when he reached it she would nurse him. She would see him once again, and he would see her and his child; and *that* would be as good as a medicine, and better, and would be sure to do him good.

Meanwhile, the transport was making her way, and he was nearing the shore of his own dear native land. He was no better, but had grown weaker and weaker, so that now he could not leave his bed. His gentleness and patience had made many love him, even in that short time. His little well-read and well-worn Bible was his constant companion: his Father's promises, his Saviour's history, were there; and, by the Holy Spirit, it was a *living* book to him. It came with power to his soul; he believed it all to be simply and Divinely true. By a faith that laid hold of it, it was made his own, as if it had been written for him, and for him alone. It told him of his Father's house of "many mansions," and of one prepared for him. It told him of his sins absolutely atoned for, and graciously pardoned. It told him of his acceptance in the Beloved. The Spirit witnessed with his spirit that he was a child of God. Peace which passeth all understanding kept his heart and mind like a garrisoned town, which was not, like that stronghold he had just left, capable of being taken by any hostile power.

They came down to tell him that

land was in sight; that the cliffs of old England were rising fast; that they should be in port in a few hours. He knew that he should be in port before that, safely moored, after a stormy voyage, in that haven where he would be. He told them that he should never see the shore; that he was dying. He took his little Bible from his pillow, gave it to one of the kind friends who had felt for him, and shown him many little acts of thoughtful tenderness. He asked them to see that his wife had it, and to tell her that he sent her his fond and tenderest love, with kisses for his child, and felt sure that he should meet them both in heaven. Just before the ship ran into port, his happy, gentle spirit slipped her cable, and departed to be with Christ.

I never saw the man, but I love his memory as I write this. "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." I did see his poor young widow once more. She had received his Bible,—a treasure she would never part with. She had received his dying message, assuring her of his perfect peace; of his loving Saviour's constant presence; of his hope of the glory of God; of his deep and unchanging love to her. She was about to return to her native land; to her mother, a widow, like herself, and poor; but she doubted not that she should find employment to enable her to support herself and her child. She spoke of her husband, and I loved to hear her speak of him. She said, "All I ever knew of my God and my Saviour I learned from him. On our wedding-day he began to pray with me, and teach me to pray. He taught me to read my Bible. He explained the meaning of it to me. His example led me; his love encouraged me. I owe my soul, under God, to him." And so, with a heart bowed, but not broken, in deep poverty, yet in strong trust, her thoughts upward, her heart heavenward, she went away to work diligently, to wait patiently, and to hope to the end, till she, also, had finished her course, and till He who had received her husband should come again, and receive her to Himself, that where He is, there she might be also.

Great are the troubles of the righteous; but the Lord delivereth them out of all. "Our *light* affliction, which is but for a *moment*, worketh for us a far more exceeding and *eternal weight* of glory;" but *only* when "we look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen: for the things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." It is in their Father's *house* that God's children will thoroughly understand their Father's *doings*.

The other woman who was commended to my notice was the wife of a non-commissioned officer in the same regiment. I saw the two women once together. It was plain at a glance that the one felt that she was the wife of an officer. She was a well-looking young woman, well dressed, and a little self-confident in manner. When I spoke to her as I had done to the other, there was no response whatever. I saw that she scarcely understood what I said. I spoke in a vacuum, and there was no return. She listened without disrespect, but without any interest. The supports and consolations of religion were evidently unknown to her.

This woman's husband, like the other, passed unhurt through the battle of the Alma, but was wounded after it by some Russians. He, also, was sent into hospital, and was ordered home. He recovered. He was a brave man, and it was in doing his duty that he met his wound. His services and his sufferings were considered to deserve reward, and a comfortable post was found for him,

where his wife in health and strength joined him. From all that I could learn or hear, there was not the fear of God in her heart. She seemed to be living simply for the world. Without any absolute want of affection, there was none of the refined, delicate, tender, unselfish love that I saw in the other. Her heart had not been changed, nor her soul taken possession of by God the Holy Spirit, who, while He creates no new faculty of the soul, takes possession of all that He finds in us,—of memory, judgment, will, conscience, affection, —and purifies, elevates, refines, and sanctifies them all.

RELIGION AND SUPERSTITION.

Religion forbids our being the slaves of appetite, commands us to subdue sensual desires, and bring the body into subjection to the law of the mind. We must not be the votaries of pleasure, if we would be agreeable to God. The less pleasure, then, says Superstition, we admit on any account, and the more pain we inflict on ourselves, we are the more perfect, and the more acceptable to Him. Hence vows of abstinence, vows of celibacy, and others of the same kind, by which monks and anchorets seclude themselves from the world, and take a dispensation from discharging duties which, by the irrevocable law of our nature, every man owes to his fellows.

Religion forbids covetousness, restrains anxiety about worldly things, and commands us to "seek first the kingdom of God." From the same spirit of interpreting, which pays no regard to the meaning or purpose of a precept, have sprung vows of poverty, as they are called; or, as they should be called, vows of idleness. As the Pharisees had a commodious expedient for releasing children from the duty they owed their parents, by what had at least the name of a donation to the altar; (Matt. xv. 3, &c.; Mark vii. 9, &c.;) so these think they consecrate themselves to God by swearing solemnly that they will be unprofitable to men; rather, indeed, that they will be public nuisances, lay a tax on the sweat of industry, and intercept the alms held forth by the hand of charity to real indigence. For the Gospel acknowledges no poor but those who not only are in want, but whom Providence has rendered incapable of earning a subsistence for themselves. With regard to others, the maxim is, they that will not work, neither should they eat. (2 Thess. iii. 10.)

In such absurdities, however, we must do monks and nuns of Popery the justice to acknowledge that they have not been singular. From sacred history we learn that the votaries of Baal and of Moloch were actuated by the like principle. Similar penances and austerities are practised at this day by the Mohammedan dervises. Nay, a much higher pitch of perfection is attained by those Indian mendicants, the Fakeers, devotees of the being with a thousand names. And what shall we say of the tortures so unmercifully inflicted on their own flesh by the Chinese Bonzas, another set of itinerant mendicants, in honour of the god Fo? For him, too, they con over their rosaries, and make processions and pilgrimages. Superstition is the same under every dispensation. The form and the garb may be different, but the spirit is the same. In every age and every nation it may be easily distinguished by this indelible mark, that it makes the service of its supposed divinity the very reverse of a "reasonable service," and, consequently, of the character which St. Paul gives us of the service of the true God. (Rom. xii. 1.) G. C.

THE NEW JERUSALEM.

1616.

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my sorrows have an end,
Thy joys when shall I see?

O happy harbour of the saints!
O sweet and pleasant soil!
In thee no sorrow may be found,
No grief, no care, no toil.

There lust and lucre cannot dwell,
There envy bears no sway;
There is no hunger, heat, nor cold,
But pleasure every way.

Thy walls are made of precious stones,
Thy bulwarks diamonds square;
Thy gates are of right orient pearl,
Exceeding rich and rare.

Thy turrets and thy pinnacles
With carbuncles do shine;
Thy very streets are paved with gold,
Surpassing clear and fine.

Ah, my sweet home, Jerusalem,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

Thy saints are crown'd with glory great;
They see God face to face;
They triumph still, they still rejoice,
Most happy is their case.

We that are here in banishment
Continually do moan;
We sigh and sob, we weep and wail,
Perpetually we groan.

Our sweet is mixed with bitter gall,
Our pleasure is but pain,
Our joys scarce last the looking on,
Our sorrows still remain.

But there they live in such delight,
Such pleasure and such play,
As that to them a thousand years
Doth seem as yesterday.

The gardens and the gallant walks
Continually are green;
There grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

Quite through the streets, with silver sound,
The flood of Life doth flow;
Upon whose banks on every side
The wood of Life doth grow.

There trees for evermore bear fruit,
And evermore do spring;
There evermore the angels sit,
And evermore do sing.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
Would God I were in thee!
Would God my woes were at an end,
Thy joys that I might see!

The Scripture Expositor.

No. CXLIV.

"*Nor yet that He should offer Himself often, as the high priest entereth into the holy place every year with blood of others; for then must He often have suffered since the foundation of the world: but now once in the end of the world hath He appeared to put away sin by the sacrifice of Himself.*" (Heb. ix. 25, 26.)

The direct sense of the words is, that the virtue of Christ's sacrifice extends itself to all times. For otherwise, in regard men have always needed propitiation, He must have suffered often since the creation of the world. And if it be asked how His death had a saving influence before He actually suffered, the answer is clear. We must consider the death of Christ not as a natural, but moral cause. It is not as a medicine that heals, but as a ransom that frees a captive. Natural causes operate nothing before their real existence; but it is not necessary that moral causes should have an actual being. It is sufficient that they shall be; and that the person with whom they are effectual accept the promise. As a captive is released upon assurance given that he will send his ransom, though it is not actually deposited. Thus the death of Christ was available to purchase pardon for believers before His coming; for He interposed as their surety; and God, to whom all things are present, knew the accomplishment of

it in the appointed time. He is therefore called "the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world;" not only in respect of God's decree, but of its efficacy. The salvation we derive from Him was ever in Him. He appeared under the empire of Augustus, and died under Tiberius; but He was a Redeemer in all ages, otherwise the comparison were not just, that "as in Adam all die, so by Christ all are made alive."—*Bates's Harmony of the Divine Attributes*, p. 263. Edit. 1675.

No. CXLV.

"*Two are better than one; because they have a good reward for their labour. For if they fall, the one will lift up his fellow: but woe to him that is alone when he falleth; for he hath not another to help him up. Again, if two lie together, then they have heat: but how can one be warm alone? And if one prevail against him, two shall withstand him; and a threefold cord is not quickly broken.*" (Eccles. iv. 9—12.)

The Preacher gives three reasons why two are better than one. 1. Because if one fall, the other may lift him up; as that which is stronger shoreth up that which is weaker, so feeble minds are raised and kept up by the stronger: nay, oftentimes he that is weaker in one grace is stronger in another; one may help by his experience and meekness of love, that needs the help of another for knowledge. 2. If two lie together, one may warm another by kindling one another's spirits. Where two meet together upon such holy grounds and aims, there Christ by His Spirit makes up another, and this threefold cable who shall break? While Jehoiada lived, Joash stood upright; while Latimer and Ridley lived, they kept up Cranmer, by intercourse of letters and otherwise, from entertaining counsels of revolt. The disciples presently upon Christ's apprehension fainted, notwithstanding He laboured by His heavenly doctrine to put courage and comfort into them. 3. If any give an onset upon them, there are two to withstand it, spirit joining with spirit; and because there is an acquaintance of spirits as well as of persons, those are fittest to lay open our minds unto, in whom, upon experience of their fidelity, our hearts may safely rely. We lose much of our strength in the loss of a true friend; which made David bemoan the loss of his friend Jonathan. "I am distressed for thee, my brother Jonathan!" (2 Sam. i. 26.) He lost a part of himself by losing him whom his heart clave unto. St. Paul accounted that God had showed especial mercy to him in the recovery of Epaphroditus. (Phil. ii. 27.)—*Sibbes's Soul's Conflict*, pp. 138, 139. *Edit.* 1837.

TENTER-HOOKS.

THERE are some people who have a very strong desire to be noticed, and who are too indolent or too weak to actually *do* anything worthy of notice, and so they try to be doubters. Like a mule setting his feet out stiffly and refusing to go, remarkable not for what he can draw, but for his obstinacy. Old Jed. Rockwood was a man of this stamp. Many a discussion did he have in regard to the Bible with his neighbour, Mr. Stetson, always closing his remarks with, "Ah! Stetson, you can't convince *me*." And it was true. It was a favourite opinion of his that the Bible was "all made up," as he called it, "by the priests." But *when* it was made up, or *how*, or *by whom*, he did not pretend to say. He was famous for what he called "circumstantial evidence." Men might lie and deceive; but circumstances did not. If he dug down and found a coffin in the ground, all the evidence in the world would not convince him that it grew there. If he found a young bird just hatched, and the egg-shell lying close by it, there was evidence enough that the bird came out of it. But as to the Bible, he could never believe it was written where it professed to be, and by the men said to have written it.

Now Jed. owned a large part of a factory, and one year he set his heart on making a very large and a very fine piece of cloth. He took great pains with the carding, spinning, dyeing, weaving, and finishing it. In the process of the manufacture, it was one day stretched out on the tenter-hooks to dry. It made a fine show, and Jed. felt very proud of it.

The next morning he arose early to work at it, when, to his amazement, it was gone. It had been stolen during the night. What a fever he was in! What hurrying hither and thither, posting advertisements, sending constables, and rousing the community! After weeks of anxiety and expense, a piece of cloth answering the description had been stopped in Boston, awaiting owner and proofs. Down to Boston went Jed. as fast as he could go. There he found many rolls of cloth which had been stolen. They were much alike, some of them surprisingly alike. He selected one which he *claimed* as his. But how could he prove it? In doubt and perplexity he called on his neighbour, Stetson.

"Friend Stetson, I have found a piece of cloth which I am *sure* is the one which was stolen from me. But how to prove it is the question. Can you tell me how?"

"You don't want it unless it is really yours?"

"Certainly not."

"And you want proof that is simple, plain, and such as will satisfy yourself and everybody else."

"Precisely so."

"Well, take Bible proof."

"Bible proof! Pray what is that?"

"Take your cloth to the *tenter-hooks* on which it was stretched, and if it be yours, every hook will just come to the hole through which it passed before taken down. There will be scores of such hooks, and if the hooks and holes just come together right, no other proof that the cloth is yours will be wanted."

"True, true; why didn't I think of this before!"

Away he hastened, and sure enough every hook came to its little hole, and the cloth was proved to be his, and the thief was convicted, *all on the evidence of the tenter-hooks*. Some days after this, Jed. again hailed his friend.

"I say, Stetson, what did you mean by calling my tenter-hook proof, the other day, 'Bible proof?' I'm sure if I had as good evidence for the Bible that I had for my cloth, I would never doubt it again. That's what I call 'circumstantial evidence,' that can't lie or deceive."

"Yes, but you have the same, only better, for the Bible."

"How so?"

"Put it on the tenter-hooks. Take the Bible and travel with it; go to the place where it was made. There you find the Red Sea, the Jordan, the Lake of Galilee, Mount Lebanon, Hermon, Carmel, Tabor, and Gerizim. There you find the cities Damascus, Hebron, Tyre, Sidon, and Jerusalem. Every mountain, every river, every sheet of water mentioned in the Bible is there, just in the place where it is located. Sinai and the desert, and the sea of Sodom are there: so that the best guide-book through the country is the Bible. It must have been written there on the spot, just as your cloth must have been made and stretched on your tenter-hooks. That land is the mould into which the Bible was cast; and when brought together, we see that they must and do fit together. You might just as well doubt that your cloth was ever fitted to your hooks."

"Well, well! I confess I never thought of this. I'll think it all over again. If you are right, why, then I'm wrong; that's all."—*Rev. John Todd, D.D.*

THE HEARING EAR.

One great business of life is to reconcile the interests of this present world with those of the next, and to render the attention that is given to the one, consistent with that which is undoubtedly due to the other. It is for this purpose that the circumstances affecting every human being are ordered and controlled by God, his Creator. The same object is aimed at by the discipline to which man is subjected in the world, and by offering to him the special aids described in the New Testament. The doctrines, the precepts and examples, the hopes, encouragements, promises, and threatenings of religion, are all directed to this end. It is this that gives its importance to the public preaching of "the truth." For its accomplishment an order of men is taken out of the ordinary walks of life, to whom special duties are assigned. To *them* God has said, "Preach the word;" to the *rest* of mankind God says, "Take heed how ye hear."

There are duties appropriate to every relation in which man can be placed. Pure and conscientious religion, however, is the firm foundation of every good quality. If men are not in possession of vital godliness, it is impossible to say to what extent they may break down the fences of virtue, and abandon the restraints of conscience, in the general matters of life; or how far they may be betrayed into sin and sorrow in the day of trial. Religion and morality require our earnest attention, an active investigation, in order thoroughly to know and value them. God has appointed the preaching of the Gospel as the great means of edification in religion. They who speak the "words of this life" must be attentively listened to by those to whom the word of salvation is sent. Without this, the means designed to profit are lost.

Speaking and *hearing* are intimately related to each other. Either of these faculties alone would be of but little use; therefore God, to make them useful, has supplied us with both. They are two chief doors of the soul. By these she sends in and out, and holds a correspondence all the world over. By hearing the soul receives the conceptions of others. By speaking she imparts and enriches others with her own treasures. They act mutually, and are as the flint and steel, from the concussion of which, *truth*, like a sacred fire, is kindled. In their mutual activities they instigate to inquiry, and thus bring all knowledge to perfection. These noble effects, however, have their first beginning in *hearing*; for wisdom must have been in the mind before it can be drawn from it. "Wherefore," says St. James, "my beloved brethren, let every man *be swift to hear*, slow to speak, slow to wrath." The Gospel of Jesus Christ must enter into the mind and heart of man through hearing; for "faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the word of God." The philosophers of old were profuse in their praises of a disposition to listen to the voice of wisdom, advising men to purge their ears, and to keep them clean from prejudice and folly.

It is not difficult to hear; and yet it is difficult to *hear well*. He only hears well who listens diligently, and this it is not always easy to do. Hearing may be considered in a threefold way. First, as a natural action. This requires no study, no effort; it is natural. Secondly, Hearing is a mental work; it is the receiving of instruction in some point of knowledge or learning. This often requires much effort, especially in things relating to philosophy and morals. Thirdly, Hearing may be considered as a *spiritual* work. This sort of hearing is *very difficult*. It requires a "hearing ear." It not only involves a perception of the words spoken, and the exercise of the understanding in considering their truth, their goodness, their fitness, and their use, but it also demands the exercise of the affections. There are many who receive the truth, who do not receive it "in the love of it." This hearing is an exercise of the internal powers as well as of the external organs, and requires care. To hear well, *the graces*, moreover, must be at work as well as the affections. The hearers represented by the stony ground received the word with joy, but they had no root in themselves. Their understanding and their affections were engaged, but they lacked "grace to endure." There must be *faith* to believe what is heard; *meekness*, to submit to what is received; and *obedience*, to practise it.

The word of God is the word of eternal life. It is the word by which men will at last be judged. It has in it the savour of life or death, of heaven or hell, of salvation or eternal condemnation. It ought surely, then, to be heard by every man with all possible diligence and caution. "Blessed are they that hear the word of God, and do it."

The religion of Christ bestows a high honour upon him who receives it; but then it must be received in its power and purity. It must be an actuating principle, possessing the heart, sanctifying the affections, and attended with all the fruits of the Spirit. This religion is designed to be propagated by truthful argument, and by honest appeals to the reason, the conscience, and hearts of mankind. Among the blessings promised in the kingdom of Christ, there

stands this assurance: "The ears of them that hear shall hearken. The heart also of the rash shall understand knowledge." Thus it is God who gives the "inward ear," and the "understanding heart;" and "he that hath an ear to hear," understands what the Spirit says, and attends to the things that are spoken by God's servants.

The beginning of true wisdom is this possession of a readiness thus to hear, and a willingness to learn,—a teachable spirit. There are some persons, however, who over-value themselves so much, and think themselves to be possessed of so much knowledge, that they cannot be taught. These are they who are "*wiser in their own conceit than seven men that can render a reason.*" When Jesus Christ sent out His Apostles to preach, He said, "And whosoever shall not receive you, nor *hear* you, when ye depart thence, shake off the dust under your feet for a testimony against them. Verily I say unto you, It shall be more tolerable for Sodom and Gomorrha in the day of judgment, than for that city." The reason of this is given: "He that heareth you heareth Me; and he that despiseth you despiseth Me; and he that despiseth Me despiseth Him that sent Me." Thus, to resist the truth of God, spoken by His messenger, is to resist God; and those who refuse to hear it will be judged in the last day as being despisers of God. Let men, therefore, take heed both *what* and *how* they hear, so as to "mark, learn, and inwardly to digest" "the truth as it is in Jesus." "Desire the word," says Leighton, "not that you may only hear it; that is to fall very far short of its true end; yea, it is to take the beginning of the work for the end of it. The ear is indeed the mouth of the mind, by which it receives the word, but meat that goes no further than the mouth cannot nourish. Desire it so as to be ruled and guided by it: to use it so, is indeed to grow by it. Consider that this growth is not as our natural life; that is often cut off before it attain full age; and if it attain that, it falls again to move downwards and decays, as the sun, being at its meridian, begins to decline again. But this life shall grow on, and come to its fulness,—fulness of joy in the presence of God, and everlasting pleasures at His right hand." "How beautiful," says the prophet, "upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation." These good-tidings are, "Glory to God in the Highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men." The messengers of such news ought to be heard with fixed attention, devout reverence, simple faith, and earnest purpose to obey, depending on the aid of the Holy Spirit.

"Make sure of truth,
And truth will make thee sure;
It will not shift, nor fade, nor die,
But, like the heavens, endure.

"With God alone
Is truth, and joy, and light.
Walk thou with Him in peace and love,
Hold fast the good and right."

South-View. J. N.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN LOCKE.

It is said that a person with whom Locke had contracted an intimate friendship, was discovered by him to have acted with great baseness and perfidy. He had not only taken every method privately of doing what injury he could, but had gone off with a large sum of Locke's money. Many years afterwards, when our philosopher was one of the Commissioners of trade and plantation, information was brought to him one morning that a person shabbily dressed requested the honour of speaking to him. Locke ordered him to be admitted; and, to his astonishment, beheld his false friend, come to solicit his forgiveness, and to implore his assistance. Locke looked at him very steadfastly for some time without speaking a word. At length, taking out a fifty-pound note, he presented it to him, with the following remarkable declaration: "Though I sincerely forgive your behaviour to me, yet I must never put it in your power to injure me a second time. Take this trifle, which I give, not as a mark of my former friendship, but as a relief to your present wants. Consign it to the service of

your necessities, without recollecting how little you deserve it. No reply! It is impossible to regain my good opinion; for know, friendship once injured, is for ever lost."

ACCLIMATIZATION IN AUSTRALIA.

THE following is an account of the operations of the Acclimatization Society of Melbourne:—

The inauguration of the Acclimatization Society on its present footing is comparatively recent, as less than three years have elapsed since it was amalgamated with, and undertook the duties of, the Zoological Committee.

Since then, in consequence of the increasing number of animals, and the unhealthiness of the original site of the Zoological Gardens, an entirely new establishment has had to be formed at the Royal Park, involving a very heavy expenditure, in fencing, planting, forming excavation for ponds, building superintendent's house, shelter sheds, pens, &c.

The herd of camels brought from India, at an expense of £120 per head, had become scattered, and were in a fair way of being annihilated, under the various exploratory expeditions. Such of them as could be saved have been collected at Mr. Wilson's station at Wimmera, where they now form the nucleus of probably a large herd, available at some future day either for exploration or conveying the produce of remoter stations in the more arid districts.

The alpaca has been a constant source of interest with the Society. Mr. Duffield has been constantly advised with and encouraged in his great experiment, and has stated that, but for the co-operative spirit exhibited by the Society, he should have probably transferred his energies to some other country. Meantime, the little flock of llamas and hybrids imported from England have been diligently cared for, and their health and adaptation to the country watched. Since landing, their numbers have increased from nineteen to fifty-six.

The Angora goat is receiving great attention, and is likely to furnish a very valuable addition to the resources of our graziers, and of exports to our merchants. A considerable number of the best breed has lately been presented by the Acclimatization Society of France. Pure-bred goats are now rapidly multiplying.

Associated with the Society, an enterprising gentleman at Maryborough has imported a flock of the Cashmere goat, with which he is now making experiments; affording an instance of the manner in which the Society is executing one of its principal functions, in inducing foreign enterprise to avail itself of the information and organization of the Society.

Various breeds of sheep have been introduced, and are being experimented upon, with some of them showing signs of a peculiar adaptability to a hot climate.

While devoting this amount of attention to such animals as the camel, the alpaca, the Angora goat, and the sheep,—which may be considered as more immediately interesting to the mercantile and pastoral classes,—the sportsman has not been forgotten. The fallow deer, the Indian elk, the beautiful spotted axis deer, have been successfully imported, bred from, and turned loose at Wilson's Promontory, the Wimmera, the Sugar-loaf, and the Bunyin. Numerous specimens of the hog-deer of India, a beautiful deer from Manilla, and another from Formosa, are still in the possession of the Society, with a view to their multiplication and ultimate release; and fresh importations of the deer tribe are almost of weekly occurrence.

The hare has been sent to the Society by the Zoological Society of London, and has been turned out, and is now breeding freely on Phillip Island.

Various breeds of pheasants, partridges, grouse, and quail, have been introduced, and some have been liberated. Among those may be mentioned the Californian quail, which has bred after being liberated in the Botanical Gardens and Phillip Island; and the Algerine sand-grouse, of which a considerable number have been imported, and which, from their hardy nature, and the simi-

larity of their original climate, may be considered highly adapted to the country.

The English wild duck has been imported, multiplied very freely, and now visits the lagoon at the Botanical Gardens in nearly equal numbers to the indigenous water-fowl.

The Egyptian goose has bred at the Royal Park, and promises to be thoroughly acclimatized.

The wild pea-fowl of Ceylon has thriven and bred in the charge of the Society, and can soon be set at liberty.

The white swan has been introduced in considerable numbers, has bred in the gardens of the Society, and is now distributed in various localities.

Various kinds of foreign doves and pigeons have been introduced and liberated.

The curassow has been obtained, and has bred in the aviaries at the Botanical Gardens.

Of the angler and lover of fish diet the Society has not been forgetful. At the recommendation of the Society, successive votes have been placed on the estimates, and passed, towards assisting the spirited enterprise of the Tasmanian Government in the introduction of the king of fresh-water fishes,—the salmon. The gouramie, a fish which has been represented as the best fresh-water pond-fish in the world, is already in the possession of the Society, having been presented, after many trials, by a Melbourne firm; and, the difficulties of their introduction having now been overcome, the Society expects soon to obtain further supplies in considerable numbers.

The carp, tench, roach, and dace, as specimens of the not very valuable pond-fishes of England, and the goldfish, have been introduced and distributed in various localities favourable to their multiplication.

ON GAINING OUR POINT.

It is very wonderful that some men succeed so well so often: what they want, they get. How is it? My neighbour, Growler, says it is none to their credit; they are lucky men; and that it *is* their fate to do well, we need give them no praise, nor ourselves any trouble to discover the reason; because if we are unlucky men, we shall be unlucky for ever. But Growler is no authority. These men gain their point not because of their good luck, but in consequence of other things.

There is, for instance, the successful person who gains his point by craftiness. He thinks himself a diplomatist. He smiles or frowns, he fawns or orders, as will best suit his purpose: his one object is to succeed; friend or foe he will use to gain his point. He is Selfishness, married to Craftiness. He will now speak disparagingly of himself, now be loud in self-praise; now he will flatter and look amiable; now he will threaten, storm, and roar; all to secure his object. That object may be great, a kingdom or a fortune; or it may be paltry. The spirit of this man is contemptible, be the desired prize great or little.

"He wants to gain his point,"—is the secret of the strange doings of such men. You are puzzled by the affectionate ways of Mr. Crafty, with a man whom you know he hates. But why should you be? Are not worldly wise men always willing to carry their enemies on their backs if they have occasion so to do? Undoubtedly; but we may be sure that they will make the riders both work and pay, as did the old serpent who killed the frogs; but let us hear that Hindoo tale.

"There was an old serpent, by name Slow-glide, (*Manda-veesarpa*,) who, because of his great age, being unable to seek food for himself, threw himself down on the bank of a pond, where he remained till a certain frog, seeing him from a distance, asked him what was the reason he did not hunt about for food? 'Leave me!' cried the serpent. 'What occasion hast thou to inquire into the story of such an unfortunate wretch as I?'

"The frog was pleased to find him in distress, and pressed him to tell the cause of his trouble. So he told him that, having bitten the son of a great Brahmin, he had been cursed by the father, and doomed to carry despicable frogs on his back as a beast of burden. 'And here I lie,' said he, 'ready to carry any

frog that shall choose to mount upon my back.' The frog, who had been attentive to his long story, went to tell the chief of the Pool; who, soon after making his appearance, was put by the serpent upon his back and carried about at a gentle, easy pace. The king of the frogs was so pleased with his ride, that he came again the next day; but, upon finding the serpent unable to carry him, and asking him what was the cause of his weakness, the artful animal replied, 'That he was totally deprived of his strength for want of food.' Upon this the frog ordered him to be fed every day, with as many of his subjects as he might choose; and the serpent having, by degrees, eaten all the frogs which were to be found in the pool, at length devoured his benefactor."

And, gentle reader, every day there are around us crafty serpents who carry the frogs on their backs that feed them now, and that will one day be their food: they do anything to *gain their point;* their chief instrument is cunning, artfulness, craftiness.

Very different from these last people, are men who gain their point by the wise, proper use of their neighbours and of legitimate appliances. They teach us a good lesson; a lesson learnt ages before they were born, but that is as profitable to-day as of old. They act on the safe principle that a stranger, if well-disposed, is a friend; but a friend who becomes ill-disposed towards one is a stranger. They avail themselves of all lawful helps in effecting their purposes. It is wise in men not to be too self-contained, but to recognise the fact, that much that is excellent is outside of themselves. Hundreds of the successful men of the day belong to that class, simply because, without undervaluing their own powers, they know that if they did not use the talent of other people, superior to their own in some particulars, they would fail. They have acted accordingly. The Italians say, "He that is a donkey, and believes himself a deer, finds out his mistake at the leaping of the ditch;" and we may be sure that if we wish to gain our point, we must not try to do the "impossible;" nor must we neglect to make use of such aid as will enable us to do that which we could not do of ourselves.

Some, who through their own mistakes do not gain their point, torment themselves, and have reason to do so, in consequence. We should not only resolve to seek to attain that which is in itself excellent; but we should also be strict in the examination of the means we use, and the materials with which we deal. Say we are teachers. We work hard on the most promising scholars; we are charmed by their precocity; we predict a glorious future for them: the future comes, but it is not glorious; we are disappointed; our point is not gained. No, we were self-deceived. We did not know, or we forgot, that—

"A man at five may be a fool at fifteen."

They say that in the barbaric days of England, when cock-fighting was the sport in fashion, the game chickens that crowed too soon were sent to the cook, not being regarded as of enough promise to be preserved. On the other hand, boys that seemed unteachable have, in the end, turned out well. As "the ragged colt may make a good horse," so the most unlikely may repay our diligence. Here is ample scope for wisdom in gaining our point. This applies to many departments in life besides the educational.

We all know that a good temper, a little sweetness of disposition, go far in favour of him who has a point to gain. "One spoonful of honey attracts more flies than a hundred barrels of vinegar;" and if those highly favoured people who were "born with silver spoons" in their mouths are only wise enough to fill them with honey, they are astonishingly successful; and for the myriads who were born without that ornamental appendage, there is the consolation of knowing that honey is plentiful, and as sweet to flies out of pewter as out of silver.

Determination of character, the old English characteristic of pluck, enables many to gain their point. They may not be clever, they may not be geniuses; but they possess one excellent gift, they never know when they are beaten, and so they fight on until they win. Napoleon said the British were conquered

over and over again at Waterloo, but they would not own it. "Hard pounding, gentlemen," said the Duke of Wellington, in that battle; "but we will see who pounds the longest." The result has been known these forty-nine years.

We read of a great Missionary who tried to climb a tree when he was a boy. Down he fell, and broke his leg. He lay in bed, and hobbled about on crutches for six months, and then resolutely began to climb that tree again, and succeeded. That was a lesson for life. Who resolves to win, will win, as a rule.

There is, undoubtedly, great danger of persons becoming sinfully selfish if they unscrupulously determine, at all hazards, to gain their point as regards this world's good. There is a proverb that says, "Never catch at a falling knife or a falling friend." That is the despicable doctrine of a large class of adventurers. Ah! better not gain our point, than gaining it to lose kindliness of heart, and begin to fear to do right because of some personal risk which it involves.

But let us not limit our desires to finite good. Let us not seek treasures and honours that belong only to the earthward side of the grave. Our aim should be to become eternally blessed; Christ-like, holy, benefactors to our fellow-creatures; and then we may be sure that, to *gain our point*, we must be prayerful, devout, diligent. Having gained it, we shall have no cause for shame or regret; but we shall have the approval of the Lord Jehovah, and a satisfied conscience.

Chatham. C. H. K.

TERMINATIONS OF ENGLISH WORDS.

The commonest termination of English local names is *ton*. The Anglo-Saxon verb *tynan*, signifies "to hedge in or inclose." It is rare in Germany, but occurs in Sweden. In many counties the word "town" still signifies the farm-yard. We remember coming to a farm in Cornwall, and asking our way to Lost-withiel, ("the town" in the ordinary sense,) when we were told to go through the "town," (that is, the farm-yard,) and then turn to the right. It is the same in Scotland. The Norse "*gaard*" answers to the English "yard," and differs little in meaning from the original sense of "town." *Stakkgardr* in Icelandic is precisely our "stackyard." The Anglo-Saxon *weorthig*, whence the suffix "worth," in most of our names such as "Bosworth," meant, in like manner, a farm or inclosed land; but there is another Saxon word nearly similar to this, which we suspect to be sometimes mistaken for it, and that is *warod*, *wearod*, or *weard*; which means "the sea-shore," and which appears in the German *werd* or *werder*; an island in a river; whence the name *Donauwerth* is derived, and probably our name of *Isleworth*. *Fold*, *stoke*, and *park*, all have to do with inclosure. *Ham* is the English form of *heim*, which meets us in so many German names. *Hurst*, *holt*, *wold*, *weald*, and *chart*, were all applied to spots which were thickly wooded. Chiselhurst, in Kent, is the wooded "place on pebbles," and the name suggests considerations of interest sufficient to detain us for a moment. The first portion of this word is the Saxon *Ceosel*, and the High German *Kiesel*. "Chelsea" is probably *Chesel-ea*, or "the shingle island" in the Thames. The shingle bank which unites Portland to the mainland is called "the Chesil Bank," and Chiselhurst was so denominated because it stands on another great ridge of rounded chalk flints, which constitute the peculiar gravel-beds of Woolwich and Blackheath. The name thus leads us to the geological formation of these extraordinary strata; it seems to tell us that, as the Chesil Bank now lies amid the breakers of the Channel, so this mass of flints was rolled to and fro for ages just at the level of the waves, amid the surf of the ocean. Our Saxon ancestors, when they came, found the summit clothed with wood, and gave it this appropriate name, which describes at once the surface and the soil, and points by analogy to the process of its geological construction. It is said that there are upwards of two thousand English names which contain the syllable "ing," the

Anglo-Saxon patronymic. Sometimes it is the termination of the local name; but it is oftener placed before the element which signifies "dwelling," as in "Kensington" and "Islington." The name "Harlington," for instance, means the "town," or settlement, of the tribe of the Harlings; and the "Billings," one of the Royal races, have probably left their name attached to "Billingsgate," as well as to many other places in England.—*Words and Places. By the Rev. Isaac Taylor, M.A.*

A COINER'S CONSCIENCE.

THERE is now in the Hull gaol a person who exhibits a most appalling spectacle of the results that follow the unheeded warnings of conscience. About two months ago John and Jane Elliott were taken into custody on the charge of having base coin in their possession. Not only was the manufactured article discovered in the prisoner's possession, but also all the implements requisite for carrying on the trade of a coiner. The prisoners were brought before Mr. Travis, but for the purposes of justice they were remanded for a week. That time having elapsed, the female prisoner was again placed at the bar, but John Elliott had succumbed to a serious mental malady. The stipendiary magistrate, accompanied by Mr. Gresham, visited the gaol and saw the prisoner. The information they received was of that nature that it was resolved to forward an account of the prisoner's condition, and of the facts of the case, to the Secretary of State for the Home Department. The female prisoner was again placed at the bar, and as it appeared improbable that her husband would ever be called upon to answer to the law for the offence he had committed, she was discharged. The present condition of the prisoner is such that those who have seen him form the conclusion that he has for a long time lived in a state of the most intense fear lest his practices should be discovered; and his actions now reflect that fear. For let a shadow fall across his face, and a shudder seems to paralyse his whole body. The poor madman, too, continually raves about his coins, and his tools, and his secret practices. Altogether, the case is about as melancholy a one as our annals of crime have furnished for some time.—*Eastern Counties Herald.*

THE TRANSFORMING POWER.

IF you have a fire, cast wood and straw upon it, and it will cause them to burst forth into a flame. Let the fire be furnace-heated, then cast stones into it, it will break and dissolve them. Submit to its heat gold or silver, it will purge away their dross. Cast iron into it, and it will soon transform the metal into its own likeness,—a mass of molten fire. Even so with the Spirit. To Him bring your worthless soul to receive revelations and discoveries of the love of God, and the grace and goodness of Jesus; and the Spirit, in taking of the things of Christ, and showing them to you, will fire your whole soul with the flames of gratitude and love. Submit your stony heart to His operation, and He will break it into pieces with the hammer of the word, and melt it into prayers and penitential tears. Carry your corruptions to Him to be subdued, and He will purify your soul from sin and from dead works, to serve the living God. Let Him exert His full power upon you, and He will make you like unto Himself, pure as He is pure; and you shall be "changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord."—*Christian Treasury.*

ANECDOTE OF THE REV. HENRY MOORE.

IN the year 1828, after one of the early meetings of the Wesleyan Conference, which was held in London, several of the Ministers met at the breakfast-table of a medical gentleman residing not far from the City-road chapel. Among other topics the talents of the great and good Dr. Chalmers were made subjects of remark, when one of the company, addressing the Rev. Valentine Ward, who had been stationed in Scotland, asked if it were true that the Doctor did not believe that our

blessed Saviour died for all men. "Yes, it is," was the reply; "for I heard him say so myself." "Well, brother," interrupted Mr. Moore, "and what did you say?" "I said a few things," answered Mr. Ward, "but feeling somewhat awed by the great Doctor, I did not acquit myself to my own satisfaction." "Did you ask him," rejoined Mr. Moore, "to swear to it?" "No," said Mr. Ward, "what would have been the use of that?" "Yes, brother," said Mr. Moore, with an emphasis peculiarly his own, "you should have asked him to swear to it; and then it would have been for you to believe Almighty God, or Dr. Chalmers, ON OATH; for it is written, "As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth."

NIGHT JOURNEY IN ICELAND.

As the night progressed,—if I might call that night when the sun was still in the heavens,—the clouds left the mountains, and the stately pile of Esja stood out purple-mantled, with its ravines choked with snow. We had a fine view of it from above Leiruvogr; a bay studded with islands, on one of which cows were pasturing, and light blue smoke gave evidence of a farm. Beyond, in the remotest distance, shone the sugar-loaf Snœfels Jokull; nearly seventy miles distant. To our right, was a bold mass of dark rock thronged with ravens; at its foot a hot spring, near which stands a small byre, whose *tún*, or home-field, bright green sprinkled with golden cups, was gladdening to the eye, wearied with the prevailing grey and black tints of the landscape. The only land cultivated in Iceland is the *tún*, which is a meadow surrounding the house, varying in extent according to the number of cows kept on the farm; this field produces the hay which constitutes the food of the cattle during the winter.... It was a still arctic midnight. The sky was flooded with light, toning the azure to the tenderest green. Clouds were transmuted to rose flakes, and mist to a nebulous haze of flame; some ragged cloud patches, high above the mountain-peaks, flamed like gold in the furnace, their shadows picked out with carmine. A crown of rays, extending to the zenith, streamed from behind Esja, which was thrown into grey shadow. Rock and mountain were distinct, as though seen through an opera-glass; every crag and furrow was pencilled with wondrous minuteness; each mountain-top cutting against the sky with sharp precision. Though no direct rays of sun touched the earth, yet the reflected light from above made everything even clearer than by day, when a slight haze softens outlines and blends colours.—*Baring Gould's "Iceland," &c.*

THE FAITH OF ASSURANCE.

THE late Rev. Dr. Adam Clarke, when preaching on one occasion, remarked, "When I was a boy, there were three kinds of faith spoken of in Ireland: the faith of adherence, the faith of reliance, and the faith of assurance; but only one man was known to possess the last. When, however, I was converted, they said, 'Now little Adam Clarke has it.'" Then, after a solemn pause, he said, with considerable feeling, "Glory be to God! I have it yet."

SUNSHINE.

SECLUSION from sunshine is one of the misfortunes of our civilized life. The same cause which makes potato vines white and sickly, when grown in dark cellars, operates to produce the pale, sickly girls that are reared in our parlours. Expose either to the direct rays of the sun, and they begin to show colour, health, and strength. One of the ablest lawyers in our country, a victim of long and hard brain labour, came to me a year ago, suffering with partial paralysis. The right leg and hip were reduced in size, with constant pains in the loins. He was obliged, in coming up stairs, to raise the left foot first on every stair, dragging the right one after it. Pale, feeble, miserable, he told me he had been failing several years, and closed with, "My work is done. At sixty I find myself worn out." I directed him to lie down under a large window, and allow the sun to fall on every part

of the body; at first, ten minutes in a day; increasing the time until he could expose himself to the direct rays of the sun a full hour. His habits were not essentially altered in any other particular. In six months he came running up stairs like a vigorous man of forty, and declared, with sparkling eyes, "I have twenty years of work in me." I have assisted many dyspeptic, neuralgic, rheumatic,, and hypochondriacal people into health by the sunshine. I have so many facts illustrating the wonderful power of the sun's direct rays in curing certain classes of invalids, that I have serious thoughts of publishing a work to be denominated the "Sun-Cure."—*Dr. Dio Lewis.*

Our Country.

"MANX-LAND."

(*Concluded from page* 286.)

THE Manx peasantry are a hardy race, frugal and industrious in their habits. They are superstitious, and wedded to ancient customs, but not wanting in honesty and common sense. Mr. Wesley, in his *Journal*, describes the natives as "a plain, artless, simple people; unpolished, that is, unpolluted."

Nowhere is the Sabbath more strictly observed; and if this praise-worthy characteristic of the Manx people is less marked than formerly, it is feared this must be attributed to the example and influence of English visiters. So careful are the fishermen to observe the Lord's day, that they do not leave port either on Saturday or Sunday evening. No fair is held either on Saturday or Monday. Fairs falling on either of these days are postponed till the Tuesday following. The public-houses are closed from 10 P.M. Saturday, till 6 A.M. on Monday, by Act of Tynwald.

The island is divided into seventeen parishes. There is provision made in the Manx church for fourteen vicars, two rectors, an archdeacon, and a bishop. The Rev. John Merton, a clergyman from the Isle of Man, attended the first Methodist Conference. Stevens, in his *History of Methodism*, says the first Methodist sermon ever heard on the island, was preached at Douglas, in 1775. This statement, however, is not correct, as the Rev. John Murlin, (commonly called the "Weeping Prophet,") who was then stationed at Whitehaven, visited the Isle of Man in 1758. His own account is as follows: "I embarked in July, 1758, for Liverpool; but the captain deceived us, and carried us to the Isle of Man. Here (at Ramsay) we stayed a week. The second evening I preached in a large barn; but on Sunday it would not contain the congregation, so I was obliged to preach abroad. The people in general behaved well, and gave great attention. After I left, some of them sent to Whitehaven desiring to have another preacher. But it was some years before another preacher went, there being so little probability of doing any considerable good, while the whole island was a nest of smugglers." At length the case excited the attention of the Methodists in Liverpool, who concluded to employ, in a mission to the Manx islanders, John Crook, then a zealous Local preacher, and afterwards a well-known itinerant, and frequently spoken of as the "Apostle of the Isle of Man." Mr. Crook proceeded to the island early in 1775; and the Lord crowned his labours with great success, though for some time he met with very considerable persecution. Societies were formed in Castletown and Peel. In the latter town a summer-house, standing in a garden, is still pointed out as the place in which one of these first classes was accustomed to meet. The Methodists constantly attending the Church service on the Sabbath, the communicants in Peel soon rose to three hundred, and "some of the unbelieving part of that parish were offended because there were constantly so many at the sacrament."

When, at the Conference of 1775, Mr. Crook received an appointment as a travelling preacher to "Lincolnshire West," the Isle of Man was placed under the care of the preachers at Whitehaven, and considered as forming part of that Circuit. The preachers were expected to visit it in turn, and each to remain a month.

The island was constituted a separate Circuit in 1778, Mr. Crook being appointed as Superintendent, and labouring there three years in succession. The writer of a memoir of Mr. Crook, which appeared in the *Methodist Magazine*, observes: "The Isle of Man was the first Circuit in which his ministerial labours were continued more than a year at one time. And by comparing the numbers which he found in Society in that island when he came to it, in 1778, with those which he left three years after, it will appear that he, in conjunction with his fellow-labourers, was eminently useful. The numbers returned in 1778, for Whitehaven and the Isle of Man united, were nine hundred and thirty-three; and in 1781 the numbers in the island itself amounted to one thousand five hundred and ninety-seven, and those in the Whitehaven Circuit to two hundred and ninety. What a blessed increase in those two Circuits in so short a time!—an increase of upwards of nine hundred."

Mr. Wesley visited the island in 1777, and again in 1781. He was greatly pleased with the state of the Societies, and wondered that so much had been done in five or six years. During his first visit he writes, in his *Journal*, "A more loving, simple-hearted people than this I never saw." On the second occasion, in 1781, having met the Local preachers, "two-and-twenty in all," he observes: "I never saw in England so many stout, well-looking preachers together. If their spirit be answerable to their look, I know not what can stand before them." When about to take his leave, he wrote, "Having now visited the island round,—east, south, north, and west,—I was thoroughly convinced that we have no such Circuit as this, either in England, Scotland, or Ireland." Comparing the numbers in Society with the total population, he asks, "What has been seen like this, in any part either of Great Britain or Ireland?"

At the Conference of 1786 Mr. Crook was again appointed to the Isle of Man; and a third time in 1798, when the island was divided into two Circuits; but during this his last residence in the island, he suffered much from that severe scorbutic complaint which, a few years after, occasioned his death. He exchanged mortality for life in 1805, at Scarborough; in the sixty-third year of his age, and thirty-first of his itinerant life. The Conference record says of him, "He was a man of good understanding, considerable information, deep and solid piety, great exactness in Christian discipline, and of extensive usefulness, especially in the Isle of Man and the north of Ireland. Into the former of these places he successfully introduced Methodism; and in the latter he was made the instrument of turning many from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan to God. For the last years of his life he was much afflicted; but was patient in doing good, and enduring pain; preaching, for the most part, on his knees, being unable to stand."

The Isle of Man was constituted a separate District in the year 1805, and various alterations took place in subsequent years as to the manner of working the Circuits, and the form in which they were published in the annual *Minutes*; but there never was really and in fact a third Circuit in the island till the Conference of 1862, when Castletown was divided from Douglas. The year following Peel was also separated from Ramsay, so that there are now four Circuits, with a staff of ten ministers. The Local preachers number about one hundred and twenty. There are nearly three thousand five hundred members in Society, and above four thousand scholars in the Sabbath-schools, and this with a population less than that of such towns as Leicester or Nottingham. The island is studded with Wesleyan chapels, amounting to between sixty and seventy. Many of the original chapels were very primitive structures; but have, in most cases, been superseded by larger and

more commodious buildings; and, during the last few years, several really tasteful country chapels have been built; while those in the towns will bear favourable comparison with our chapels in England.

The congregations connected with our different places of worship are the most numerous in the island. The inhabitants, generally, are well acquainted with the doctrines of Wesleyan Methodism, and evidence a preference for its ministry and usages. Methodism is sometimes called the established religion of the Isle of Man.

It is reported that a bishop catechising the children in a school not very far from the episcopal residence, asked what was meant by the communion of saints? After a moment's pause, a little girl replied, "It is meeting in class, Sir."

Though a recent writer on Manx-Land has ventured to assert that "the Episcopal Established Church of England in the Isle of Man is now in a position to do that for herself which John Wesley and his followers endeavoured to do for her a hundred years ago," no unprejudiced observer can doubt that "Mona" continues to present an interesting and promising field of Methodistic labour.

HANNAM.

A FEW MORE WORDS ABOUT COAL.

IN the *Christian Miscellany* for May, we gave a brief sketch of the coal-fields of our country, referring, among other particulars, to their extent, the probable duration of their supply, and the important item which they contribute to our national wealth.

We mentioned that, in the year 1861, they yielded upwards of eighty-three millions of tons of coal. Returns, which we have more recently seen, state the produce of 1863 to have reached one hundred million of tons, representing a money value of, at least, £34,000,000 sterling, and showing, on only two years, an increased supply of seventeen millions of tons.

Is the drain upon our coal-mines to go on advancing at this marvellous ratio?

It should excite our gratitude to God, that an article so important to man, both as a source of heat and of mechanical power, is widely and bountifully distributed throughout the earth. It is, however, in Europe and North America that the coal-measures are found on the largest scale. On the European continent, France, Belgium, Rhenish Prussia, Westphalia, and Bohemia, possess the most numerous and productive mines.

Russia is remarkably deficient in coal. Throughout the whole of her immense European empire, from the Ural Mountains to her western frontier, and from the Arctic Ocean to the Black Sea, embracing a great variety of soil and climate, and covering a territory of two millions one hundred and twenty thousand square miles, it is calculated that her coal-fields do not much exceed one hundred square miles. A striking contrast this to the little but busy kingdom of Belgium, which, with less than twelve thousand square miles as her portion of Continental Europe, has coal-fields extending over an area of five hundred square miles.

Crossing the Atlantic, and looking at the coal deposits of the North American States, we meet with a supply even richer than that which our country can boast of. Of several immense coal-producing districts, the principal are, the Apalachian fields, reckoned at fifty-five thousand five hundred square miles; the beds of Illinois, Indiana, and Kentucky, computed at fifty-one thousand square miles; and another region, measuring nearly seventy-four thousand square miles. Or, to put it in another form, these three divisions alone of the North American coal-fields extend, in the aggregate, over an area about equal to that of Great Britain, Ireland, Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, and Portugal.

On so gigantic a scale, like its rivers, lakes, and forests, are the mines of the Western world.

But, What is coal?

If you put this question to the geologist and the chemist, they will tell you, that a careful examination of coal shows its structure to be entirely different from that of the rocks and earths in which it is imbedded, and also from the mineral

substances which run in various veins below the earth's surface. Coal has an origin altogether different; it is a vegetable fossil, and its formation and its history carry us back to a very distant period of our earth's age, and a very different condition of its existence. This remote time is separated from our own by centuries which we are unable to count, and it belongs, in the language of geology, to the transition period.

The formations of this period lie between the Old Red Sandstones, and the Lower New Red Sandstones; the latter of which is also called the Permian group, in consequence of its having been minutely examined in Perm; a large district in Russia.

The distant era of which we now speak, marks the introduction upon our planet of the earliest forms of vegetable life. It is the age of trees and plants; not, be it remembered, trees of hard and close-grained timber, such as now form our forests. They were mostly reed-like trees, some of the leaves of which were three feet in length, and huge ferns of a soft pulpy nature. They grew upon the mud spread over the newly-formed limestone grounds; and, nourished by a hot and moist atmosphere, which contained vast supplies of carbon, they attained a lofty and luxuriant growth. In some parts of the world where favourable conditions co-exist, as a high temperature and sufficient moisture, even now similar ferns are occasionally met with, though not of equal size. Mr. Ellis thus describes the appearance of some of these in the island of Madagascar: "Whilst passing through a large forest of trees, the most attractive natural objects I met with during this excursion, were the number of large and exceedingly fine grown *tree-ferns*, standing sometimes singly, but more frequently in clusters of eight and ten, and growing to the height of from seven to *twenty feet*. Nothing could surpass the graceful beauty of the large feathery, and bright green fronds of this truly elegant class of plants, which were here so abundant, as to impart the charm of their own peculiar character to the foliage of the forest in which they grew." No less than five hundred varieties of plants of this description have been met with by geologists among the old carboniferous forests, and some of these tree-ferns probably grew to the height of one hundred feet. And, beside the lofty growths of this soft texture, and perhaps some of a harder substance, there flourished, in wide and wondrous profusion, tribes of dwarf plants, which have been described as "semi-aquatic and moss-like, chiefly flowerless." Over the vast, marshy, low lands, where all the exuberant vegetable life grew, the waters of the sea flowed; sometimes gently, and sometimes in all the force of stormy and violent inundations. The surface of the submerged vegetation became covered with successive layers of earthly deposits, which gradually hardened into rocks; and it was beneath the enormous pressure of this superincumbent mass, and in the action of various chemical agencies, that the old forests of the carboniferous era were changed into the invaluable fossil which we call coal. How gratefully ought we to admire the bountiful provisions of God's wisdom and goodness, which thus stored up in the secret depths of the gradually-developing earth, these hidden treasures! "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the *earth is full of Thy riches*." We can see a meaning in these words deeper than the Psalmist in his day could possibly reach; even as in the ages yet to come there shall be unfolded still ampler discoveries of the "manifold wisdom of God."

It will aid us in forming some conception of the value and importance of coal when we mention that, according to recent calculations, of the amount annually raised in various parts of the world,—roughly estimated at one hundred and fifty millions of tons,—it is probable that thirty millions of tons "are applied in the smelting of iron alone;" and that some fifteen millions of tons "are converted directly into mechanical *power*, through the generation of steam for the propulsion of machinery." But the saving of hard, wasting toil to man thus represented, who can reckon *that* up?

E. L.

Memorials of the Departed.

D, December 24th, 1862, EDWARD RD, of Binbrook, in the Market-Circuit, aged nineteen. He was the 'pious parents, and enjoyed all the tages of home religion. Taken atly to the Wesleyan chapel, from ys of infancy, the truth found an g-place in his heart when he was at of tender years. He was con- to God, in July, 1861, while g his Bible in a field. He imme- r joined the Wesleyan Methodist y. He loved the class-meeting, ways availed himself of the privi- f attending whenever opportunity . Soon after his conversion, some former companions were led to and find salvation, and became ers of the same class. The word l was his constant companion, and deavoured to walk by its light. g health at length called him ur, rather than to do, the will of During the whole of his affliction as patient and submissive, never ng a murmur or a complaint. Al- h the adversary of souls was per- l to assail him, he was enabled to his "fiery darts." To a friend bserved that he was always cheer- e said, "Why should we be sad, 'we know that if our earthly of this tabernacle were dissolved, ave a building of God, a house nade with hands, eternal in the ns?'" His father asked him, you on the Rock?" He said, ." He then asked him to read to rom the Bible. In a few minutes ital spark had fled. He died ex- ing, "Bless the Lord." J. P.

IN BLATCHLEY was born on July 1802, of pious, Wesleyan parents. rly life he became the subject of religious impressions; and when years old, he sought and found , through faith in Christ. An ing dream and a terrific thunder- were made instrumental to his rsion, and a mother's loving hand ed him to the cross. His play- fellows strove hard to induce him to break the Sabbath, and well-nigh succeeded. "John," said his father one day, "I cannot live and see you act thus." The spell was broken, and the dangerous companionship at once abandoned. In 1822 he became a teacher in the Hinde-street Sunday-school; and early in 1823 joined our Society, of which he continued a consistent member until his death, which occurred on the 14th of February, 1863; in the sixty-first year of his age. He sustained several offices in the church, labouring, with good success, for many years, particularly in connexion with Ranelagh-road Chapel, Pimlico. During the last months of his life he gradually ripened in spirituality. Holiness was his favourite theme. The quiet, unobtrusive character of his piety, springing from a child-like trust in Christ, was fully expressed in his dying words,—

> "In my hand no price I bring,
> Simply to Thy cross I cling."

His memory is blessed; for he was a just man, and highly esteemed by a large circle of Christian friends. T. M. T.

DIED, at Tiverton, on the 29th of April last, in the twenty-first year of his age, MR. FREDERICK CORNEY. He was a native of Bury, near Ramsey, Hunts. He was cradled in Methodism, and was educated in the Wesleyan day-school. In childhood he was amiable, living in the fear of God. He was not truly converted, however, until he arrived at the age of eighteen. Under a sermon preached by Mr. Stokes, of the Huntingdon Circuit, it pleased God to convince him that he was a sinner. After a few weeks of earnest seeking, he found peace, through believing, and, being "joined to the Lord," he sought fellowship with His people. Some little time after this he removed to Tiverton, and his name shortly appeared on the Local-preachers' Plan. His appointments were filled faithfully and efficiently, so long as God gave him health and strength. Possessed of "a meek and

quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price," his gentleness and kindness, together with an exemplary walk and conversation, secured for him the attachment and esteem of those who knew him. Mr. Corney preached his last sermon in the Tiverton Chapel, a few days previous to the attack of sickness which was unto death. The text selected was, "Behold the Lamb of God, that taketh away the sin of the world." Thus he may be said to have realized the prayer,—

"Happy, if with my latest breath
I may but gasp His Name;
Preach Him to all, and cry in death,
'Behold, behold the Lamb!'"

The day following he was recommended by the Superintendent, at the Quarterly Meeting, as a candidate for our ministry, and was unanimously approved. But the Almighty was pleased, in His infinite wisdom, to call him to higher service, and to place him with those "who have obtained the prize:" so that this promising youth reached the goal after but a short race, won the victory after a brief conflict. During his short illness, he suffered patiently. As he was passing through the ordeal he told his weeping mother that he thought his work was done, but that he felt quite resigned to the will of God, and was prepared for death. It had been a great delight to him to preach the Gospel. Reference being made to this, he said, feelingly, "O, I did love it!" A short time afterwards, he appeared to imagine himself conducting public service. He sang, prayed, and preached, and then calling on some one to pray, added, "I cannot remain with you. There are three shining ones waiting for me!" His lips were now closed in death. After a brief space of unconsciousness his passport was signed, and his struggling with the "burden of flesh" was succeeded by an entrance into the "joy of his Lord."

W. SWALLOW.

MRS. DICKINS, of Whaplode-Washway, Spalding Circuit, was awakened from the sleep of sin, made a partaker of converting grace, and joined the Wesleyan Society in 1820. For about forty-four years she was a steady, humble, useful Christian; respected and loved by all. She was the chief means of raising the Sunday-school connected with the chapel, and for about thirty years a diligent teacher, a faithful treasurer, and a liberal supporter. When age and infirmities compelled her to withdraw from her loved duties, her grateful associates presented her with a handsome Bible, as a token of their esteem and love. Her attachment to the school was beautifully illustrated in one of her last acts,—directing that a bun should be given to each child in the school on the Sabbath after her funeral. Our friend was the leader of a small class for many years; and having served her generation by the will of God, she said to her attendant, "Let me go to heaven;" and passed to life eternal, aged seventy-six years, on June 20th, 1864.

RICHARD TABRAHAM.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Hobson, Mr. Jesse,	Bramley,	Bramley,	50	July 23d, 1864.
Keenlyside, Jane,	Sparty-Well,	Allendale,	81	July 25th, 1861.
Pearse, Mr. William,	Asselby,	Howden,	88	July 24th, 1864.

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POERS HAYES,

THE BIRTH-PLACE OF SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

HAVE you ever travelled along the southern coast of Devon? No? Then note it as the scene of your next holiday ramble; and remember, that until you have really enjoyed the beauties of that charming sea-border, the pleasures of your mortal pilgrimage are not complete. Take care, however, that you wander as a traveller, not as a mere tourist. You must start with some knowledge packed in your mind, and not expect to gather it all on the ground. Get rid for the time of everything that would dim your eye, or narrow your range of thought, or check the freedom of your imagination, or chill your sympathy with nature in her purity and loveliness, bearing memorials of past greatness, showing herself still youthful and fresh, and giving out promises of ceaseless renewals. Give yourself time to linger and ruminate, and dream. Let your movements accord with the quiet harmonies around you. Suit your paces to the music of tides; and keep no time-table but such as you may borrow from sun, or moon, or stars, or hill-shadows, or woodland songsters. Are you ready? Then let us start from Sidmouth. Our way shall be over the Peak. Turn now, and

let your eye rest a moment upon the valley of the Sid. How it refreshes your sight! and how the soul expands when we reach the top of the hill, and look out upon that heaving sea! Did you ever gaze upon ocean waters so clear, so bright, and so happily rivalling the azure of the sky with which they lovingly mingle in the offing? See! there is the Bill of Portland; telling us by its distinct outline, according to the lore of the local weather-prophets, that rain is coming. And now, going down on the other side of the hill, we could pleasurably linger to look upon the beauties of Bicton-Park, under the guardianship of Woodbury-hill, with its dark firs keeping watch over the old British camp-ground; and still beyond, there is the sparkling Exe courting the tidal swell, and the wooded heights of Haldon, and the distant granite Tors of Dartmoor in blue outline against the clear horizon. But now we are down on the banks of the Otter; and here is a delicious pathway toward the mouth of the stream, where its waters fall over beautiful heaps of polished shingle into the sea. That salt-marsh, too, looks as if its living green were glad to witness the merry greeting between its occasional freshets and the waves. Nor will its rich and rare variety of plants allow you to be hurried, if your taste and knowledge dispose you to botanize. When you have completed your collection of pretty things, let us turn up towards East Budleigh, find our way into the old church, and ruminate among the beautiful oak-carvings, and under the shadow of the screen upon which the eyes of so many generations have gazed during the solemnities of the Sabbath-service. The antique work is the more interesting from the fact that it must have frequently caught and fixed the attention of Sir Walter Raleigh in the days of his boyhood. He was born in an unpretending house not far from the church. That lane which passes upward towards the slopes of Woodbury brings us to the little farm which marks the spot. What visions of adventure on sea and on land; what dreams of courtly life; what tremulous lights and shadows of literary fame and political fortunes float and flicker around that simple home-stead, with its garden-plot and back-ground of furzy upland! Who can help loving the memory of the man who, with all his faults, had heart enough, amidst the honours and luxuries of palace-life, to turn with tender longings towards his humble birth-place, and to say, in his proposals for the purchase of Poers Hayes, dated at Court, July 20th, 1584,—"For the natural disposition I have for that place, being born in that house, I had rather seat myself there than anywhere else." It is refreshing, in these days of general strife for mere appearances, to visit the spot which a favourite of Queen Bess thought he should be happy in calling his home. True greatness is always modest. It cannot be mean; but it is its nature to be simple. Sir Walter Raleigh was not of low extraction, though he first saw the light in a homely dwelling. Had his ancestry been most humble, his greatness would have added another proof to the fact that minds of lofty power will often rise above their birth; and, in spite of circumstances,

push far in advance of their age and times. This is not the place to write a memoir of Raleigh; but let us look at the picture of his birth-place, and rehearse to ourselves that estimate of his character which once fell from a quaint but discriminating pen. After recording notices of his unfortunate and undeserved execution, the old biographer says,—"Thus died that Knight who was Spain's scourge and terror, whom the whole nation pitied, and several Princes interceded for; Queen Elizabeth's favourite, and her successor's sacrifice: One of such incomparable policy that he was too hard for Essex; was the envy of Leicester, and Cecil's rival, who grew jealous of his excellent parts, and was afraid of being supplanted by him. Authors are perplexed under what topic to place him, whether of statesman, seaman, soldier, chymist, or chronologer; for in all these he did excel. He could make everything he read or heard his own; and his own he could easily improve to the greatest advantage. He seemed to be born to that only which he went about; so dextrous was he in all his undertakings, in court, in camp; by sea, by land; with sword, with pen. And no wonder; for he slept but five hours [a day]: four he spent in reading and mastering the best authors; two in a select conversation and in inquisitive discourse; the rest in business. He was no mere effeminate person; he underwent all the labours that attend a soldier, and fared as the meanest. No common mariner took more pains, or hazarded more in the most difficult attempts. So that it still remains undetermined whether the age he lived in was more obliged to his pen or his sword; the one being busy in conquering the New, the other in describing the Old, World. 'He had,' says an observing statesman, 'in the outward mien, a good presence in a handsome and well-compacted person; a strong natural wit, and a better judgment; with a bold and plausible tongue, whereby he could set out his parts to best advantage. And to these had the adjunct of some general learning, which, by diligence, he enforced to great augmentation and perfection; for he was an indefatigable reader, whether by sea or land, and none of the least observers of both men and the times.'" With all this, however, he lost his head, like many other great men. He was probably a victim to the policy or prejudice of James I. Possibly the monarch could never forgive the man who first taught Englishmen to violate their stomachs and taint their breath with tobacco-smoke; that against which the royal author issued his *Counterblast;* and which his regal authority had pronounced fit food or indulgence for none but the devil. Raleigh had thrown open a part of the Western world to English commerce; and had been distinguished as governor of the colonial province, which he had named Virginia, in honour of James's virgin predecessor: but he had dimmed his own credit, and darkened the countenance of royalty, by calling in upon his native island the vapours of a stinking "weed;" so that his brightest virtues could be seen now only through the medium of fumes which the monarch's taste was pure enough to dislike. James has been called, in mockery,

the Solomon of his age; whether or not, however, he was equal to the wisdom of proverbs, he certainly proved himself capable of something like prophecy; for he seems to have had instinctive forebodings of a day when the mischief, which Raleigh imported, becomes popular enough to augment the revenues of the Crown at the expense of public cleanliness, salubrity, freshness, and vigour. One unpleasant association with a man's name may for ever lessen the fragrance of his memory. One mischievous indulgence may so overbalance all the good of a human character, that its influence for evil long outlives the richest fruits of its virtue. It is a serious question, whether all that Raleigh said or did for the benefit of his race will ever weigh down the accumulating evils which the use of his tobacco entails on the physical constitution of our English youth. But let him rest. Let all untainted lips breathe a prayer on behalf of those who have been victimized by his Virginian "weed;" and let charity guide us to the scene of his melancholy end, and dispose us to think kindly of the man who said, when laying his head upon the fatal block, "So the heart be right, it is no matter which way the head lieth;" and whose last entreaty to those around him was, "Join me in prayer, that the great God of heaven, whom I have grievously offended, being a man full of all vanity, and have lived a sinful life in all sinful callings,—having been a soldier, a captain, a sea-captain, and a courtier, which are all places of wickedness and vice,—that God, I say, would forgive me, and cast away my sins from me; and that He would receive me into everlasting life. So I take my leave of you all, making my peace with God." Were there nothing else to be thankful for among the remains of the gifted man who began his life at Poers Hayes, and finished his career on the scaffold, in Old Palace-yard, there is the precious little poem, Sir Walter's *Pilgrimage*. What a gem is the first verse!—

"Give me my 'scallop shell of quiet;
My staff of faith to walk upon;
My scrip of joy, (immortal diet!)
My bottle of salvation;
My gown of glory, (hope's true gage,)
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.
Blood must be my body's only balmer,
No other balm will there be given;
Whilst my soul, like a quiet Palmer,
Travelleth towards the land of Heaven;
Over the silver mountains,
Where spring the nectar fountains,
There will I kiss
The bowl of bliss,
And drink my everlasting fill
On every milken hill.
My soul will be a-dry before,
But after it will thirst no more."

VALUE OF THE SABBATH.

NEXT to the gifts of revelation and redemption, there is no boon so precious as the Sabbath. Indeed, without that day, even those matchless gifts would, in a great degree, be ineffective. It is on the Sabbath that truth is specially conserved, and man aroused to embrace it. The value of time, and the claims of eternity, are then more impressively enforced upon the conscience; for the Sabbath is a soul-quickening parenthesis in the dark chapter of life, a blessed pause in the unceasing career of toil and anxiety, and a faithful and eloquent voice to tell us of God and futurity. Its weekly return seems to fling a radiant bow over the dark clouds, and sorrows, and strifes of the other six days; while, at the same time, the voice of the Divine calls up man's thoughts and affections to things spiritual and holy. O bright and blessed day! All human epithets are below its merits. Men speak of it as "the best of all the seven;" "the light of the week;" "the torch of time;" "the watch-tower of immortality;" "the pearl of days;" "the world's abiding jubilee;" "the memorial of Paradise past, and the earnest of Paradise to come;" "the golden clasp which binds the volume of the week together;"—

> "Life's sweetest calm,
> Care's constant balm;"

"labour's only rest;" "heaven's gracious boon;" "man's precious birthright;" "eternity in time;" "God's walking hour in the cool of the day;" "the church's lovefeast;"—

> "Bright shadows of true rest; shoots of bliss;
> The next world's gladness prepossest in this."

But the highest and holiest title is that which Infinite wisdom has given to it,—"The Lord's day." Nothing has such an air of antiquity on it; nothing draws along with it such a glory; nothing has in it such a history; nothing has attached to it such a blessedness. Some one day in the week has been set apart by many different creeds and countries for a Sabbath, although, alas! employed, in many instances, for unhallowed purposes. While we mourn over the fearful desecration of the day which prevails in our own land, we greatly rejoice in the national recognition of it which obtains. On the Christian the Sabbath has many claims.

We love it because it is the Lord's day.—Everything that is the Lord's demands our love; His words, His house, His sacraments, His people, His holy and happy Sabbath. Every hour of it is dear to us, more precious than gold; and that man's religion is questionable indeed who does not love the Sabbath.

We love it because it is the day of holy rest,—a safe and sweet asylum from the incessant hum of earth; a welcome refuge from its stormy

billows; a quiet calm from its wearying toils. Surely in this bustling world such a respite is needed. Thrice happy day! It benefits the servant, and wrongs not the master. For a time it suspends the curse, and soothes the sorrows, and hushes the anxieties, which have chafed and fretted the spirit in the week. In fact, the entire week takes its complexion from the Sabbath. If we hallow it, it hallows us, and blesses all the other six days beside. Spend the Sabbath in sloth, and you have a heavy week; spend it in toil, and you have a weary week; spend it in worldly anxiety, and you have a troubled week; spend it in amusement, and you have a vain week; spend it for God, and you have a happy week.

"A Sabbath well spent
Brings a week of content,
And health for the toil of the morrow;
But a Sabbath profaned,
Whatsoever be gained,
Is a sure forerunner of sorrow."

Let, then, the Lord's day with us be a day not for recreation, or idle conversation; not for feasting or visiting; but of high and holy communion with God, and of burning zeal in His service.

We love the Lord's day because of its opportunities for spiritual employment and enjoyment.—How appropriate the Sabbath for religious retirement and private meditation! Even creation then seems to repose in calmer dignity, as if to summon us to reflection; to withdraw from the outer world, and to separate ourselves from its distractions. We then enter most easily the solitudes and recesses of our hearts. Amid the silence of the world without, the gentle voices of truth then speak and make themselves heard. Everything in these stirring times has a tendency to take us from ourselves, and to draw us from God; but the soul cannot prosper that derives not its life and power from the Divine and Eternal. The Sabbath proffers its hallowed hours for this purpose. Then the spirit is in more intimate contact with the spiritual, and the heart feels a responsive sympathy with the holy and the heavenly.

How favourable, too, is the Sabbath for family communion!—Home intercourse is fitful and interrupted during the secular week. The Lord's day completes the fireside circle, and opportunity ought then to be sought for spiritual conversation and intercourse. On that day, if it be not possible on the others, the family altar should be made more attractive by introducing *praise* as well as *prayer*, and *catechising* as well as *reading*. It is much to be regretted that this practice of our forefathers should have become nearly extinct. The revival of it would be fraught with blessing. Lovely sight, when beneath the domestic roof the Sabbath is rightly honoured and employed! Home then is very near to heaven. The *public worship* of God's "holy and beautiful house" has then an attractiveness about it with which, under other circumstances, it cannot be invested. The soul

then longs to tread the sacred courts, and the sanctuary is the "chief joy" of the Sabbath.

The Lord's day also offers special opportunities for works of mercy, and charity, and benevolence. The poor, the sick, the dying, the wretched, have their several claims on our zeal and pity. Many are the doors of usefulness which earnest charity will never refuse to enter.

Let us, then, hail the return of every Sabbath as the special day for glorious toil in the service of our blessed Redeemer. While we neglect no opportunity for doing good at any time, let us crowd into this precious day as much work for God as we can, and thus find that in such labours there is true "rest."

We love the Lord's day because it is a beautiful relic of Paradise lost, and a blessed type of Paradise regained.—We sometimes loosely talk of this and the other thing as being "the only flower that survived the fall;" but the Sabbath alone enjoys this distinctive glory. Paradise and the Sabbath were born together; they stand together on the same page of the book, shining like twin stars in the morning sky of the young world. Though Paradise is lost, yet the Sabbath remains; a glorious golden link between the Paradise that has passed away and the better one that is to come. The first whole day spent by man on earth was a Sabbath. The last day of the world shall usher in a Sabbath. The day is coming when sin and sorrow shall be swept away from the world's face; and then shall come the Sabbath of eternity, cloudless and serene; the "*rest* that remaineth for the people of God." Rest from labour, but not from love; rest from toil, but not from service; rest from prayer, but not from praise.

Let us, then, as we throw off our week-day cares and clothing, cheerfully look forward to the time when we shall cast aside the garment of flesh, and be robed with immortal life. Let us anticipate the period when our working-days of time shall be over, and the Saturday night of life shall be followed by the Sabbath of heaven,—that glorious "Sun-day" that knows no setting, no ending. Let the Lord have *all* His day. Let not mammon or Satan rob Him of any of its sacred hours. Let us avoid its profanation in every form; those forms which are doubtful, as well as those which are openly wrong. Let us touch not its life, deface not its beauty, impair not its sanctity, listen to no compromise, heed no reproach; but in every duty and engagement, "Remember that" we "keep holy the Sabbath-day."

JOHN S. WORKMAN.

THOUGHTS ON THE STRUCTURE OF SOCIETY.

IN contemplating the structure of society, and the laws by which it is upheld, two antagonist principles present themselves to view, as the sources, in their combined action, of its stability and prosperity. The first is the principle of progress. We find in ourselves a vague, unsatisfied longing after perfection; not the common, natural desire which every man feels to better his personal condition, but an indefinite craving after

what is ideally or theoretically excellent. "Painting," says Bacon, "raises the mind by accommodating the images of things to our desires." We are conscious of desires in relation to social and political improvement, which, though their images cannot be represented to the eye by pictures, or even by language, are not the less influential. There are cravings of the mind as well of the body; with this difference, that the former are not to be appeased by a definite quantity of the thing desired; they become more importunate in proportion as they are gratified.

All the improvements which have taken place in the condition of nations; all distinguished excellence, whether intellectual or moral; all the arts and sciences, and the refinements of civilization,—in a word, every step that has been made above rude simplicity,—is owing to the operation of this principle. It is this which forms a principal distinction between us and the inferior animals. They have no aspirations after a higher state; no principle of progress. In their case, generation after generation remains in the same condition as when the race began to exist.

It is not pretended that a principle of progress is equally operative in every individual, in every age, or in every race. Peculiarities of temperament in the individual or in the tribe, untoward circumstances, want of genius in leaders, or deficiency of inventive power among the people; these, and many other circumstances, may, at particular periods, and even for long periods together, prevent its full development. But it is clear that it does exist; that it is an essential feature in the structure of society.

Another first principle, as essential, and as extensive in its influence, is that of conservatism. It is this which leads man to cling tenaciously to what he already possesses; to fear to adopt what he does not fully understand. We trace the influence of this principle when we see a man refusing to eat what he is not acquainted with as proper for food,—hesitating to place confidence in anything he has not tried. It is, in short, the principle of self-preservation; and what the principle of self-preservation is to man in the individual, that of conservatism is to society. We feel a natural and reasonable attachment to what we are acquainted with, what we well comprehend, and have tried; and, on the other hand, a natural and rational distrust of what is new and untried. Hence the attachment and veneration with which we look to the past; hence the hold which ancient customs and institutions have upon mankind, simply as they are old, and irrespective of any considerations as to their beneficial tendency. Hence the impossibility of resting any new national institutions *wholly* on the basis of reason or philosophy. Institutions which can derive no strength from connexion with the past, can only be temporary. Such "trees of liberty" may be planted, but they soon wither and die. "Let the institutions which are dear to us be strongly established in the bosom of facts,—of the facts of all time; let the trace of them be everywhere found; let them everywhere re-appear in history: they will thence derive force, and we ourselves dignity; for a nation has higher esteem for itself, and has greater pride in itself, when it can thus, in a long series of ages, prolong its destiny and its sentiments."*

This principle of conservatism, whether in the extreme form of a sentimental veneration for the past, whether as an instinctive attachment to things old and tried, as a cautious

* Guizot.

fear of novelties, or as a due and sober consideration of the fact that it is to the past that we are indebted for a great proportion of the social and civil blessings we enjoy, in one form or other is of universal operation, and is essential to the existence of a civilized community. Nor can the action and counter-action of the great antagonist forces in society, of progress and of preservation, be viewed without admiration of the wisdom and goodness displayed in the Providential origination and control of the social scheme. It is to the principle of progress that we owe our escape from primeval swamps and forests. To the principle of conservatism we owe the fact that there are no symptoms of a return to the savage condition. Let progress without conservatism be the order of the day, and the ancient landmarks being removed, every man would become an Ishmael. Let conservatism rule to the hindrance of progress, and man's noblest aspirations are quenched, his strongest incitements to action are destroyed; and society, stagnant and lethargic, would by degrees relapse into barbarism.

It is not one of the least considerable wonders in the scheme of the Divine government, that men's minds should be so constituted as that each of these principles should have its advocates. It is conceivable, for instance, that every individual mind might have been in equilibrio; without any decided preponderance either way. We cannot fail to perceive how much wiser is the existing arrangement, where the ardour of the one is kept in due check by the immobility of the other, and the immobility of the one is stirred, or, perhaps, shamed, by the ardour of the other; the result being a gradual and safe progress in the institutions of society, and the advancement of the human race. L. H. W.

MOTHERS.

THERE is no name of mortal so sweet, so sacred, and so precious, as that of mother! There is no other relation among mortals so hallowed as that of mother! She is, if true to herself and high dignity, the Divinely-appointed guardian of dependent life and character. Childhood lies in her embrace, to be shaped into angelic comeliness, or to be dwarfed into moral deformity. It is her duty and destiny to educate. It is her matchless woman's right to exert an influence which belongs to no other. Her serene devotion to the welfare of her offspring has in it elements of almost supernatural grandeur. Let her do her work well, and generations will bless her memory. Let her fail to do her work, and where is the miracle to supply her neglect? Much as is expected of mothers, they nevertheless are not omnipotent. They can do much, indeed; but there is more they cannot do. They cannot wield the authority of a father; they cannot rule the household with that sovereign sway which belongs to its head. They cannot command the descent of the Spirit, to renew and sanctify the hearts of children. For these reasons, mothers ought to have the constant sympathy and support of fathers in their families. It is the duty of the husband to honour the wife. He should exalt her in the estimation of her children. He should show her that constant and delicate respect to which the queen of his heart and home is entitled. He should frown upon and repress any signs of filial revolt from her gentle sway. He should counsel with her in regard to the management of her beloved ones, and do all in his power to aid in bringing up their children "in the nurture," and fear, "and admonition of the Lord."

As the family rules the State and the Church, so the heads of families

should be watchful and assistant to each other in all those delicate and difficult tasks which are involved in the work of home education.

WHAT IS CONVERSION?*

CONVERSION is, in the Bible, often called a change of heart. The term "heart," as it is used in Scripture, is figurative, and always signifies the voluntary controlling preference of the mind, with regard to the supreme object of pursuit, or the end of life. It recognises an analogy between the heart of the body and the heart of the soul. That fleshly organ of the body called the "heart," is the seat and fountain of all animal life, and, by its constant action, diffuses life through the entire animal system; the spiritual heart, the fountain of moral and spiritual life, is that deep-seated but voluntary preference of the mind, which constitutes the fountain or source from which proceeds all its other voluntary affections, emotions, designs, purposes and actions; and from which they derive their moral character. This is the sense in which the term "heart" is used in the Bible. Adam's heart, when he came out of the hands of his Maker, was perfectly holy, but not infinitely so. As his preference for the glory of God and His service was not infinitely strong, and as he was created a free agent, it was possible that he might change it. The only power in existence which can govern or control mind is the influence or power of motive. When Adam's constitutional appetite for food, and desire for knowledge, were strongly excited; under the influence of the motive presented by the devil in the person of the serpent,—"Ye shall be as gods,"—he voluntarily changed the ruling preference of his own mind. He changed his own heart. He preferred being a god himself to obeying his Maker; and, therefore, his will consented to gratify his constitutional propensities in a prohibited manner. He changed his own heart from holiness to sin.

There was no change in the constitutional powers of moral agency themselves, but simply in the use of them. By seeking to be happy in his own way, by separating his own personal interest from the glory and service of his Maker, he became a selfish, sinful, guilty being, and a mortal man. And he must have died on that very day, had it not been for the interposition of the dispensation of mercy founded on the atonement of Christ, which placed him and all his posterity in a state or position of individual probation, or trial, with their present and future welfare as entirely in their own hands as Adam's was in his. A condition not only equitable, but unspeakably gracious. A situation of unquestionable mercy, and of great privilege; while the motives brought into operation are of such amazing power, as to leave every impenitent sinner under the Gospel without excuse; the astonishment of heaven and the scoff of hell!

In this new state of probation, man is not only the creature of God, and, as a rebel against His throne and government, guilty and justly condemned; but he is Christ's "slave," or servant; His property by right of redemption. He is not his own, and therefore he is morally bound to "live not unto himself, but unto Him that died for him, and rose again." The providence which extends any blessing or mercy to a sinner, is the disposal of things by the atoning Mediator. And He is crowned with this authority, not only because He is God, but because He has "tasted death for every man."

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* From a tract, *Arminianism, Calvinism, &c., compared.* By Rev. T. D. Reynolds. London: Eliot Stock, Paternoster-row.

Had He not, on the fall of Adam, interfered on the ground of His atonement, neither you nor any other child of Adam would ever have had an existence in this world. And had not this gracious interposition been for you personally, you would never have been brought into being. Your existence, therefore, came to you through the mediation of Christ, and for the sake of His death for you. It is for His sake that your life has been spared so long; it is He that has hitherto interceded for you, "Spare it this year also." Upon your daily mercies you may behold the superscription, "Christ crucified." You will, therefore, understand why it is that the Bible affirms that every living man ought to live not unto himself, but unto Christ, and for Christ. (2 Cor. v. 14, 15.) From His throne in glory the Saviour now addresses you: "Behold My hands and My feet, behold My pierced side: these are the tokens of My love for you. All this I have done for you; what are you doing for Me? All this I have suffered for you; what will you do for Me?" All your mercies are to you of free grace, procured at the expense of the sacrificial blood of Christ.

The fact, however, is but too evident, that all unconverted sinners prefer their own selfish gratification in the service of sin and Satan, to that holiness of heart and life which the service of Christ requires. Selfishness is the law of Satan's empire; holiness is the law of Christ's kingdom. Every impenitent sinner deliberately refuses to yield his mind to the influence of the truth, and thereby becomes his own destroyer. The motives to a right preference are infinitely stronger than to a wrong one. It requires much greater power to resist them, than it does to yield to their influence. The glory of God and the interests of His kingdom are an infinitely greater good, than your private interest and selfish gratification; therefore you, God and all His creatures, are bound to prefer it.

This wrong, unholy preference, constitutes the whole of your sin. This sinful preference you are bound to alter; on pain of eternal death. You have missed the mark; you have aimed at the wrong end of life. Sin is a wrong aim or intention. You prefer your own private, separate, selfish interest as the end of life, to the glory of God and the service of Christ; to promote which you were both created and redeemed. You rob God of His glory; you rob Christ of His right; you murder your own soul. God has given you all the powers of moral agency; He has created those powers: you can and do use them. He does not require you to alter them, but to employ them in His service. He has given you power to obey or disobey; and your sin is, that while He sustains these powers, you abuse them in the service of sin and Satan! Instead of using them, as you are bound to do, in the service of your rightful Lord and Master, you prefer to give the devil the use of them. For all your base ingratitude, vile unbelief, and the want of that love to Christ which is His due, the Gospel imperatively calls upon you now to repent on pain of eternal death. "Repent ye, and be converted, that your sins may be blotted out." (Acts iii. 19.) "Repent ye;" that is, blame yourself, and justify God's requirements. "Make you a new heart and a new spirit: for why will ye die,... saith the Lord?" (Ezek. xviii. 31, 32.) "Make you a new heart;" that is, change the voluntary controlling preference of your mind from selfishness to holiness. "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let

him be accursed at His coming." These are the duties which the Saviour binds on sinners, with all the sanctions of the Gospel message. They are duties which never could have been required, except under a redeeming and restorative dispensation, founded on the atonement of Christ for sinners. The moral law marks out only the duties of men as moral agents; but the duties enjoined by the Gospel are the duties of man as a sinner towards Christ as a Saviour. A sinner is a character which the moral law, as such, could never contemplate, or recognise as the subject of duties, but as the subject of penalties only. All the duties which the Gospel binds upon sinners towards Christ as a Saviour, are founded on the fact that "He tasted death for every man."

The fact, that the Gospel commands sinners to "repent,—to be converted,—to make themselves a new heart,—to believe in Christ,—to love Him,—to come to Him," &c., constitutes the strongest possible evidence that they are able to do it. Justice has given them the ability, grace only makes them willing. God will never blame any man for his nature, but for his conduct only. Some persons speak of conversion, or a change of heart, as something which the sinner is to wait for in the use of the means, till God give him grace, just as he would passively wait for a surgical operation. Millions of souls have perished, under the sound of the Gospel, through this fatal delusion.

But how can God's commands, "Repent ye, and be converted;" "Make you a new heart," &c., be consistent with the frequent declarations of the Bible, that a new heart is the "gift," or "work" of God. The Bible ascribes conversion, or a new heart, to different agencies. It is often ascribed to the Spirit of God. Still more frequently to the truth. "The truth shall make you free." "Sanctify them through the truth." "The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul." Sometimes it is ascribed to the preacher who presents the truth. "He that winneth souls is wise." "I have begotten you through the Gospel." "He that converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death." "I now send thee to the Gentiles, to open their eyes, to turn them from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God, that they may receive forgiveness of sins." And it is frequently spoken of as the work of the sinner himself. "Ye have purified yourselves by obeying the truth." "I thought on my ways, and turned unto the Lord." Now, all these Scripture statements are true; they mean just what they say, and they are perfectly consistent with each other. The fact is, the actual turning is the sinner's own act and deed. The agent who induces him is the Spirit of God. A secondary agent is the preacher, who, by presenting the truth, brings it into immediate contact with the mind. The truth is, the instrument, or motive, which the Holy Spirit uses to induce the sinner to turn.

How very natural it is for a person, just having recovered from a dangerous illness, to say of his physician, "He saved my life." At another time to say of the medicine, "It effectually cured me, and saved my life." And again to say, "Had I not taken that medicine I must have died." And then to exclaim, "O, the goodness of God!" "Had He not of His own free grace or favour blessed the means, they would never have proved effectual." Now, it will be easy to understand in what sense that person ascribed his recovery to different agencies. To the doctor, to the medicine, to himself, and to God. Had he refused to take the medicine, he would not have

been in a position for the influence of the other agencies to be brought to bear upon his physical system. But the impenitent sinner refuses to yield his mind to the influence of the truth; he is, therefore, his own destroyer. His blood is entirely upon his own head.

THE DIVINE ORIGIN OF THE NEW LIFE.

From a new work by Dr. Bonar,—*God's Way of Holiness.* *

In every Bible-truth there are two elements, the Divine and the human; but the Divine element is one thing, the human another. The theology that embodies most truth is that which knows how to recognize both of these, without confusion, yet without isolation or antagonism, and which refuses to merge either the Divine in the human, or the human in the Divine.†

Hence the necessity for confining ourselves to the Word, and the danger of introducing human metaphysics into questions connected with the spiritual change wrought on us. It is God that worketh; it is we who are wrought upon; and everything needful to be known in connexion with this work is revealed in the Divine record. We give this thought some prominence, because of the tendency with many to magnify humanity, and to undervalue the greatness of that change which begins the Christian course and character. No elevation of natural taste, no infusion of religious or benevolent earnestness, no cultivation of the intellect, can fill up the description given us, in the Word, of one "who fears God," and is the "called according to His purpose;" "begotten again to a lively hope by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead." And we urge this the more decidedly, because, as is the beginning, so will be the middle and the end. A false idea, or a diverging step, at the outset, may lead to a false religion throughout life; to an imperfect and superficial goodness; as one incorrect figure or sign in an equation falsifies both process and result. If the dislocated joint is not properly set, it will never work comfortably; and if the wound is merely skinned over, the disease may be taking its own way underneath; all the more fatally because it is supposed to be removed.

How the Holy Spirit operates in producing the newness of which we have spoken, we know not; yet we know that He does not destroy or reverse man's faculties: He renovates them all, so that they fulfil the true ends for which they were given. As He does not make the hand the foot, nor the eye the ear; so He does not make the heart the intellect, nor the will the judgment. Each faculty remains the same in end and use as before, only purified and set properly to work. Nor does the Holy Spirit supersede the use of our faculties by His indwelling. Rather does this indwelling make these more serviceable, more energetic; each one doing his proper work, and fulfilling his proper office: while the whole man, body, soul, and spirit, is, instead of being brought under me-

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* London: Nisbet and Co.

† We hear much of the Divine and the human element in Scripture. Nor is the expression amiss; yet might we not rather say that the Bible is all human, and yet all Divine? It is PERFECT *according to what God meant it to be*, though *we* may note what *we* call "imperfections" in it. The mountains of earth, in their ruggedness, are perfect in their way, though they have not the artificial perfection of the statue or the temple. God has chosen that His book and His world should resemble each other in that kind of perfection; a perfection which man appreciates in the landscape, but depreciates in the Bible.

chanical constraint, made more truly free; never more fully himself than when filled with the Holy Spirit. For the result of the indwelling Spirit is liberty; not bondage, or the production of an artificial character.

Thus, then, though no violence is done to our being in regeneration, Omnipotence is at work at every point. Our new being is not the result of a mechanical process, yet it is the produce of Divine power. God claims it as a "creation," and as His own handiwork. "He that hath wrought us for the selfsame thing is God;" (2 Cor. v. 5;) where the word implies the thorough elaboration of some difficult piece of work. "It is God which worketh in you both to will and to do of His good pleasure;" (Phil. ii. 13;) where the expressions indicate an operation which influences our "willing" as well as our "doing;" and this on account of His "well-pleasedness;" (as the word is;) His "well-pleasedness" with Christ, (Matt. iii. 17,) and with His own eternal design. "God's tillage" (or "husbandry," 1 Cor. iii. 9) is His name for us when speaking as a Husbandman; "God's building," (or fabric,) His name when speaking as an Architect. It is "to *the image of His Son*" that He has "predestinated us to be conformed, that He might be the first-born among many brethren;" (Rom. viii. 29;) having "chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world, that we should be holy and without blame before Him in love." (Eph. i. 4.)

It is, then, "to holiness" that God is calling us; (1 Thess. iv. 7;) that we should have our "fruit unto holiness;" (Rom. vi. 22;) that our hearts should be "stablished unblamable in holiness;" (1 Thess. iii. 13;) that we should abound "in all holy conversation and godliness;" (2 Peter iii. 11;) that we should be "a holy priesthood;" (1 Peter ii. 5;) "holy in all manner of conversation;" (1 Peter i. 15;) "called with a holy calling;" (2 Tim. i. 9;) "holy and without blame before Him in love," (Eph. i. 4,) presenting not only our souls, but our "bodies," as (not only "a living," but) "a holy sacrifice to God;" (Rom. xii. 1;) nay, remembering that these bodies are not only "a sacrifice," but "the *temple* of the Holy Ghost." (1 Cor. vi. 19.)

Holiness is likeness to God; to Him who is the Holy One of Israel; to Him whom they laud in heaven, as "Holy, holy, holy." (Rev. iv. 8.) It is likeness to Christ; to "that holy Thing" which was born of the Virgin; to Him who was "holy, harmless, undefiled, separate from sinners." (Heb. vii. 26.) It is not only disjunction from evil, and from an evil world; but it is separation unto God and His service. It is priestly separation, for priestly service. It is distinctiveness such as that which marked the tabernacle and all its vessels; separation from every common use; separation by blood, "the blood of the everlasting covenant," this blood (or that which it signifies; viz., death) being interposed between us and all common things, so that we are dead to sin, but alive unto God; alive to righteousness, having died and risen in Him whose blood has made us what we are,—*saints*, holy ones.

This holiness or consecration extends to every part of our persons; fills up our being, spreads over our life, influences everything we are, or do, or think, or speak, or plan, small or great, outward or inward, negative or positive, our loving, our hating, our sorrowing, our rejoicing, our recreations, our business, our friendships, our relationships, our silence, our speech, our reading, our writing, our going out and our coming in; our whole man in every movement of spirit, soul, and body. In the house, the sanctuary, the chamber, the market, the shop, the desk,

the highway, it must be seen that ours is a consecrated life.

In one aspect, sanctification is an act, a thing done at once, like justification. The moment the blood touches us,—that is, as soon as we believe God's testimony to the blood,—we "are clean;" (John xv. 3;) "sanctified," set apart for God. It is in this ceremonial or priestly sense that the word is used in the Epistle to the Hebrews; for as that to the Romans takes us into the *forum*, and deals with our *legal* standing, so that to the Hebrews takes us into the *temple*, and deals with our *priestly* standing. As the vessels of the sanctuary were *at once* separated to God and His service, the moment the blood touched them, so are we. This did not imply that these vessels required no daily ablution afterwards; so neither does our consecration intimate that we need no daily sanctifying; no inward process for getting rid of sin. The initiatory consecration through the blood is one thing, and the continual sanctifying by the power of the Holy Ghost is another. The former is the first step, the introduction to the latter; nay, absolutely indispensable to any progress in the latter; yet it does not supersede it, but makes it rather a greater necessity. To this very end are we consecrated by the blood, that we may be purified inwardly by the Holy Ghost; and he who would make the completeness of the former act a substitute for the latter process, or a reason for neglecting it, has yet to learn what consecration means; what is the import of the blood which consecrates, and for what end we were chosen in Christ and called by His grace. (Eph. i. 4.)

The thing which *man* calls sin may be easily obliterated or toned down into goodness. It deserved no expulsion from Paradise, no deluge, no Sodom-fire; it is a thing which the flames of Sinai greatly exaggerate, and of which Israel's history presents an exceptional picture. It is one of the mishaps of humanity, the enormity of which has been quite misreckoned by theologians, and the history of which, in Scripture, must be read with abatements and due allowances for Oriental colouring. It is not a thing for the judge, but for the physician; not a thing for condemnation, but for pity. It deserves no hell, no Divine wrath, no legal sentence; it needs no atonement, no blood, no cross, no substitution of life for life; mere incarnation, as the expression of Divine love to the unfortunate, and the intimation to the universe of God's all-comprehending Fatherhood, and of Adamhood's union with God, will be sufficient. But that which *God* calls sin is something infinitely terrible, far beyond our ideas of misfortune and disease; something to which even Sodom and Sinai gave but faint expression. It is something which the law curses and the judge condemns; something which needs a righteous pardon, a divine Saviour, and an almighty Spirit; something which can destroy a soul, and ruin a world; which can, from one single drop, overflow earth for six thousand years, and fill hell eternally. It is that of whose hatefulness the blood, and smoke, and fire of the altar speak; which is "exceeding sinful;" whose wages is death, the first and second death; and of whose balefulness the everlasting darkness is the witness.

He who would know holiness must understand sin; and he who would see sin as God sees it, and think of it as God does, must look at the cross and grave of the Son of God; must know the meaning of Gethsemane and Golgotha.*

* Am I bound to think of sin as God thinks? Most certainly. Have I no liberty of thinking otherwise? None. You may do so, if you choose to venture, but the consequences are fearful, for error is sin. We are not bound to think as man thinks. In

The tendency of the present day is to under-estimate sin, and to misunderstand its nature. From the cross of Christ men strike out the very elements which intimate the Divine opinion of its evil. It is admitted to be an evil, greater or less according to circumstances; an hereditary poison, which time and earnestness will work out of the constitution; an unruly but inevitable appetite, which is to be corrected gradually by moral discipline and wholesome intellectual diet, rendered medicinal by a moderate infusion of the "religious element;" a sickening pain, sometimes in the conscience, sometimes in the heart, which is to be soothed by the dreamy mysticism, which, acting like spiritual chloroform, dulls the uneasiness without touching its seat; this is all. Why a loving God should, for so slight and curable an evil, have given over our world for six thousand years to such sorrow, pain, tears, weariness, disease, and death, as have overflowed it with so terrible a deluge, is a question which such a theory of evil leaves unanswered. Yet such are the representations of sin with which we find a large amount of the literature and the religion of our day penetrated. Humanity is struggling upward, nobly self-reliant. The race is elevating itself; (for the Darwinian theory has found its way into religion;) and Christianity is a useful help in this process of self-regeneration! Thus does many a prophet speak peace when there is none; bent on "healing the hurt" by the denial of its deadliness. Of what avail this calling "evil good, and good evil," this putting "darkness for light, and light for darkness," this putting "bitter for sweet, and sweet for bitter," will be in the great day of reckoning, a coming hour will show.

this respect we have entire liberty; not tradition, but free thought may be our formula here. But we are bound to think as God thinks, not in one thing, but in everything. Woe be to him that presumes to differ from God; or reckons it a light matter to be of one mind with Him; or tries to prove that the Bible is inaccurate or unintelligible, or but half-inspired, in order to release himself from the responsibility of receiving the whole truth of God, and afford him license to believe or disbelieve at pleasure, freed from the trammels of a fixed revelation.

THE BETTER SACRIFICE.

No blood, no altar now,
The sacrifice is o'er;
No flame, no smoke, ascends on high;
The lamb is slain no more!
But richer blood has flow'd from nobler veins,
To purge the soul from guilt, and cleanse the reddest stains.

We thank Thee for the blood,
The blood of Christ Thy Son;
The blood by which our peace is made,
Our victory is won:
Great victory, o'er hell, and sin, and woe,
That needs no second fight, and leaves no second foe.

We thank Thee for the grace,
Descending from above,
That overflows our widest guilt,
The Eternal Father's love:
Love of the Father's everlasting Son,
Love of the Holy Ghost, Jehovah Three in One.

We thank Thee for the hope,
So glad, and sure, and clear;
It holds the drooping spirit up,
Till the long dawn appear:
Fair hope! with what a sunshine doth it cheer,
Our roughest path on earth, our dreariest desert here!

We thank Thee for the crown
Of glory and of life;
'Tis no poor withering wreath of earth—
Man's prize in mortal strife:
'Tis incorruptible as is the throne,
The kingdom of our God and His Incarnate Son.

—*The Praise of Jesus.*

BARRAT'S CHAPEL, DELAWARE.

BARRAT'S chapel is a place of great historical interest. The year 1784 was a memorable one to Methodists in America. It was the commencement of their existence as a church. In the autumn of that year Mr. Dickins, the preacher stationed in New York, and the New-York Methodists, were most agreeably surprised by the arrival of some distinguished strangers whom Mr. Wesley had sent on an important mission. On the 3d of November, Dr. Coke, Richard Whatcoat, and Thomas Vasey, landed in New York. It was the Doctor's first visit to the New World, then at a far greater distance, practically, than in these days of swift packets, and still swifter steamships. "Dr. Coke's first care was to find out the Methodist preaching-house. A gentleman, although not a Methodist, conducted him to the house of Mr. Sands, at that time one of the trustees of the preaching-house. Here he took up his abode, and found himself in a region of hospitality and friendship. The intelligence of his arrival soon brought to the house the travelling-preacher in that city. To him Dr. Coke unfolded the plan which Mr. Wesley had adopted for the regulation and government of his Societies. It was no small consolation to him to learn that the plan met with Mr. Dickins' entire approbation; and so confident was he of Mr. Asbury's concurrence, that he advised the Doctor to make it public throughout all the Societies, being fully assured that the name of Mr. Wesley would impart a degree of sanction to the measure which would disarm resistance, even if any were apprehended. But, that nothing might be done precipitately, Dr. Coke declined to carry the advice into execu-

tion until he had seen Mr. Asbury, to whom he had a particular message, although they were personally unknown to each other, that they might act in concert, and take no step that should not be the result of calm deliberation."

Mr. Asbury and Dr. Coke subsequently met at Barrat's chapel, on the 14th of November. "There they formed the plan for calling the famous Christmas Conference, which resulted in the organization of the Methodist Episcopal Church. It was a meeting of great hearts and kindred spirits." The Conference agreed upon was held in Baltimore, December 25th of the same year. It is said that Mr. Dickins, who first welcomed Dr. Coke, gave to the Methodist Societies in America the name by which they have been since collectively known. "After Mr. Wesley's letter, declaring his appointment of Dr. Coke and Mr. Asbury as joint Superintendents, had been read, analyzed, and cordially approved by the Conference, the question arose, 'What name or title shall we take?' One proposed—I think it was John Dickins—that we should adopt the title of Methodist Episcopal Church. Most of the preachers had been brought up in what was called 'the Church of England;' and, all agreeing that the plan of general superintendence, which had been adopted, was a species of episcopacy, the motion was carried without, I think, a dissenting voice."

What changes have taken place, how greatly has Methodism enlarged her "borders" in America, since Mr. Asbury and Dr. Coke met, for the first time, in the unpretending chapel of which we give a sketch!

The Scripture Expositor.

No. CXLVI.

"*Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him.*" (1 Cor. ii. 9.)

All that is beautiful or sweet here is but a shadow of that glory, a drop of that vast ocean of delights. For all that is desirable in the creatures, and is dispersed among them, is united in God as the Original, in an infinite and indeficient manner, with all the prerogatives which the creatures have not. Celestial blessedness as much exceeds our most raised thoughts, as God is more glorious in Himself than in any representations made of Him by the shadows of our imaginations. There is a greater disproportion between the condition of a saint on earth and in heaven than between the life of an infant in the womb, and the same person when advanced to the throne, and attended by the nobility of a nation. St. John declares, "Now are we the sons of God, and it doth not yet appear what we shall be." Who knows the full signification of being heirs of God, and joint heirs with Christ? of partaking in that glorious reward which is given to Him for His great services to the crown of heaven? Who can tell the weight, the number, and measure, of that blessedness? "To him that overcometh," saith our Redeemer, "will I grant to sit with Me in My throne, even as I also overcame, and am set down with My Father in His throne." We have reason to break forth in the language of the Psalmist, "How great is Thy goodness, which Thou hast laid up for them that fear Thee!" and supply the defects of our understanding by a holy admiration, which is the only measure of those things that are above our measure. Besides, the reward, as in excellency it is Divine; so in duration, it is perpetual. Heaven is an inheritance as safe as it is great. Here we are subject to time, that carries us and all our goods down its swift stream; but there, eternity, which is fixed and unchangeable, embraces us in its bosom. We shall be secure and at rest; for no person shall take away our crown. We shall reign for ever and ever. At God's right hand are pleasures for evermore, which can never abate nor end. As His liberal hand bestows, so His power preserves our happiness. The blessed shall sing everlasting hymns of glory, and songs of thanksgiving, to the great Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier; who hath prepared and purchased that felicity for

them, and hath brought them to the secure possession of it.—*Bates's Harmony of the Divine Attributes*, pp. 363, 364. *Edit.* 1675.

No. CXLVII.

"*The doctrine which is according to godliness.*" (1 Tim. vi. 3.)

The whole contexture and harmony of the Gospel in its doctrines, precepts, promises, threatenings, is for the exaltation of godliness. The objects of faith revealed are not merely speculative, to be conceived and believed only as true, or to be gazed upon in an ecstasy of wonder; but are mysteries of godliness, which have a powerful influence upon practice. The design of God in the publication of them is not only to enlighten the mind, but to warm the heart, and purify the affections. God discovers His nature, that we may imitate Him; and His works, that we may glorify Him. All the precepts of the Gospel are to embrace Christ by a lively faith; to seek for righteousness and holiness in Him; to live godly, righteously, and soberly in this present world. When our Saviour was on the earth, the end of His sermons, as appears in the Gospel, was to regulate the lives of men, to correct their vicious passions, rather than to explicate the greatest mysteries. Other religions oblige their disciples either to some external actions, which have no moral worth in them; so that it is impossible for anyone that is guided by reason to be taken with such vanities: or they require things incommodious and burdensome. The priests of Baal cut themselves. Among the Chinese, though in great reputation for wisdom, their penitents expose themselves half-naked to the injuries of the sharpest weather, with a double cruelty and pleasure of the devil, who makes them freeze here, and expects that they shall burn hereafter. It is not the most strict observance of serious trifles, nor submitting to rigorous austerities, that ennobles the human nature, and commends us to God. The most zealous performers of things indifferent, and that chastise themselves with bloody discipline, labour for nothing, and may pass to hell through purgatory. But the religion of Christ reforms the understanding and will, and all the actions depending on them. It chases away error, and vice, and hatred; and sheds abroad light and love, purity and peace; and forms on earth a lively representation of the pure society that is in heaven. The end of it is to render men like the angels in holiness, that they may be so in blessedness. This will render it amiable to all who consider it without passion: and it is worthy of observation, that although many heathens and heretics have contradicted other parts of the Christian religion, none have dared openly to condemn the moral part of it.—*Bates's Harmony of the Divine Attributes*, pp. 376—378. *Edit.* 1675.

JOHN ROGERS, AND HIS BIBLICAL LABOURS.

The most signal triumph achieved by the truth of God over the errors of men, during twelve hundred years, was the Reformation of the sixteenth century. The mysterious manner in which it was brought about, by a wonder-working Providence, the various events which mark its history, and the characters and sufferings of the men who have advocated it, cannot be too frequently reviewed, or too deeply written in our hearts. The Reformation was begun by Luther, in the year 1517. At this date Henry VIII. swayed the English sceptre; who, at the first, frowned upon the movement, but was afterwards led to favour its claims, and its introduction into these realms. The youthful Edward VI. succeeded Henry; and, with the assistance of Cranmer, archbishop of Canterbury, and of some German reformers, he contributed largely to the religious peace and prosperity of his country. Cranmer and Ridley drew up a public confession of the reformed faith, which at first consisted of forty-two articles, and which afterwards were reduced to those thirty-nine that constitute, to this day, the acknowledged confession of the English episcopal Church. But in the midst of these preparations for renovating the Church of England, this amiable king died, and was succeeded by Mary, whose accession to the throne was hailed with joy by the Church of Rome. And now,

for a few years, we witness heart-rending scenes of blood and sorrow. In violation of the most sacred promises, she began a dreadful persecution of the Protestants, which was carried on by Bonner, Bishop of London; and Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester. In the four years during which the persecution lasted, nearly three hundred persons were burnt to death, and all the prisons in the kingdom were crowded with pious sufferers, who chose to submit to persecution, rather than violate their consciences.

In the galaxy of names, worthy of being held in remembrance for a faithful adherence to the doctrines of the Reformation, during the Marian persecutions, appears that of the high-souled John Rogers. The fact of his having been born in Deritend, Birmingham, about the year 1500, was but little known, until recently, by the inhabitants of that town. At the annual meeting of the Birmingham Auxiliary British and Foreign Bible Society, held in the Town Hall, on Tuesday, October 2d, 1849, the following resolution was passed unanimously:—"That, while this meeting recognises in every aspect of Providence, and in every sign of the times, a separate and powerful incentive to the increased circulation of that Volume which is the strongest supporter of the social fabric, the opposer of infidelity of every form and grade, and the richest consolation amidst the gloom of national affliction; it would find a new motive to that blessed work, in the fact this day communicated, that Birmingham is the birth-place of the proto-martyr Rogers, the companion and coadjutor of Tyndale, in the work of translating and publishing the first New Testament in the English language; and that it be referred back to the Local Committee, to consider whether any and what memorial, consistent with the plans of the British and Foreign Bible Society, may be devised to the memory of John Rogers." The report of that year, of that valued Society, contains the following reference to the subject of this paper:—"The Committee may, with propriety, mention a fact known to few, but placed by a living author beyond all reasonable doubt, that Birmingham, at least that part of it called Deritend, was the birth-place of John Rogers, the convert, and the companion of the immortal Tyndale, and his coadjutor, also, in his translation of the Scriptures, and in his first publication of the New Testament in the English tongue; and afterwards the proto-martyr in the bloody reign of Queen Mary." The living author referred to, is Mr. Christopher Anderson, author of *The Annals of the English Bible.* He remarks, in his work, as quoted in the report:—"If we have been successful, therefore, in fixing the locality of his earliest years, the Christian community in Birmingham may now, perhaps, take a warmer interest in the memory of John Rogers. To that community, at large, any memorial may be safely left."

The early life of Rogers is somewhat shrouded in obscurity. No record has been left behind to acquaint us of his doings, until the year 1525. In that year he took the degree of Bachelor of Arts, at the University of Cambridge, where he had been educated. An interesting volume appeared a short time since, purporting to be the life of this holy martyr, by Joseph Lemuel Chester, in which the writer observes:—"There is nowhere to be discovered the slightest record whether or not he distinguished himself as a scholar, and the fact can only be presumed from the circumstances of his subsequent career." Foxe says merely "that he profitably travailed in good learning;" or, in his Latin edition, "that he resided long at Cambridge, attentively and diligently engaged in the honourable pursuit of learning." In the same year as the one in which he took his degree, on account of his learning and great knowledge, he was chosen to Cardinal's College, now called Christ College, at Oxford, of which he was made a junior canon; and there is good reason for believing, that, before he went to Antwerp, he officiated for nearly two years as Rector of the Church of Holy Trinity, or Trinity the Less, in the City of London; and was then appointed by the Society of Merchant Adventurers, to be their Chaplain at Antwerp.

In the course of his residence at Antwerp, an important change took place in his religious views, by which he passed from the straitest sect of Roman Catholicism into a faithful champion of the cause of Protestant truth. The instruments of the conversion of his soul, were the celebrated martyrs, William Tyndale, and Miles Coverdale; both voluntary exiles from their country for their aversion to Popish superstition and idolatry. He finds them both occupied in translating the holy Scriptures into the English language. Their conversations with him induce a close examination of the grounds of his own creed, and he carefully compares his own tenets with the teachings of that blessed Word; nor did the accompanying Spirit fail to work on his heart. Discovering the gross and anti-scriptural errors contained in the peculiarities of the papistical faith, and their tendency to superstition, idolatry, and many other evils, he at once resolves to throw off the yoke of Popish servitude, and avows the persecuted Protestants to be the objects of his preference and affection. He unites with Tyndale and Coverdale in that translation of the Bible into English, entitled, *The Translation of Thomas Matthewe*; and, as a man of learning and ability, they find in Rogers a desirable helper in their glorious work.

While these godly men were engaged in translating the Word of God, the enemies of that Word were equally industrious in attempting its suppression. Though the Italian version of the Scriptures appeared in print as early as the year 1471, the Flemish in 1475, the Spanish in 1478, and the Bohemian in 1488, the first printed English Bible was much later; indeed, the New Testament was all that first made its appearance, and this at Antwerp, about the year 1526. Severe measures were used to prevent its introduction into England, so that any person who imported or sold it in this country, was condemned to ride backwards on a horse, through the streets of London, with the Testament belted to his waist, and the books were then burned. Tyndale himself was treacherously arrested, thrown into prison, and in the year 1536, strangled and burned at Flanders. Just before his death, he fervently ejaculated several times, "Lord! Lord! open the king of England's eyes!"

The people of God, in the darkest times, have been sustained by the assurance that the cause of truth should ultimately triumph. Great leaders, pillars of the church, have been racked and burned; and yet they never thought that the work in which they had been engaged would perish with their death; nor did their fellow-sufferers who survived them, indulge the suspicion that the cause would sink with them. We have no record of the feelings of Rogers when his friend and coadjutor fell in defence of the truth; but we find that he prosecuted with indomitable energy the work of Bible-translation. Tyndale had not completed his version of the Old Testament in English, although portions of it had been printed, and the New Testament, as already mentioned, had appeared in 1526. The manuscripts of Tyndale passed into the hands of the subject of this sketch; and the unfinished sheets were revised and completed with such promptness, that in July, 1537, the entire Scriptures were published.

Archbishop Cranmer, in a letter to Lord Cromwell, Earl of Essex, dated August 4th in the year above-mentioned, remarks, that "he sends him a copy of the holy Scriptures for his perusal," and "declares that he regards this translation to be superior to any former one, and does not think that the Bishops can produce a better one till a day after doomsday." It has been stated that Lord Cromwell, in compliance with the request of Archbishop Cranmer, obtained the Royal assent. The Bible was then issued under Royal sanction, and thus a basis was laid for every succeeding effort to disseminate the holy Scriptures in our own mother tongue. Touching this point, his biographer justly remarks that:—"However translations may have since multiplied, and whatever amount of labour and wisdom may have been expended upon subsequent revisions, *that Bible*—the Bible which John Rogers prepared, and whose publication he superintended—is still the basis of the version now in our churches and our

dwellings, and will continue so to be (please God!) until the book itself has finally accomplished its mission." This edition by Rogers, was entitled, *The Bible, which is all the holy Scripture; in which are contained the Old and New Testaments, truly and purely translated into English, by Thomas Matthewe.* This name, it seems, was fictitious; no such person as Thomas Matthewe ever existed. It was, probably, preferred to that of Tyndale, because he had been put to death, a few years previous, for what was then called heresy. An exhortation has been written at the beginning of this Bible, to the study of the holy Scripture, to which the initial letters J. R. are affixed. The Bible known, therefore, as the "Matthewe Bible," should be attributed to John Rogers; and he thus became entitled to take a foremost position among the men who have successfully laboured for the wide and permanent diffusion of the truth of God. Henry VIII. not only gave the royal sanction, but addressed injunctions to the clergy, commanding them to provide copies to be set up in the churches, where, says he, "the parishioners may most conveniently resort to the same to read it." The ardour with which men flocked to read it was almost incredible. They who could, procured it; and they who could not, crowded to read it, or to hear it read in churches, where it was common to see small gatherings of the sons of toil meeting together for that purpose after the labours of the day. The people derived great assistance in reading Roger's edition, from the notes which he had furnished, and which were so numerous that his biographer feels justified in saying, that "Rogers prepared the first general English Commentary." He also supplied a copious index, or table, of the principal matters contained in the Bible; of which Mr. Chester observes: "It combines, as far as it extends, the characters of a dictionary, a concordance, and a commentary." Other matters were also introduced in order to make the volume as useful as possible to the masses, who hitherto had seemed doomed to perpetual ignorance.

As a hero, who fought the battle of God's truth, John Rogers has left the impress of his vigorous character upon the times which have followed him, and the imperishable results of his biblical labours will be felt through all succeeding generations. Previous to the age in which his energy found a fitting sphere of action, "no attention was paid in this land to purity of life or to conscience. The priests were never or seldom possessed of a Bible. Popes and bishops revelled in splendour and wickedness, and the people were wrapped in the deepest ignorance and superstition." John Rogers, and his coadjutors, sought to open up a source of religious knowledge to their fellow-countrymen, and resolved that they should have the privilege of reading the pure word of God, in their own language. Englishmen know what it is that rescued their country from "superstition and barbarism,"—the giving us an open Bible, and a free Gospel. From the date of these blessings, spiritual light has increased, public morality has improved, and our national order and peace have been established; while God has been found to be "a wall of fire round about us," and a "glory in our midst."

Stockton. J. B.

HOW NEAR IS HEAVEN?

O! heaven is nearer than mortals think,
When they look with a trembling dread
At the misty future, that stretches on
From the quiet house of the dead.

'Tis no lone isle in a boundless main,'
No brilliant but distant shore,
Where the lovely ones, who are call'd away,
Must go to return no more.

No! heaven is near us: the mighty veil
Of mortality blinds the eye,
That we cannot see the angel bands
On the shores of eternity.

Yet oft, in the hours of lonely thought,
To the ardent soul is given
Power to pierce, through the mists of sense,
To the beauteous scenes of heaven.

Then, very near seem its pearly gates,
And sweetly its harpings fall;
Till the soul is restless to soar away,
And longs for the angel-call.

I know, when the silver cord is loosed,
When the veil is rent away,
Not long and dark shall the passage be,
To the realms of endless day.

The eye, that shuts in a dying hour,
Shall open the next in bliss;
The welcome shall sound in the heavenly world
Ere the farewell is hush'd in this.

WASHINGTON IRVING'S ADVICE TO HIS NEPHEW.

THE following is an extract from a letter of Washington Irving, addressed by him to a nephew, who had lately entered on mercantile pursuits:—

"I am glad you do not relinquish your studies. On the contrary, task yourself to become a valuable man at all points. Make yourself diligent and exact in business; inform yourself well in all matters connected with it. Don't play the gentleman merchant; but, while in the counting-house, apply yourself as closely and punctually as if you were a hired clerk, and depending upon your good conduct for your place.

"Do not waste your evenings in parties of pleasure. Devote as much time as possible to valuable reading. Take care not to lose what you learned at college. Keep up your knowledge of the learned languages, and endeavour to advance in them. Read history regularly and attentively. As your time for reading will be limited, do not waste it on any reading, but such as will go toward informing your mind and improving your taste. Do not read for mere amusement. Do not seek to feed the imagination; that will extract food for itself out of the sternest duties. Do not read, for the purpose of mere conversation, the popular works of the day..... Be content to appear ignorant of those topics, rather than read through fear of appearing ignorant. The literature of the day is always the most *piquant*, the most immediately interesting: but it is generally transient; it soon passes away, and leaves no general knowledge, no *permanent* topic in the mind. And then it is so *copious;* if one yield his attention to contemporary literature, he is overwhelmed with it. Make yourself, on the other hand, well acquainted with the valuable standard authors, which have stood the test of time. They will always be in fashion; and in becoming intimately acquainted with them, you become intimately acquainted with the principles of knowledge and good taste."

WILLIAM MURDOCH AND HIS INVENTIONS.

MR. MURDOCH, whose name is best known as one of the earliest of those who applied coal-gas to useful purposes, was the inventor of a great number of ingenious appliances. The son of an Ayrshire millwright, he settled at Birmingham; where his talents were discovered by Messrs. Boulton and Watt, who appointed him to undertake the charge of their new steam-engines at Redruth, in Cornwall. Here Murdoch resided for nineteen years. A paper read by Mr. William Buckle, of Soho, before a meeting of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, gives some interesting particulars of his sojourn in this part, where he gave so much satisfaction to the mining interest, that when his determination to return to Soho became known, they offered him £1,000 a-year to remain in Cornwall. During his residence there, (says Mr. Buckle,) Murdoch contrived and executed a model locomotive, which, as early as the year 1784, he was in the habit of showing to his friends in working order, and drawing a small waggon round a room in his house at Redruth. This model locomotive was exhibited before a meeting of the Institution of Mechanical Engineers, in 1850, sixty-six years after the date of its construction.

Returned to Soho, Mr. Murdoch soon became one of the most conspicuous of the circle of scientific and ingenious men who were associated directly and indirectly with Watt and Boulton. His experiments with gas did more, probably, to strike the popular mind with the importance of that remarkable theatre for

the display of new inventions, than all the marvels of the steam-engine. Murdoch took out a patent for improvements in boring cylinders, and in the manufacture of steam-casings: this patent also included the double slide-valve, and a rotary engine. Amongst other inventions and discoveries of Murdoch's (says Mr. Buckle) are,—a plan for boring stone pipes for water, and cutting columns out of solid blocks of stone; (for which he took a patent in 1810;) a pneumatic lift, working by compressed air; and a cast iron cement, which he was led to discover by the accidental observance of some iron-borings and sal-ammoniac, which had got mixed in his tool-chest and rusted a sword-blade nearly through. He also made use of compressed air to ring the bells in his house; a plan which so pleased Sir Walter Scott, to whom it had been described, that he had his house at Abbotsford fitted up in a similar manner.

Murdoch likewise discovered a substitute for isinglass; and when in London, for the purpose of explaining to the brewers the nature of his discovery, he occupied very handsome apartments. Being, however, at all times absorbed in whatever subject he had in hand, he little respected the splendour of his drawing-room, but proceeded with his experiments as if in the laboratory at Soho, quite unconscious of the mischief he was doing. This resulted in his abrupt dismissal from the apartments by the enraged landlady, who, one morning, on calling in to receive orders, was horrified at seeing all her magnificent paper-hangings covered with wet fish-skins hung up to dry, and actually caught him in the act of pinning up a cod's skin to undergo the same process.

Mr. Murdoch met with an unfortunate accident in the year 1815, from the effects of which he never entirely recovered. While fitting up an apparatus of his own invention for heating the water of the baths at Leamington, a heavy plate of cast iron fell upon his leg above the ankle, nearly severing it in two. He lived, however, till 1839; when he died at Handsworth, in his eighty-sixth year. His remains were deposited in Handsworth church, near to those of his old friends and fellow-workers, James Watt and Matthew Boulton.—*Temple Anecdotes.*

SNOW-FLAKES.

One great law of crystallization controls the whole snow world. Every flake has a skeleton as distinct as the human skeleton, and yet the individual flake is as different from its neighbour as man is from his. The fundamental law of the snow is to crystallize in three, or some multiple of three. All its angles must be sixty, or one hundred and twenty. All its prisms and pyramids must be triangular or hexagonal. Whether spicular, or pyramidal, or lamellar, it ever conforms to its own great law of order, and thus conveys delight to the eye, and most delight to him who, having pleasure in the works of God, searches them out.

Some men reproach the Protestant church for its various sects. But let such men examine God's works. Unity in variety is the law of the snow. It has a stern basis of fundamental doctrine; and it would excommunicate any snow-flake that tried to stand on any other. But around that fundamental unity is the free play of individual peculiarities. All snow-flakes are alike essentially, while probably no two are identical in details.

THE PASSION FOR FLOWERS OF THE ANCIENT MEXICANS.

As if in gratitude to nature, who had been so prodigal to them in the treasures of the vegetable kingdom, the Mexicans had a passion for flowers. They collected together in splendid gardens such as were remarkable for their perfume or their brilliancy of colour. To these they added medicinal plants, methodically arranged; such of their shrubs as were distinguished by their blossoms or their foliage, the excellence of the fruit or their berries; and trees of elegant or majestic appearance. They delighted in laying out their terraces and bowers on hilly slopes, where they looked as if suspended. They thus equalled the celebrated gardens of Semiramis, ranked

by antiquity—and the moderns have accepted the verdict—among the wonders of the world. Aqueducts brought thither waters from a distance, which overflowed in cascades, or filled spacious basins tenanted by the choicest fish. Mysterious pavilions were hidden among the foliage, and statues reared their forms amid the flowers. The animals that we assemble in our gardens consecrated to science, such as the Paris Jardin des Plantes, or the London Zoological Gardens, contributed to the ornament or curiosity of these resorts of pleasure. Birds were there of beautiful plumage, confined in cages as large as houses; there also were wild beasts, animals of various kinds, and even serpents. Bernal Diaz there first beheld the rattlesnake, which he describes as having castanets in its tail. At that very time Europe had no gardens of the sort. In reading the narrative of the conquest, we are struck with admiration for a hanging garden on the side of a hill, whose summit was reached by five hundred steps, and crowned by a basin, whence, by an effort of hydraulic skill, water flowed successively into three other reservoirs, adorned with gigantic statues.—*Mexico, Ancient and Modern*, by M. Chevalier.

THE FIRST TURNPIKE.

Exactly five hundred years have elapsed since a hermit, weary of the labour of having nothing to do, and tired of sitting the dull day through by the side of the stone which supported the sun-dial in front of St. Anthony's Chapel, on Highgate-Hill,—that stone which subsequently became known as Whittington's,—resolved to mend the ways between the summit of the hill and the low part of the vale ending in Islington. This hermit was a man of some means, and he devoted them to bringing gravel from the top of the hill and laying it along the unclean track, which then, as now, bore the name of "Hollow-Way." By digging out gravel, he gave a pond to the folks on the hill, where it was greatly needed; and he contributed cleanliness and security to the vale, where neither had hitherto been known. Travellers blessed the hermit who had turned constructor of highways; the pilgrims to St. Anthony's found their access to the shrine of the saint made easy and pleasant by him; and as for the beneficent hermit himself, his only regret was that, in accomplishing his meritorious act for the good of his fellow-men, he had entirely exhausted all his fortune. The King, however, came to the rescue. He set up a toll-bar, and published a decree addressed to "our well-beloved William Phelippe, the hermit," that he and the public might know wherefore. The King declared that he highly appreciated the motive which had induced the hermit to benefit "our people passing through the highway between Highgate and Smethfelde, in many places notoriously miry and deep." And in order that the new way might be maintained and kept in repair, the King licensed the hermit to take toll, and keep the road in order, and himself in comfort and dignity. This was the first road-bar erected in England; and William Phelippe, the hermit, was the father of that race of turnpike-keepers whose sovereignty of the roads, within fifteen miles of London, came to an end, after a reign of five centuries, on the first day of the month of July of this present year, 1864.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

THE GOOD WIFE.

The power of a wife for good or evil is irresistible. Home must be the seat of happiness, or it must for ever be unknown. A good wife is to a man wisdom and courage; a bad one is confusion, weakness, discomfiture, and despair. No condition is hopeless when the wife possesses firmness, decision, and economy. There is no outward prosperity which can counteract indolence, extravagance, and folly at home. No spirit can long endure bad domestic influence. Man is strong, but his heart is not adamant. He delights in enterprise and action; but to sustain him he needs a tranquil mind and a whole heart. He expends his whole moral force in the conflicts of the world. To recover his equanimity and composure, home must be

to him a place of repose, of peace, of cheerfulness, of comfort; and his soul renews its strength again, and goes forth with fresh vigour to encounter the labour and troubles of the world. But, if at home he finds no rest, and is there met with bad temper, sullenness, or gloom, or is assailed by discontent, or complaint, or reproaches, the heart breaks, the spirits are crushed, hope vanishes, and the man sinks into despair.

A GRAVE WITHOUT A MONUMENT.

The sea is the largest of cemeteries, and all its slumberers sleep without a monument. All other graveyards, in all lands, show some symbols of distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor; but in that great ocean cemetery, the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant, are alike undistinguished. The same wave rolls over all; the same requiem, by the minstrelsy of the ocean, is sung for all. Over their remains the same storms beat, and the same sun shines; and there, unmarked, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and the unhonoured, will sleep on until, awakened by the trump, the sea will give up its dead. No marble rises to point out where their ashes are gathered; yet the cemetery hath ornaments of which no other can boast. On no other are the heavenly orbs reflected in such splendour; over no other is heard such noble melody.

Our Country.

THE CORNISH COAST.

No. VI.

"The ocean old hath my deep reverence,
And I could watch it ever:—
But I love
To see it gently playing on loose rocks,
Lifting the idle sea-weed carelessly;
Or hear it in some dreary cavern muttering
A solitary legend of olden times."

I am still at Looe. Verily it is hard to get away from it; it has so many charms for the soul who loves natural combinations of freshness, variety, and solitude. One is never tired of following the mountain-path which leads up from West Looe and along old Hannafore hill-side, refreshed as he is at meeting the pure sea-breeze, as it comes playing around the headland; or replenished with joy, as he must be, whenever he lingers to let his eyes repose for a moment on the still waters of the little harbour beneath, or the quiet, clustered dwellings of the ancient borough on the other side. Dear old place! it looks as if it deeply felt its own peacefulness, or as if it found comfort at its heart from being overlooked by the terrace-gardens and orchards which clothe the steep hill behind it with such romantic beauty, and afford such rich supplies to so many gentle and simple houses and hearths. How bright the morning was the last time I rounded the seaward point of the promontory! How merrily the sunbeams danced on the broad ocean, as I tripped laughingly down the grassy slope towards the margin of the cliff, below which the waves were murmuring among the weedy rocks, and whispering pleasantly as they laved the beautiful banks of many-coloured shells! I was in quest of relics. Not the relics of saints, but the relics of a sanctuary in which tradition and charity both tell us that God has aforetime heard the prayers of saints. Should it be suspected by anybody that, in this case, there is an exception to the rule that charity is ever on the side of truth, still it is tolerably certain that the sanctuary whose relics I was in search of, was at one time closely related to an ancient line of reputed saints, and to a wonderful treasury of uncommon saintly relics. I was, in fact, looking for all that remained of a cell of Benedictine monks called Lammana. It had been subject to the Abbey of Glastonbury, to which the site appears to have been given by

the ancestors of Hastulus de Solenny. "In *Hearne's Appendix to Adam de Domerham*," says my antiquarian authority, "is a grant of Hastulus de Solenny, confirming the island of St. Michael de Lammana (most probably that of St. George, opposite Looe) to the monks of Glastonbury; a grant of Roger Fitzwilliam, quitting claim to the lands of Lammana, which he held for life, under the church of Glastonbury, (reserving the house which Mabil, his sister, occupied,) and one of Richard, Earl of Cornwall, granting the monks a license to farm out the church and the island of Lammana. It appears that Abbot Michael, about the middle of the thirteenth century, leased it to the sacristary of the convent."

A lover of old things who had gone over the ground before me, saw some fragments of the little Benedictine chapel. He measured the walls on the 13th of April, 1815, and found them enclosing a space of forty-seven feet long by twenty-four wide. There they then were, in this pleasant hollow, telling of the time when the rural altar-place used to be saluted by the music of the sea, and kindly sheltered by the hills from the blasts of the north, while it significantly invited the pilgrim into the presence of Him whose "voice is upon the waters," and who Himself is "a hiding-place from the wind." But no fragment was to be seen when I came to the spot. Not one stone was left upon another. I stood amidst the corn which was now springing on the ploughed site, and covering the buried foundation with promises of harvest, and recalled the words of a favourite old chronicler, who says that "the monastic records of England give posterity such a view of the decays of time and the inconstancy of fortune, as the like cannot, perhaps, be produced in the history of any other nation. Since of all that stupendous number of monastic foundations in England and Wales, the continued work of many ages, by which the greatest kings, princes, and noblemen of this island were once thought to have eternized their names, and in those magnificent and costly structures to have built themselves so many monuments, as lasting as the earth they stood on, not one remains at this day; nay, the very ruins of many are become invisible." Yes, and as it has fared with the more "magnificent and costly structures," so it happened to the little, unpretending chapel of the Lammana cell. The altar had sank beneath the sod; but, a few hundred feet to the eastward of the spot where it had stood, I found a ruined piece of wall, which once formed, perhaps, a part of the conventual dwelling. There it stood, now serving as a portion of the fence which bounded the field. It was about ten feet high, with two narrow windows looking toward the east. The ruin was richly clothed with pendant brambles, ivy, sedums, and navel-wort. The crevices of the old masonry were well peopled with snails, which, under the shelter of the embowering sedums, were living emblems, it may be, of the human life which, in the later times of monachism, used to sit or creep within and about this sea-side cloister. And there, in one of the window-sills, was an ass's hoof, white with age, and having its rusty iron shoe still clinging to it. Where was the ass? The ass and the monks were both gone: the one had left a memorial of his labours; of the others there was no personal vestige. Is their record on high? If so, the world can do without their relics. One could scarcely think of them as having departed, leaving neither name nor memorial, without asking what has become of all the boasted relics which had been once stored, for the benefit of the adoring and benighted multitude, in the "mother church" of this Lammana cell at Glastonbury? "To recite all the reliques that were in this church, would be too large for any abridgment," says an antiquated translator of old documents; "I only mention those of most note. Several things relating to the Old Testament; as Moses' rod, manna, &c. Things relating to our Lord Jesus Christ: two small pieces of His cradle; some of the gold which the wise men of the East offered; some pieces of bread of those five loaves with which Jesus fed five thousand men; some of our Lord's hair; some pieces of His cross, and of His sepulchre; one thorn of His crown

of thorns, &c. Things relating to the Virgin Mary: some of her milk; one thread of her garment; and some of her hair, &c. Besides these, a multitude of reliques relating to St. John the Baptist, the apostles, martyrs, confessors, and virgins." What a collection! Alas! for Christendom, that it should have been reduced to dependence on such depositories of saving virtue!

But let me finish my ruminations under the old wall, and turn my steps towards the cliff. How pleasant it was to saunter on the sward above, or on the sand below, watching the changing hues of the swallows, as they darted to and fro in the sunlight; or listening to the voice of gulls and sandpipers; or catching the music of the lark, carolling far up, in response to the deep-toned waters! I came, at length, to the remains of an old quay, once affording access from the sea to the convent lands. Monkish hands had doubtless toiled at this quay-work. Here the brethren's boats used to be moored; and from this point many, many a voyage to the opposite island had been made, on both secular and holy business. Ah! those cowled and corded devotees were drilled to all work for the church's good. They were, in this case, ecclesiastical marines. They could serve at sea, or on land; follow the plough, or tug at the oar; chant at the altar, or whistle for wind; manage the helm in a stiff breeze, or sway the consciences of their customers in the confessional.

Now, then, as we are at the quay, and the tide is up, off with the boat, and let us make for Looe Island; or, as it used to be called, St. George's, or St. Michael de Lammana. Gently! we are not in a hurry. "Time-tables," and "steam-whistles," and "express trains," have no influence here; and it would be like sacrilege to ruffle the tranquil waters by even the semblance of a rude or hasty stroke of the oar. How calm it is! We seem to be softly gliding between two bright, peaceful worlds. There is the placid, blue, sun-lighted region above, and the many coloured scenes below, tremulously unfolding themselves in the clear watery deep, like visions from the mysterious depths of some magic mirror.

"There's beauty in the deep;
The wave is bluer than the sky;
And, though the light shine bright on high,
More softly do the sea-gems glow,
That sparkle in the depths below."

Never could submarine scenery be viewed with more ease and pleasure than on our quiet boat-trip to Looe Island. There, beneath us, as we glided, were green, olive, and rosy-tinted groves and gardens, intersected with straight and winding paths, and open spaces of bright, sparkling swards. Crustaceans and fish peopled the watery paradise with happy life, undisturbed by the movement of our boat, and careless of our eager gaze into the secrets of their transparent retreats.

"The water is calm and still below,
For the winds and waves are absent there;
And the sands are bright as the stars, that glow
In the motionless fields of upper air.
There, with its wavy blade of green,
The sea-flag streams through the silent water,
And the crimson leaf of the dulse is seen
To blush like a banner bathed in slaughter."

The liquid depth appeared so pure and peaceful, and the verdurous hollows and leafy knolls beneath showed so many luxuriant charms, that one longed for power to pace the ocean-bed, and quietly enjoy the retiring beauties and living treasures of algology in its own inviolate under-world. Imagination pictured many a lovely-tinted *rhodosperm* waving gracefully on its weedy rock, like the fern-leafed *callithamnion;* or adorning some loftier neighbour, on which it hangs for support, after the style of the little handsome parasite, *ceramium diaphanum*. They were certainly there, though not to be seen from our surface-line, clear and bright as the sea-water was. The nobler forms of marine beauty, however, were clearly displayed, and seemed proud to show us their elegant proportions, their variegated shading, and their graceful mode of responding to the gentle movements of their native element. There was the "sea-ware," or "lady-wrack," darkly waving its innumerable pairs of nut-like, air vessels; and *fucus serratus*, so often torn away to form a moist cover for crabs and

lobsters on their way to the market; and the olive-green *fucus nodosus*, with its yellowish "sea-whistles;" or, as we boys used to call them in their dry state, "crackers;" which they really proved to be under the pressure of our heels, or when thrown into the fire. Then there was the streaming, spotted "sea-thongs" of *himanthalia lorea;* and then the olive-brown clusters of the palm-like "sea-staff," or "great tangle,"—*laminaria digitata;* and the yellow-tinged "sea-belt," *laminaria saccharina;* sometimes called "sweet tangle;" though its sweetness never suited my palate, which may be somewhat akin to that of the Norway folk, who call it *toll-tare*,—"Devil's meat." Nor were we left without the pleasure of recognising the old favourite of my youthful days, *chorda filum*,—"sea-laces;" or, from the use we often made of it as we drew it up on the beach after a storm, it might be called "boys' whip-cord." The gloomy imaginations which people some parts of the Scotch sea-board call it "dead men's ropes;" but the more lively Shetlanders rejoice over it as "Lucky Minny's lines." Who lucky Minny was I never could learn; but it is a lucky thing, or rather a happy thing, for anybody, whether living inland or on the coast, to have a cheerful fancy, and to take a joyous rather than a morbid or ghostly view of natural forms. Some bereaved souls may doubtless look out from their sea-side homes and think of beloved forms wrapped in winding-sheets of tangled sea-laces; but even to such He who covered the ocean grave with verdure speaks comfortably of a day when they shall enjoy the fulfilment of that prophetic vision in which "the sea gave up the dead that were in it."

But now we are at a nice point for landing on the island. Let the boat glide into that small creek. There is just room enough for her under that bank of rock which forms a natural jetty. How crystal-like the water is! And see! the alga, which falls in such massive luxuriance over the rocky ledge, allows its fringy fronds to repose upon the gently heaving tide so affectionately, and the transparent wave in turn so tenderly courts their fond reliance, that vows of changeless love might be thought to have passed between them. Fairly landed, we made our way to the lonely, little primitive homestead, and found the good wife mopping the stone floor of her kitchen; and there, upon the table, was her cottage library, made up of a volume of devotion, in which the Virgin shared the honour of worship with Christ, and four volumes of Plutarch's morals. We could not stay to settle the rival claims of Mary and Plutarch; but, content with the belief that one had no more claim to Divine worship than the other, we hastened up to the highest point of the island, which is shaped somewhat like a volcanic cone, although I believe it never had the honour of being a volcano. I found on the summit the foundation of everlasting rock; but the votive chapel, which is said to have stood upon it once, was gone, with those who built it in fulfilment of their vows, and all those who had paid their vows in it, from one generation to another. On descending the slope again, through a ploughed field, where we saw the farmer violating the command, "Thou shalt not plow with an ox and an ass together," we came down to a little wooden lodge on the edge of the cliff; and there a kind-hearted coast-guard's-man gave me "a cup of water," and then entertained me with romantic stories of the old smuggling times.

"You have been in the service for many years," said I, as I enjoyed the use of his spy-glass in bringing up the distant line of coast to my eye with beautiful certainty and clearness. "You must have seen great changes in the times since your early days. There can be very little smart work in your way now, and few prizes that are worth much."

"No, Sir; times are changed as to that matter. It is hardly worth anybody's while now to take the risk of a run across the water for smuggled goods. At any rate, the trade on this coast is almost at death's door."

"Did you know my old friend B—— of the coast-guard?" I inquired. "I saw you at his funeral the other day. His boating-days are over. He has

weathered his last storm, and is living on a rich pension now, in the world where he will have no night-work. He was a good man, a smart boatman, and as faithful to his God as he was true to his king."

"Know him, Sir? Yes, indeed I did. I was in his boat at one time, and have seen his smartness and pluck. Ah! he had night-work of it once, I assure you. But he never shrank from duty, night or day. Many of his smart doings I remember; but one, in particular, I was thinking of just now. It was on a dirty night; a night in which you would never believe a boat could live:——excuse me a bit," said he, suddenly taking the glass from my hands, and peering for a minute into the offing, "excuse me, Sir;——now, then, for the bit of night-work—."

Plymouth. W.

Memorials of the Departed.

The value of the Scriptures in affliction.

Mrs. Ann Fendall, of West-street, Doncaster, departed this life, August 4th, 1863; aged fifty-seven years. She had been afflicted with total blindness twenty-seven years, and with total deafness thirty years. During the last thirteen years and a half of her life, she was also the subject of other painful afflictions. The following account is from the journal of one who visited her often, from the time of her being thus confined to her bed.

The writer did not record his conversations with Mrs. Fendall until June, 1856. At that time it struck him that, notwithstanding her total blindness and deafness, she might be taught some portions of Scripture. Accordingly, by guiding the forefinger of the right hand, and writing on the palm of her left, she was taught the first three verses of the fourteenth chapter of St. John's Gospel: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in Me," &c. In about half an hour she committed them to memory. On calling a few days afterwards, she said, "O, how those verses have comforted me! I have meditated on them night and day, and I think they are a proof that *He* loves us much, and would have us to be with Him in glory." At this interview she was taught John xvii. 24: "Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am; that they may behold My glory," &c. Referring to her severe sufferings, she said, "But what are my sufferings to what my Saviour endured for me?" And, when speaking of her own affliction, she always dwelt a few moments on the sufferings of Christ. To assist her in her devotions, she was next taught Psalms xxxiv. and ciii. Afterwards she learned the hymn, beginning:—

> "Jesu, Lover of my soul,
> Let me to Thy bosom fly," &c.

She was soon taught the whole of the fourteenth and seventeenth chapters of John. When I next called, referring to the seventeenth chapter, she said, "O, this *is* a chapter! I would not have missed learning this chapter for a great deal." She then repeated a portion of it with great feeling. We then taught her the hymn:—

> "Now I have found the ground wherein
> Sure my soul's anchor may remain," &c.

"Sept. 18th, 1856. Our blind, deaf friend expressed very feelingly the pleasure she experiences in repeating the portions of Scripture and the hymns which she has committed to memory.

"Dec. 23d. Mrs. Fendall is evidently ripening for heaven.

"Feb. 27th, 1857. I found her singing,—

> 'When passing through the watery deep,
> I ask in faith His promised aid,' &c.

"The whole of this hymn, (beginning, 'Peace! doubting heart,' &c.,) and several others she had now learnt, and frequently repeats. Having now kept her bed seven years, she said, pleasantly, 'I have served an apprenticeship, and am entering on another.'

"Oct. 15th. Found my blind, deaf friend very happy. She said that she often suffered great pain; but that when she began to repeat the Scriptures, she forgot her pains: realizing the full meaning of these lines:—

'Labour is rest, and pain is sweet,
If Thou, my God, art here.'

"May 13th, 1858. Our suffering friend has lately added to her scriptural knowledge the last chapter of Revelation. She repeated it with much feeling. One verse had struck her much. She alluded to the passage, 'Behold, I come quickly; and My reward is with Me, to give every man according as his work shall be.'"

In this happy frame of mind did Mrs. Fendall continue many years; continually extending her knowledge of the Scriptures, and of Divine things, notwithstanding the great disadvantages under which she laboured. We shall only add one or two of the latest entries in the journal referred to:—

"July 16th, 1863. I found our friend much worse. She begged I would visit her daily.

"July 17th. To-day it was with difficulty that she could speak. She, however, expressed herself as being very happy in beholding 'His smiling face.'

"Aug. 3d. I found her extremely weak, and apparently near death. She distinctly said, with a low voice, 'God is my support, and He will be a present help in time of need;' as much as to say, with the great apostle, 'I have kept the faith!'

"Aug. 4th. This morning this suffering child of God was released.

'Servant of God, well done!
Well hast thou fought the better fight.'"

Her husband, who had been her careful and attentive nurse, died suddenly six months previously. This was a heavy trial to her; but she bore it with fortitude, saying, "I must not grieve too much." She had long learned to say from the heart, "Thy will be done." "Chosen in the furnace of affliction," she nevertheless grew rapidly in grace when she was taught the Scriptures in the manner above described. Her soul fed upon the pure word of God, This in its simplicity, without note or comment, nourished her in holiness, and elevated her to a state of spiritual enjoyment not often attained. She was a striking example of the efficacy of "the sincere milk of the word," in promoting the spiritual growth of the soul under the most unfavourable circumstances.

M. W.

Mr. George Pannell was born at Portsea, September, 1843. When only four years of age, he entered the Sabbath-school; and, though so young, was remarkable for diligence and good conduct. He was loved and respected by the teachers, and also by his fellow-scholars, whom he always rejoiced to meet in the class. He passed through the several classes till he reached the first, showing in all an example of close application and good behaviour. Before he had well reached his fourteenth year, he was employed as an assistant-teacher; and at sixteen, he found himself invested with the responsibilities of a fully accredited teacher. This might seem premature, and in the case of many it would have been seriously so; but George had a godly parentage, and lived daily amid the influences of home piety, religious example, instruction, devotion. But though up to this time he was restrained from outward sin, and was even exemplary in the outward formalities of religion, he was not thoroughly regenerated. He was convinced of his fallen state, and of his guilt before God, under the preaching of the Rev. Joseph Spencer. He earnestly sought and soon obtained a clear sense of acceptance with God, and rejoiced "with joy unspeakable." Thenceforth his affections were set on things above; the word of God became his study and guide, and prayer his habitual exercise. His class-leader was highly gratified and edified by the evidences of his consistent and growing piety. Having tasted the sweetness of religion himself, he was desirous that others should partake of the same blessedness. He felt his responsibility as a Sabbath-school teacher, and sought for grace to assist him in his work. He earnestly sought by instruction and example to lead the children of his

charge into the way of life; and there is reason to believe that some of these will be his joy and the crown of his rejoicing in the day of the Lord Jesus. He was occasionally the subject of affliction, and this was not without spiritual advantage. His last affliction lasted only five weeks, during which, and in its most distressing moments, he proved the sustaining grace of God, and was more and more confirmed in the truth which had been the power of God to his salvation. He steadily relied on the atonement of Christ; and, though in much pain, his hope in Christ kept his head above the waterfloods. When all human help was found to be unavailing, and in immediate prospect of the eternal world, his trust in Christ removed all fear of death: his joyous hope of a far better state made him long "to depart and to be with Christ." On Wednesday, April 22d, 1863, in the twentieth year of his age, he calmly resigned his spirit into the hands of his Redeemer. "Absent from the body," he is "present with the Lord."

Mrs. Hannah Webster was born at Wortley, in the Bramley Circuit, September 30th, 1809. Her early life was spent at Little Moor, Pudsey; where, during a revival of religion, in the year 1826, she, along with a brother, still living, and many others, was converted to God, and joined the Wesleyan Methodist Society. Her first leader, now "an old disciple," whose "hoary head is a crown of glory," bears willing testimony to the purity and consistency of her character. Her attendance in the weekly class, and other means of grace, was punctual and regular; and, as a Sunday-school teacher, she was distinguished for diligence and unflagging zeal. Though deprived of many facilities for mental improvement, now so happily abundant, she was intelligent and well-informed; while the word of God was her constant study, and her mind was well stored with scriptural knowledge. On her marriage she joined the Society at Pudsey, and met in the class of the late lamented Mrs. Norton. On the death of her attached friend and leader, she reluctantly accepted the appointment as her successor. The duties of this office she discharged with great efficiency and affection until her decease. Her modest deportment, and unswerving fidelity to the church of her choice, (while passing through the fierce storms of that period which desolated this portion of the Lord's vineyard, and reduced the once flourishing Society to a little band of thirteen members,) elicited the admiration of all her Christian friends. She was privileged to behold the return of happier days, and to see the little flock multiplied sixfold. The erection of a beautiful chapel, and the settlement of a Home-missionary in the neighbourhood, affording the prospect of consolidation and extension to the work of God, were to her matter of unfeigned joy. She was not forgetful of the apostolic exhortation, "to show piety at home;" while her influence in the domestic circle was attractive and powerful. Five of her children, one of whom has already joined her glorified mother in the heavenly world, attribute their early conversion to her faithful discipline and religious counsels. Her removal was unexpected and monitory. She visited the metropolis to attend upon her youngest son, then suffering from severe affliction, at the Wesleyan Training-College, Westminster, and while there, symptoms of the disease, which so soon removed her to her heavenly reward, appeared. After her hasty return, the appliances of medical skill and domestic love were alike unable to prevent its rapid progress; but her mind was kept in perfect peace, and her confidence in God was unshaken. The visits of the resident Minister, and her Christian friends, were greatly prized. One of her last utterances was, "My heart is fixed." During the night the vital flame continued to flicker; and, about half-past ten the following morning, she gently fell asleep, to find herself in the presence of her much-loved Lord. She lived beloved, and died lamented, May 5th, 1863, aged fifty-three; and her memory is blessed. John P. Lockwood.

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ARRETON CHURCH.

The Isle of Wight is famous among the holiday resorts of England. Its charming scenery and healthful climate present attractions to the worn and jaded citizen which it is not easy to resist. In the spring and summer months, when the hedgerows have put on their gayest clothing, and the trees are rich in foliage, nothing can be more delightful than a ramble through its lanes, or an excursion to the "Downs." When the dull atmosphere of November begins to threaten our cheerfulness, it is refreshing to indulge in pleasant recollections of its landscapes, "which he who once sees never forgets, through whatever part of the wide world his future path may lead him."

Arreton Down, situate some three miles from Newport, commands one of those magnificent prospects which are so soon photographed upon the memory. From the summit of the hill the eye ranges over half the island. Westward, the winding course of the Medina can be traced for several miles, until it reaches the sea at Cowes. On the opposite side of the valley through which it flows, the firs of Parkhurst Forest terminate the view; and, between them and St. George's Down, the pretty town of Newport nestles among the trees, partly concealed

by the leafage, and by a thin veil of smoke or mist. From its centre the handsome tower of the new church rises high above the neighbouring buildings, and is seen from this point to great advantage. On the north the country is well wooded, and sprinkled with farms and hamlets. In the distance are the towers of Osborne House; and beyond them the Solent looks like a broad and noble river; the ships, like children's toys. On a fine day one may see far up the Southampton Water; and to the right, the town of Portsmouth is distinctly visible. Immediately beneath the ridge (on its southern side) the village of Arreton "lies in a rich and fruitful valley, adorned with corn-fields and pastures, through which a small stream winds its devious course; while opposite, a range of hills, covered with grazing flocks, terminates with a bold sweep into the ocean, whose blue waves appear at a distance beyond." In this valley the most conspicuous object is the venerable church, represented by our woodcut.

These island churches occupy considerable space in the catalogue of its curiosities. They are numerous, and some of them are very ancient. From the new cathedral-like edifice which adorns Newport, the capital of the Island, to the tiny structures of Kingston and St. Lawrence, they are almost all fairly entitled to a place in the list of "Things worth seeing." The Domesday-Book records nine churches as existing at that time in the island, of which six were bestowed by William Fitz-Osbert, the kinsman and favourite of the Conqueror, upon the Benedictine Abbey of Lyra, or Lire. That of Arreton was one of the six which thus "gave up their revenues to the Norman Abbey." It is pleasantly situated on a gentle slope, at a little distance from the road; is much visited by tourists, and offers some temptations to the draughtsman. When we saw it, a few weeks ago, an artist had posted himself in its vicinity, and was busily sketching its outlines with his crayons, to the admiration and amusement of a group of village children, who were crowding around him much too closely for his comfort. Its external appearance is more antique than graceful. The tower is very low, and supported at the corners by two clumsy-looking buttresses, which reach nearly to the top. The porch, on the south side, possesses the same inelegant appendages; and over the doorway a rude sun-dial, in a very dilapidated condition, scarcely serves to mark the hour. On entering, one is struck with the heterogeneous aspect of its furniture. Modern taste appears as if in conflict with ancient simplicity. In one corner is a row of narrow, old-fashioned, high-backed oak stalls, while the majority of pews are of deal, unpainted and unpolished; but in front there are several open benches of highly-varnished knotty ash. The pillars are large and bare, and across the base of the vaulted ceiling three formidable beams extend from side to side,—straight, square, and ugly; but the pulpit is of handsomely-carved stone, inlaid with marbles. The rough masonry in the aisle would serve for the floor of a rude country cottage; but the communion table stands upon a neat tesselated pavement. This strange admixture

of antiquity with novelty may, however, have its use. It may remind the living of generations that are gone; of men and women who once worshipped within these crumbling walls, joined in the solemnities of the Sabbath-day, and listened to the word of life; but have passed away, leaving their vacant seats to be occupied by others. Did they all attend to "the Voice that speaketh from heaven," and find mercy through "the blood of the Lamb?"

To the left of the pulpit a narrow slit in the wall, scarcely so large as the loopholes sometimes cut for musketry in the walls of a fortress, admits a stained-glass window, containing a good picture of the Saviour bearing His cross. Over the "*altar*" is placed a black slab, to which a large white marble cross is attached. Near the end of the south aisle there is a brass with the figure of a man in plate armour: underneath, an inscription, partially effaced, which bears date 1430, reads as follows:—

"Here is ye buried under this grave,
Harry Hawles; his soule God save:
Long tyme steward of the Yle of Wyght,
Have m'cy on hym, God ful of myght."

The following curious rhymes also are engraved on a brass plate, and affixed to one of the pillars:—

"Loe here under this tomb incoutcht
Is William Serle by name,
Who, for his deedes of charetie,
Deserveth worthy fame.

"A man within this parish borne,
And in the house called Stone,
A glass for to behold a work
Hath left to every one.

"For that unto the people poor
Of Arreton, he gave
An hundred pownds in redie coyne,
He will'd that they should have.

"To be ymployed in fittest sorte
As man coulde best invent,
For yearely relief to the poore,
That was his good intent.

"Thus did this man, a batcheler
Of years full fifty-nyne;
And doeing good to many a one,
Soe did he spend his tyme.

"Until the day he did decease,
The first of Februarey,
And in the year of one thousand
Five hundred neyntie-five."

Every one who sees the church should also see the sexton, who, in addition to his professional qualifications, and the worth of his personal character, can boast of his ancestors. The office has been held by his family for "nigh four hundred years." "They couldn't help but give

it to me," he said, "although I was very young when my father died; and when I go, I've two sons to take it up." Something to boast of, he evidently thinks, to belong to a family which for nearly four centuries has been devoted to the "service of the church."

The burial-ground is surrounded by a low brick wall, and appears to have been recently enlarged. It contains an unusual number of quaint epitaphs. A large farm-house stands opposite the western side, sheltered by a row of half-a-dozen willows and a fine specimen of the tree called by north countrymen "Whiteblow;" by the natives, "Pipler." On the side nearest the main road a short path leads to the parsonage, which is buried in a variety of trees and evergreens. In the most distant and exposed corner of the churchyard a polished granite tomb, with red columns, is defended by an iron fence, which glitters, like the Assyrian "cohorts," "in purple and gold." Presenting a striking contrast to this showy sepulchre, on an earthen mound nearer the church, a plain, neat, headstone, attracts the chief attention of visiters. It is the grave of "the Dairyman's Daughter," the story of whose latter days has been told so well, and is so widely read. It is sixty years since they laid her there, and many voices which swelled the funeral song have since been hushed in death. But Elizabeth Wallbridge, the Methodist servant-girl, is not yet forgotten. "Being dead, she *speaketh*." Speaketh in that beautiful description of her character, that recital of her godly remarks, that exhibition of her bright example, which Legh Richmond has given to the world; to which, as an instrument, hundreds of souls owe their conversion to God. Her station was humble, her career was brief; but she was distinguished by devout piety and zeal for the glory of her Lord. Converted by a sermon to which she casually listened, she became the means of the salvation of her kindred, adorned her profession during five short years, and then passed in triumph to the skies. Standing by her silent grave, one could not but muse upon "the beauty of holiness," and the influence which accompanies a life of love to Christ. We were touchingly reminded of His grace who, "though He was rich, yet for" our "sakes became poor, that" we "through His poverty might be rich;" and added a right hearty "Amen" to the prayer which concludes the following lines inscribed on Elizabeth's tomb:—

"Stranger! if e'er by chance or feeling led,
Upon this hallow'd turf thy footsteps tread,
Turn from the contemplation of the sod,
And think on her whose spirit rests with God.
Lowly her lot on earth; but He who bore
Tidings of grace and blessing to the poor,
Gave her His truth and faithfulness to prove,
The choicest treasures of His boundless love.
(Faith, that dispell'd affliction's darkest gloom;
Hope, that could cheer the passage to the tomb;
Peace, that not hell's dark legions could destroy;
And Love that fill'd the soul with heavenly joy.)

Death of its sting disarm'd, she knew no fear,
But tasted heaven e'en while she linger'd here.
O happy saint! may we like thee be blest;
In life be faithful, and in death find rest!"

Freshwater. C. B.

THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

"And when they came that were hired about the eleventh hour, they received every man a penny." (Matt. xx. 9.)

THERE seems to be a too general opinion that encouragement is hereby given to what is called "a death-bed repentance:" the labourers at the eleventh hour are taken to represent sinners converted just before they die; and the possibility of finding forgiveness "even at the eleventh hour," has become a kind of proverbial expression which is liable to abuse.

Now, we are far enough from questioning the possibility of death-bed repentance,—far enough from doubting, that whilst life is ebbing away, and there is scarcely strength enough in the body to prove itself an animated thing, there may be a mighty act of faith, a looking unto Jesus, and a securing what He died to place within every man's reach. We never could write "impossible," however we might "wonderful," against even that epitaph, which occurs somewhere in Camberwell,—an epitaph on a man who was killed on the spot, by being thrown from his horse:—

"Between the stirrup and the ground,
I mercy sought, and mercy found."

We could not write "impossible" against this epitaph, because we can put no limits to the converting power of God's Spirit. We do not doubt that, not only at what is popularly called "the eleventh hour," but at the last minute of the hour, a change *may* pass over the human soul, securing for it an introduction to heaven. But, while we would not question the possibility of such an occurrence, we think it to the last degree improbable. We do not despair of any man while he lives; but we scarcely dare to hope for his salvation when within a step of death, and still unconverted. It may be that he still hears our message; and, therefore, we ply him with the message, "O, dying sinner, 'behold the Lamb of God!'" But it is vain to say that we can do this with much expectation of a favourable result. It is almost like speaking to a corpse, so little ground does there seem for hoping that the shrivelled, cold thing before us would be stirred by our appeal, and roused to moral energy. The palsy of death is on his tongue, so that he can give no answer when we ask him whether he has hope in the Redeemer; and we tremble to solicit the speechless man for a sign, lest there be acted that fearful scene which sublime poetry has sketched, and bystanders break into the thrilling exclamation, "He dies, and makes no sign!"

What we must entreat you to observe, is, that Scripture offers no encouragement to the thought, that, having deferred repentance to the last, we may have the dying strength to obtain forgiveness of the Lord. The instance of the thief on the cross stands alone; and his circumstances were so peculiar, that we cannot argue from his case to our own. The labourers hired at the eleventh hour furnish no instance at all; the hours in the parable are different periods in the history of the church, and not in the life of an individual. It is idle to speak of "the eleventh hour" as if it meant the eleventh hour of human life.* And even if this were not the matter of fact,—if the labourers hired at the eleventh hour were men converted in their old age, there would be no resemblance between their case and yours. These labourers could say, when asked why they stood idle, that no man had hired them; and they went to the vineyard at the very first bidding. Is this your case? What! Have you stood idle from your youth upwards till now, because no one has offered you spiritual blessing? It has been offered you, probably, times without number. We can scarcely believe of any one who reads these lines, that, in now being called to the vineyard, he is bidden for the *first time*. But suppose it were so, are you ready to go? The labourers in the parable, at whatever hour called, went as soon as called; whereas many abuse and wrest the parable as though it held out that, at the third or ninth hour, they could resolve, and even wait till the eleventh hour before they might obey. Where is the encouragement in the parable, interpret it how you will, to the putting off repentance? If the labourers at different hours were men of different ages, at least the child began to work in his childhood, and did not tarry till he was a man; and the man began to work in his manhood, and did not wait for old age; and the veteran with his grey hairs went instantly to his task, and did not loiter till he should be a little more decrepit. This is just what we require from you. We can offer you a place in the vineyard if you will *go at once;* but, if you refuse, we have no warrant for saying that you shall ever be asked again. The election on which we depend is our own. No man will perish because he was not chosen of God; thousands will perish because God was not chosen of them. Remember, then, you have your eternity in your own hands; there is no decree gone forth against your salvation. But there is a decree written in the blood of Christ, and stamped with the signet of the immutable God, that if "the wicked will forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts, and turn unto the Lord, He will have mercy upon him, and our God will abundantly pardon him."

* "The *day* and its *hours* are not any fixed time, such as the duration of the world, or our Lord's life on earth, or the life of man, exclusively; but the natural period of earthly work as applied to the various meanings of which the parable is capable."—ALFORD.

A HOLY LIFE IN LITTLE THINGS.

Did a holy life consist of one or two noble deeds,—some signal specimens of doing, or enduring, or suffering,—we might account for failure, and reckon it small dishonour to turn back in such a conflict. But a holy life is made up of a multitude of small things. It is the little things of the hour, and not the great things of the age, that fill up a life like that of Paul and John, like that of Rutherford, or Brainerd, or Martyn. Little words, not eloquent speeches or sermons; little deeds, not miracles, nor battles, nor one great heroic act or mighty martyrdom, make up the true Christian life. The little constant sunbeam, not the lightning; the waters of Shiloah, "that go softly" in their meek mission of refreshment, not "the waters of the river, great and many," rushing down in torrent-noise and force, are the true symbols of a holy life. The avoidance of little evils, little sins, little inconsistencies, little weaknesses, little follies, little indiscretions and imprudencies, little foibles, little indulgences of self and of the flesh, little acts of indolence or indecision, or slovenliness, or cowardice, little equivocations or aberrations from high integrity, little touches of shabbiness and meanness, little bits of covetousness and penuriousness, little exhibitions of worldliness and gaiety, little indifferences to the feelings or wishes of others, little outbreaks of temper, or crossness, or selfishness, or vanity: the avoidance of such *little* things as these goes far to make up, at least, the negative beauty of a holy life. And then attention to the little duties of the day and hour, in public transactions, or private dealings, or family arrangements; to little words, and looks, and tones; little benevolences, or forbearances, or tendernesses; little self-denials, and self-restraints, and self-forgetfulnesses; little plans of quiet kindness and thoughtful consideration for others; to punctuality, and method, and true aim in the ordering of each day;—these are the active developments of a holy life, the rich and Divine mosaics of which it is composed. What makes yon green hill so beautiful? Not the outstanding peak or stately elm, but the bright sward which clothes its slopes, composed of innumerable blades of slender grass. It is of small things that a great life is made up; and he who will acknowledge no life as great save that which is built up of great things, will find little in Bible characters to admire or copy.—*British Herald.*

A VISIT TO —— HOSPITAL.

Thousands pass and repass the hospital weekly, who think not of the many sufferers hidden from their sight by those walls on which they look without interest; and yet quite near to the unconcerned crowds are incidents occurring daily that, if well told, would excite compassion, thankfulness, and deep solicitude. There is more heroism in the world than is recorded by human historians. Men are every day battling against adverse circumstances with a will that deserves to conquer, but that finds no eulogist. Multitudes of men, "born

to be forgot," are worthy to be remembered; the events of their life are calculated to teach great lessons, but, too often, they who study them are very few. Schools are as plentiful as places: God secures that; and if we will learn, we may. There are few more excellent schools than a large hospital; and no better school of that grade than a good military or naval hospital. Experience, who as a school-mistress, has gained a well-known name, teaches many classes; and, though her fees are proverbially very heavy, she teaches well. Sitting for hours almost every week in hospital, I have myself profited much by the lessons of experience paid for at great cost by others. It has also for years been my happy duty to preach thousands of sermons with no other pulpit than the sides of the beds of lads and men, who—away from home, with no mother, sister, wife, or sweetheart near them—are often glad enough to hold conversation with one from the world outside, who loves to speak to them, and who they know sympathizes with them, and desires their welfare.

Let us—that is to say, you, friendly reader, and myself—spend an afternoon in a certain fine Hospital for marines and seamen. It is well situated; very cheerful: its grounds, if not extensive, are large enough to afford good exercise to convalescents. As you, my companion, have probably never visited this Hospital before, be good enough to notice the ample proportions of the exterior of the plain building; it is one structure, containing three distinct houses; between these houses, but joined to them, are a chapel, a kitchen, and meat-store. In the houses are the wards for the sick, each building containing six large wards: there are, besides these, rooms for officers who are patients, and also two rooms for persons afflicted with infectious *disorders*. On the terrace behind the Hospital, are the quarters of the medical officers. We will enter this first house. There is a solemn, painful fact connected with it: every man, youth, boy, who is in it, is there suffering as the result of his own sin and folly. Many of these have the bitterest proof that can be had out of hell that "the way of transgressors is hard;" and for weeks and months some of them have had to endure a God-sent comment on the text, "he that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption." The sad, very sad experience of many in this house would be a great warning to many youths to whom the music of the deceiver's voice is charming, if they could but stand with us to-day, and see what we shall see, and hear what we shall hear. On the path to the house of the "strange woman," on the threshold of her who "catcheth" the simple, let God's people shout in the ear of him who is yielding, "the dead are there;" "she hath cast down many wounded;" "her guests are in the depths of hell."

In the next house we shall find some cases of interest. This poor boy who lies alone in a ward, has been here six months. He entered a fine, strong, stout lad of nineteen. Rheumatic fever lasted some time. He lost his sight, and has been thrown into consumption. He is little more than a living skeleton; he is separated from others because his frightful bed-sores render it impossible for comrades to live in the same room with him. Ah, you cannot bear to stay! Well, I will give you a report of a talk I had with him the other day. He has partially recovered his sight, and sometimes can see pretty well. I asked, "Can you see me to-day H——?"

"O, yes! I have noticed that if I keep awake from the morning, my eye does not become so dim; and my father is coming to see me this afternoon, so I am keeping from sleep

that I may look into his face once more."

Poor youth! not twenty, he had not seen his father for six years and a half. When a mere child, he had left home, gone to sea, afterwards enlisted, strayed from both his heavenly Father and his earthly one; but the better Father had sought him, and blessed him, as he lay on his sick bed, and now he hoped to see the "old man" of whom he had often spoken to me, and he would "not sleep, that he might look into his face."

I asked, "What did the doctor say this morning?"

"He said, 'Well, H——, how are you to-day?' and I told him, 'No better, Sir;' and I heard him say to himself, 'No, and you never will be.'"

"But what do *you* think?" I asked, "Do you think yourself you will die?"

"Yes," he replied.

"And are you willing to die?"

"Yes, I am resigned now, and *when I have seen my father, I shall be quite willing to die, quite willing.*"

I do not doubt the youth understood what was said to him in reply. I tried to impress upon his mind that the apostle's happy power of being able to declare that to him to live was Christ, and to die gain, arose from the fact that he had seen the Father, seen God in Jesus Christ. It is true, "Show us the Father, and it sufficeth us."

We will go into another ward, and speak to an old soldier who is on the border-land of eternity. He has seen much service. Like many more, he has never "been the man he was before," since the Crimean campaign; but, like many more, he is not the man he might have been. He has lived a drunkard's life, and though he has for the most part escaped military punishment, it has been by good luck rather than by good conduct. Numbers of his comrades have paid the penalty of sinful living; he has known their cases well. Many times when the "Dead March" was played, as those with whom he had caroused were taken to burial, he has been aware that early death was the result of sin; scores of men have been invalided from the service in his time simply because their constitution was shattered in consequence of their wrong-doing; thousands, to his knowledge, have suffered acutely, all through breaking God's law. He has been told often that to continue in his ill way of life would bring on him pain and remorse, perhaps death, and yet he went on in sin, heedless of reproof or entreaty.

> "O misery! that man will not man's words receive,
> Nor that the serpent stings, till stung himself, believe."

But stung this man was. The Spirit of God has striven with him. He has been deeply convinced of sin; the remembrance of it has been grievous, its burden intolerable to him. Downcast because of his depravity, he has sought and found consolation from Him who can comfort the mourner. He has lain some time calmly waiting the call of the Master, who will soon say, "Come up hither." He found peace through believing on our Lord Jesus Christ; and it was in this way.—He had confessed himself to be a great sinner, and in danger of eternal death. I told him that the two things were true; he was a great sinner, he was in danger; like every other sinful man he deserved to die; but there is a great Saviour, Jesus Christ, who came into the world to save sinners, and who is able and willing to save every one that believes on Him. St. Paul teaches us exactly what is the ground of hope for bad people who deserve to die, yet wish to live; namely, that "One died for all;"

so that we need not ourselves die, because we have, as it were, died by our Substitute, our Saviour. It is for us to take Christ's death, as our death, plead it before God as the sacrifice for our sins; and the Lord will honour the atonement of Jesus, and, when we believe on Him, will give us peace; He will not look on our sins, but on our Shield, and on the face of His Anointed. After this thought had been dwelt upon to the penitent seeker of salvation, he paused awhile; the simplicity of the plan of God was seen, and he exclaimed with deep earnestness, "O, that has taken such a load from my mind!"

Blessed experience! it is an "Amen" to the words of our Lord Jesus when He said "Come unto Me all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest;" and it enables its possessor to use heartily the language of the hymn,—

> "Stung by the scorpion sin,
> My poor expiring soul
> The balmy sound drinks in,
> And is at once made whole:
> See there my Lord upon the tree!
> I hear, I feel, He died for me."

There is, at best, something mournful in the fact of a person who has long lived in rebellion against his Maker, having no opportunity of glorifying Him by a holy life, after God in mercy has forgiven him. It seems sad to think that he must die without manifesting, before others, the reality of the change in his heart, and the power of Divine grace; and yet, when one stands here by the bed-side of this dying man, some cheering thoughts possess us;—he will live to glorify his Redeemer hereafter. This "brand plucked from the burning" shall be a trophy of Christ's mightiness to save in eternal ages hence. More, he lies here to illustrate to us the preciousness of that love which refuses not to admit even the late comer; and his case may encourage some to pray and trust who have supposed themselves beyond the pale of mercy, and too far off from purity and God ever to be subjects of the rejoicing—"the lost is found, and the dead is alive again."

Yet we will go from this bed, where at evening-time there is light, profoundly impressed with the need of urging men to seek God in health and strength. For here we have a proof of the difficulty with which even earnest people can pray, or think, or read when sickness seizes them, or weakness casts them down. Verily it is no time to begin to seek salvation when Death stands at the foot of the couch, and, skilful archer as he is, makes us his target. We come as with a message from one already in the valley of the shadow of death, and tell men that the regret is great and bitter to him, who, notwithstanding forgiveness at the last, can only look back on his life as one mis-spent; and that he would gladly give untold gold to have the opportunity of confessing Christ before sinners, and in the church on earth.

These hospital observations teach very powerfully the twofold value of true godliness. It is excellent to live with; it is excellent to die with. It hath the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come.

We will now visit the last house. This locked and barred door tells us that some are here who are both sick and in prison. Here is the "Prisoners' Ward." The small round hole in the door enables you to look into the ward, and see everyone without being seen yourself. There is a handsome lad there, lying on the second bed, whom you shall know. Let us go to him. He is only eighteen years old, but has been a sailor some years. He is now tired of the navy, and is pretending to be insane.

You will not, however, discover any traces of insanity, because he does not deem it necessary, or he has forgotten to maintain his disguise, when speaking to his Minister; indeed, he does not know that I am aware of his scheme. He is an intelligent, frank-looking youth, and he talks well. When a boy he was a scholar in one of our Sunday-schools in Kent, and he remembers much of the instruction given to him at that time, though he profits but little by it.

To-day he is locked in bed. Let us speak to him on the subject. "Why, W——, what are those leather gloves and locks for?"

"O, I've been rather wild just now, Sir, so they've handcuffed me."

"It is a pity to see such a lad as you handcuffed and straight-jacketed. I am sure there is no good reason why you should be. These are things for insane people; but you are sane enough."

"Well, now I think of it, Sir, it is strange that I am always right when you are here; but I assure you I am mad."

"You are bad, rather than mad. I wonder that young men like you should resort to such plans of getting out of the service. You are committing a great sin; as great a sin as that committed by so many others who sell their necessaries from their kits, time after time, so as to get their blank discharge. It is a shameful thing to have to carry with you through life the recollection of conduct so unworthy; or to have to go home to your mother and say in effect, 'I, your son, am such a downright bad young man, that, for the very purity of the army, (or navy,) the authorities have deemed it necessary to drum me out of the service, and have declared that I am utterly unfit to live even in a barrack-room, or on board a ship.' What a terrible message to carry to your mother, who has prayed for you so often, and whose heart would leap for joy if you did anything that was good."

"But what can I do? I want to go home. The fact is, Sir, if I am only a lad, I am a married one; so out of the service I will go, by one way or the other."

"Then go by the other way, and not by this you have chosen."

"What other, Sir?"

"By the honourable way. Work and save until you have money enough to purchase your discharge. If you have difficulties, surmount them. One reason that we have difficulties is, that we may master them. But for a young man, strong, hale, intelligent, and married into the bargain, to do as you are doing is cowardly, and shabby, and sinful."

"Sinful, Sir? I don't see any sin about it."

"Do you not? Look at it a little more closely. You are breaking your oath. You are living a lie, pretending to be mad when you are no more mad than I am. You are setting a very bad example to others. You are cultivating a spirit of deception, which will curse you in years to come; so that, to my mind, you are committing a threefold sin: a sin against God, who forbids untruth; a sin against your country, that has a claim to your service; and a sin against yourself, who will need, in after-time, a good character and self-respect. Pray to God to give you a sense of your sin and need, and remember the words of the Bible, 'If any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous: and He is the propitiation for our sins: and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.'"

Before leaving the Hospital, I will ask you, friendly reader, to

take a stroll in the grounds. I will join you there after visiting a young man in one of the infection wards.——

Now you shall have a short sketch of the case of that young fellow whom I have just left. He has been in hospital several weeks. One day he told me that he had been much troubled of late in consequence of his wrong doing. He said that for years he had lived without thinking of religion as being of personal concern to himself; but that a few weeks ago he had been much impressed by direct conversation on the subject; and since it had pleased God to fasten conviction on his mind, he felt compelled to make known his case to me. His father is a gentleman of independent fortune; his mother is dead; he is an only child. Four years ago, without any good reason, he left his situation and home; did not tell his father of his intention, and had never written to or heard from his friends from that day, when, shutting the door of the home of his childhood behind him, he exchanged a warm hearth and pleasant rooms, and the freedom of a loved son, for the long barrack-room, with its four white, unadorned walls, and its noise and discipline.

Now that he felt constrained to acknowledge God's claims over him, he also felt that he must acknowledge his duty to his earthly father. He desired counsel. I advised him to write home. He replied that very shame, because of long silence and ingratitude, prevented him. I offered to write for him, and he gladly embraced the offer. In answer to the letter which told his father that his son that "was dead, was alive again," came one immediately, written from a heart brimful of parental love, saying that long he had sorrowed, now he rejoiced; long had he suffered, and much; but that I must assure his son all was forgiven, and that the father would soon be up to see his long lost, but now recovered boy. He came, and I shall not forget how eagerly he greeted the young man when I brought him into the room. When "his father saw him, he had compassion, and fell on his neck, and kissed him." It was a beautiful sight. It was the fifteenth chapter of St. Luke alive before me. There, in that forgiveness, in that reconciliation, I saw the earnest of a better reception. One could not doubt that if that father, "being evil, knew how" to be gracious, and "to give good gifts," much more would God, who is Love, receive the prodigal, and give him tokens of acceptance.

Mr. ——'s first desire was to purchase his son's discharge from Her Majesty's service; and, after some little delay, permission was granted to him to do so; but the youth was almost immediately attacked with his present disease, and has been detained several weeks. He has, however, the comfort to know that on his recovery he will return to his father's house, and be at peace. God grant that, after the wearisomeness of life's campaign, he and we may go to that "house not built with hands," the abode of angels and God, "eternal in the heavens."

I have long thought, and have told men, it is a great pity that so many hundreds act towards their parents in the unkind way of young ——. Bad temper, or disappointment, or some error, drives a lad into the army. He never writes home; his friends are tortured with anxiety; a father's heart aches day and night; a mother's anguish is keen beyond description; sisters weep unseen; and brothers cannot rid themselves of tormenting perplexity; whilst the youth himself is tempted into dissipation to try to drown care and hush the accusing of the "man within the breast." He many times sees clearly his duty, but too often allows years

to pass before he communicates with them who ought never to have been so tortured. It is ungrateful; it is unchristian; it is cruel thus to bring the grey hairs of father and mother with sorrow to the grave. There is little hope of a person's salvation by that Father whom "he hath not seen," if he persists in dogged silence and unkindness with reference to the parents whom "he hath seen."

Now that we have ended the visit to hospital to-day, we may profitably stimulate our minds to thankfulness to Almighty God for His gift to us of good health. To use the words of an old poet, whose thoughts last in memory, whose name is forgotten,—

"I see blind people with mine eyes,
To hospitals I walk;
I hear of them that cannot hear,
And of the dumb I talk.
Lord, what am I, that Thou should'st show
Such favour unto me?
My bones and senses all must say,
'Lord, who is like to Thee?'

"Whilst others in God's prisons lie
Bound with affliction's chains,
I walk at large, secure and free
From sickness and from pains.
Their life is death, their language groans,
Their meat is juice of galls;
Their friends but strangers, wealth but want,
Their houses, prison-walls.

"Their earnest cries do pierce the skies,
And shall I silent be?
Lord, were I sick as I am well,
Thou shouldst have heard from me.
The sick have not more cause to pray
Than I to praise my King:
Since nature teaches them to groan,
Let grace teach me to sing."

Chatham. C. H. K.

THE ROOT AND SOIL OF HOLINESS.

It is of pardon that the Gospel first speaks to us; for the question of pardon must first be settled before we proceed to others. The adjustment of the relationship between us and God is an indispensable preliminary, both on God's part and on ours. There must be friendship between us, ere He can bestow or we receive His indwelling Spirit; for, on the one hand, the Spirit cannot make His dwelling in the unforgiven; and on the other, the unforgiven must be so occupied with the one question of forgiveness, that they are not at leisure to attend to anything till this has been finally settled in their favour. The man who knows that the wrath of God is still upon him, or, which is the same thing practically, is *not sure whether it has been turned away or not*, is really not in a condition to consider other questions, however important, if he has any true idea of the magnitude and terribleness of the anger of Him who is a consuming fire.

The Divine order, then, is, first pardon, then holiness; first peace with God, and then conformity to the image of that God with whom we have been brought to be at peace. For as likeness to God is produced by beholding His glory, (2 Cor. iii. 18,) and as we cannot look upon Him till we know that He has ceased to condemn us, and as we cannot trust Him till we know that He is gracious; so we cannot be transformed into His image till we have received pardon at His hands. Reconciliation is indispensable to resemblance; personal friendship must begin a holy life.

If such be the case, pardon cannot come too soon, even were the guilt of an unpardoned state not reason enough for any amount of urgency in obtaining it without delay. Nor can we too strongly insist upon the Divine order above referred to; first peace, then holiness; peace as the foundation of holiness, even in the case of the chief of sinners.

Some do not object to a reputable man obtaining immediate peace; but

they object to a profligate getting it at once! So it has always been; the old taunt is still on the lip of the modern Pharisee, "He is gone to be guest with a man that is a sinner;" and the Simons of our day speak within themselves, and say, "This Man, if He were a Prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth Him: for she is a sinner." (Luke vii. 39.) But what then of Manasseh, and Magdalene, and Saul, and the woman of Sychar, and the jailer, and the men of Jerusalem, whose hands were red with blood? Were they not trusted with a free and immediate peace? And did not the very essence and strength of the Gospel's curative and purifying power lie in the freeness, the promptness, the certainty of the peace which it brought to these "chief of sinners?" "So you say you have found Christ, and have peace with God?" said one who claimed the name of "Evangelical," to a poor profligate that, only a few weeks before, had been drawn to the cross. "I have, indeed," said the poor man. "I have found Him, I have peace, and I know it." "*Know* it!" said the Divine; "and have *you* the presumption to tell me this? I have been a respectable member of a church for thirty years, and have not got peace nor assurance yet; and you, who have been a profligate most of your life, say that you have peace with God." "Yes, I have been as bad as a man can well be, but I have believed the Gospel, and that Gospel is good news for the like of me; and if I have no right to peace, I had better go back to my sins; for if I cannot get peace as I am, I shall never get it at all." "It is all a delusion," said the other. "Do you think that God would give a sinner like you peace, and not give it to me who have been doing all I can to get it for so many years?" "You are such a respectable man," said the other, in unconscious irony, "that you can get on without peace and pardon, but a wretch like me cannot; if my peace is a delusion, it cannot be a bad one, for it makes me leave off sin, and makes me pray and read my Bible: since I got it, I have turned over a new leaf." "It won't last," said the other. "Well, but it is a good thing while it does last; and it is strange to see the like of you trying to take from me the only thing that ever did me good; it looks as if you would be glad to see me going back to my old sins. You never tried to bring me to Christ; and now, when I have come to Him, you are doing all you can to take me away. But I'll stick to Him in spite of you."

Some speak as if it were imperiling morality to let the sinner obtain immediate peace with God. If the peace be false, morality may be compromised, by men pretending to the possession of a peace which is yet no peace. But, in that case, the evil complained of is the result of the *hollowness*, not the *suddenness*, of the peace, and can afford no ground for objecting to speedy peace, unless speedy peace is, of necessity, false; and unless the mere length of the process is security for the genuineness of the result. The existence of false peace is no argument against the true; and what we affirm is, that *true peace* can neither be too speedy nor too sure.—*Dr. Bonar.*

HOW THE TREES FELL.

I THINK they were firs. They grew, with many others, in a plantation by the highway-side. Passing by on the coach, I had again and again noticed one fallen tree, not totally prostrate, but lying obliquely along, supported by the trees among which it had fallen. Yet its roots were exposed, and the supply of

nourishment from the soil being cut off, it was, to all appearance, dead. "Ah! the tempest has overthrown it," thought I, as I saw the fallen tree. Passing that way recently, I saw a second tree, lying in the same half-upright, half-prostrate, position; and, like its fellow, dying, or dead. It was not ten yards distant from the first, and seemed to lie, as I saw it from the road, exactly parallel with it. "What could have caused those trees to fall?" I asked myself again. A moment's glance at their roots, and I had the answer at once. It was not by the woodman's axe, not by the winter's storm, not by the decay of age, that they had fallen. Close by the fence which bounded the plantation, ran a little stream, only a few feet in width, and almost hidden by the brooklime and watercress which filled its bed. This stream, verging a little from its proper channel, had undermined the roots of the trees. The earth around them had been softened till it could no longer support their weight; and then, by some strong gust of wind, or by slow degrees of themselves, they fell.

All this was made known, in an instant, as the coach drove quickly past. But the fall of those trees called up thoughts which will not soon be forgotten.

Fallen trees—fallen professors; the transition was not difficult, and recollections of one and another of the latter started up unbidden. There was A——, the companion of my early pilgrimage, who set out when I did, with whom I often "took sweet counsel," and "went to the house of God in company." There was B——, whose conversion to God was as clear as it was sudden. From serving Satan with eagerness he turned round, sought the Saviour, and, in a short time, was rejoicing in God with all his heart. And C——, child of pious parents, whose heart gradually opened beneath the influence of the Holy Spirit, and who, when he first joined the people of God, gave promise of becoming a shining disciple. And D——, whose sad fall, after his great professions, created such surprise and sorrow. Then I remembered E——, who sought God earnestly, and, finding Him, manifested at once remarkable zeal for the salvation of others. And F——, who had ten talents, and gave promise of extensive usefulness in the church. And these are fallen; the "trees of righteousness" are fallen. And there were others, whose names and history memory recalled; men, who for a time "did run well," but were hindered, and have now utterly drawn back. And of some my sorrowful heart was constrained to confess, "their last end is worse than the first."

They once stood in God's vineyard as "trees of righteousness, the planting of the Lord." His own right hand placed them there, dug up the "fallow ground" at their roots, and making His own sun to shine, and His rain to descend, caused them to give promise of abundant fruitfulness. "I had planted thee a noble vine, wholly a right seed." Such was their origin and character. Judging by their fruit, their hearts must have been right with God. "They were lovely and pleasant in their lives," and adorned the place in which God had planted them. They yielded fruit which evidenced the Spirit within them: "love, joy, peace, longsuffering, meekness." God beheld their fruitfulness with approval, and was glorified in them; and while the church was encouraged, men of the world were constrained to acknowledge the power of Divine grace. Such they were: like trees "planted by the rivers of water, they brought forth fruit in their season." But they are fallen; and in their fall we have awful confirmation

of the Saviour's words: "If a man abide not in Me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered."

But, how did they fall? Not overthrown by an overpowering storm of adversity; not brought down by any fire of persecution kindled around them; not because the axe of violent temptation was laid to their roots, but by the silent underworking of secret sin. There was a day when the crash was heard, and their withered leaves soon told that life was gone; but long, long before, a secret and fatal influence had been at work. It was not suddenly, but by slow degrees, that their ruin was accomplished. In some, a growing coldness had been existing for months, manifesting itself in their hearts, in their private prayer, in neglect of the means of grace; a coldness which quenched their love to God, and resulted finally in their total ruin. In some, worldliness, disguised in the garb of diligence, had entered the heart, and been permitted to remain there till the moral strength had been undermined, and a disgraceful fall the result. In others, an indulgence, pleasant, but ruinous, had been the cause. Cherished in opposition to the Spirit's warnings, and in spite of the faithful voice of conscience, it destroyed their peace with God, and the man fell, at length, from grace. How many have fallen thus, to rise no more! While the outward profession of godliness has been unblamable, the leaves green, the buds of promise fair, their exterior comely and upright, the evil has been working to their everlasting destruction.

The lesson taught by these painful things is plain and solemn. Let us beware of the *beginnings* of evil. Jonah's noble gourd was destroyed by a worm at the root, which "smote the gourd that it withered." Many, who have stood firm in storms of temptation, and have braved powerful opposition, have been overthrown by insensible backslidings of the heart. Let us, therefore, fear, "seeing we know these things before," lest we "fall from our own steadfastness."

Hanham. I. E. P.

UNDER THE LEAVES.

THICK, green leaves, from the soft, brown earth,
Happy Spring-time hath call'd them forth;
First faint promise of Summer bloom
Breathes from the fragrant, sweet perfume,
Under the leaves.

Lift them! what marvellous beauty lies
Hidden beneath, from our thoughtless eyes;
May-flowers, rosy and purest white,
Lift their cups to the sudden light,
Under the leaves.

Are there no lives whose holy deeds—
Seen by no eye save His who reads
Motive and action—in silence grow
Into rare beauty, and bud and blow
Under the leaves?

Fair white flowers of faith and trust,
Springing from spirits bruised and crush'd;
Blossoms of love, rose-tinted and bright,
Touch'd and painted with Heaven's own light,
Under the leaves.

Full fresh clusters by duty shown,
Purest of all in that shadow grown;
Wondrous the fragrance, that, sweet and rare,
Comes from the flower-cups hidden there,
Under the leaves.

Though unseen by our vision dim,
Bud and blossom are known to Him:
Wait we content for His heavenly ray,
Wait till our Master Himself one day
Lifteth the leaves.

—*Sabbath-School Messenger.*

JOHN ROGERS, THE MARIAN PROTO-MARTYR.

In our November number we gave an account of the earlier career of John Rogers, and of the share he had in furthering the translation of the Bible into English. We shall now follow this great and good man to the later scenes of his chequered life.

Popery has justly been called "the masterpiece of that wisdom which cometh from beneath." It constantly panders to the worst corruptions of the human heart; allures and fascinates the senses; grants license to sin, and affords facility for escaping the punishment of it; adapts itself with the utmost ease to every possible variety of human prejudice, and to every state of man, from that of a ferocious barbarism to a refined civilization. All these heavy charges may be abundantly sustained by evidence derived from its own formularies and records. These prove it to be the most perfect system of spiritual witchery and abomination that God has ever yet permitted to curse mankind. How many victims have been sacrificed to the persecuting genius of Popery it is impossible to tell. Altogether they would make "a great multitude, which no man can number." It has marked the history of the church with streams of blood. And it may be too easily shown that her days of influence for evil on a wide scale are not yet over.

One of the strange things of the present day, pertaining to religious questions, is the marked patronage which Popery has received in "high places." Of this we have recently seen an instance. At the desire of the priests, a crucifix, and other superstitious furniture, alleged to be necessary in the celebration of mass, for the Preston House of Correction, have recently been provided from the county-rates, in accordance with an Act of Parliament. A nation that is intensely Protestant in its constitution is nursing a system which has been followed again and again upon the stage of Europe by scenes of treachery and blood. Surely we want more Luthers among us. He was not afraid to exclaim, "I wish I could breathe thunder-claps against the Pope and Popery, and that every word were a thunderbolt. The kingdom of Christ is a kingdom of mercy, grace, and goodness: the kingdom of the Pope is a kingdom of lies and damnation."

When Mary of England used her royal power, like a "good Catholic," to destroy the enemies of the Romish Church, a glorious company of martyrs were "dragged into fame, and chased up to heaven." Master John Rogers was the proto-martyr of her dreadful reign, and the first of those golden grains beaten out by this persecutor's flail to enrich the barn-floor of the Lord. Well educated in the University of Cambridge, he accepted an invitation of the merchant adventurers at Antwerp, and became their chaplain. During his residence there, which was for many years, he associated much with William Tyndale and Miles Coverdale, who were the instruments of his conversion, and he united with them in that translation of the Bible into English, fictitiously entitled, *The Translation of Thomas Matthewe*. From the Scriptures he learned that unlawful vows may be lawfully broken. Hence he married, and removed to Wittenberg, in Saxony, for the improvement in learning; and he there learned the Dutch language, and received the charge of a congregation, to which he faithfully preached for many years.

In England a change took place which caused Rogers to sever his connexion with the German congregation. Henry VIII. was no more. Edward VI. ascended the throne, and persecution at once ceased. Bishop Ridley invited him home, and gave him a prebend in St. Paul's Cathedral, and the dean and chapter appointed him reader of the Divinity Lesson there. Edward VI. ascended the throne on January 28th, 1547; and on August 1st in the same year we find Rogers in London. His preface to Melanchthon's work on the *Weighing of the Interim* was dated on the day mentioned. It is likely that he translated this work as a grateful tribute of respect to its author, with whom he had been associated in the course of his labours in Saxony. He laboured with great diligence and efficiency during the reign of the pious Edward; nor did he fail to raise his fearless voice against every attempt to corrupt the truth, which tended to provoke, in several instances, the displeasure of those who sustained offices of trust and influence.

When Mary was proclaimed Queen, true religion was frowned upon, and the anti-Christ of Rome, with its superstition and idolatry, again introduced. Mr. Rogers preached at St. Paul's Cross after Queen Mary arrived at the Tower. It was not his turn to preach, for he had officiated there only three weeks before, and it was customary for the principal clergy to preach there in rotation. The occasion was an important one, and deserves to be closely considered. Here it may be safely affirmed, shone forth, for the first time, with distinctness and beauty, the true character of the man. The occasion also marks the end of the career of the Christian minister, and the beginning of that of the noble martyr. The Council was already overmatched with "Popish bishops;" and there can be little doubt that, with their undisguised hatred of him, they had commanded this sermon, with the full hope of entrapping him; or, at least, of compelling him to define his future position. The moment was a trying one. Mr. Chester, his biographer, remarks that—"There never was any position in the whole history of the Reformation, all things considered, where the responsibilities thrown upon a single man were

greater, and the results more important, or where they were more nobly sustained." Rogers showed himself equal to the emergency. He gave no evidence that the frowns of opposition were in any way subduing or moulding the message which he bore from God. If he had sought to temporize with the then ruling powers, or if he had in any way failed to sustain the responsibilities of the position into which he had been driven by command of the Council, a crushing blow would have been inflicted upon the cause of Protestant truth; his example would have checked the zealous efforts of others who were helping forward the work of Reformation in the land. But there was no shrinking from opposition, nor fear of offending, either by his manner, or style of discourse. Though he knew that every word which fell from his lips was only adding to the terrors of his approaching doom, and filling the hearts of his enemies with persecuting rage, still he withheld nothing. He evidently felt himself bound by the highest authority to "declare all the counsel of God." Foxe says that upon this occasion he delivered "a most godly and vehement sermon, avowing and confirming such true doctrine as he and others had taught in King Edward's days, exhorting the people constantly to remain in the same, and to beware of all pestilent Popery, idolatry, and superstition."

For this sermon he was called to account; but so ingeniously defended himself, that, for that time, he was dismissed unharmed. Ten days afterwards, he was again summoned before the Council, and commanded to remain a prisoner in his own house, and to speak to none but members of his own family. The Council's own words are as follow:—"John Rogers, alias Matthewe, a seditious preacher, ordered by the Lords of the Council to keep himself as prisoner in his house at Paul's, without conference of any person other than such as are daily with him in (his) household, until such time as he hath contrary commandment." This injunction he strictly obeyed, and for nearly six months he thus remained in seclusion. It is quite clear that he might have escaped, with his wife and family, to his old charge in Saxony, if he had felt disposed to have done so. Every motive to preserve his life that humanity could dictate, operated upon him with full force. There was nothing in his domestic condition to quench the natural love of life. He was a happy husband and father, and he could not but see that death, in his present condition, would inevitably cast his family upon the charity of the world. But all these things were insufficient to induce him to depart. He remained a "prisoner in his own house," while the temptations and difficulties which he was called to endure tended only to deepen the principles of his moral character, and burnish into greater splendour the graces of his renovated mind. It is thought that the late Dr. Mant, Bishop of Down and Connor, had reference to his firmness at this juncture when he composed the following lines:—

"If life preserved for wife and children's sake,—
If bliss which none but husbands, fathers feel,—
If worldly woe escaped, and worldly weal
Enjoy'd; lands, houses, goods, with all to take
Captive the waverer,—had had power to shake
Thy firm resolve, and quench thy fervent zeal,—
Rogers, the church had lost her earliest zeal,
Stamp'd in thy heart's blood on the burning stake.
But nobler thought was thine, and loftier scope,
The tempter's vile allurements to withstand
Victorious: thine the Christian's deathless hope,
The Christian's faith: and thus thy native land
Salutes in thee her harvest's firstling crop—
In thee the Stephen of her martyr'd band."

After the imprisonment in his own house, the restless Bonner, Bishop of London, caused him to be committed to Newgate; where he remained for more than a year, together with murderers and thieves, until his appearance before the Commissioners, on the 22d of January, 1555. He also underwent a second examination, on the twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth of the same month. The particulars of his first examination are most interesting, and tend to show that he was both a clever disputant, and a man of high moral courage. He confounded the judges with the force of his

answers, while his courage is seen to be that of a calm, deliberate surrender of himself to persecution, and even death. Having strictly adhered to his Protestant principles, he was, in consequence, ordered to return to his cell. There he calmly awaited more decisive and violent proceedings. Having obtained pen and ink, he wrote out the particulars of his examination. "The paper containing the account of this day's proceedings," remarks Mr. Chester, "was not finished until the night of the next Sunday; as he affixed to it the date of 'the 27th of January, at night.'"

On the following Monday morning, Rogers was again brought up for trial. It appears that no time was lost in forcing judicial proceedings against heretics, as Cardinal Pole, the special representative of the Pope, had only issued his commission, which was addressed to Gardiner and a number of other bishops, on this very day. "The tribunal thus constituted," says his biographer, "assembled the same day at the church of St. Mary Overy, and early enough to admit of the examination of three of the accused parties; namely, Rogers, Hooper, and Cardmaker. Gardiner presided, and many other notables were present." In the course of this trial the courage of Rogers never once forsook him. There was no shrinking on his part from the utterance of unwelcome truth; nor did he stoop to flatter the fatal prejudices of Gardiner himself. He stands out as the foremost for heroic demeanour amongst the "noble army of martyrs" who fell in defence of the truth during the reign of this sanguinary Queen. At the close of the examination, Gardiner said he would extend to him the "charity of the church;"—a charity which Rogers characterized as similar to that of foxes and wolves towards chickens and lambs;—and gave him until the next day to return to her catholic bosom, and receive her mercy. Bishop Hooper (who was condemned the same day) and he were taken from the Chancellor's presence to the Clink, in Southwark; and thence, after dark, each in the custody of a sheriff, led through Southwark and the city into Newgate. It is thought that at this point the brief but expressive colloquy between these champions of the truth occurred, which has since been so often related. The interview, as given by his biographer, is to the following effect:—"Hooper, having passed first into the street, (each being in the custody of particular officials,) tarried a moment for his companion in suffering; and, when Rogers made his appearance, he said to him, 'Come, brother Rogers, must we two take this matter first in hand, and begin to fry these faggots?' 'Yes, Sir,' replied Rogers, 'by God's grace.' 'Doubt not,' returned Hooper, 'but God will give us strength!'" Note the words of John Rogers,—"*By God's grace!*" He stood fast in the faith by the grace of God. It was grace that invigorated him in duty; it gave him ability to suffer according to the will of God, and enabled him to receive death with great constancy in defence of the Gospel of Christ.

About nine o'clock on the morning of the next day, Tuesday, the 29th of January, Rogers and Hooper were again brought to the church. They there appear to have been separated, and Hooper was first arraigned and condemned. Rogers was then dealt with. He was at once asked whether he meant to recant and receive mercy; but he objected to make a reply to this till he had discussed the points against him. He was proceeding to make a few remarks, when Gardiner called out to him to "sit down;" and denounced him as "a prater," and heaped taunts upon him. The sentence of excommunication was read without delay, which handed him over to the secular authorities. "As a doomed man," said he, "I have but one favour to ask." "What is that," inquired the Lord Chancellor, hurriedly. "That my poor wife, being a stranger, may come and speak with me as long as I live; for she hath ten children that are hers and mine; and somewhat I would counsel her what it were best for her to do." But even this poor boon was refused by the heartless, cruel bishop. After being remanded to prison, he wrote a most eloquent letter, vindicating the truth, and exposing the wickedness of his persecutors.

On the 4th of February, early in the morning, he was aroused out of a sound sleep, and called upon to prepare for the fire. "Then," said he "if it be so, I need not tie my points;" and so was taken to Bonner to be degraded. That ceremony being finished, he asked of Bonner what Gardiner had refused,—permission to speak with his wife. It was again denied, and the sheriffs hurried him away to Smithfield. On the way he sung a psalm, and the people were astonished at his constancy and firmness, and "glorified God in him." His wife and ten children, one an infant at the breast, met him on his way. It was a touching spectacle. A pardon awaited him at the stake, on condition that he would revoke; but his regard for the cause of truth led him to carry his zeal beyond the love of those to whom he was so nearly tied, and even of life itself. Unconquered by the pleadings of affection, or the promptings of nature, he cheerfully gave his body to the consuming fire; and, while he was burning, bathed his hands in the flame, in token of the joyful readiness with which he met his death in defence of the truth.

The firmness of this illustrious martyr is thus noticed by Ridley, in one of his communications to Bradford:—"I thank our Lord God and Heavenly Father by Christ, that since I heard of our dear brother Rogers' departing, and stout confession of Christ and His truth even unto the death, my heart, blessed be God! so rejoiced of it, that, since that time, I say, I never felt any lumpish heaviness in my heart, as I grant I have felt sometimes before." "This frank avowal of the renovating effect of Rogers' example," observes Mr. Chester, "affords the best evidence that we can have of the importance attached to it by his fellow-sufferers, and proves that the eminence, which is now assigned him, is one to which he was justly entitled. He did not accidentally, or by compulsion, meet his destiny; but embraced it voluntarily when he might have escaped it; and did so, not in a spirit of self-righteousness, or reckless bravado; but impelled by an honest consciousness that he was obeying the will of his Almighty Father."

Thus perished the Marian protomartyr, whose only crime it was to prefer the pure doctrines of the Reformation, as laid down in the Bible, to the pernicious fooleries and errors of the Romish creed. But the day of retribution draws near. The triple crown of the "man of sin" is even now being trampled in the dust; the "eternal city" trembles to its foundations; while the prospect, darkening around her, betokens her utter destruction, and gives a cheering indication of the ultimate triumph of the uncorrupted Gospel of Christ. Babylon must fall, "for the Lord hath spoken it." "I heard another voice from heaven, saying, Come out of her, my people, that ye be not partakers of her sins, and that ye receive not of her plagues. For her sins have reached unto heaven, and God hath remembered her iniquities.... Double unto her double according to her works....How much she hath glorified herself, and lived deliciously, so much torment and sorrow give her.... Therefore shall her plagues come in one day, death, and mourning, and famine; and she shall be utterly burned with fire: for strong is the Lord God who judgeth her." (Rev. xviii. 4—8.)

Stockton. J. B.

UNPRUNED TREES.

THERE are few people in public life who in this age are not promptly pruned, where needful, by ever-ready shears. If the shoots of "bumptiousness" appear in a chief justice, they are instantly cut short by the tongue of some resolute barrister. If a prime-minister, or even a loftier personage, evinces a disposition to neglect his or her duty, that disposition is speedily pruned by the *Times;* speaking in the name of the general sense of what is fit. And, indeed, the newspapers and reviews are the universal shears. If any outgrowth of folly, error, or conceit, appear in a political man, or in a writer of even moderate standing, some clever article comes down upon it, and shows it up, if it cannot snip it off. And if a wise man desires that he may keep, intellectually and æsthetically, in becoming shape, he will attentively consider whatever may be said or written about him

by people who dislike him. For, as a general rule, people who don't like you come down sharply upon your real faults: they tell you things which it is very fit that you should know; and which no one else is likely to tell you. I have heard of one or two distinguished authors who made it a rule never to read anything that was written about themselves. Probably they erred in this. They missed many hints for which they might have been the better. Their mannerisms and eccentricities developed into rigid boughs, which might have been readily removed as growing twigs. A vain self-confidence is very likely to grow up in a man who is never subjected to the moral pruning-knife. The greatest men (in their own judgment) that you have ever known, have probably been the magnates of some little village, far from neighbours. Probably the bully is never observed more offensively than in some village dealer, who has accumulated a good deal of money, and who has got a number of the surrounding cottages mortgaged to him. Such is the man who is likely to insult the Conservative candidate, when he comes to make a speech before an election. Such is the man to lead the Opposition to any good work proposed by the parish clergyman. Such is the man to become a church-rate martyr. Such is the kind of man who, if he has children growing up, will refuse to let them express their opinion on any subject. A parent can fall into no greater mistake than to take the ground that he will never argue with his children, nor hear what they may have to suggest in opposition to any plan he may have proposed. For children very speedily take the measure of their parents, and have a perfectly clear idea how far their ability, judgment, and education, justify their assuming the rank of infallible oracles. And it is infinitely better to let a lad of eighteen speak out his mind, than to have him like a boiler ready to burst with repressed views and feelings, and with the bitter sense of a petty and contemptible tyranny. Something similar may be said of women who acquire the chief power in their own houses: whose husbands are cowed into ciphers; and whose infallibility is to be recognised throughout the establishment, under pain of some ferocious explosion. At last, some son grows up, and resists the established despotism. Infallibility and impeccability are conceded no longer. And the thick branches, consolidated by many years' growth, are lopped off painfully, which should have gone when they were slender shoots. Rely upon it, the man or woman who refuses to be peaceably and kindly pruned, will some day have to bear being rudely lopped. There is one shoot which human nature keeps putting forth again, however frequently it is pruned away. It is *self-conceit*. That would grow into a terrible unwieldy branch, if it were not so often shred away by circumstances; that is, by God's providence. Everybody needs to be frequently "taken down:" which means, to have his self-conceit pruned away. And what everybody needs, most people, in this case, get. Most people are very frequently "taken down."—*Fraser's Magazine.*

TREAD SOFTLY.

TREAD softly; bow the head,
In rev'rent silence bow;
No passing bell doth toll;
Yet an immortal soul
Is passing now.

Stranger, however great,
With lowly reverence bow;
There's one in that poor shed—
One on that paltry bed,
Greater than thou.

Beneath that broken roof,
Lo! Death doth keep his state.
Enter—no crowds attend;
Enter—no guards defend
This palace-gate.

That pavement, damp and cold,
No smiling courtiers tread;
One silent woman stands,
Holding in meager hands—
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound,
An infant wail alone;
A sob suppressed; again
That short, deep gasp, and then—
The parting groan.

O change! O wondrous change!
Burst are the prison-bars;
This moment *there*, so low,
So agonized,—and now
Beyond the stars.

O change! stupendous change!
There lies the soul-less clod;
The sun eternal breaks,
The new immortal wakes,
Wakes with his God.
—*Caroline Southey.*

GRUMBLING AND THANKSGIVING.

MERRY, merry Christmas is very nigh at hand again, and happy faces will be lighted up with Christmas cheer, and the bright "yule log." Very many, as is usual, will be changing residences, and will find new homes in other streets and other towns; and so sing their Christmas carol in a new abode. Well, let us hope they will have a carol to sing, and a heart to sing it. But will not this very much depend upon themselves? Let us see.

In a lovefeast, in Yorkshire, a good man had been drawing out a long complaining strain of "experience" about his trials and difficulties in the way to heaven. Another, of a different spirit, followed, who said, "I see our brother, who has just sat down, lives in Grumbling-street. I lived there myself for some time, and never enjoyed good health: the air was bad, the water bad, the house bad, the sun never shone in it, the birds never came and sung in the street, and I was gloomy and sad enough. But I 'flitted.' I got into Thanksgiving-street; and ever since then, I have had good health, and so have my family. The air is pure, the water pure, the house good, the sun shines in it all the day, the birds are always singing, and I am as happy as I can live. Now, I recommend our brother to 'flit.' There are plenty of houses to let in Thanksgiving-street, and I am sure he will find himself a new man if he will only come; and I will be right glad to have him as a neighbour."

Such was the substance of our friend's observations and advice; and, perhaps, there are some who read these pages, to whom they may be a "word in season." Some, who have lived, perhaps, twelve months, or longer, in Grumbling-street, until they have become affected with ague, rheumatism, spleen; and whose spiritual health and life are in "a rapid decline," or "galloping consumption." Now, we recommend all such to change their residence this Christmas, and come into Thanksgiving-street. It is by no means crowded; but few make application for a residence there. How few pray to God for a thankful heart! And how few dwell upon those subjects which are calculated to beget the gratitude they ought to feel! Do not we all think too much about our trials, and too little about our mercies? Do we not speak too much in our class-meetings, and love-feasts, about being "tried and tempted," until young people think that serving God is *all* trial, and no joy? Alas! the religion of some people is made up of complaint, murmur, and discontent; nothing like joy or gladness dwells in their heart all the year round. Their very countenance tells the passer-by that they live in Grumbling-street; and they carry the noxious air into the church, and the poison spreads itself, until something of the same spirit seizes all who come into contact with them.

This sin of murmuring is a disease which eats out the vitality of religion. O, that tens of thousands of our Israel would, this Christmas, get into Thanksgiving-street! What national mercies, during the year, we have enjoyed!—Peace and plenty! What social mercies have been given us! What personal benefits we have received! Blessings of healing, blessings of increase, blessings of preservation, deliverances; untold mercies morning, noon, and night. O, that the voice of joy may be heard; thanksgiving and melody! Would not this be one of the best means of promoting what we acknowledge to be so much needed,—a revival of religion in our churches? Would not God, even our own God, bless us? And would not "the early and the latter rain" soon come down upon us? Have not many of us dishonoured God with our complaints, and grieved Him with our murmurings? Yet, never had we so many causes to awaken our

song of praise. Why should the harp hang longer on the willow? "Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous: and shout for joy, all ye that are upright in heart;" for "praise is comely for the upright," and "they that offer praise glorify God." If we only "serve the Lord with gladness," the Lord will make us glad through His work. "Offerings of thanksgiving" will then swell our psalmody, and increase our means of administering bliss, and spreading salvation around.

Who of us, then, will this Christmas remove out of Grumbling-street into Thanksgiving-street?

LETTERS FROM THE EAST.*

About five o'clock this morning we left Jericho, never wishing to return to it. They who would love their enemies must never "wish they were at Jericho;" for it is no small punishment, I assure you, to be there. We were right glad to get away early, for the night was so oppressive; and we feared, besides, the heat of the Jordan valley at a later hour. The precaution was not needless; for that plain is really a furnace. I never felt heat like it; it is perfectly tropical: nor is this surprising, lying so low as it does, and shut in by high mountain-ranges on either side. From Jericho we rode for two hours over the well-watered plains which excited Lot's admiration; and all but led to his perdition,—poor, worldly-minded man. O, how many, even of God's children, make his foolish, fatal choice still! "Well-watered plains" are pleasant things, and Sodom does not look repulsive at a distance: but, O, the end of these things,—dishonour, loss, pollution, death! We spoke of the solemn lesson against worldly Christianity as we rode over the wilderness region, once so beautiful. We then plunged into a tropical jungle, which told us the river was near, though, as yet, we saw it not; indeed, we caught no glimpse of the Jordan till we were actually on its banks, so deep and so narrow is the fissure in which it runs. Five thousand Greek and Latin pilgrims had visited it in a body the day before, having come from all parts of the world to bathe in its waters,—an annual ceremony,—so the road seemed a beaten track. Hot and weary, about 8 A.M., we descended the bank, amid the richest, greenest vegetation you can imagine; and there, overhung by the most exquisite foliage, rushed along the rapid, tumbling, tossing, narrow, muddy-brown river. I had not had time to dismount ere my delighted gaze on the sacred stream was disturbed by half-a-dozen sharp stings on face and hands. To my horror, I saw the air was thick with mosquitoes of the most savage kind that we have met. Ibraheem called out, "Be quick, Sir, if you are going to bathe, for this is a dangerous place;" and the hint and the mosquitoes together made H—— very nimble in his proceedings. Meantime I could do nothing but diligently fan myself (for my bathing was out of the question) with my handkerchief, to protect my face, at any rate. I dropped it once, and ere I could pick it up again I was bitten in six places on one hand. As you may suppose, this so completely spoiled my pleasure in the Jordan, that my great anxiety was to get away; yet there were few points in the tour I had expected to enjoy so much. Alas, for all earthly pleasures! "Vanity of vanities; all is vanity." The river runs in a strong current, almost a rapid; so H—— did not swim far out into it, but kept near the banks, which are steep. The water is sweet and pleasant-tasted, but muddy-looking; about as broad as the Avon at Bristol, when full, but ten times as rapid.

Escaping from this spot, we turned south, keeping somewhat along the riverside; but away from the belt of foliage and the mosquitoes, thinking and talking of the many wondrous scenes enacted in connexion with this God-honoured stream,—especially of that marvellous one, when the heavens were opened, and the voice of God bore witness to His beloved Son, as He emerged from this ancient baptismal font. On we rode for hours more: first over an arid plain, then through a barren mountainous desert, the scene of the Temptation. About noon, we came upon the Dead Sea, a

* From the *British Herald*.

leaden-looking lake, lying still, smooth, and hazy in its deep, mountain-bound basin, splashing with a heavy *swash*, which resembled neither the dash of the ocean, nor the ripple of other lakes, on its barren, stick-strewn shores. I suppose it was the effect of imagination; but we both felt a sort of horror in looking at it. It produces such feelings on all who see it, I should think; there is something about it that seems to speak of death and judgment. No questionings occur on the spot; one felt it covered the guilty cities of the plain, and was a fitting grave for them. All shrouded and veiled in misty haze, it looked a dark-grey colour to-day; though some, I hear, see it as blue as Gennesaret; but it must always be misty, too, from the amazing evaporation constantly going on from its surface. It receives, you know, the full flowing discharge of the Jordan, and drinks it all up, without abating one whit of its briny saltness, or giving forth a single streamlet anywhere. The taste of the water is indescribably nauseous. We bathed in it. The human body cannot sink in it; for its specific gravity is very great, being to that of fresh water as 1·211 to 1·000. I thought of bathing in quicksilver as something like it. Ridges of drift-wood, brought down by the Jordan, and preserved from decay by the salt, lie like islands in the silent waters; and the beach, too, is covered with such remains, white as desert bones.

It is surrounded by unwholesome swamps and treacherous banks, and enclosed by mountain-walls on either hand; and looks dreary, desolate, mysterious, melancholy, in a high degree. The soundings are remarkable: here at this northern end they vary from forty to two hundred and eighteen fathoms; at the southern end, from a few feet to three fathoms, never deeper. There must always have been a lake here to receive the Jordan; but the overthrow of Sodom and Gomorrah may have been, and probably was, accompanied by an extension of it, which covered part of the vale of Siddim; the remainder is still "full of slime-pits." The closeness of the air, and the desolation of the scene, made us anxious to get on to higher ground again, so we soon started; but before we got off the plain, our very horses, as well as ourselves, were incrusted with salt: it looked like frost on their hair; and such heat I never felt before, though the sun was shaded most of the day.

SIMPLICITY.

There is no gift of expression that tells more than simplicity in its right place. A simple style of talking or writing is an engine of power in good hands, enabling them to undertake tasks forbidden to the world at large. It even fits a man for talking or writing about himself, which only persons endowed with the art of being plain, transparent, and natural, ought ever to attempt. Simplicity is by no means a merely negative quality. It is so in some cases; but it is then only noticed or appreciated for its suggestiveness. Children do not admire each other's simplicity, but we admire it in them; because what is uttered without thought or intention in the child, is full of meaning to us. It was more than a simple, it was probably a stupid, little girl that kept reiterating, "We are seven;" but the words suggested deep meanings to the poet. The weeping child apologising at sight of the unfolding handkerchief, "My tears are clean," meant no more than the literal sense of his words; but to the hearer they brought thoughts of guileless innocence, and of other tears that do leave a stain. After childhood no one can retain a simplicity worthy of admiration without some intellectual power. The unconscious simplicity of a child, when childhood is past, is disagreeable and painful; and is never recognised without a shade of pity or contempt. Manly simplicity is intelligent, and knows what it is about. And though, to win our respect, it must, of course, be real, it may, and often is, only one side of a many-sided character; that is, the quality may attach to part, and not to the whole, of a man's nature.

The charm of full-grown simplicity always gains by—and, we believe, even requires—contrast. We must be a little surprised at a man's being simple before we can value the quality in him. Thus

the style and manners of royal personages are generally simple, and there are, doubtless, plenty of reasons to make this probable, and a thing to expect; but persons, dazzled by the pomp and circumstance of greatness, are delighted with this simplicity, which they confound with humility, because it seems to them a striking contrast with state and splendour. So with the aristocracy of intellect and genius. It appears a fine thing for a great author or thinker to be artless and unaffected; and we like it, because, if he chose to be pretentious, we could only say he had more right to be so than his neighbours; but the truth is, these people have not really the temptations to pretence, that others, their inferiors, have. The world allows them so distinguished a place, that there is no need for them to struggle and use effort in order to seem something higher and more important than they are. It needs a reliance on self to be perfectly simple in treating of self; and this reliance, as a conscious quality, it is scarcely modest to bring forward unless the world has given its sanction to the self-estimate. When the Duke of Wellington said, publicly, "I should be ashamed to show my face in the streets" under such and such circumstances, the simple phrase, occurring in an important debate, had a noble effect; but there were not many men in whom it would have been becoming to bring forward self, in this artless way, in the House of Lords.

It is impossible for some people to be simple. They are not great enough; they are born with that foppery which Dr. Johnson called the bad stamina of the mind, which, like a bad constitution, can never be rectified: "Once a coxcomb, always a coxcomb." Indeed, some people who are not coxcombs often dare not be simple, because they would feel naked and insignificant; their thoughts must be dressed up in order to be fit to be seen; in fact, they would not know how to set about it, and could not be simple if they would.

LOOK UP.

Yes, the true cause of your wretchedness and dejection is, that you so constantly bow your head like a bulrush, and look down.

You look down upon your trials and troubles, and the things that worry and vex you, and see them on the low level of this earth, where the shadow of your own gloomy thoughts falls upon them, and makes them look darker and blacker, and the dirt and dust of care and anxiety clings to them, and makes them unsightly and heavy.

But try a remedy. Look up! Ah! now light falls upon them, how different they look! The shadow no longer clouds them; lifted above the earth, no dirt or dust enshrouds them; and as we look upon them in the light of God's countenance, feeling that our kind and loving Saviour does not willingly afflict, and when He sends sorrow, sends comfort with it, and is always ready to wipe away our tears, then we see brightness, and beauty, and blessing, which can never be seen except we *look up*.

See in the kennel something faintly sparkling, coated with mire and dirt; as you stoop to look at it your shadow intercepts the light, and you pronounce it to be a worthless, dirty pebble.

But pick it up; brush away the soil, and as it lies in your open palm let the sunbeams play upon it, and now, as it flashes and glitters with radiant scintillations, you find that it is a costly gem.

So with your troubles, no matter how trifling or how serious; if they are troubles, make it the habit of your life to *look up* at them, in the light of heaven, with the eye of faith, and a trustful, loving heart; then, no longer dejected or moping, burdened with the weight of your sorrow, having cast all your care upon Him who "careth for you," you will be ready, with the Apostle, to say, "Our light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."

"Commit thy way to God,
The weight which makes thee faint;
Worlds are to Him no load,
To Him breathe thy complaint.
He who for winds and clouds
Maketh a pathway free,
Through wastes or hostile crowds
Can make a way for thee.

"Hope, then, though woes be doubled,
Hope and be undismay'd;
Let not thine heart be troubled,
Nor let it be afraid.
This prison where thou art,
Thy God will break it soon,
And flood with light thy heart
In His own blessed noon.

"Up, up, the day is breaking;
Say to thy cares, Good night!
Thy troubles from thee shaking,
Like dreams in day's fresh light.
Thou wearest not the crown,
Nor the best course canst tell;
God sitteth on the throne,
And guideth all things well."
—*Bible-Class Magazine.*

BORROWING TROUBLES.

THAT was sensible advice which was given to the young bear, puzzled to know how to walk.

"Shall I," said he, "move my right front paw first, or my left, or the two front paws first, or the two hind ones, or all four at once, and how?" The old she-bear came to his relief with the advice, "Leave off thinking, and walk."

It is not uncommon for men to place themselves in the predicament of the young bear; to involve themselves in needless complexities, by trumping up imaginary difficulties, or by timorously looking forward to the future. There are some who appear to take pleasure in casting a dismal horoscope of their lot; and there is no one who does not suffer, more or less, from dangers and perplexities, from trials and sorrows, which have no real existence.

As a general thing, one who is over-anxious about doubtful duties, may be sure that he is shirking present and plain duties. It seldom happens that the duty of the present moment cannot be discerned. If that is done, it becomes a torch, throwing light on the duty next at hand.

In every department of life, the habit of borrowing trouble is found, crippling action and sound thought. In religious experience it is often a hindrance. Its victim, while neglecting palpable duties, bemoans his present condition, and laments that he has not the emotion which he should like to have, and torments himself with doubts and fears. A more devout faith would lead him to walk cheerfully, and step by step, his appointed path, and to believe that the merciful power which had upheld him hitherto would shield him to the end.—*Examiner.*

Memorials of the Departed.

MRS. ELIZABETH MYLCHREEST was born of pious parents, at Balavarren, in the Isle of Man, in the year 1787. In early life she was brought to a saving knowledge of the truth. The Ministers of the Gospel, received into her father's house, were made a blessing to her. To these she frequently adverted in after-life, especially to the late Mr. John Crook, one of the first Wesleyan Ministers on the Island. It was her privilege to be sent to a school in Peel, kept by a Wesleyan Methodist, where the work of grace was deepened. She was exemplary in all the relations of life. A good wife, "the heart of her husband did safely trust in her;" an affectionate mother, "her children arise up, and call her blessed;" a kind and faithful mistress, concerned for the spiritual as well as the temporal welfare of her servants, "she looked well to the ways of her household." Her chief desire was to be useful, and to glorify God. She comforted the sick, relieved the poor, "and the cause which she knew not, she searched out." Her house was the hospitable home of the preachers when they visited the village where she resided. She was diligent in the use of the means of grace; a lover of the sanctuary. She specially attended to the duties of the closet. This was frequently to her the "gate of heaven;" and, in trouble, the

place of her refuge. Throughout life she held fast the beginning of her confidence. For some time previous to her death she resided in Liverpool; and it was evident to all that, as the outward man perished, the inward man was renewed day by day. On the Tuesday before her death, when her friends thought her end was near, she pleaded earnestly with God for the conversion of her children, the prosperity of the church, and the salvation of sinners; concluding with, "Here I am, Lord, just on the brink of eternity. I now commend my body, soul, and spirit into Thy keeping; give Thine angels charge concerning me." She continued in the exercise of prayer and praise while she lived. The day before she died she was visited by the Rev. W. W. Stamp, who gave her the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, in which ordinance three of her children joined. Her mind seemed steadfastly fixed on her crucified Redeemer. She said,—

"Above the rest this note shall swell,
My Jesus hath done all things well."

And again,—

"'Tis Jesus, the First and the Last,
Whose Spirit shall guide us safe home;
We'll praise Him for all that is past,
And trust Him for all that's to come."

One of her children read to her the twenty-third Psalm. She said, "I am in the valley." Being asked if there was gloom, she replied, "No; the presence of the Lord is with me." She then called her children and grandchildren to her bed-side, and blessed them, one by one. She thanked God for the communion of saints, for Ministers, for Methodism. As long as she could speak she was heard to say, "Glory! glory!" On February 25th, 1858, she sweetly fell asleep in Jesus.

Eliza Roebuck was born at Cross-Roads, Holmfirth, April 3d, 1845, and died at Leeds, August 26th, 1861. She was blessed with parents who were deeply anxious to train her in the ways of piety and truth; and they have now the comforting assurance that their labours have not been in vain in the Lord. From a child she was amiable, affectionate, and dutiful, seldom needing correction, and truly sorry for her faults. Generous and loving to all, her nature was mild, unselfish, and tender. Her heart became early disposed for the reception of Divine truth, and yielded with willing obedience to the gracious drawings of the Holy Spirit. A sermon preached by the Rev. W. M. Punshon powerfully affected her mind, and was the means of leading her to the arms of that Saviour who died to bring her to Himself. She has thus recorded it in a memorandum which was found shortly after her death: "Gave my heart to God on Whit-Sunday, May, 1856. Was led to do so under an impressive sermon delivered by the Rev. Mr. Punshon; text, Joshua xxiv. 15. Eliza Roebuck, aged eleven years." She at once joined herself to that branch of the Christian Church which had been to her the channel of Divine grace, and remained in unbroken fellowship with it to the end of life. Although her career was short, the great work of life was done; and her spirit, united to Christ on earth, was called to be with Him for ever, leaving behind her a name written on the hearts of all who had known her. Her piety was true and sincere, not seeking to be seen of others, but manifesting itself in her life and conduct, and in an earnest pursuit of those things which keep religion alive in the soul. She attended with careful exactness to all the means of grace, both public and social; and so highly did she prize the word of God, that she had read it through, in order, more than once before her death, and had committed considerable portions of it to memory. She took great pleasure in the weekly distribution of tracts, and was eminently successful in gaining the affections of the people by her kind and condescending manner. It is a pleasing reflection that, for some time prior to her departure, her tendencies and pursuits had become increasingly spiritual, and her conduct had been marked by greater seriousness. At the last class-meeting at which she was present, she spoke with unusual clearness upon the state of her mind, and bore a touching testimony to the reality and enjoyments of religion. She had evidently been prepared, by an inward work, for that sudden and unexpected

change which was so soon to come upon her, and had been "made meet for the inheritance of the saints in light." Although apparently healthy and vigorous, her constitution had always been delicate. In the spring of 1861 she took a cold, which laid the foundation of a disease on the lungs, which remained concealed until its work of destruction had been fully completed. She was smitten down, as in a moment, by the strong hand of death, and after a week of painful affliction, her life was brought to a close at the early age of sixteen years. During her illness the power of religion was strikingly manifest in the support and consolation which it imparted. So long as reason retained its command, her mind was kept in perfect peace, calmly awaiting the will of God, and her heart was filled with thankfulness and praise. When her sufferings were most severe she endured them without a murmur, and bowed with meek submission to the chastening hand of her heavenly Father. Her mother once referred to her illness as one which must be painful to her; but she quickly interposed, "O, mother, don't say so." Being asked if she felt herself to be a sinner, she answered with deep emotion, "Yes, I do.

'I, the chief of sinners am,
But Jesus died for me.'"

And when asked if she felt Christ to be precious, she replied,—

"Not a cloud doth arise to darken the skies,
Nor hide for a moment my Lord from my eyes."

More than once she was heard to breathe forth the fervent feelings of her soul in that sweet hymn,—

"Jesu, Lover of my soul;"

and on one occasion she expressed her strong faith in Christ in the verse,—

"Now I have found the ground wherein
Sure my soul's anchor may remain:
The wounds of Jesus, for my sin
Before the world's foundation slain;
Whose mercy shall unshaken stay,
When heaven and earth are fled away."

When reminded that, by her early removal, she would happily escape the snares and dangers of life, she meekly replied, "Father, I only regret that I have not done more for Christ." As death drew near, her features became sweetly expressive; and, as her eyes closed on earth, brighter visions appeared to pass before her, and her spirit entered into the rest of God.

Elizabeth Anne Bunny, born 1844, died 1863. She was born of God-fearing parents, who gratefully cherish the memory of her early piety. From infancy she was remarkable for tenderness of conscience, and devoutness of spirit. She was ever a truth-speaking, prayer-loving child. Her surviving friends believe that she was truly converted at twelve years of age; but it was not until 1861, when she went to Newark, and was placed under the care of a pious lady for further education, that she made a public profession of her faith in Jesus, and joined the people of God. Her gentle disposition, and consistent Christian character, gave her great influence over others, and she induced several of the young ladies in the establishment to meet in class. Her bereaved parents have been much comforted by the affectionate testimony of her teacher and leader to the worth of her character. Such was her retiring modesty and constitutional timidity and reserve, that it was only in her own home, and among well-known friends, that she unfolded a character rapidly ripening for heaven. She was a good example of the fruit of Christian training. Her father, who is a Class-leader of many years' standing, and her mother, who has charge of a class of adult girls, have long taken a warm interest in the spiritual improvement of the poorer classes. Elizabeth entirely sympathized in all these labours of love, and she did what she could; though a feeble constitution did not admit of her doing much, nor of doing anything long. Her last illness was tedious and painful. She was afflicted with disease of the heart and nervous system, and her sufferings were often severe. Medical skill was completely baffled, and proved powerless even to relieve her; but she gratefully expressed herself as soothed and comforted by the loving attentions of her mother, and the repeated visits of her Minister, the Rev. John Walton. She spoke little; but that little always

cheered those who saw her. At first there was a marked clinging to life, and much prayer that God would spare her. She wished to live to show forth His praise. But grace was given, and she triumphed by submission,—"Thy will be done." Dr. Popham, a pious physician, who attended her to the last, asked her if she had obtained a clear evidence of her acceptance with God; when she quietly replied, "Yes, I have." She was fond of music, and in the intervals between paroxysms of pain she was able to play and sing,—

"My rest is in heaven, my rest is not here;"

and again and again she returned to that beautiful hymn, that has so often comforted the dying,—

"Rock of Ages, cleft for me!"

On the evening of her death her mother sat up with her, and read selections from the Bible. She expressed her gratitude, and said, "The Bible is the best book for me." Then commenced the conflict with the last enemy. It was a painful struggle, but she had no fear. "Christ is precious!" she said, as she fell into her mother's arms; and while weeping parents committed their darling child to God, angels said, "Sister spirit! come away!" Her heart ceased to beat, and she entered into her heavenly rest.

J. W.

JOANNA SMITH was born at Northallerton, in the county of York, in 1766. She heard the words of the glorious Gospel from the lips of the Rev. John Wesley himself, and also from John Nelson, and many other worthies of early Methodism. Nor did she hear in vain. The Gospel became the power of God to her salvation. For seventy years of her earthly pilgrimage she was a stanch adherent to the principles of Wesleyan Methodism. She loved the ordinances of God's house, and nothing that lay in her power would she ever allow to hinder her from attending the means of grace. She lived in the spirit of prayer. Yet her heavenly Father permitted her to go through great and sore adversities, that He might try her as silver is tried, and bring her forth from the furnace "purified seven times." The candle of the Lord shone upon her head, and from step to step she had reason to say, "Hitherto hath the Lord helped me." The last ten years of her life were chiefly devoted to the interests of the Missionary cause, by making small articles of wearing apparel and disposing of them, and also by collecting with her box. Eternity alone can fully reveal the results of her labours in helping to promote the salvation of souls. She retained her intercourse with God to the end. She was ready for the coming of her Lord. During her last illness she suffered much, but passed through all with patience and resignation, seeming to be every moment in communion with God. She ended her course with joy, on the 2d of March, 1864, aged ninety-eight years.

J. S.

Tabular Record of Mortality.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."

Name.	Residence.	Circuit.	Age.	Date of Death.
Balmforth, Mr. H.,	Rodley,	Bramley,	38	Oct. 17th, 1864.
Blossom, Mrs. Hannah,	North-Cave,	Howden,	79	Sept. 6th, 1864.
Crow, Mrs.,	Howden,	Howden,	83	Oct. 11th, 1864.
Scholfield, Mr. John,	Haxfleet-Hall,	Howden,	60	Oct. 1st, 1864.
Wilson, Mr. Joseph,	Howden,	Howden,	67	Aug. 3d, 1864.
Winn, Mrs. Elizabeth,	Rodley,	Bramley,	70	July 3d, 1864.

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